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DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LVII.

A GREAT COUNTRY'S CHEAPEST DEFENCE.

FROM first to last the Volunteer movement in these realms has been one long surprising success. Starting under a cloud of ridicule, distortion, and half-hearted praise, that would surely have frozen the life out of any scheme a whit less sound in itself—a whit less proof against outward drawbacks—it has managed, in little more than a twelvemonth, to outdo the hopes of its staunchest friends, and to belie the warnings, if not entirely to hush the growls of its most bigoted opponents. In little more than a twelvemonth after the first calls for a large muster of volunteers, a standing army of a hundred and fifty thousand loyal Britons, mostly well drilled, equipped, and organized, has rallied round its Queen in defiant answer alike to the taunts of un-English demagogues at home, and the lip-deep assurances of fund-jobbing conspirators abroad. Unlike an army of foreign hirelings, caring only to fight and plunder, or an army of ignorant, needy, or reckless recruits, lured by the daily shilling or a taste for adventure, from the backslums of Birmingham and the wilds of Connemara, this noble force, raised for defence alone, and held together by no bonds of ordinary soldiery or professional exclusiveness, has gathered the sources of its main strength and future development from amidst the wealth, the learning, the landed greatness, the toiling energies, the educated manliness of a free, well-ordered na-

tion. In spite of timid friends, and ill-wishers, open or disguised, under all kinds of hindrances, active and passive, in a time of outward peace, of seeming devotion to selfish interests, and of outward acquiescence in the cant of Mammonite philanthropists, the British Volunteers have speedily proved by the most unanswerable logic, how much of the old unconquerable courage that fired the countrymen of Pitt and Queen Elizabeth still burns in the hearts of a generation bred to dreams of universal peace, and taught to measure human philosophies by their influence on the price of cotton, or the dealings on 'Change. With the needful help of the drill-sergeant, and a timely order or two from the Horse Guards, they have already given cheering promise of their future fitness to tackle at least their own number of regular troops taken at hazard from the finest army in the world.

In the spirit with which this movement has been carried on we may discover no lack of hopeful auguries for the future. It is no ephemeral outburst of blind anger, or insular mistrust; but rather the natural issue of that sturdy patriotism which shallow or suspicious statesmen have always been much too ready to ignore or keep in check. Late experience seems to prove that the experiment which has hitherto been making to such good purpose might easily have been made at any moment during the last

forty or fifty years. The river would always have flowed in its present channel, but for the dam which human cunning had reared across its path. In the steady zeal with which they have pursued their one end, turning out for drill in all weathers, braving no small amount of bodily discomfort and mental annoyance, in the fulfilment of a self-chosen duty, incurring often no slight expense, or denying themselves no mean enjoyment in the attempt to master some new exercise, the Volunteers seem to have kept themselves thoroughly alive to the full importance of the work they have so well begun. Thus far they have shown no signs of flagging, no trace whatever of a lurking doubt in the permanent needfulness of their new calling. Even if their earlier efforts were quickened by the dangerous aspect of things abroad, their later progress has betrayed none of those slackening tendencies which usually mark the first moments of returning safety, or follow the first sharp spurt of unwonted enthusiasm. Every week is adding its quota to numbers already large enough to set our minds at ease regarding whatever signs of possible danger may yet be looming in the political horizon. Day after day the morning papers keep us acquainted with the newest incidents of a tale still fresh to the most careless reader, still fraught with endless interest to the most dispassionate of English philosophers. At one place a new company of riflemen has been got together; at another the silver tones of some fair speaker have accompanied the gift of a silver bugle subscribed by herself and her admiring countrywomen. Elsewhere there has been a grand review of many thousand volunteers, a sham fight in some nobleman's park, a bout of rifle shooting marked by feats of skill outdoing the most wonderful of former days. Every day the movement seems to spread; some new town or district lights up in answer to the general blaze, and everywhere the success already gained seems but the acknowledged prelude to efforts yet stronger, and more successful in the future. If any trust can be placed in outward tokens, some who are now alive may yet see the time when every able-bodied Englishman, not serving in the regular fleet or army, shall have

his name enrolled on the list of a volunteer corps.

After all that has latterly been said or sung of our national degeneracy, it is very good to contemplate the readiness with which those classes of whom least was commonly expected, have come forward to help their country at the first blush of seeming danger. Tradesmen, merchants, manufacturers, shopmen, clerks, have rushed from counter and warehouse to assert the share that popular belief had begun to deny them, in the inheritance of those virtues which have helped the most largely to make England what she is. "There is life in the old land yet," when the great middle class can devote itself with such easy good-will to the task of spending its spare hours in the pursuit of military knowledge, and the acquirement of a soldier-like skill in the use of an unfamiliar weapon. There is small need to fear for the well-being of a country which can depend, in the hour of her danger, on the warlike spirit of those classes which have naturally most interest in desiring peace. While that spirit flares up as steadily as it is doing now, such a country will have little reason to dread the issue either of a Chartist outbreak or a French invasion. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and we may thank both the blundering recklessness of our Admiralty Boards and the aggressive movements of our allies across the Channel for evoking a display of national energy, which has added a new bulwark to our weakened defences, and enabled us once more to eat the bread of quiet trustfulness amidst events and conspiracies of which no one can forecast the likeliest issue. The peace of Europe may still lie at the mercy of an intriguing despot; but it is pleasant to feel that a hundred and fifty thousand disciplined volunteers will shortly bar the road from Cherbourg or Boulogne to London.

It is in no spirit of empty boasting that we dwell a moment on results like these. Englishmen have been rather ready to take for granted the sounding phrases in which foreigners often display their happy ignorance or hide their jealous dislike of the British character. Of late years there had been nestling in our hearts a blind belief that England was not

a military nation ; that in all things bearing on the art of war English experience lagged very far behind the French. That such absurdities should have found their way among a people fresh from reading the great deeds of the Peninsular War ; among a people with whom Crecy, Agincourt, Blenheim, Minden, Quebec, were household words ; a people of whom many yet alive had seen or shared in the great English demonstration against the former Napoleon, is but one more instance of the ease wherewith a good round lie can win a footing and command a decent livelihood from an ill-natured, credulous, or easy-going world. Among foreign nations the mistake had gone still farther, thanks, in part, to the readiness shown by English writers in harping on facts and statements that seemed, when taken alone, without the needful context or the fair explanation, to tell most clearly in our disfavour. The truth regarding the Crimean campaigns is gradually leaking out at last, but falsehood and misconception had, meanwhile, been running riot abroad, not only among outside spectators, but even with those allies who could have set their neighbours right if they had been so minded. Everywhere it was given out that France alone had stood between us and inevitable failure, and the English name was become a laughing-stock to the pettiest prince and the vilest scribbler on the Continent. The tidings of our supposed defeat were noised about in Egypt, and carried out to India by the wily agent of him whose name will for ever be coupled with one of the foulest massacres ever devised by a fiend in human form. Happily for us, the fall of Delhi and the campaigns in Oude and Central India gave a death-blow to some of the more atrocious slanders, and satisfied most thinking persons of our capacity for making war. But it remained, we think, for such gatherings as those in Hyde Park and Edinburgh to clear away the last spot on our fair fame, and to teach the world those lessons which a better acquaintance with English history would have taught it long ago. Even among our French neighbours there are some at last who honestly avow the folly of refusing us a foremost place among the warlike nations

of our day ; and in the very papers that once told us how much better all things were managed abroad, some of us must lately have smiled to read of French officers being sent to study details connected with various parts of our military system, and of Swiss officers coming over to receive instruction in the musketry school at Hythe.

If we are not a military nation in the large sense of those words, where is such a thing to be found ? Our regular army may seem absurdly small to people whose lives and liberties are intrusted to the care of six or eight hundred thousand undergrown conscripts, forced to incur the hardships and hazards of a soldier's life without even the small consolation of having chosen it for themselves. But what other nation has yet tried to raise an army as large as ours by voluntary enlistment, on terms at which none but the idlest, neediest, or most reckless of its members would care to grasp ? The French conscript may see a marshal's staff glimmering through the vista of many irksome years ; but an English soldier will fight for love of his commander, for the credit of his regiment, for the good of a country that rewards his highest services with an ensign's commission or a pension of something less than twelve pence a day. Are English soldiers inferior to French or Russian because they have a trick of fighting when, by all rules of war, they should be running away ? Wherever British troops have been engaged, with scarce one exception, they have either won a glorious victory or sustained an equally glorious defeat. They may not be clever at providing their own quarters or cooking their own food, at pillaging a friendly people, or retreating before a superior foe ; but they have made some of the finest forward marches ever known, have pushed their way against appalling odds, have taken by assault strongholds which, perhaps, the troops of no other nation would, under like conditions, have had the hardihood to assail. If they have sometimes suffered for the mistakes of blundering leaders or a headstrong Government, they have managed, nine times out of ten, to drive before them the best troops, commanded by the best officers, of that nation which

specially prides itself on its genius for war. It was not an English battery that fell to pieces after a few hours' firing before Sebastopol, nor was it the fault of Lord Raglan that the allied armies wasted a whole day on the field of Alma, or that the Russian troops were not followed into their stronghold after the defeat of Inkermann. The sad mortality in the Crimea was not confined to the British camp, nor was it the French army whose efficiency was most remarkable in the second year of the war. If our commissariat in the Russian war was badly organized, and our hospital arrangements were at first unequal to the need, our soldiers in India have been fed and doctored in a style from which other nations might take some useful lessons. We are a quiet, peace-loving people, slow to enter on a quarrel, and ready to forego the advantages gained in fair fight for the mere pleasure of shaking hands again with a beaten foe. But while the fight lasts our blood keeps at boiling-point, our thoughts are only of fighting the quarrel out, our hearts leap within us at each new success won by those very soldiers at whom, in peace time, we are so ready to sneer, from whom a grateful country withholds their paltry share of hard-earned prize-money, and looks for many years of faithful service without even a slight increase to the daily pay.

If military genius means only a special fondness for war, a general hankering after the goods of other nations, or an extravagant desire to strut about in a military uniform, then, indeed, we are by no means a military people. An English soldier thinks of himself, not as the creature and agent of a separate system, but as a living member of a free self-governed British community. His service is an accident, not an essential part of his career. The English officer doffs his profession with the uniform which he makes a point of reserving for duty and dinner at mess. If he aspires to become a general it is not that he may use his preferment as an engine of political plotting. Englishmen are proverbially jealous of any thing that tends to enlarge the military at the expense of the civil power. Save, perhaps, in New Zealand, we have long ceased to encroach

on the lands of our neighbours. But when our neighbours show clear signs of an intent to do us harm, we can prove ourselves as determined to frustrate as they may have been eager to effect their purpose. Some three hundred thousand volunteers sprang up, at a moment's notice, in answer to the challenge waved before us from the heights of Boulogne. Recruits for the regular army kept pouring in as fast as they were wanted during the campaigns in India. And now, on a mere suspicion of coming evil, at the first whisper of encouragement from men in power, another army of unpaid English patriots presses forward to fill up all gaps in our national defences, and to show how far an intelligent enthusiasm will go to shorten the time required by military usage for the making of a thorough soldier.

At this point a new field of cheerful speculation opens out to view. After a year's experience of things done, or still doing, is it possible to guess what part a volunteer army would be fit hereafter to play in any movement for the national defence? To us the answer seems only to depend on the extent to which an English Government shall, at any time, follow out the course suggested by past experience and the requirements of a sound economy. To our thinking, that course will be found to lie in a hearty and skilful turning of the Volunteer movement to the utmost possible account. We are a peaceful and wealthy nation, but our backs are still straining under the burdens of by-gone wars, and Garibaldi's dream of a peaceful disarmed Europe is likely to be still a dream, long after the last of his heroic followers shall have mouldered into dust. Our wealth is great, but thirty millions a year for defensive purposes seems a portentous price to pay for the blessings of a peace that may have its throat cut to-morrow. And yet, while foreign politics wear so dark and threatening an aspect, what less could be done than we have lately been doing? While the Continent is one vast parade ground, filled with armies fighting, manœuvring, or falling into their places; while France is daily enlarging her stores of ships, guns, and soldiers; while Russia and Austria are seen once more

drawing closely together; while our own alliance with Prussia seems to rest on the weakest footing; while the new Italian kingdom is still threatened by foes from within and without, what less can England do than prepare, at any cost, for a crisis which, however remote in fact, seems yet so imminent in the general view, for a complication wherein, with all her efforts to prevent or avoid it, she must inevitably, sooner or later, be forced to interfere?

Of course our Volunteer army, however large and well disciplined it may yet become, cannot be made a substitute for all other means of insuring the national welfare. If England is to remain a first-rate power, it needs no argument to show that, above all things, she must manage to retain her ascendancy by sea. Even Mr. Bright, speaking in the interests of cotton alone, would hardly, at least in war time, recommend us to leave our coasts at the mercy of foreign armaments, or our merchantships at the mercy of foreign cruisers. Were France and Russia as far off as the United States, we might, with safety, reduce our armed fleets to something like the dimensions of that which does duty for the stars and stripes. As it is, the danger is always too near at hand to admit of our doing without fleets strong enough to guard the British seas and to give our commerce a fair chance of making its way from port to port. The strength of our navy must always be regulated by that of those powers from whom most mischief might be expected in the event of a sudden or wide-spread war. British ships, manned by the countrymen of Nelson and Dundonald, must still, as ever, form the outermost line of Britain's defences, the most enduring bulwark of Britain's power. A salt-water channel, more or less broad, still flows between us and our restless neighbours, and it rests with ourselves to keep it practically as impassable as ever for all hostile visitations on a large scale. Science may have put new weapons into our enemies' hands, but it has also armed us with the means of turning our superior seamanship to yet more serviceable account than before. As long as Englishmen love the sea, and feel their spirits rise with the growing

storm; as long as winds and waves retain their old power to baffle and appal; as long as pluck, hardihood, presence of mind, self-reliant energy, and a stubborn sense of duty, are qualities of which our race still owns the lion's share, it seems irrational to argue that steam has bridged the Channel.

After the navy comes the consideration of our landward defences. A great deal of wild talk has been scattered abroad in discussing the chances and whereabouts of a hostile invasion of our shores. A strong fleet, under watchful captains, would make such an event impossible, save in the form of separate inroads on distant parts of the coast. As long as our men-of-war did their duty, all attempts to land a large army on one or more points of the seaboard most available for further proceedings, would prove as nought in these days of steam and iron, as Bonaparte's great undertaking proved in the days of short squat-built, wooden-sided sailing ships. Still there are many reasons for not intrusting our chief ports and arsenals solely to the charge of fleets which else might often be doing good service elsewhere. Accordingly, none of us is likely to grumble at any fair and seasonable outlay on the fortification of such places as Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham. A few millions sunk in securing such places from the perils of a sudden attack on any side, in enabling them to hold out for a few days until our own ships, or soldiers, can come to the rescue, would be repaid to us with large interest in the long run. It would even be worth our while to lay out money betimes for the improvement and defence of some other harbours, wherein our vessels might take shelter from bad weather, or a superior foe. There can be no good reason why Ireland also should not have a larger share than she is likely to get of the money borrowed for our land defences: especially if she must still be left without a Volunteer army. But there seems no urgent need for making Portsmouth quite as strong as Malta or Cronstadt, and we can never spare a whole army to garrison the lines of a distant dockyard in the event of a regular siege, a contingency lying just within the outermost pale of things possible. Still less reason can be

scout the idea of filling up berths in the royal navy with gentlemen of the mercantile marine. Whenever England finds a flaw in her armour, your professional soldier is always for patching it in the old professional way. He believes thoroughly in fortifications, in field artillery, in regular soldiers, mounted or on foot, especially if they have been at twelve months under drill. But an irregular volunteer, who has mastered his manœuvres, and passed with credit at Hythe, all in the space of a few weeks, is a notion much too fresh and revolutionary to find an early lodgment in his brain. Accustomed to the higher details of warlike science, the officer of engineers or artillery would have all England bristling with fortifications, and resounding with the practice of innumerable great guns. Trained only to deal with recruits taken from the lowest and dullest classes of Britons, your infantry officer can see no safety for England without a large addition to our standing army. It was but the other day that a murmur to this effect rolled up from the Horse Guards; and, about the same time, a general officer of some authority declared his belief that volunteers, unaided by regular troops, would not be capable of doing garrison duty. And a year ago, even those military critics who hoped the largest from the new-born movement, hardly ventured, at least in words, to look on their future comrades as more than a sorry substitute for a like number of regular troops—such a substitute as the camels of Queen Semiramis were for the elephants, whose outer shape they put on.

To candid thinkers, however, in red coats or in black, the success already attained by this movement will suggest conclusions very different from the foregoing. On the question of fortifications we have already spoken. For a nation so free, brave, and numerous as ours, a wall of living flesh and blood must, after all, be a surer and worthier defence, in the last need, than any number of strong places never so cunningly contrived, and furnished with all the newest appliances of defensive warfare. Entrenched lines like those of Torres Vedras could be formed in a few hours at Aldershot, and such like points, in a country overmeshed with railways, and filled with workmen whose aver-

age powers stand to those of any other nation as better than three to two. Of permanent defences, save those aforementioned, the less we have the more money there will be for other means of national protection. Among those means most of us are agreed to reckon a strong force of artillery and foot soldiers as only next in importance to a strong fleet. To the former arm too much attention can hardly be paid. Generally, our armies have been as badly found in guns as our fleets have been in frigates. Henceforth, with the help of our Armstrongs and Whitworths, we look to see our field batteries no less efficient in the numbers and training of their men, than in the make and deadliness of their guns. What English artillery can do under the most trying circumstances, whether of ground or relative strength, has been proved in many a hard-fought Indian campaign; and the Sikhs have not yet forgotten the wonderful effects of that iron hail which kept pouring upon them for three long hours at Goojerat. Movable batteries of four or six Armstrong guns, duly manned, and stationed at certain distances along the weaker points of the coast, with companies of steady riflemen to guard their flanks, would repeat on portions of an invading fleet the lessons taught ourselves in the late Russian War, by the capture of the Tiger off Odessa, and the repulse of an English squadron at Petropaulowsky. Artillery, cavalry, and infantry should frequently parade together, to learn the advantages of mutual helpfulness in time of need. To every brigade of infantry there should be assigned, at least, two batteries, each of four or six guns; and every regiment should have its own detail of men practised in all the main requirements of modern gunnery.

To what extent our gunners may hereafter be taken from other ranks than those of the regular army, is a question to which no exact reply can just now be given. Before it can be, the volunteer movement must have time to show its capacity for permanent uses, and for various fields of self-development. In aught regarding the scientific branches of military service nothing should be left to chance, or even to likelihood. For some time to come, at any rate, the Government must continue to pay

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lish Government durst for one moment carry out ; and if such a step were ever made possible, English freedom would have already begun to wither away. On the other hand, beyond a point which we have now all but touched, more soldiers cannot be obtained by voluntary enlistment without a large addition to the soldier's pay, and other means of tempting into the ranks a class of recruits capable not only of raising the moral tone, but also of sharpening the general discipline of her Majesty's army. Give our soldiers better pay, shorten the time of service to five or six years, add a trifle more pay to each term of re-enlistment ; let soldiers' wives, if they will have such incumbrances, be treated with more regard for womanly self-respect, and so forth ; and, doubtless, at the expense of some fresh draw-backs to the march of national industry, you will be able to muster more and better troops than a peaceable sea-girt nation would ever require for any ordinary purpose. But even Mr. Gladstone would shrink from laying any more useless burdens on the back of a willing, but already over-worked horse ; and few of us would wish to see the women of England toiling like those of France at work far better suited to able-bodied men. Perhaps, however, the strongest argument of all against a large regular force at home lies in the excellent promise already shown by British volunteers. We say deliberately, that an army of riflemen like those who have lately been winning such frequent applause from experienced critics, foreign as well as British, needs only time and good leading to render it a perfect match for the finest regular soldiers in the world. Such an army, if only it can be held together by some bond more powerful than a passing enthusiasm, will almost suffice to guard us against all chance of serious danger from without, and will infuse into our foreign policy somewhat more than it has lately shown of that bold, determined spirit which marked its progress in the days of Cromwell, Chatham, and Pitt. Only let our natural leaders persevere in keeping alive the flame they have kindled to such excellent purpose in the present, and our lawful sway in the Councils of Europe will speedily be felt again in spite of

the money-making philosophy that drivels at Manchester, and the serpentine diplomacy that crawls and hisses about the Tuileries.

It is easy, of course, to say that untrained enthusiasm will never stand before thorough discipline, and that volunteers have only been successful against blundering commanders, or troops absurdly overmatched. Yet volunteer levies fought like veterans at Edgehill, against the experienced soldiers of Lord Essex. Volunteer armies cleared France of the formidable hosts who thought to take vengeance for the cruel treatment of her king. A nation of German volunteers rose up in arms against the general whose troops had previously overrun their country in a few weeks. A few thousand volunteers, under Garibaldi, harassed and defeated the Austrian troops on the skirts of Lombardy, in the war of 1859 ; and yet later telegrams told us how another army of volunteers, led by the same great hero of our day, beat off the last despairing efforts of a powerful Neapolitan force to bring back to his forfeit capital the king who had accompanied them into the field. What were Cromwell's Ironsides themselves, but volunteers well drilled and ably commanded ? The great bulk of British troops at Waterloo were young recruits, who had scarcely mastered the platoon exercise, when they were called on to stand a fire which would have tried the firmness of hardy veterans. During the late troublous times in India, how greatly was England beholden to the bravery and martial skill of her unprofessional soldiery—the men who defended Arrah, protected Meerut and Agra, and helped largely in the defence of Lucknow ! Discipline alone may work wonders with the most unpromising materials—may turn a number of the rawest, clumsiest, most unruly louts into an army of first-rate soldiers, "fit to go anywhere, and do any thing." In yonder trim, clean-looking corporal, with an upright figure, firm walk, and proud, soldierlike air, few of his former friends would easily recognise the rough, unwashed, slow-moving savage, who took her Majesty's shilling some two or three years ago. Even a small body of disciplined policemen will clear its way with comparative ease through all the pres-

sure of an eager, struggling, disorderly crowd. But military discipline is not a charm to be wielded only on particular classes of men; rather does it act the more powerfully the better the stuff with which it has to deal. It moulded the fiery zeal of Cromwell's yeomanry into a mighty weapon of assault, before which the proudest of England's chivalry were scattered to the winds. A body of gentlemen, thoroughly disciplined, and buoyed up by the consciousness of a noble cause, would be more than likely to rout an equal number of ordinary soldiers, fighting on otherwise equal terms. Given to each the same amount of discipline, equipment, and strength of arm, the result would soon tell in favour of the higher intelligence and the nobler enthusiasm. For like reasons, an average regiment of volunteer riflemen, fairly officered, and enjoying fair opportunities for self-improvement, should reach a high standard of warlike efficiency with greater ease, and in less time, than an average regiment of the line. If it takes a year to turn a common recruit into a thorough soldier, the average volunteer, with other work to mind, and far fewer and shorter intervals to set apart for drill, will find himself at the year's end pretty nearly abreast, if not some paces ahead, of his fellow-learner. Accordingly, no one who has watched this movement with clear eyes—who has managed, from his own experience, or the accounts of others, to strike a fair balance between proven facts and reasonable likelihoods, will feel surprised at the extent to which so experienced an officer as the Inspector-General of Volunteers has lately endorsed the opinions which another officer, of higher rank and not less distinction, had from the first repeatedly avowed on the practice-ground at Hythe. Any one who cares to learn the truth about a matter of no small moment to us all, may now be assured, on the best authority, that England can already muster about eighty thousand riflemen, warranted all but ready to take their place with regiments of the line, and quite equal even now "to the conditions of the line of battle." If so large a number has made so steady an advance in one year, how rich a harvest may we not look to gather in the years to come! Even before an-

other twelve months we may fairly trust to see that number raised to nearly as much again, without reckoning mere beginners and men who are only volunteers on paper, or in places of public show.

All such hopeful issues, however, will rest partly on the public spirit of the nation itself, partly on the steadiness with which our statesmen shall keep turning that spirit to the most serviceable account. Under the persistent, yet hardly noticeable care of a wise government, volunteering would settle down into a permanent system of national self-defence; a cheap and certain means of warning too curious foreigners off the diggings of a rich, peaceful, yet far from weak or unmanly neighbour. On this head there has hitherto been little fault to find, and even the public expression of goodwill from several of our leading statesmen will go far to keep their countrymen faithful to the work they have taken in hand. Among those classes by whom the movement has hitherto been carried on, we are bold to think that few signs of weariness in well-doing are likely to crop out during the critical period which has yet to elapse, before its full scope and practical uses have been placed beyond further question. After that there will be little cause to fear. Once let us succeed in mustering a hundred thousand riflemen of the sort admired by Colonel M'Murdo, and nothing but the most untoward blundering, or the unlikeliest freaks of fate, will avail to rob us hereafter of the vantage gained by our former exertions. Such an army, thoroughly organized, equipped, and trained in all the essentials of military discipline, would enable us, in ordinary times of peace, to dispense with our home establishment of regular infantry; and in times of danger or disquietude, would form the rallying-centre for any number of fresh volunteers that the need or the temper of the moment might draw together.

But if the Government were wise to refrain from over meddling with the earlier stages of such a movement, they should now beware of leaving too much to the unaided enthusiasm of the volunteers themselves. Hitherto the popular feeling has done every thing, and carried the scheme past every drawback, but enthusiasm

alone is a sandy foundation for a building that we would have to last for ever. Without some solid groundwork of practical inducements, and some strong cement of military discipline, no volunteer system can be counted on, wholly to withstand for any time the secret workings of self-satisfied ambition, or the steady assaults of wounded self-esteem. The best of us are apt to grow weary of always doing the same thing, and military obedience is not a virtue of eminently Saxon growth: we have to acquire it either by inevitable practice, or by learning to feel its merits for ourselves. If a volunteer is foolish enough to be unruly in the ranks, or to shirk regular drill, his superior officers should have full power to punish the breach of military discipline, in the spirit, if not always after the letter, of military law. If a volunteer company lacks the power to furnish itself with needful tools and appliances for insuring its thorough efficiency, no one could fairly object to its receiving a little of that timely aid from Parliament or Exchequer which we have seen so liberally applied in behalf of railway companies and district schools. Every volunteer battalion should be enabled to command the services of a competent staff of drill-instructors, and the use of a large convenient practice-ground. A thorough mastery over his weapon should be one of the first steps in every rifleman's progress towards perfect soldiership; and in making that step nothing should be left to chance efforts or future likelihoods. Whatever the Government can fairly or cheaply do to guide, strengthen, or control the popular enthusiasm, should be done without grudging and without delay. Next to encouraging the volunteer at his rifle-drill, it might easily place at his disposal the resources open to the regular soldier in the camps of Aldershot, Shorncliffe, and the Curragh. It is of the first importance that volunteers should be accustomed to manœuvre in brigades and divisions as well as in single corps, and much good would accrue both to the new service and the country at large, if volunteer regiments were allowed sometimes to fall in for field days and exercise parades with those of the militia and the line. An efficient staff of inspectors, field-officers, adjutants,

and so forth, should always be available from the ranks of the regular army; and no pains should be spared in testing the fitness of a volunteer formation for regiments of cavalry and artillery. Nor would the official mind be misemployed in attempting to argue out, on its own merits, the question that is sure to be raised, as to the relative working powers of the old militia and their youngest rivals, the present volunteers.

With these and such like aids at critical moments, the nation itself would never allow the good seed, already sprouting forth with so much promise, to be choked by the fruits of its own carelessness or blighted by the breath of influences always hostile to the growth of national freedom. Having once laid both hands to the plough, it will not lightly take them off again. The amount of fresh work done to-day will encourage it to achieve the same to-morrow. Every new volunteer who attains the needful cleverness with his rifle, gets beyond the rudiments of artillery drill, or masters the more difficult details of military practice, will add one more surety to those already gained for the permanence of the building he has helped to raise so far. A mastery over the rifle once attained is not easily lost, and there seems to be no good reason why target practice should not become as popular as cricket, or why light infantry manœuvres should not create as deep and lasting an interest as hunting or the billiard-table. The spirit of the movement has already taken hold of our public schools, and the very street boys are learning to play at soldiers. When the bulk of our amateur riflemen have learned to handle their weapon with half the skill their forefathers displayed in handling the bow, the pride they would naturally feel in their own success, and the desire of others to do likewise, would help to keep the ball moving even among a people far less gifted with our proverbial talent for holding on. Under the able management of its present leaders the new army will lack no fair inducement that private enterprise can offer to improve its efficiency and enlarge its numbers. Should the efforts of those leaders be fairly backed by the Executive, its own efficiency will be

sure of an eager, struggling, disorderly crowd. But military discipline is not a charm to be wielded only on particular classes of men; rather does it act the more powerfully the better the stuff with which it has to deal. It moulded the fiery zeal of Cromwell's yeomanry into a mighty weapon of assault, before which the proudest of England's chivalry were scattered to the winds. A body of gentlemen, thoroughly disciplined, and buoyed up by the consciousness of a noble cause, would be more than likely to rout an equal number of ordinary soldiers, fighting on otherwise equal terms. Given to each the same amount of discipline, equipment, and strength of arm, the result would soon tell in favour of the higher intelligence and the nobler enthusiasm. For like reasons, an average regiment of volunteer riflemen, fairly officered, and enjoying fair opportunities for self-improvement, should reach a high standard of warlike efficiency with greater ease, and in less time, than an average regiment of the line. If it takes a year to turn a common recruit into a thorough soldier, the average volunteer, with other work to mind, and far fewer and shorter intervals to set apart for drill, will find himself at the year's end pretty nearly abreast, if not some paces ahead, of his fellow-learner. Accordingly, no one who has watched this movement with clear eyes—who has managed, from his own experience, or the accounts of others, to strike a fair balance between proven facts and reasonable likelihoods, will feel surprised at the extent to which so experienced an officer as the Inspector-General of Volunteers has lately endorsed the opinions which another officer, of higher rank and not less distinction, had from the first repeatedly avowed on the practice-ground at Hythe. Any one who cares to learn the truth about a matter of no small moment to us all, may now be assured, on the best authority, that England can already muster about eighty thousand riflemen, warranted all but ready to take their place with regiments of the line, and quite equal even now "to the conditions of the line of battle." If so large a number has made so steady an advance in one year, how rich a harvest may we not look to gather in the years to come! Even before an-

other twelve months we may fairly trust to see that number raised to nearly as much again, without reckoning mere beginners and men who are only volunteers on paper, or in places of public show.

All such hopeful issues, however, will rest partly on the public spirit of the nation itself, partly on the steadiness with which our statesmen shall keep turning that spirit to the most serviceable account. Under the persistent, yet hardly noticeable care of a wise government, volunteering would settle down into a permanent system of national self-defence; a cheap and certain means of warning too curious foreigners off the diggings of a rich, peaceful, yet far from weak or unmanly neighbour. On this head there has hitherto been little fault to find, and even the public expression of goodwill from several of our leading statesmen will go far to keep their countrymen faithful to the work they have taken in hand. Among those classes by whom the movement has hitherto been carried on, we are bold to think that few signs of weariness in well-doing are likely to crop out during the critical period which has yet to elapse, before its full scope and practical uses have been placed beyond further question. After that there will be little cause to fear. Once let us succeed in mustering a hundred thousand riflemen of the sort admired by Colonel M'Murdo, and nothing but the most untoward blundering, or the unlikeliest freaks of fate, will avail to rob us hereafter of the vantage gained by our former exertions. Such an army, thoroughly organized, equipped, and trained in all the essentials of military discipline, would enable us, in ordinary times of peace, to dispense with our home establishment of regular infantry; and in times of danger or disquietude, would form the rallying-centre for any number of fresh volunteers that the need or the temper of the moment might draw together.

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greatly enhanced by a wholesome rivalry with those regular troops whose place it may some day be called on extensively, if not entirely, to fill. In the constant presence of regular troops our volunteers would soon pick up those habits of general discipline without which no army can long hold together, and would strive after that thorough steadiness on parade which forms the last line of difference between ordinary levies and first-rate soldiers. Nor will other sources of permanent gain be left unopened. By frequently parading together in masses of one or more arms, of infantry alone, or of infantry mixed with cavalry and artillery, the volunteer corps would learn to vie with each other in the smartness of their movements, the precision of their fire, the efficiency of their officers, the quick self-reliance, yet mutual helpfulness of their men; in all those matters, in short, which come under the head of what, for lack of a good English equivalent, we are still fain to call *esprit de corps*.

At other points of detail, small in themselves, but practically far from trifling, we can only glance by the way. With questions concerning the dress, accoutrements, manning and officering of volunteer corps, the good sense and public spirit of the volunteers themselves may be expected to deal rightly in good time. A showy, costly, fantastic uniform is a vanity on which no true soldier would pride himself, any more than a thorough gentleman would choose to array himself in waistcoats of the loudest colours or trowsers of the most extravagant cut. That cheapness, usefulness, and neatness can go together, many companies have already shown; and no dress can be far wrong that combines the smallest amount of spare ornament with so much of picturesque effect as a careful regard for workmanlike fitness of form, colour, and material will allow. Every company should learn to think of itself as part of a system of permanent battalions, and these again as parts of movable brigades and divisions. Each battalion should strive to collect, and keep filled out of its own ranks, a competent staff of drill instructors, non-commissioned officers, and such-like aids to further progress. Nor should any thing be done to hinder

the enrolment of working men either in mixed or separate bodies. The more that Englishmen of different classes work together, the fewer reasons will they gradually find to mistrust or despise each other. Mr. Bright and his partisans are the only ones who would have aught to fear from the extension downwards of a movement whose further issues must still flow, like its first beginnings, from the zeal and prudence of our upper and middling classes. Jealousy of particular interests is the last feeling to which our volunteers should plead guilty.

On like principles something may fairly be said in favour of a volunteer army for Ireland. That one portion of the British Islands should be deemed unworthy a privilege freely accorded to all the rest, is a conclusion which nothing short of moral certainty should tempt any one seriously to affirm. Yet, whenever the subject is mooted among Englishmen, some such conclusion is commonly stated as a thing of course, in the shape of an allusion, jocular or scornful, to the pugnacious habits of Kilkenny cats. It is idle to dispute that Ireland is still, in some respects, an exceptional country, where landlord shooting is not yet unknown, and faction fights have not wholly passed "into a dream of things that were." But surely, in this year of grace, there are at least a few bright spots amid the surrounding darkness, a few homes of peace and happy promise glimmering amid the ruin caused by centuries of barbarism, strife, and misrule. Is Irish loyalty reflected only in the columns of the *Nation*, or Irish patriotism embodied in the speeches of Archbishop Cullen and the Pope's Brigade? The only way to make men trustworthy is to show that you trust them, and the surest way of making Ireland loyal is to treat her as if you reckoned on her loyalty. Let her feel that England expects her to share the honour and the risk of defending both countries from foreign invasion, and there are few of her sons who will not readily and warmly answer to the call. To keep up any needless distinction between realms so long united under one Crown, is merely to strengthen the hands of the riotous and ill-affected few at the expense of the loyal and peaceful many.

We Irish are a sensitive people, and the most loyal among us will not be the last to resent so sweeping an exclusion from privileges open to the mass of our fellow-subjects across the water. We will ask for better reasons than have yet been shown, why the same people whose blood has been shed like water in the maintenance of British arms throughout other parts of the world, should still be declared unworthy to aid in guarding their own hearths and homesteads from foreign defilement. We may ask if Ireland is no better now than she was before the Union—than she was even twenty or thirty years ago. We can point to numbers of loyal men—Protestant and Roman Catholic—who would as soon think of turning their arms against each other as of joining in a plot to murder the Lord Lieutenant and blow up the Castle. Have the Irish militia proved generally dangerous to the public peace, or peculiarly prone to quarrel among themselves? Do the bulk of educated Irishmen really desire nothing better than a reign of universal bigotry? Surely there is no lack of good men and true in Ireland, if only

a fair effort be made to find them out. In our case it is useless to argue by the past alone during a period of continuous change. It will be wiser, as well as more generous, to draw a bill or two upon our future history. England is trusting somewhat to chance in her new mode of arming and building her ships of war. Let her consent to throw a little more bread upon the waters, in the shape of a small experiment at Irish volunteering. Begun with caution, and carried on with a just regard for all rival claims and feelings, such an experiment could hardly fall through in the long run. A beginning might be made with companies of artillery in those districts where the people have hitherto been more prosperous or less divided against each other. Power might be given the lords lieutenant to enrol only men of proven good character and peaceful habits. Protestants and Roman Catholics might be encouraged to serve together in the same ranks as readily as they often serve together in the ranks of her Majesty's regiments. The step is worth taking, and a failure will do the government at least no harm.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER V.

CONFLICTS WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

STILL shone the sun throughout that summer day, till, as he declined towards the west, his rays filled a little room with splendour, and rested in solemn glory on the face of one who had no more need of sun and moon, for the Lord was unto her an everlasting light.

She slept on a rude couch where rough and untender hands had hastily laid her; she slept with hands meekly folded on her bosom; her face was pale, but very placid in its deep repose, and the smile of joyful triumph with which she had departed was not faded from her lips.

There was a great stillness in the house. The Puritan soldiers in the rooms below moved quietly, and spoke little. They had taken her life without compunction, yet their hearts misgave them, and they talked in whispers of the deed they had done

that day, and of its swift and sure retribution.

But suddenly and violently was the silence broken by the trampling of horses, loud shouts, and the sharp rattle of musketry. A cry ran through the house, "To arms! the Cavaliers are upon us!" And a cry answered without, "For God and the King!"

The Royalists carried everything before them. The startled Parliamentary troops made a short but fierce resistance; firing from the windows and defending themselves with desperate energy from those who forced an entrance into the house. But in a few minutes they were overpowered, and all made prisoners. The fight was soon over, and the cavaliers took possession of the inn. Never did conquest give so little joy or triumph to the victors.

It was not long before a strange

silence seemed again to have fallen upon the house. Then the door of the chamber of death opened very gently, and Sir Lionel Atherton entered.

He came with quiet step, as if he feared to wake her from her sleep, or as if he trod on holy ground. He stood for a little while and looked upon the pallid, saintly countenance so lovely in life, but still more lovely in death—the countenance of her whose life, dearer to him than his own, had been lost through his instrumentality.

All doubt was over now; suspense had ended in an awful certainty. The dreary gloom had deepened into a night of darkness and despair.

Clasping his hands over his tearless eyes, he knelt beside her in perfect stillness; and God alone knew the mortal agony of those moments, and how his whole soul was filled with a tumult of passionate self-upbraidings.

"How could I let her go? I am her murderer! I, who would have died for her!"

So there he knelt and prayed for death—death his only hope—death which to him was life indeed. Of such anguish who shall dare to speak? and who shall dare to approach too curiously the holy, awful presence of grief and death?

He never knew how long it was, for he soon lost consciousness of the outer world; but after a time, which had seemed to him an eternity of suffering, he was recalled to himself by rapid footsteps without. Listening for a moment, he recognised the sound.

Lionel was a brave man; yet as he thought that in another moment he should be confronting Harry North, his very blood ran cold. Recovering himself with a great effort, and summoning up all his courage, he determined to go forth and meet him; for he feared that words might be spoken which would desecrate the sanctity of the place where he was standing. So with a firm resolution that let Harry say what he would he would bear it patiently, he opened the door, though his hand shook so that he could scarcely turn the handle, and went out. A few paces in the dimly-lighted corridor brought him face to face with the man whom he had most fatally injured, but whom, next to his brother, he most deeply loved.

't would have been little wonder

had he failed to recognise his old companion; for three hours had altered him as thrice three years might have failed to do. He looked the mere wreck of the once "handsome Harry North;" and if the change in his countenance was great, that in his thoughts and feelings were still more appalling.

As their eyes met, Harry started violently.

"Sir Lionel Atherton, are you here?" he cried, coming close up to him, clenching his fists, and speaking in a voice half choked with fury. "Accursed villain, are you come to look on her whom you have murdered? Dare you enter my presence—dare you meet her brother? Have you no shame—no fear? Have you no value for your life? I have promised *her*—or," cried Harry, with a tremendous oath, "you should not live another hour."

Lionel looked up quickly. No word that Harry had spoken was heeded by him in comparison to one; and a little gleam of hope suddenly lightened the thick darkness of his despair.

"Promised!" he exclaimed in wild eagerness; "tell me, for Heaven's sake, what promise? to whom gave you a promise?"

For a moment Harry stood irresolute.

"For her sake, tell me?"

Then his pride gave way; he was not capable of the cruelty of leaving that almost frantic prayer unanswered; and what would he not have done for *her* sake? So he replied, but with awful sternness.

"With her dying breath she sent you her forgiveness—you, her murderer! Nay, more—she said 'twas not your doing; but God knows it was! I may not avenge her, but He will!" He turned abruptly, fearful lest in another moment all her words should be forgotten, and the slight barrier of his self-control should be swept away in an overwhelming torrent of passion.

"Harry, hear me speak," Lionel implored, in such a tone of agony, that Harry, despite himself, was forced to pause and listen. "Harry, bear with me a little—I confess it all—it was my doing—I am her murderer, though I would have died rather than that a hair of that blessed head should have been harmed. I dare not ask

you to forgive me—though, thanks be to Almighty God, she has forgiven me; but, by the suffering you endure, have a little pity for me. You do not mourn alone. I know how you loved her; but what is your love to mine? Your loss is great; but I have lost my all.” His voice faltered, but no tears came to his relief; and, after a moment, he added, in a tone of calm despair, “I have no hope in this world. What is there left for me to live for? God grant that death be not far off!” He was silent; he clasped his hands, and his head sank heavily upon his breast.

Harry was strangely moved, and a sudden revulsion of feeling took place in his really generous heart. Could he see the man, whom once he had so loved and honoured, crushed, heart-broken, bowed down by the same sorrow which had darkened all his own life—could he see this, and add bitterness to that sorrow? Again those dying words seemed sounded in his ears, “Forgive Sir Lionel!”—and had not the promise he had given all the sanctity of an oath? Yet how could he forgive what appeared to him the foulest, cruelest, treachery; had not Lionel sinned beyond forgiveness? Harry paced hurriedly up and down the corridor in a storm of conflicting emotions; his better nature struggling with evil passions for the mastery. He had thought he hated Lionel unto death—he had thirsted to take his life; but the deep affection he had felt from childhood for his best and kindest friend was still a living power.

At last he again approached Lionel, who all this while had remained motionless as a statue, and said, in a voice of passionate reproach, “Lionel, how can I forgive you?—you whom I have loved and honoured above all men. How have you repaid me? You have betrayed and deceived me—you have murdered her whom you say you love! O Lionel, Lionel, whom I once called my friend, who was to me as a brother, could the deadliest enemy have more cruelly injured me? If nought else could have kept you from deceit and treachery, ought not honour? Think you, Sir Lionel,” asked Harry, his wrath again rising—“think you that your honour is unimpeachable in this matter?”

Lionel proudly raised his head, and

the blood rushed crimson to his ashy cheeks. “Yes, Harry,” he answered, firmly, “I *do* think that my honour is unimpeachable in this matter. I would not willingly give you pain; but the respect that is due to myself, and the honour of my house demand that I should reply to you. The duty I owe to God is above the duty I owe to any man or woman, be they who they may; and what I did I believed—yes, and do believe—was in accordance with that higher duty. I have but done for my cause what, I doubt not, you or any other honest man of your party would have done for yours. There were no other means of sending the despatches; I had no messenger. I could not take them myself, for I had received an imperative call to serve my cause elsewhere. If it had not been for her—for that devotion too lofty for me even to give it a name—the King’s service might have suffered serious injury. I, indeed, did waver at the first—my courage failed me. I thought it enough to risk my own life—I thought it hard to be compelled to hazard something so infinitely more precious; but she knew her duty better than I did mine. She bade me send her on this mission, and I dared not disobey her command, which was the command also of mine own conscience.”

“Duty!” repeated Harry, in a tone of bitter scorn; “this comes of those accursed notions which you call loyalty! Was it your duty—was it honourable in you to engage my sister in any scheme to further the interests of that party against which you knew I had drawn my sword—any scheme to injure my cause? What right had you to do this? And more than all—how dared you engage her in any scheme which you knew to be hazardous to her life? You knew the danger, yet you let her go! No matter that she sided with the King, how dared you forget that she had a brother who served the Parliament—a brother who would exact a heavy reckoning with you for this? Sir Lionel, you owe your life to her whose death you caused.”

“Harry,” Lionel replied, with mournful firmness, “her life was dearer to me than the whole world; but the cause of God and my King is still more dear. For that cause I have dared to hazard all; and if any-

thing yet remains for me to lose, for that cause I will dare to hazard it."

Harry was silent for a moment ; then continued, in a milder tone,

"But tell me, Lionel, should you not have remembered my principles and respected them? I remembered yours; but it was only to respect them; for when was my friendship for you changed by our difference in opinion? Did I not love you and trust in you as though we had been fighting side by side? There were some who doubted my integrity because I did thus love and trust so notorious a malignant; but what cared I for that? Did I not confide in you wholly, unsuspectingly; was not my trust in you unbounded?—you whom I thought the soul of truth and honour! O, Lionel, was ever friend so faithful to thee as I have been? Would to God thou hadst been as faithful unto me! You have brought ruin on us all: tell me how can I forgive you?"

Lionel made no reply, but he felt that at that moment he would gladly have laid down his life to gain that for which his stricken soul hungered and thirsted—Harry's forgiveness.

But during that short silence, as he stood waiting for an answer, suddenly and heavily did the accuser's conscience smite himself. Was there nought for which he needed pardon? Had he no share in that day's work?—a lesser share, indeed, than Lionel's, but still enough to cause him a life-long sorrow and remorse. Had it not been for the unconscious treachery of the brother, whose duty and whose joy it was to protect her from the slightest injury, might she not, at this very minute, have been living, her safety and her liberty secure?

"Lionel," he murmured, in broken accents, as the torture of that horrible remembrance wrung the confession from him, "you know not all. I am not wholly guiltless, though my guilt is nought to yours, for I did it ignorantly; you saw the consequences from the beginning. But I cannot speak of this; it kills me to think of it. Accursed be those, whoever they be, who have wrought these cruel divisions between us all!"

Tears filled his eyes and choked his voice, and his slight frame was convulsed with passionate sobs. Turning hastily away, he quitted Lionel and again paced the corridor with

trembling steps. He had not seen his sister since his recovery from that merciful swoon which had deadened the agony of parting, and he longed to enter the little room where she was laid to rest; but he dared not, he felt he had no right to look upon that countenance, to him so sacred, with her dying charge yet unfulfilled. He had not yet forgiven Lionel.

Yes: he might forgive Lionel, but could he forgive Colonel Sydney?

At that sudden, startling remembrance of the man whose greater offence had been for a while lost sight of in his wrath at Lionel's lesser offence, everything else was forgotten, and all Harry's better thoughts were swallowed up in one wild desire—a frenzied craving after the blood of him by whom Courtenay's had been shed. Mentally vowing that he would be avenged or die, he retraced his steps, rushed past Lionel, and ran swiftly down the stairs.

But no sooner had he reached the hall below, than a second thought checked his headlong course. He was a prisoner and unarmed, and how could he obtain the needful weapons? Harry stamped upon the ground, and gnashed his teeth with the fury of a wild beast who sees himself deprived of his lawful prey. Was he thus to be defeated; was the cup of sweet revenge thus to be dashed from his very lips?

He was standing in the vestibule of the inn. It was a scene of the wildest disorder, bearing evidence that if the recent fight had been short, at the same time it had been hotly contested. The front door was battered down, and the threshold stained with a pool of blood. Here and there the walls had been perforated with bullets, and the floor was everywhere strewn with broken glass and fragments of shattered furniture. As Harry looked impatiently around, his quick glance was suddenly arrested, and his keen eyes glittered, for amongst all this confusion there lay a brace of pistols, carelessly flung upon a chair. Not a soul was near, and the sentinel Harry saw, through the broken window, walking up and down the court-yard, could not observe the movements of those within. He darted towards the pistols, seized them eagerly: they were loaded, and Harry's face lighted up

with a smile of fearful joy. And now to find the Colonel.

Entering impatiently, one of the numerous passages of the rambling old house, he saw a Royalist soldier pacing to-and-fro, and instantly concluding him to be placed there as a guard, he accosted him with, "Where is your prisoner, Colonel Sydney?"

The man hesitated a moment, his suspicions half aroused by Harry's fierce tone and impetuous manner; but, upon the question being authoritatively repeated, the sentinel, knowing him to be the friend of Sir Lionel Atherton, pointed to a door at the further end of the passage.

How Harry's heart beat as he looked around the room occupied by the Colonel! Its very atmosphere quickened the growth of his desire for vengeance; for it was the very room which, not three hours before, he had entered, in the unsuspecting innocence of his heart, gay and happy, full of buoyant life and spirits: and here, the next moment, all his mirth had fled for ever, and his very blood was frozen at those few words spoken by the Colonel with such cruel calmness; and, more than all, here—yes, here—in his misery, he had humbled himself to kneel at the Colonel's feet and pray for mercy; and here—should he not remember that?—here had he been repulsed with haughty scorn; and here the hour of death had sounded; and from here he had gone forth to see his sister die. She never would return! But he had returned, and should it not be as her avenger!

Utterly unconscious of the terrible emotions he was exciting, Sydney was quietly seated, his back towards Harry, at that very table on which, a little while ago, he had outspread, with such exulting joy, those tempting, but, as he soon found, incomprehensible despatches of Sir Lionel Atherton. His elbow resting on the table, his head upon his hand, his dark brows bent into a harsher frown than ever, and his thin lips compressed, the prisoner seemed lost in gloomy thought. And good cause had he, indeed, for unpleasant reflections. He had laid his plans skilfully and well, and had spared no pains in their execution; and to be baffled by a woman: it was gall and wormwood! And he had reckoned, too, so confidently on success. Holding, as he did,

Captain North in the slightest estimation, as a "silly boy," he had quite expected to find that his sister possessed a strong family likeness to him, and that from her his artfully-assumed disguise would easily draw forth, not only the much-desired packet, but hosts of confidential secrets, and the whole history of Sir Lionel and his plots. And if, by any chance, this should not answer, there were plenty of strong arguments to fall back upon. And what woman's resolution would not be scattered to the winds by the sight of a single loaded carbine, more especially if followed up by a brother's authoritative commands or loving entreaties, as the case might be? But everything had failed; and he, a man and a soldier, had been defeated by a woman! Shame and dishonour! "But I did conquer her, and she has met with the punishment that her treachery so richly merited." There was little consolation in that, however. It was an easy thing to conquer bodily strength which, compared to his own, was weakness; an easy thing to slay the defenceless and unarmed; but it was no easy thing, nay, he was powerless to bend the steadfast will of her who, in the majesty of strength that indeed was superhuman had bid defiance to his threats, and had given a welcome to her fate, knowing that in death she could serve her cause as she never could in life. He was defeated, and he knew it.

Moreover, the poor Colonel had other causes of complaint. At the very moment of his leaving the inn, on his return to head-quarters, he had been surprised by that meddling, plotting Sir Lionel Atherton. Overpowered, and made prisoner with all his men, the despatches had been torn from his careful guardianship, and restored to their rightful owner. He was not allowed his liberty on parole; and he had reason to be thankful for the smallest mercies, for the officer of the troop which had accompanied Lionel from Bradford swore that, if it had not been for the promise of quarter, which he deeply regretted he had given, long before this Sydney should be hanging from the nearest tree, as having his brains blown out was far too great an honour for such a man.

But the Colonel's adventures for

that day were not yet over. The slight noise of Harry's entrance aroused him from his reverie : he turned, and rose hastily to his feet. There was something in the look of the "silly boy" that for a moment blanched his cheeks, and made him quail ; but he recovered himself immediately, and, haughtily drawing himself up, said, in his old sarcastic tone, "To what am I indebted for this honour, Captain North?"

The very sound of Sydney's voice raised a storm in Harry's breast ; it needed all his self-control to check the withering curses which rose to his lips ; but the remembrance of the sentinel without, and the necessity of keeping himself tolerably quiet if he would execute his purpose, prevented him from making any reply until he had shut the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket—a proceeding which somewhat disconcerted the Colonel. Then, striding up to his antagonist, he presented him with the brace of pistols, and said, in a low, emphatic voice, "Take one, and defend yourself. We do not both quit this room alive."

"Captain North!—this to me?" cried the Colonel. "Know you to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, I do know, indeed, to whom I am speaking! and the world shall not hold us both another hour!"

For a moment Sydney wavered. Should he summon the guard, and consign Harry to his care as a raving maniac, to be pitied, but at the same time to be closely watched? But pride prevailed, and the desire of ridding himself from a troublesome enemy—for the Colonel always hated those whom he had injured. "So be it, then," was his calm answer, as he took the pistol from Harry's hand.

"And now," continued the latter, retreating a few steps, his eye steadily fixed upon the Colonel, while his hand pointed to the clock—"and now, Colonel, do you see that clock? Do you remember what you said?—'*When it striketh, you die.*' In another moment it will strike again : let that be our signal now."

Sydney assented with a haughty bow ; and in silence the two men took up their positions, facing each other with looks of undying hatred.

How long those moments seemed to Harry, as he stood waiting for the appointed signal, again listening for

the striking of that fatal clock which had rung Courtenay's death-knell! Whose death would it toll for now? As he asked himself that question his face grew even paler than before, his hands trembled, and he shuddered in an agony of fear. But it was fear of himself, not of his enemy ; for dared he live—still more, dared he die—with that awful load of guilt upon his conscience? Nay, for the sake of her for whom he had gone thus far, he could go no farther. "Not by your hand, Harry!"

He had just time to form a sudden resolution, that, notwithstanding the shot which he knew would be aimed at his heart, he would return it by firing in the air, when the signal was given. The sound of the first stroke of the clock was drowned in the sharp report of Sydney's pistol ; and Harry, vainly attempting to fire his own, staggered, and fell heavily on the ground.

Was he dead? The Colonel did not stay to look ; he saw only the still loaded pistol lying on the ground. Quick as thought he stooped down, snatched it greedily from Harry's unresisting grasp, and darted to the window.

A sentinel had been posted in the garden, and, alarmed at the report of fire-arms, he was hurrying to the window. Sydney stood, half hidden from his view, coolly waiting, pistol in hand, for his approach ; when, as the soldier, surprised and angry, looked up to address him, he raised his arm, took a deliberate aim, and shot him through the head.

Then leaping from the window, which was but a few feet from the ground, and over the dead body of the sentinel, Sydney dashed through the garden, trampling down the flower-beds, cleared the low fence at a bound, and the next moment was running for his life through the orchard and across the fields.

Meanwhile the guard within was not idle. He, too, had taken the alarm, and was bringing all his strength and the butt-end of his carbine to bear upon the door, and was loudly demanding entrance. His shouts brought several of his comrades to his assistance ; between them all they succeeded in breaking down the door, and one over another they rushed into the room.

How they stamped and swore, and made the walls ring with their threats and curses, as they beheld, to their utter confusion, that Sydney had disappeared! The dead or dying Captain caused not the slightest sensation in comparison to the vanished Colonel; "it was but one roundhead the less in the world;" so they took no heed of Harry, but employed themselves in the most absurd conjectures as to the whereabouts of his superior officer. One man looked up the chimney, another swore the foul fiend must have flown away with the Colonel, when a third pleaded that "he could not be called a thief if he had, for sure every one had a right to his own"—when the doleful exclamations of one soldier, who, wiser than his fellows, had had shrewd suspicions as to how matters stood, caused them all to come crowding round the window, and the corpse of their comrade enlightening them as to the manner of the prisoner's exit, they indulged in the use of some rather strong language, and heaped the choicest epithets of their vocabulary upon the Colonel, who by this time was far beyond the reach both of their curses and their carbines.

Silence and order were suddenly restored by the entrance of the Royalist Captain, who sternly demanded the reason of this uproar; and, on being informed, in rather a crestfallen manner, ordered in high wrath half-a-dozen men instantly to mount and pursue the Colonel. "And one of you," he added, "go and ask Sir Lionel to come hither."

Lionel came, looking like a ghost, pale and speechless, feeling as though this last blow must, indeed, prove his death. "This is my doing. I am his murderer as well as hers!"

"Cheer up, Sir Lionel," said the Cavalier officer; "cheer up. Poor young North is not dead; he is only badly hurt, that is all. There is a worse business than this, though, 'pon my honour; that rascally roundhead old Colonel has made off, and killed one of my men."

But Lionel heeded nothing but Harry. Roused by the Captain's words, he hastened forwards, and kneeling down beside the cold, motionless body, which he could scarcely believe retained any life, he busied himself in employing restoratives, and

attending to the wound in Harry's side. In a few minutes he had the inexpressible joy of seeing the wan cheeks of his patient warm and brighten with a little colour. Sighing deeply once or twice, Harry at length opened his eyes, and gazed around him with a wild, affrighted look, which became calm and intelligent as it rested upon Lionel, and he murmured the latter's name.

Lionel stooped his head, in an agony of longing to hear what Harry was about to say, and fearing to lose a single syllable.

"Lionel, I did not fire—I repented at the last moment. Lionel, if I die—remember—I forgave you."

"Thank God!" Lionel solemnly exclaimed, as he clasped the white, chilly hand that Harry had feebly extended; then, bending still lower, he pressed a fervent kiss upon the icy forehead of his friend.

In less than another hour the Crown Inn was restored to comparative silence and solitude. The Royalist Captain returned to head-quarters with part of his troop and all his prisoners, excepting Colonel Sydney, who, having had a good start of his pursuers, and knowing the country far better than they did, contrived to elude them, and so, a few hours later, he was welcomed by his brother officers in Bath.

That evening, every house in the quiet little Gloucestershire village was filled with tears and mourning; for that village was entered by a solemn procession. Soldiers with lowered arms guarded a bier covered with a snow-white pall, and a litter in which was borne a wounded man; and another man, wounded too, but not in body, rode behind, closely muffled in his cloak. And so the brother and sister were brought back to the home which that morning they had quitted in the pride and glory of strength and life—to that home which no more would be gladdened by sunshine, for it was darkened for ever with the shadow of death.

* * * *

The sun had set at last, and the longest day in Lionel's life was ended. Darkness was coming—darkness more to be desired than light, as death was than life.

The sun had risen without a cloud,

but now a storm seemed gathering. Great piles of purple vapour, their edges bathed in crimson, and dashed with streaks of fire, towered round the horizon. The broad massive front of Atherton Hall rose up black and clear against the evening sky, chimney and gable, turret and tower, strongly and sharply defined by the glowing light behind. It was already midnight in the cool avenue, which for more than half a mile stretched from the carved stone gateway, in a straight line to the house, for the trees were tall and arched overhead, and even at noon day, it was always dusk, like the aisle of a cathedral. The thrushes had ceased their even-song, and the only sound that broke the perfect stillness was the rustling of the leaves in the rising wind.

Late as it was, the master of the house had not yet returned, and his guest and brother was wandering up and down the avenue alone; lost in deep thought, as was his wont. What was the exact subject of his meditations we do not presume to say. It might have been religious liberty, or it might have been military discipline,—those two favourite topics with officers of the Independent denomination; or it might have been of a sadder and tenderer nature—of hopes blighted because conscience was obeyed, and of her whom he was always struggling, perseveringly, but unsuccessfully, to forget.

From this reverie, whatever its nature, John Atherton was awakened by the sound of horse's feet upon the gravel. Looking up, and straining his eyes, he could distinguish a horseman riding up the avenue. Who could it be? Surely that horse, walking so slowly, at so weary and dejected a pace, his neck drooped almost to the ground, was not Lionel's "gallant grey," which always dashed gaily up the avenue, at a swinging trot? Still less could that man, almost bent double, stooping over his horse's mane, painfully supporting himself by his hands resting on the saddle before him, swaying helplessly to-and-fro at every step—could that man be Lionel? Lionel, with his firm seat, his stalwart form, and his erect and manly bearing?

Yes, it was Lionel, and John felt
heart sink within him. Stepping

hastily forward, his face almost as pale as his brother's, and stammering with eagerness, he cried, "Lionel, what is it? Are you ill?"

"Yes—dying, as I think," was the answer, in a voice that was indeed like that of a dying man.

John was too much shocked to speak. The tired horse came to a standstill of his own accord, but Lionel did not move; and it was not till his brother, recovering himself, had given him the assistance of his strong arm, that he was able feebly to dismount. When he had alighted, he could hardly stand, and, leaning heavily on John, he staggered rather than walked into the house. There, gasping for breath, he sank into a chair just within the door.

John left him for a moment, and flew into an adjoining room; then returned with a glass of wine, which he held to Lionel's livid lips. He drank it with difficulty; then, as he somewhat revived, he tried to smile, and whispered, "I thank you, I am stronger now,"—but too weary to say more than, he leant back, and shut his eyes.

His brother bent over him, in a perfect fever of affectionate anxiety. Something in Lionel's face went to his very heart: it was not simply the deadly pallor of the cheeks, which had lost all their natural, healthy colour, or the dark shadows which surrounded the dimmed eyes, or the cold moisture on the forehead, round which the fair soft hair hung lank and loose, which gave him pain to see; but it was the deep lines of care and sorrow which had been traced on Lionel's placid brow since he had parted from him two days ago, and the look of acute hopeless suffering now worn by that countenance which then had expressed the most perfect peace. What was it ailed him? Was he ill in mind or in body? John sighed deeply as he remembered that on the following morning he was bound by inexorable duty to leave his brother and return to his quarters; and he sighed to think of Lionel's dreary, solitary life, longing for the hundredth time that he had the best of companions, and that Courtenay North would be to him what he feared no other woman ever could be. For Lionel could not forget her, on

whom his affections were fixed hopelessly, but for ever. The hearts of half the young ladies in the county were breaking for his sake, but John knew well that none of these would ever attain the honour, of which no woman in the world save Courtenay was worthy, of being Lionel's wife.

With life, thought and memory returned; and when John asked him whether he should not summon medical aid, Lionel opened his eyes, and raising himself from his reclining posture, said, almost sternly, "No, on no account. I am not ill—would that I were! But—*she* is dead."

"Dead!" cried John, horror-struck; "Courtenay dead! My poor Lionel!"

Lionel looked up wildly at his brother. The fading evening light glanced in from an opposite window upon the tall figure of the Parliamentary major. Something in his dress or his accoutrements, or it might have been the colour of his scarf, recalled the most terrible associations, and for a moment the brother was forgotten in the Puritan. Lionel started to his feet, and exclaimed, fiercely, "It was your doing—you, and such as you; it was the men of your own regiment—your own Colonel! Shall I not curse all who serve the Parliament?" Then, exhausted by his vehemence, he fell back into his seat, and covered his face with his hands.

John staggered as though Lionel had struck him. Had then Courtenay met with a violent death? And was it by the hands of his companions and associates that his brother's happiness had been destroyed? He was cut to the heart by Lionel's words. It was literally the first time, throughout his whole life, that he had spoken to any living being, least of all to his brother, a single word partaking in the slightest degree of unkindness or injustice. John was not offended—far from it, resentment was the last thought in his mind; but his eyes were suddenly opened to see what must be the sufferings which could wring such a cry of pain from that brave and patient heart. Feeling instinctively that when restored to himself, Lionel's first feeling would be one of self-reproach, and, dreading lest this pain should be added to the other, John—his usual austerity of manner strangely softened—said, kindly,

"Dear brother, I too could curse all who have acted unjustly in this matter."

Lionel was in a moment recalled to his own gentle, loving nature. Raising his head, and looking deeply distressed, he answered sorrowfully,

"O, what have I said? John, I have injured you as I have injured everyone I care for. Will you grant me your forgiveness also? for, in truth, I hardly knew what I was saying; I am so very weary, my senses seem almost to be leaving me."

"Nay, verily, there was nought in thy words for which thou needest forgiveness. And if there had been, what would I not forgive from thee, Lionel? What hast thou not forgiven from me?"

After a short silence, feeling it was due to John, Lionel proceeded to give him in as few words as possible, for every word was torture, the history of that dreadful day. John heard him to the end almost without remark; he was perfectly stunned by the succession of horrors that was now revealed to him, till at last, when Lionel passionately exclaimed, "Have I not cause to curse the day when I was born?" he answered, in a voice so earnest, it was almost solemn, "Every one else hath cause to bless that day beyond all other. Lionel, Courtenay North is the noblest of God's creatures save one!" He gazed at his brother with reverential affection, but dared to say no more.

For a while silence was restored to the old hall, and the shadows deepened into night. John seated himself beside his brother, and indulged to the full his gloomy musings. What could he say? now, that for the first time, their relative positions were reversed, and Lionel, who had ever been his brother's consoler, now stood himself in need of consolation. In the first moment of enthusiasm John forgot the cause in the sufferers for it. But Courtenay's self-devotion, noble as it was, sunk into nothingness as compared to Lionel's. For those the world calls martyrs, such as Courtenay, lose life indeed, but they gain glory; but what shall we say of him, who losing for conscience sake that which is to him of such infinite importance that his own life seems worthless in comparison, gains only shame and dishonour, and if the approval of his

conscience, yet the self-reproach of his heart?

Yes, Lionel and Courtenay were martyrs—but for what! was it not for the cause of error against truth? Noble and true-hearted man and woman, how comes it that your eyes were so fatally blinded?

“Lionel,” said John, very sadly, for he was vexed with doubts and perplexities, “I pray God to comfort thee, for how can I? I know the very sight of me must be hateful to you.”

“Nay, speak not thus,” replied his brother; “you are the only comfort left to me; and yet I have a comfort which you cannot give; I have done my duty. Men will call me cruel—I fear they will even call me dishonoured; but I know I have done my duty.”

At that, a thought suddenly flashed into John’s mind. Had not others done their duty? Had not Colonel Sydney acted rightly in thus obeying the resolution of the Parliament? Was not that doom, stern and cruel as it had appeared at first, only merited by Courtenay? And if John had been in his superior’s place, must he not have acted as he had done, despite friendship and esteem for his unfortunate prisoner? “What if duty ever called me,” John mentally exclaimed, as that conviction forced itself upon his mind, and made his very blood run cold, “to take a life very dear unto me?”

The next moment the stillness of the hall was rudely broken by the loud, startling, ringing of some heavy metallic substance upon the oaken floor, at the very feet of the two brothers. Too dark for them at first to distinguish what it was, surprised and alarmed, they sprang from their seats. “What was that?” cried John, as the echoes died away; then examining the spot from whence the sound had issued, he found that one of the numerous swords, which, with suits of armour, decorated the lofty walls, had broken from its fastening and fallen upon the ground. It had been worn by an ancestor, a certain Sir John Atherton; and rusty and battered, it bore many marks of the hard service it had seen at Towton and Tewkesbury, and other battles of those civil wars, compared to

which the present strife was almost bloodless.

“It is an omen,” said John, under his breath, shuddering at his own superstitious fancies.

“Yes, it may be so,” answered Lionel thoughtfully, as standing by his brother, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, he looked down calmly at the weapon at his feet. “The war is coming very near us. O, John, I long to rest my weary head; I should sleep very quietly on the battle field.”

“Nay,” was John’s vehement reply, shuddering more violently than before, and his fearless heart, that had ever risen high at the prospect of danger, now strangely sinking, “you must not wish to die, for the sake of all those whose example and whose benefactor you have ever been, and for the sake of him to whom you are the best of brothers, the best of friends.”

Lionel answered by warmly grasping his brother’s hand; then exclaimed, “And now farewell, for I must go.”

“Go! and to-night! Whither?” John asked in astonishment.

“Whither should I go but to Harry? I had not left him but to see you and to tell you all,” Lionel replied, as he turned towards the door.

But John laid his hand upon his arm, and sought to detain him. “Stay here this one night, I pray you. Think of yourself for once. You are ill, you will kill yourself.”

“And what of that?” answered Lionel mournfully. “My only hope is that God will take my life, and spare Harry’s. But I am not ill; you need not fear for me. And I must go to him; I will not leave him night nor day; I will tend him and watch by him until he is recovered. My poor Harry! I have made shipwreck of all your happiness!”

“At least, if you must go, let me go with you,” so John still pleaded.

But Lionel refused with so much firmness that John could say no more.

“No,” he replied, solemnly; “to that house I must go alone; but think of me this night; pray that God will be with me through the valley of the shadow of death.”

Again the brothers clasped hands, their hearts too full to speak; till Lionel turned away, and leaving the hall, went forth into the darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

LANSDOWN.

It is the Fifth of July : one of those days which filled English hearts and homes with mourning, and dyed English ground with English blood ; one of those days whose morning saw noble hearts beating high with enthusiastic loyalty to the Church of their fathers, and to their crowned and anointed Sovereign—with passionate love of liberty and lofty patriotism, go forth to battle ; and whose evening saw those brave hearts stilled, and heard a voice of lamentation and bitter weeping of those who refused to be comforted for their children, because they were not.

While preparing for the fearful contest, at the price of which they trusted to procure peace for beloved England, the two opposing brothers had knelt in solemn prayer : Lionel in the quiet of his own home ; John on the bleak heights of Lansdown.

They might have heard the answer to their prayers in the shouts of triumph which rose alternately from Royalists and Puritans, as victory declared itself now on the one side and now on the other. And this day, claimed by both parties as their own, was but an emblem of the whole of that great strife, when, after long years of agony and persecution, both gained the victory, and purchased with tears and blood, crowns of martyrdom for themselves, and peace, and glory, and free laws and lawful freedom for their country.

* * *

While the fierce battle raged in the deep valley and on the wooded sides of Lansdown, till a crimson river ran down the green slopes ; while the long grass was ploughed up with cannon balls, or trampled down or heaped with dead ; while lightning flashed and thunder rolled from the artillery, and thick clouds of white smoke shut out the sight of the sky, and the earth shook with the fury of the desperate encounter, Sir Lionel Atherton was, like other officers, at the head of his men, encouraging those who at the beginning of the fight had been disheartened by the far superior arms of the enemy. On dashed those " brave-hearted gentlemen," waving their

swords, and crying to their followers, " Come on, for God and King Charles ! " On they dashed up the hill, almost unsupported ; Lionel ahead of every one, his courage the terror of the enemy, and the wonder of all, who thought that day that, with Sir Nicholas Slanning, he was immortal. Down came from the breastworks on the brow of the hill the bullets like hail whistling through the thick branches of the trees, down came shot and cannon-ball, and down went many a high-born Cavalier, whose plumed morion and gorgeous dress afforded a mark for Puritan muskets.

Then the trumpets rang out again, and the soldiers with fresh courage advanced to the charge, and gallant horses and gallant riders rushed valiantly up the hill, led on by the brave young Prince Maurice, over heaps of slain, through blood, and fire, and smoke : Lionel, ever in the thickest of the fight, conspicuous everywhere by his tall white crest and gleaming sword, animating all by his dauntless spirit. His horse was shot under him and fell, and they rolled over together ; but he was up again in a moment, and unhurt rushed on.

The Royalists had fallen upon a body of the Parliamentary troops, and were making them give ground in every direction ; and Lionel, glowing with triumph, was cheering on his men, when, in the heat of the conflict, his sword was shivered to the hilt ; and, pierced in the breast before he could recognise his assailant, he sank bleeding on the grass. There was a cry of " Lionel ! " Turning his eyes upwards he saw a tall Parliamentary officer standing over him. It was John.

He had sprung from his horse, discovering the instant after his sword had made the deadly thrust, that it was his brother whom, in the excitement and confusion of the battle, he had unwittingly wounded, and was now looking down upon him in speechless horror and remorse. As their eyes met, Lionel gave a little start of recognition, and a sickening shudder ran through him. It was but for a moment ; the next his pallid face

was lighted up with his old sweet smile, he put out his hand and was about to speak, when a loud shout rent the air, and in an instant John was surrounded. "Strike him down; strike down the roundhead villain who has slain Sir Lionel!"

For one little instant John felt a thrill of wild, almost delirious joy, as the swords flashed in his eyes. "Thank God, I shall not live to see him die!" But the thought had hardly crossed his mind, when the weapons were lowered, and the threatening gestures of his assailants changed into those of supreme astonishment; they stood motionless and dumb, for Lionel, with a sudden desperate effort raised himself to his feet, and with all his remaining strength contrived to throw his arms about John. "No, no," he cried, "ye shall not hurt a hair of his head; he is my brother!" And then the noble head sank senseless on the Puritan's shoulder.

They could not harm John now; and one of the Royalist soldiers, a Marshfield man, and a tenant on Lionel's estate, pressed forward and said,

"Master Atherton, I knew not it was you. God forgive you, sir, what is this you have done? You have slain your own brother! Now you will yield yourself my prisoner, of course, sir, and come along with me, and let us carry Sir Lionel to some place of safety; maybe there is life in him yet, poor gentleman!"

John, without answering a word, had torn off his scarf in eager haste, and bound it tightly round the bleeding chest, then giving up his sword, he suffered himself to be led out of the battle. And so, carrying Lionel tenderly in his arms, he was conducted by the Marshfield man to a field somewhat protected by a high wall, a spot of comparative safety.

"He is still alive, I think, sir," said the soldier, "and the bleeding is nigh stopt, we may save him yet; there is water in that brook, throw some over his face, 'twill revive him. And now I must back to my post. You'll give me your word of honour not to escape, of course, Master Atherton."

John could not speak, but bowed his head in token of assent.

"or gentleman; poor Sir Lionel!"

said the soldier to himself, as he ran off. "Alack that I should have lived to see the day when Master John should have taken his life! I fear but what 'tis all over with him. He'll never live till night."

John laid his brother gently on the grass beneath a tree, then loosing his helmet, filled it quickly at a little stream which flowed close by, and dashed a few drops on his face; then taking a flask of brandy from his own pocket, he poured a little down Lionel's throat, again putting his arm round him, and supporting his head upon his shoulder. He knew that he still lived, for he had felt his heart beat against his own as he carried him; but would he ever revive? would those eyes ever open? those pale lips ever move again?

And who can tell what passed through John's mind as he looked upon the form but a few minutes ago strong and stalwart, full of life and energy, in the pride of vigorous manhood, now prostrate on the ground, unconscious, motionless, the great strength gone, and life seemingly ebbing fast away. And whose hand had wrought this sudden change?

At last a faint colour came back into Lionel's white cheeks, and his eyes slowly unclosed.

"Is that you, John? Then you are safe, and all is well."

"Yes, you saved my life," answered his brother, with unnatural calmness, "and I have taken yours."

Then he burst out wildly, "My God have pity! My sorrow is greater than I can bear! Why did you not let them strike me down? Why did you not let me die? Why did you save me for this? O, Lionel, Lionel, would to God I had died for thee, my brother!" His voice was choked in convulsive sobs.

"John, dear John," said Lionel, clasping his trembling hand, "grieve not for me; grieve not that you have shortened a sad and darkened life. Your hand has but opened the gate of death, through which God will lead me to a joyful resurrection. I was very weary; but I shall die happy in your arms. Dry your tears, you have but given me what I longed for—the blessed gift of death."

"Though you forgive me, yet how can I ever forgive myself? I am another Cain, and the blood of my bro-

ther crieth unto heaven for vengeance against me ! Yet I did but obey my conscience when I became your enemy ; I did it in the integrity of my heart."

Again tears prevented his utterance, and again Lionel tried to console him.

"I know you too well to think that you would ever act but according to your conscience. I know you thought it your duty—you have prayed and suffered—your doctrines may be the devil's teaching—but your pure heart is God's giving. This is a strange perplexing world—I am well quit of it. I shall know all soon—how we who both prayed so earnestly for God's guidance could have taken such diverse paths. I shall understand it all in a very little while. O John, grieve not for me, 'tis I should grieve for you ; I know what it is to have caused the loss of a life far dearer to me than mine own—lost because I did what I believed to be my duty. I would have died to save her—I have felt like you—I would comfort you with the same comfort wherewith God comforted me in my tribulation"—

He stopt short, gasping for breath, utterly exhausted by the great efforts he had made in speaking. John thought he was dying, and in an agony of alarm resorted to every measure he could think of in order to revive him. After a little while he was successful ; and Lionel looked up gratefully at his brother.

"Dost thou feel thyself better ?" asked John, in a voice trembling with anxiety. "O God, let him live, or let me die !" he cried in anguish, as an expression on Lionel's face told him there was no hope.

"I shall be better very soon ; but not here. I can speak no more now. Put thine arm around me, dear brother—so—let me rest a little while."

Then closing his wearied eyes he seemed as though he slept, had not his frequent sighs and the sharp spasms of pain which now and then passed over his countenance revealed that he was awake and suffering. In truth, he was enduring dreadful torture ; but if it had been threefold more acute, no sound of complaint would ever have passed his lips, for was not John by his side ? John, whose misery was far greater than any he could suffer.

The roar of battle did not cease ; but the Puritan heeded nothing save

the dear enemy lying on his breast, and he watched him, as it seemed, for several hours. As he knelt upon the grass, John earnestly pondered over what his brother had been saying ; hoarding up the words which he knew—though he scarcely dared to tell himself so—must be almost the last.

Truly had Lionel said, "I have felt like you." John knew now what it was to suffer the agonies of remorse for the accidental consequences of an act which his conscience told him was his duty.

And not only the present, but the past, seemed to rise up in judgment against him. All the words which his fiery and impetuous temperament had driven him on to utter to his brother, words repented of as soon as uttered ; all the youthful, unpremeditated, very slight offences, which Lionel had long since forgiven and forgotten, weighed heavily upon his mind.

Was this the way he now repaid the best of brothers, the dearest of friends ? Was this the requital of all Lionel's kindness, that had been unvarying from their earliest years, and had shone brighter as John's life grew darker ? For Lionel had used his utmost endeavours to preserve peace between his father and brother ; and when their differences had grown too wide for reconciliation, he had provoked and braved the fierce anger of Sir Walter, because he still loved and befriended that brother, and had ever taken his part as much as duty to his King had allowed him.

But some of John's bitterest remembrances were the last few weeks ; how he had been warmly welcomed in his short, but happy visits to his old home, though in arms against Lionel's cause ; and how their affection was unchanged, and they had seemed dearer to each other because of their separation. Now, in the first battle in which Lionel had been present, and in which, moreover, he had engaged without his brother's knowledge, the sudden, awful end had come to their companionship, and John by his own hand had destroyed all the happiness that was left to him in life.

No thought of reproach or anger against the author of his death had ever entered Lionel's gentle heart ;

and—O, miracle of forgiveness, as it seemed to John—his only idea was how to save the life of his destroyer.

"John," said Lionel, with a wistful tone in his feeble voice, "be a friend to poor Harry, he is all alone now. He has been very nigh to death. I thought this morning there was a little hope. Be his friend; comfort him. Poor boy, may God bless him and restore him."

"For your sake," answered John, "I will, indeed, be his friend."

"And, dear brother, I would ask thee yet one more favour. We have buried *her* in her own village church; lay me by her side. Mine in heaven, though not on earth. Dear, I shall be with you very soon. I know you have forgiven me," he murmured, as a radiant smile shone upon his dying countenance.

"Thou wilt do this, John?"

"Thou knowest I would do anything thou askest," he replied, as the tears again blinded his eyes.

Lionel could scarcely speak, but he pressed his brother's hand with a look of peaceful content and trust.

So he lay quiet a little while. Then once more he exerted all his fast failing strength. "We were enemies—we thought it right—we are friends now. Kiss me before I go."

John bent his head, but would not dare to press the dying lips till he had humbly prayed, "Lionel, say you forgive me; say the words, or my heart will break."

"Forgive you! Sweetheart, more; I bless you: you have sent me home."

He was near his departure now. The lips were very cold, and the death-damps were on the pallid forehead, and the feeble pulse was almost gone. And John knew that in a few minutes he should be alone.

Then suddenly there rang through the air a loud, wild cheer, a cry of victory from glad, exulting hearts.

The dying ears heard and knew the shout, and the dying eyes looked up. "Peace on earth; pray for peace. Thine England,—mine no more; I seek a better country—an heavenly."

A moment more and he was there.

His gentle spirit had joined the noble army of martyrs, and John was left awhile to wait, with faith and patient well-doing, till he too should

be called; and the brothers, one time mortal enemies for the sake of Heaven, but then eternal friends in Heaven, should stand around God's throne among the white-robed multitude who have come out of great tribulation.

* * * *

There is very little to add respecting the fate of the three Puritans.

The summer had passed into late autumn before Harry North was quite recovered. He rose from his bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man.

He was no longer able to take part in the dissensions of his country; he could not join with those who had made his life what it was, nor could he abjure all his former professions and engage in the service of the King. So he threw up his commission, and, leaving England to her fate, was, for two or three years, a solitary wanderer upon the Continent. The latest account that I can find of him is, that he had returned and was living in his old home, lonely no longer, a happy husband and father.

Colonel Sydney, after gaining many honours during the wars in England, went over to Ireland, where he found plenty of congenial employment, more especially distinguishing himself at the taking of Drogheda. He died during the Protectorate, it is said, greatly esteemed and respected.

John Atherton did not long remain a prisoner, but soon gained his liberty by exchange for a royalist officer. He never returned to Marshfield, for that place was fraught with too many bitter recollections ever to be his home. He rose to a high rank in the army, and was notorious for his desperate courage—the courage of a man who longs for death. But death on the battle-field was not vouchsafed to him, and he survived, uninjured, many a terrible conflict. In after years he was a staunch republican, and gained some eminence as a champion of the people's liberties after the accession of Cromwell to power. He was, in consequence, committed to close imprisonment, the rigours of which broke down his already enfeebled health; and, after about a twelvemonth's captivity, he died, persecuted, but not forsaken.

E—Y S.

THERMÆ ANTIQUÆ REDIVIVÆ :

OR THE THERMAL AND VAPOUR BATHS OF THE ANCIENTS, REVIVED.

IN the writings of clever non-medical men upon medical subjects, truth and error, science and ignorance, wisdom and folly, are usually blended. How can it be otherwise, when they have not learned the first principles of the art, the practice of which they vainly attempt to teach? Of the true nature of diseases they are as ignorant as they are of their exciting causes, and the action of remedies prescribed for their cure. In no other profession do ignorant pretenders arrogate to themselves so much wisdom, or affect to treat the painful experience of its most wise and skilful practitioners with so much obloquy and contempt. Such presumption might occasion only a smile if it were not for the direful consequences to the health and lives of persons who put confidence in their unblushing effrontery. As religious sentiment is degraded by the debasing system of Spiritualism, so is medical science by the homœopathic and mesmeric systems, which may be rightly designated "medical spiritualism." To divest the human mind of superstition in physic or divinity is impossible, but to foster superstition and make it subserve the purposes of gain, to the ruin of soul and body, is the part of a dishonourable and dishonest man.

There is no royal road to medical any more than to other learning; and "medicine made easy" is the bane of the sick. As to the discoveries of the laity, they are for the most part recoveries from the obsolete depositories of ancient medical lore, the Greek and Roman *Thermæ*, to wit.

With extra professional and popular pamphlets and papers in periodicals on the Turkish or hot-air baths the public have been overwhelmed. What is wanting is a sound scientific dissertation, as a guide to medical men in prescribing them for the preservation of health and the cure of disease, from the pen of one whose lengthened experience enables him to write reliably upon the subject.

An experience of upwards of thirty

years in the use of baths of this kind, has supplied the writer with ample materials; how far he has utilized them the profession and the public must decide. Pathology, as cultivated in the present day with untiring zeal and energy, has opened up a more perfect knowledge of diseases than was possessed by our predecessors; and some before unknown have been brought to light, and named after their discoverers, as "*morbis Brightii*," "*morbis Addisonii*," &c.

In aid of pathological researches, the stethoscope, the spirometer, the ophthalmoscope, the various speculæ, the microscope, the test tube, and post mortem examinations, have been called into requisition; but what have they revealed? Nothing more than the result of morbid processes, the progress of organic degeneration, the effects of a diseased condition of the whole body. Have they not rather tended to divert attention from the true origin of all diseases, namely, the operation of morbid causes upon the pabulum morbi contained in the blood and nerve-fluid? and by so much have they not tended to retard rather than to advance medicine as a preservative and curative science? I would not undervalue pathology; it is absolutely necessary for precision in diagnosis, and certainty in prognosis: but we ought to be on our guard lest it obstruct the advance of medicine in its curative operations.

It is desirable to prove to the public, through the profession, that Thermal Baths are legitimate medicinal agents, revived after long disuse; and that they promise to do good service, better perhaps by preventing than by curing disease.

It should be premised, however, that these Thermal, or so-called Turkish hot-air baths, ought to be of a suitable degree of temperature and moisture, which may render them safe and pleasant, without any approach to aridity. The ancient *Thermæ* were not like the Sirocco or hot air of the desert, of which we read such appalling accounts.

On visiting a Turkish bath in London, a medical man who had seen and used the baths at Constantinople, agreed with the writer in opinion that the temperature of 120° in the medium bath, and of 160° in the hot bath was much too high. Our opinion was overruled by the bath attendant, who said he had no objection to a bath heated to 300° . Perhaps not; but in a less jolly subject something more than superfluous moisture might be exhaled, and the patient might, and probably would, suffer from exhaustion.

To preserve the public from blind guides, and place the Thermal Baths in a just light, has become a duty incumbent on the medical profession with respect to an agent which has already attained great popularity, and promises to be generally adopted.

That the human frame is "fearfully and wonderfully made," is both a truth and a truism. To comprehend its disorders, an intimate knowledge of its construction in health, and of the various changes of structure it undergoes in disease, is essentially necessary. Hence the value and importance of normal and abnormal anatomy in the successful study of scientific medicine. It is in this respect that the moderns are superior to the ancient physicians; not only are our methods of cure more accurately directed to the diseased condition we have to treat, but we are enabled to explain the "modus operandi" of those which have been always in use or which have been more recently introduced. Amongst these methods the Roman *Thermæ*, the "Sudatorium" of the ancients, has been lately revived under the name of the Turkish or hot-air bath.

In order to understand the "modus operandi" of the Sudatorium, let us review briefly the anatomy of the skin, upon which its action is more immediately and sensibly exerted. The surface, or "epithelium," is formed of "laminæ," or scales, which are continually being detached by the friction of the clothes and as continually reformed by condensation of the subjacent cell-membrane. These "laminæ," or scales, are thick and adherent in proportion to the pressure to which they are subjected, as on the hands of artizans, the feet of pedestrians, and the callosities on the hips of the

ape tribe. This admirable provision is evidently designed for the protection of the delicate and sensitive "cutis" beneath it.

Through the "epithelium" two kinds of ducts pass—the ducts of the sudoriferous and of the sebiparous glands, the orifices of which constitute the pores of the skin. It is penetrated, besides, by innumerable hairs, dispersed over the surface of the body, formed by the secretion from the hair glands. The cutis comprises the nerve "papillæ," constituting the organ of touch; the sudoriferous and the sebiparous, or perspiratory glands, with their separate ducts, and the hair glands, with their several capillary arteries, veins, and absorbent vessels, united into one strong tough membrane by areolar tissue. Beneath the "cuticle" and "cutis" are the pigmentary glands, which give the colour or complexion to the body, varying in intensity of shade from the fairest to the darkest races of the human family.

From this brief anatomical sketch the great importance of the healthy condition of the "cuticle" and "cutis" to the welfare of the whole body is manifest. If the pores of the "cuticle" are obstructed, the "cutis" becomes diseased; if the secretions of the perspiratory glands are arrested, the blood becomes contaminated, and diseases of various kinds and of internal organs are produced; so that it may be asserted, without hesitation, that the well-being of the whole body depends upon the healthy condition of this important integument.

In proof of the fact may be adduced the local benefit of blistering the surface and promoting a free discharge from the subjacent glands; and the experiment of covering the whole body with a coat of paint, by which death is occasioned from obstruction of the pores, or as it ensues from deep and extensive burns, by which a multitude of the perspiratory glands and their ducts are destroyed.

The excretions from the skin are—
1st. A watery vapour, secreted by the sudoriferous glands, which passes off as insensible perspiration; this, when increased by exercise, the hot bath, or by certain diseases, condensed on the surface, constitutes sensible perspiration.

2nd. Carbonic acid, formed by the

combination of the carbon secreted and the oxygen of the atmosphere.

3rd. Uric and lactic acids, which, in some diseases, as gout and rheumatism, are poured out in great abundance.

5th. Various saline matters, which are derived from the excess of salts contained in the serum of the blood.

6th. Sebaceous, or fatty material, secreted by the sebiparous glands by which the surface is lubricated, as by a natural unguent, supplying the skin and preserving a healthy moisture by preventing a too rapid evaporation of the fluids of the body. This secretion is most abundant in the coloured races, and in hot climates.

Lastly. Certain odoriferous particles are continually escaping from the surface, peculiar to persons in health, and a pathognomic symptom in some diseases, as pneumonia, gout, rheumatism, insanity, besides many others; by which the experienced physician detects their presence by the sense of smell. To these may be added, the saline and metallic substances inhaled by the lungs, such as soda by glass-blowers, mercury by looking-glass silverers, lead by house painters, &c.

The whole of the excretions from the skin are said by Lavoisier and Seguin to average about 15 ounces in the 24 hours; but this is evidently much under the mark, because the experiments must have been conducted in a state of rest, during which the excretions are at the minimum, and it is obvious how much they are increased by exercise.

The great importance of the excretions from the skin is evident—not only as a means of purifying the blood and thus of preserving health, but as vicarious of the secretions of internal organs, when their functions have been impaired by organic disease.

From this brief sketch of the anatomy and physiology of the skin, its pathological importance is at once manifested.

This last—its pathology—may be divided into three classes; the one comprising the state of the skin in health, in disease, and its vicarious excretions in diseases of other secreting and excreting organs.

The functions of the skin in health are liable to be disordered by all the atmospheric vicissitudes of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, to which

the body is exposed, and by the varied emotions to which the mind is liable. Within certain limits these transient functional disorders of the skin are not productive of more than passing discomfort or indisposition, which is removed by the restoration of its functions to a normal condition.

Beyond those limits a more permanent effect is produced—a febrile paroxysm, more or less protracted according as the body has deviated more or less from the healthy standard. A check to the functions of the skin is almost invariably the immediate precursor of every febrile and inflammatory disease: an accumulation of sordes in the ducts and orifices of the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands (or pores) occasions impurities of the blood which are the cause of fevers destined to run a certain or definite course before they terminate in health or death.

Fevers of this kind are of frequent occurrence among the class of persons who are regardless of proper attention to the state of the skin.

From this category are excluded fevers arising from a specific contagion; but even they are greatly modified, and divested of more than one half of their danger, by a previously healthy condition of the skin, which is the natural outlet of the contagion, as in small-pox and measles, scarlatina, typhus and typhoid fevers, and other diseases of the zymotic class.

If that outlet be free and unobstructed by sordes the contagious material, or ferment, passes off freely, with comparatively trifling disorder of the health in other respects. But if this natural outlet be obstructed, the ferment accumulates in the blood, and creates a dangerous, and even fatal amount of febrile disturbance. The great value of a healthy skin, as a preservative of health, and a prevention of some and alleviation of other contagious disorders of a fatal tendency is thus apparent. The means of preserving health by promoting a healthy state of skin, have claimed the attention of civilized nations, in all ages, and that in proportion to their advancement in civilization.

These means are comprehended under three heads—friction, ablution, and perspiration. The first only re-

moves the laminæ of exfoliated cuticle from the surface. The second removes obstructions from the pores or orifices of the ducts. The third, by increasing the secretions of the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands removes obstructions in the ducts, and purifies the blood by increasing their secretions. To preserve the body in perfect health the alternate use of friction and of ablution daily, and of perspiration, at least, weekly is needful.

To such perfection was the art of friction carried by the ancients, as we learn from Celsus, that Asclepiades wrote a volume upon the subject; but, to prove its greater antiquity, Celsus shows that Asclepiades merely copied all that is really valuable in his work, from the writings of the most ancient medical author, Hippocrates, which is comprehended in a few words. He says that, "by forcible friction the body is hardened, by gentle friction it is softened, by much friction it is diminished, and by moderate friction it is increased in size or bulk." Celsus gives explicit directions for the proper use of friction in health and in disease. Ablution is scarcely alluded to by the ancients as a domestic custom. Friction and the bath were principally used for this purpose; the two modes by which impediments to free transpiration on the surface, and obstructions to free excretion by the pores and ducts were in a measure removed. But the most effectual means for the accomplishment of this two-fold object was the *Laconicum*, which has been lately revived in this country, under the designation of the "Turkish," or thermal bath, and the "Vaporarium," or vapour bath, introduced by the Hon. Basil Cochrane, in 1822.

The operation of these three kinds of detergents is distinct. The first, friction, is superficial; the second, the vapour bath, supplies nearly as much water by pulmonary absorption as is exhaled from the skin; the third, or the thermal bath, operates upon the body—1st, by quickening the circulation, it promotes all the secretions; 2nd, by injecting the capillary vessels of the skin, it increases the sudorous and subaceous excretions.

It is evident, from this short explanation of the *modus operandi* of

these three methods of acting upon the skin, that they are specially applicable to three separate and distinct classes of constitution. Friction, to be used gently and moderately for the purpose of nourishing the emaciated, strongly and perseveringly for reducing obesity, and in all cases to preserve the healthy condition of the surface of the body.

The vapour bath, for moistening the dry constitution, and, at the same time, supplying the fluids of the body exhaled from the surface by the operation of the bath.

But for the purpose of purifying the blood from excrementitious matters, for the preservation of health, and the prevention of disease the thermal bath is pre-eminent.

For persons unaccustomed from infancy to the use of baths of every kind, some preparation, before going into the thermal bath, is necessary, to secure its salutary, and to avoid its possible injurious effects.

This preparation is three-fold—dietary, medicinal, and ablutionary.

1st. The ordinary quantity of animal food and fermented liquor should be slightly diminished.

2nd. A few doses of gentle aperient medicines should be administered, followed—

3rdly, by one or two warm soap baths. After this preparation the thermal bath may be used with every prospect of permanent benefit from its continuous employment.

Neither is it to be regarded simply as a luxury, to increase the enjoyment of life and its manifold pleasures, nor as a means of preserving health; far more than this, it is a powerful and valuable agent in the treatment of a variety of diseases. In the case of a common cold or simple catarrh, caught by exposure to excessive heat in an impure atmosphere, the symptoms are at once removed and health restored by the use of the thermal bath. In cases of ague, the thermal bath, used just before the cold stage of the expected paroxysm, speedily prevents the recurrence of the disorder.

In cases of malarious fevers, such as those of Belgium and the Low Countries, the Campagna of Rome, the jungle fever of the East Indies and of the African coast, and the fever and ague of the backwoods of

America, the thermal bath is pre-eminent, and, on trial, will be found to supersede all other methods and means of cure, provided the patient be removed from the sphere of the malarious influence and be supplied with pure water free from the malarious impregnation.

In its "modus operandi" the thermal bath precisely imitates the natural efforts to expel the "fomes morbi" by perspiration. In the treatment of patients whose constitutions have been broken down by the frequent recurrence of malarious fever—(and fever of this kind is extremely liable to recur for the remainder of life from any cause which chills the surface and checks the perspiration, long after removal from the locality where it was caught)—and by the mercurial, saline, and tonic medicines prescribed for its relief, the thermal bath has proved an effectual and permanent remedy. It is impossible to speak too highly of the boon to invalids of this class, whose activity and usefulness are destroyed, and whose lives are rendered burdensome alike by the disease and by the means usually resorted to for its cure.

Besides fevers of the intermittent and remittent class, those of the typhous and typhoid type are marked by eruptions on the skin of dark spots, (*petéchiæ*), and a rose rash, (*maculæ*), indicative of the mode of expulsion of the "materies morbi."

If, previous to, or during, the rigors which precede the formation of these fevers, free perspiration were induced by the thermal bath, the "fomes morbi" might be expelled and all the tedious and dangerous process of the subsequent disease might be prevented. It is quite as much, if not more, by the sweating they occasion as by vomiting that emetics frequently arrest, in limine, the progress of contagious diseases.

It is for the same reason that emetics, administered in the outset of zymotic diseases (under which head are comprised small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, croup, thrush, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, influenza, ague, remittent fever, typhus, erysipelas, hydrophobia, scarlatina, and whooping-cough), are so frequently and highly beneficial in divesting these fatal diseases of more than one-half of their danger.

How much more effectual the habitual use of the thermal bath, by preserving the purity of the blood, as a preventive against their severity, if not of their occurrence!

If a conjecture may be hazarded, the entire immunity of the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans from these scourges of the human race, and their ingress in the dark ages amongst barbarous tribes, and even among the modern and more refined nations, may have been owing to the habitual use of the hot-air and vapour bath by the former, and the entire ignorance or neglect of this mode of purification by the latter.

Modern purification may be defined as superficial; ancient, as reaching the blood and all the tissues of which the body is composed.

Contagion in such a state of the constitution finds no material to ferment and assimilate to its own poisonous nature, and thus to propagate its destructive virus.

Various prophylactics (as they are called) against pestilential diseases have been proposed; but if this conjecture be well founded, there is no prophylactic equal to the thermal bath; and it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm, that it is superior to vaccination as a safeguard against small-pox, as well as against other diseases of the zymotic class, from which the ancients, who universally employed the hot-air bath, were happily exempt.

Is it too much to expect, in this age of progress and enlightenment, that this powerful preservative of health and prophylactic against disease should find universal favour and general adoption, when the positive and negative benefits derivable from its use are so momentous?

The next class of diseases to which the thermal and vapour baths are especially applicable, both as a preventive and cure, are those of the skin.

In the great majority of these diseases the fault is in the blood, of which the eruption is the outward manifestation, those only excepted that are engendered by parasites, whether of a vegetable or animal origin; but even these can scarcely be considered exceptional. The food of parasites, whose sporules and ova float in the air ready to settle and grow, or be hatched and developed

on the skin, are in the unwholesome secretions of the sebaceous glands; in the healthy secretions they find no soil, no nidus, no sustenance, and, therefore, no means of existence.

Dr. Friend, in his "History of Physic," writes:—

"There is one thing of the greatest importance, which we must seek for only among these writers (the Arabian and Greek physicians), I mean the history of the small-pox; for, perhaps, from the time of Hippocrates to this very period, there never happened anything so remarkable in physic as the appearance of this most surprising distemper, the original of which may be traced up from their own authors much further backward than is commonly imagined, even to the famous epoch of Mahomet himself—in the beginning of the seventh century.

"The measles, which, no doubt, was of the same age, called not improperly, by Avicenna, "*Variola cholericæ*," they look upon as a disease so near akin to the small-pox that they generally treat of them both together, as if the greater included the less. This was a distemper, without dispute, unknown to the Greeks, whatever some of the moderns have said to the contrary, and first observed in this nation and described by Mahometans."

Again—

"By the earliest account we have of the small-pox, we find that it first appeared in Egypt in the time of Omar, successor to Mahomet; though, no doubt, since the Greeks knew nothing of it, the Arabians brought it from their own country, and might derive it originally from some of the more distant regions of the East; and as this people did propagate its religion and empire so did it no less this modern evil. Then, as to the disease itself, Rhazes says, 'This is a ferment in the blood like that in "must" (the expressed juice of the grape), which purifies itself sooner or later by throwing off the peccant matter by the glands of the skin.'"

The term "*exanthema*," applied to small-pox, measles, and scarlatina, which was long confounded with measles, signifies an inflammatory pustule, included under the generic term zymotic diseases, from *ζυμωσις*, (leaven, or ferment). To this category belong two other diseases—the plague and sweating sickness, from the destructive ravages of which we are daily exempt.

We have now enumerated diseases

the most destructive and loathsome in their nature and in their tendency. All these zymotic diseases originated nearly at one and the same period, namely, about the end of the fifth century; and, without controversy, they were unknown to the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans. Their origin was clearly coeval with the disuse of the thermal baths, which constituted both the luxury and the safety of those refined nations. This is an historical fact, the hypothetical explanation of which may not be satisfactory to the present sceptical age: it is this, that the existence of the *pabulum morbi* in the blood and tissues, like the "must" in the juice of the grape, affords the materials for the contagion or leaven to work upon, causing a great internal commotion, and an explosive effort through the glands of the skin. When the *pabulum morbi* is small in quantity, the disturbance is slight and the resulting disease is mild; but if the *pabulum* abounds in the system, the disturbance is excessive and the disease is proportionably violent and fatal in its tendency.

This explanation applies to all diseases of the zymotic class.

To account for the different diseases of this class, there must of necessity exist contagions of different kinds; and the probability is that these contagions were originally derived from the inferior animals.

Seeing, then, how utterly hopeless it is either to avoid or to escape from contagion which surrounds us on all sides, our wisdom is not to suffer the *pabulum morborum* to accumulate in the system, by returning to the habitual use of the thermal baths.

It is notorious that some persons escape the contagion of small-pox, others of the measles, others of the scarlatina, others of the plague, though exposed to it in its most virulent and concentrated forms. Why is this? Because the *pabulum* did not exist in the system in sufficient quantity for the contagion to operate upon as a leaven, and this by reason of the natural activity of the glands of the skin.

Much, and deservedly, has been written in praise of vaccination, as a milder means of destroying the *pabulum* of small-pox, and an attempt was made by Dr. Home, of Edinburgh, to

diminish the violence of measles by inoculation, which failed. How much more rational to expel the pabulum morborum by the habitual use of the thermal bath, and by this means to re-acquire the immunity from those terrific zymotic diseases enjoyed by the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans, than to attempt to destroy it by vaccination or inoculation of the specific leaven or contagion. This is scarcely too much to expect from the use of means so rationally directed to an end.

But to effect this object to the fullest and widest extent, the whole medical faculty must concur in opinion, both as to the cause and the prevention of those diseases. This, perhaps, is more than reasonably can be expected in so large a body, and of such diversity of sentiments upon medical subjects.

Cutaneous diseases are not so directly amenable to thermal baths as might readily be supposed.

This class of diseases is seated for the most part in the sudoriferous, sebiparous, and hair glands of the skin.

The primary operation of these baths is to increase the action of those glands; and, as they are already in a morbid state, to increase their action is to aggravate their morbid condition.

It is for this reason that due preparation by medicine, diet, and regimen is needful before the patient uses these baths for the cure of skin complaints. But as preservation is better than cure, persons who habitually use them will rarely, if ever, suffer from any form of skin disease.

Erysipelas, gout, and rheumatism belong to the family of blood diseases, of which the grand outlet is by the glands of the skin.

As in the case of cutaneous diseases, medical preparation is requisite before using these baths, lest the sufferings of the patient should be aggravated, and the disease increased in severity and danger by accelerating the circulation before the 'materies morbi' has been in a measure evacuated.

In cases of this kind the value of prevention by temperance in living, by exercise, and by the habitual use of the thermal bath, to preserve the blood in purity and health is manifest.

Periodic attacks of erysipelas, gout,

and rheumatism have been warded off by this threefold mode of prevention—temperance, exercise, and the thermal bath.

To pass from the surface and extremities to the interior, we come to the congener of the skin, the mucous membrane lining the air passages of the chest, and the digestive and reproductive organs of the abdomen, as catarrh, bronchitis, humoral and spasmodic asthma, gastro-enteritic affections, including diarrhoea and dysentery.

Diseases of this kind, various as they are in symptoms, owing to their several and distinct functions, are characterized by two states—augmented secretion, and exalted sensibility depending upon the state of the lymphatic and mucous glands, corresponding to the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands, and upon the state of the nerves answerable to the nervous papillæ of the skin.

In cases of this kind, the thermal, or the vapour bath used at the commencement—that is, during the chilliness which precedes an attack of catarrh, bronchitis, &c., is a most effectual remedy; but when feverish symptoms have succeeded the preceding rigors, and the natural secretions are suspended, evidenced by heat and dryness of the mouth, throat, and surface of the body, large dilution and proper evacuations are necessary before having recourse to these baths.

The efficacy of the thermal or vapour bath is not more manifest in the treatment of any disease than in cases of foul ulcers of long standing, particularly of the leg.

The danger to the life of the patient from drying these up is obvious, the discharge from them having become essential to the purification of the blood, but under the use of the thermal or vapour bath the myriads of cutaneous glands pour forth a tide of fetid perspiration, which purifies the blood and supersedes the necessity for the discharge from the ulcers, which then heal rapidly and with perfect safety to the patient. The health, at the same time, undergoing the most marked improvement.

Of the truth of this statement the writer formerly had repeated experience in the treatment of ulcerated legs, among a most squalid population, whose diet, whose habits, and whose

was lighted up with his old sweet smile, he put out his hand and was about to speak, when a loud shout rent the air, and in an instant John was surrounded. "Strike him down; strike down the roundhead villain who has slain Sir Lionel!"

For one little instant John felt a thrill of wild, almost delirious joy, as the swords flashed in his eyes. "Thank God, I shall not live to see him die!" But the thought had hardly crossed his mind, when the weapons were lowered, and the threatening gestures of his assailants changed into those of supreme astonishment; they stood motionless and dumb, for Lionel, with a sudden desperate effort raised himself to his feet, and with all his remaining strength contrived to throw his arms about John. "No, no," he cried, "ye shall not hurt a hair of his head; he is my brother!" And then the noble head sank senseless on the Puritan's shoulder.

They could not harm John now; and one of the Royalist soldiers, a Marshfield man, and a tenant on Lionel's estate, pressed forward and said,

"Master Atherton, I knew not it was you. God forgive you, sir, what is this you have done? You have slain your own brother! Now you will yield yourself my prisoner, of course, sir, and come along with me, and let us carry Sir Lionel to some place of safety; maybe there is life in him yet, poor gentleman!"

John, without answering a word, had torn off his scarf in eager haste, and bound it tightly round the bleeding chest, then giving up his sword, he suffered himself to be led out of the battle. And so, carrying Lionel tenderly in his arms, he was conducted by the Marshfield man to a field somewhat protected by a high wall, a spot of comparative safety.

"He is still alive, I think, sir," said the soldier, "and the bleeding is nigh stopt, we may save him yet; there is water in that brook, throw some over his face, 'twill revive him. And now I must back to my post. You'll give me your word of honour not to escape, of course, Master Atherton."

John could not speak, but bowed his head in token of assent.

"Poor gentleman; poor Sir Lionel!"

said the soldier to himself, as he ran off. "Alack that I should have lived to see the day when Master John should have taken his life! I fear but what 'tis all over with him. He'll never live till night."

John laid his brother gently on the grass beneath a tree, then loosing his helmet, filled it quickly at a little stream which flowed close by, and dashed a few drops on his face; then taking a flask of brandy from his own pocket, he poured a little down Lionel's throat, again putting his arm round him, and supporting his head upon his shoulder. He knew that he still lived, for he had felt his heart beat against his own as he carried him; but would he ever revive? would those eyes ever open? those pale lips ever move again?

And who can tell what passed through John's mind as he looked upon the form but a few minutes ago strong and stalwart, full of life and energy, in the pride of vigorous manhood, now prostrate on the ground, unconscious, motionless, the great strength gone, and life seemingly ebbing fast away. And whose hand had wrought this sudden change?

At last a faint colour came back into Lionel's white cheeks, and his eyes slowly unclosed.

"Is that you, John? Then you are safe, and all is well."

"Yes, you saved my life," answered his brother, with unnatural calmness, "and I have taken yours."

Then he burst out wildly, "My God have pity! My sorrow is greater than I can bear! Why did you not let them strike me down? Why did you not let me die? Why did you save me for this? O, Lionel, Lionel, would to God I had died for thee, my brother!" His voice was choked in convulsive sobs.

"John, dear John," said Lionel, clasping his trembling hand, "grieve not for me; grieve not that you have shortened a sad and darkened life. Your hand has but opened the gate of death, through which God will lead me to a joyful resurrection. I was very weary; but I shall die happy in your arms. Dry your tears, you have but given me what I longed for—the blessed gift of death."

"Though you forgive me, yet how can I ever forgive myself? I am another Cain, and the blood of my bro-

ther crieth unto heaven for vengeance against me ! Yet I did but obey my conscience when I became your enemy ; I did it in the integrity of my heart."

Again tears prevented his utterance, and again Lionel tried to console him.

"I know you too well to think that you would ever act but according to your conscience. I know you thought it your duty—you have prayed and suffered—your doctrines may be the devil's teaching—but your pure heart is God's giving. This is a strange perplexing world—I am well quit of it. I shall know all soon—how we who both prayed so earnestly for God's guidance could have taken such diverse paths. I shall understand it all in a very little while. O John, grieve not for me, 'tis I should grieve for you ; I know what it is to have caused the loss of a life far dearer to me than mine own—lost because I did what I believed to be my duty. I would have died to save her—I have felt like you—I would comfort you with the same comfort wherewith God comforted me in my tribulation"—

He stopt short, gasping for breath, utterly exhausted by the great efforts he had made in speaking. John thought he was dying, and in an agony of alarm resorted to every measure he could think of in order to revive him. After a little while he was successful ; and Lionel looked up gratefully at his brother.

"Dost thou feel thyself better ?" asked John, in a voice trembling with anxiety. "O God, let him live, or let me die !" he cried in anguish, as an expression on Lionel's face told him there was no hope.

"I shall be better very soon ; but not here. I can speak no more now. Put thine arm around me, dear brother—so—let me rest a little while."

Then closing his wearied eyes he seemed as though he slept, had not his frequent sighs and the sharp spasms of pain which now and then passed over his countenance revealed that he was awake and suffering. In truth, he was enduring dreadful torture ; but if it had been threefold more acute, no sound of complaint would ever have passed his lips, for was not John by his side ? John, whose misery was far greater than any he could suffer.

The roar of battle did not cease ; but the Puritan heeded nothing save

the dear enemy lying on his breast, and he watched him, as it seemed, for several hours. As he knelt upon the grass, John earnestly pondered over what his brother had been saying ; hoarding up the words which he knew—though he scarcely dared to tell himself so—must be almost the last.

Truly had Lionel said, "I have felt like you." John knew now what it was to suffer the agonies of remorse for the accidental consequences of an act which his conscience told him was his duty.

And not only the present, but the past, seemed to rise up in judgment against him. All the words which his fiery and impetuous temperament had driven him on to utter to his brother, words repented of as soon as uttered ; all the youthful, unpremeditated, very slight offences, which Lionel had long since forgiven and forgotten, weighed heavily upon his mind.

Was this the way he now repaid the best of brothers, the dearest of friends ? Was this the requital of all Lionel's kindness, that had been unvarying from their earliest years, and had shone brighter as John's life grew darker ? For Lionel had used his utmost endeavours to preserve peace between his father and brother ; and when their differences had grown too wide for reconciliation, he had provoked and braved the fierce anger of Sir Walter, because he still loved and befriended that brother, and had ever taken his part as much as duty to his King had allowed him.

But some of John's bitterest remembrances were the last few weeks ; how he had been warmly welcomed in his short, but happy visits to his old home, though in arms against Lionel's cause ; and how their affection was unchanged, and they had seemed dearer to each other because of their separation. Now, in the first battle in which Lionel had been present, and in which, moreover, he had engaged without his brother's knowledge, the sudden, awful end had come to their companionship, and John by his own hand had destroyed all the happiness that was left to him in life.

No thought of reproach or anger against the author of his death had ever entered Lionel's gentle heart ;

On visiting a Turkish bath in London, a medical man who had seen and used the baths at Constantinople, agreed with the writer in opinion that the temperature of 120° in the medium bath, and of 160° in the hot bath was much too high. Our opinion was overruled by the bath attendant, who said he had no objection to a bath heated to 300° . Perhaps not; but in a less jolly subject something more than superfluous moisture might be exhaled, and the patient might, and probably would, suffer from exhaustion.

To preserve the public from blind guides, and place the Thermal Baths in a just light, has become a duty incumbent on the medical profession with respect to an agent which has already attained great popularity, and promises to be generally adopted.

That the human frame is "fearfully and wonderfully made," is both a truth and a truism. To comprehend its disorders, an intimate knowledge of its construction in health, and of the various changes of structure it undergoes in disease, is essentially necessary. Hence the value and importance of normal and abnormal anatomy in the successful study of scientific medicine. It is in this respect that the moderns are superior to the ancient physicians; not only are our methods of cure more accurately directed to the diseased condition we have to treat, but we are enabled to explain the "modus operandi" of those which have been always in use or which have been more recently introduced. Amongst these methods the Roman *Thermæ*, the "Sudatorium" of the ancients, has been lately revived under the name of the Turkish or hot-air bath.

In order to understand the "modus operandi" of the *Sudatorium*, let us review briefly the anatomy of the skin, upon which its action is more immediately and sensibly exerted. The surface, or "epithelium," is formed of "laminæ," or scales, which are continually being detached by the friction of the clothes and as continually reformed by condensation of the subjacent cell-membrane. These "laminæ," or scales, are thick and adherent in proportion to the pressure to which they are subjected, as on the hands of artizans, the feet of pedestrians, and the callosities on the hips of the

ape tribe. This admirable provision is evidently designed for the protection of the delicate and sensitive "cutis" beneath it.

Through the "epithelium" two kinds of ducts pass—the ducts of the sudoriferous and of the sebiparous glands, the orifices of which constitute the pores of the skin. It is penetrated, besides, by innumerable hairs, dispersed over the surface of the body, formed by the secretion from the hair glands. The cutis comprises the nerve "papillæ," constituting the organ of touch; the sudoriferous and the sebiparous, or perspiratory glands, with their separate ducts, and the hair glands, with their several capillary arteries, veins, and absorbent vessels, united into one strong tough membrane by areolar tissue. Beneath the "cuticle" and "cutis" are the pigmentary glands, which give the colour or complexion to the body, varying in intensity of shade from the fairest to the darkest races of the human family.

From this brief anatomical sketch the great importance of the healthy condition of the "cuticle" and "cutis" to the welfare of the whole body is manifest. If the pores of the "cuticle" are obstructed, the "cutis" becomes diseased; if the secretions of the perspiratory glands are arrested, the blood becomes contaminated, and diseases of various kinds and of internal organs are produced; so that it may be asserted, without hesitation, that the well-being of the whole body depends upon the healthy condition of this important integument.

In proof of the fact may be adduced the local benefit of blistering the surface and promoting a free discharge from the subjacent glands; and the experiment of covering the whole body with a coat of paint, by which death is occasioned from obstruction of the pores, or as it ensues from deep and extensive burns, by which a multitude of the perspiratory glands and their ducts are destroyed.

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THERMÆ ANTIQUÆ REDIVIVÆ :

OR THE THERMAL AND VAPOUR BATHS OF THE ANCIENTS, REVIVED.

IN the writings of clever non-medical men upon medical subjects, truth and error, science and ignorance, wisdom and folly, are usually blended. How can it be otherwise, when they have not learned the first principles of the art, the practice of which they vainly attempt to teach? Of the true nature of diseases they are as ignorant as they are of their exciting causes, and the action of remedies prescribed for their cure. In no other profession do ignorant pretenders arrogate to themselves so much wisdom, or affect to treat the painful experience of its most wise and skilful practitioners with so much obloquy and contempt. Such presumption might occasion only a smile if it were not for the direful consequences to the health and lives of persons who put confidence in their unblushing effrontery. As religious sentiment is degraded by the debasing system of Spiritualism, so is medical science by the homœopathic and mesmeric systems, which may be rightly designated "medical spiritualism." To divest the human mind of superstition in physic or divinity is impossible, but to foster superstition and make it subserve the purposes of gain, to the ruin of soul and body, is the part of a dishonourable and dishonest man.

There is no royal road to medical any more than to other learning; and "medicine made easy" is the bane of the sick. As to the discoveries of the laity, they are for the most part recoveries from the obsolete depositories of ancient medical lore, the Greek and Roman *Thermæ*, to wit.

With extra professional and popular pamphlets and papers in periodicals on the Turkish or hot-air baths the public have been overwhelmed. What is wanting is a sound scientific dissertation, as a guide to medical men in prescribing them for the preservation of health and the cure of disease, from the pen of one whose lengthened experience enables him to write reliably upon the subject.

An experience of upwards of thirty

years in the use of baths of this kind, has supplied the writer with ample materials; how far he has utilized them the profession and the public must decide. Pathology, as cultivated in the present day with untiring zeal and energy, has opened up a more perfect knowledge of diseases than was possessed by our predecessors; and some before unknown have been brought to light, and named after their discoverers, as "*morbis Brightii*," "*morbis Addisonii*," &c.

In aid of pathological researches, the stethoscope, the spirometer, the ophthalmoscope, the various speculæ, the microscope, the test tube, and post mortem examinations, have been called into requisition; but what have they revealed? Nothing more than the result of morbid processes, the progress of organic degeneration, the effects of a diseased condition of the whole body. Have they not rather tended to divert attention from the true origin of all diseases, namely, the operation of morbid causes upon the pabulum morbi contained in the blood and nerve-fluid? and by so much have they not tended to retard rather than to advance medicine as a preservative and curative science? I would not undervalue pathology; it is absolutely necessary for precision in diagnosis, and certainty in prognosis; but we ought to be on our guard lest it obstruct the advance of medicine in its curative operations.

It is desirable to prove to the public, through the profession, that Thermal Baths are legitimate medicinal agents, revived after long disuse; and that they promise to do good service, better perhaps by preventing than by curing disease.

It should be premised, however, that these Thermal, or so-called Turkish hot-air baths, ought to be of a suitable degree of temperature and moisture, which may render them safe and pleasant, without any approach to aridity. The ancient *Thermæ* were not like the Sirocco or hot air of the desert, of which we read such appalling accounts.

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combination of the carbon secreted and the oxygen of the atmosphere.

3rd. Uric and lactic acids, which, in some diseases, as gout and rheumatism, are poured out in great abundance.

5th. Various saline matters, which are derived from the excess of salts contained in the serum of the blood.

6th. Sebaceous, or fatty material, secreted by the sebiparous glands by which the surface is lubricated, as by a natural unguent, supplying the skin and preserving a healthy moisture by preventing a too rapid evaporation of the fluids of the body. This secretion is most abundant in the coloured races, and in hot climates.

Lastly. Certain odoriferous particles are continually escaping from the surface, peculiar to persons in health, and a pathognomic symptom in some diseases, as pneumonia, gout, rheumatism, insanity, besides many others; by which the experienced physician detects their presence by the sense of smell. To these may be added, the saline and metallic substances inhaled by the lungs, such as soda by glass-blowers, mercury by looking-glass silverers, lead by house painters, &c.

The whole of the excretions from the skin are said by Lavoisier and Seguin to average about 15 ounces in the 24 hours; but this is evidently much under the mark, because the experiments must have been conducted in a state of rest, during which the excretions are at the minimum, and it is obvious how much they are increased by exercise.

The great importance of the excretions from the skin is evident—not only as a means of purifying the blood and thus of preserving health, but as vicarious of the secretions of internal organs, when their functions have been impaired by organic disease.

From this brief sketch of the anatomy and physiology of the skin, its pathological importance is at once manifested.

This last—its pathology—may be divided into three classes; the one comprising the state of the skin in health, in disease, and its vicarious excretions in diseases of other secreting and excreting organs.

The functions of the skin in health are liable to be disordered by all the atmospheric vicissitudes of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, to which

the body is exposed, and by the varied emotions to which the mind is liable. Within certain limits these transient functional disorders of the skin are not productive of more than passing discomfort or indisposition, which is removed by the restoration of its functions to a normal condition.

Beyond those limits a more permanent effect is produced—a febrile paroxysm, more or less protracted according as the body has deviated more or less from the healthy standard. A check to the functions of the skin is almost invariably the immediate precursor of every febrile and inflammatory disease: an accumulation of sordes in the ducts and orifices of the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands (or pores) occasions impurities of the blood which are the cause of fevers destined to run a certain or definite course before they terminate in health or death.

Fevers of this kind are of frequent occurrence among the class of persons who are regardless of proper attention to the state of the skin.

From this category are excluded fevers arising from a specific contagion; but even they are greatly modified, and divested of more than one half of their danger, by a previously healthy condition of the skin, which is the natural outlet of the contagion, as in small-pox and measles, scarlatina, typhus and typhoid fevers, and other diseases of the zymotic class.

If that outlet be free and unobstructed by sordes the contagious material, or ferment, passes off freely, with comparatively trifling disorder of the health in other respects. But if this natural outlet be obstructed, the ferment accumulates in the blood, and creates a dangerous, and even fatal amount of febrile disturbance. The great value of a healthy skin, as a preservative of health, and a prevention of some and alleviation of other contagious disorders of a fatal tendency is thus apparent. The means of preserving health by promoting a healthy state of skin, have claimed the attention of civilized nations, in all ages, and that in proportion to their advancement in civilization.

These means are comprehended under three heads—friction, ablution, and perspiration. The first only re-

moves the laminae of exfoliated cuticle from the surface. The second removes obstructions from the pores or orifices of the ducts. The third, by increasing the secretions of the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands removes obstructions in the ducts, and purifies the blood by increasing their secretions. To preserve the body in perfect health the alternate use of friction and of ablution daily, and of perspiration, at least, weekly is needful.

To such perfection was the art of friction carried by the ancients, as we learn from Celsus, that Asclepiades wrote a volume upon the subject; but, to prove its greater antiquity, Celsus shows that Asclepiades merely copied all that is really valuable in his work, from the writings of the most ancient medical author, Hippocrates, which is comprehended in a few words. He says that, "by forcible friction the body is hardened, by gentle friction it is softened, by much friction it is diminished, and by moderate friction it is increased in size or bulk." Celsus gives explicit directions for the proper use of friction in health and in disease. Ablution is scarcely alluded to by the ancients as a domestic custom. Friction and the bath were principally used for this purpose; the two modes by which impediments to free transpiration on the surface, and obstructions to free excretion by the pores and ducts were in a measure removed. But the most effectual means for the accomplishment of this two-fold object was the *Laconicum*, which has been lately revived in this country, under the designation of the "Turkish," or thermal bath, and the "Vaporarium," or vapour bath, introduced by the Hon. Basil Cochrane, in 1822.

The operation of these three kinds of detergents is distinct. The first, friction, is superficial; the second, the vapour bath, supplies nearly as much water by pulmonary absorption as is exhaled from the skin; the third, or the thermal bath, operates upon the body—1st, by quickening the circulation, it promotes all the secretions; 2nd, by injecting the capillary vessels of the skin, it increases the sudorous and subaceous excretions.

It is evident, from this short examination of the *modus operandi* of

these three methods of acting upon the skin, that they are specially applicable to three separate and distinct classes of constitution. Friction, to be used gently and moderately for the purpose of nourishing the emaciated, strongly and perseveringly for reducing obesity, and in all cases to preserve the healthy condition of the surface of the body.

The vapour bath, for moistening the dry constitution, and, at the same time, supplying the fluids of the body exhaled from the surface by the operation of the bath.

But for the purpose of purifying the blood from excrementitious matters, for the preservation of health, and the prevention of disease the thermal bath is pre-eminent.

For persons unaccustomed from infancy to the use of baths of every kind, some preparation, before going into the thermal bath, is necessary, to secure its salutary, and to avoid its possible injurious effects.

This preparation is three-fold—dietary, medicinal, and ablutionary.

1st. The ordinary quantity of animal food and fermented liquor should be slightly diminished.

2nd. A few doses of gentle aperient medicines should be administered, followed—

3rdly, by one or two warm soap baths. After this preparation the thermal bath may be used with every prospect of permanent benefit from its continuous employment.

Neither is it to be regarded simply as a luxury, to increase the enjoyment of life and its manifold pleasures, nor as a means of preserving health; far more than this, it is a powerful and valuable agent in the treatment of a variety of diseases. In the case of a common cold or simple catarrh, caught by exposure to excessive heat in an impure atmosphere, the symptoms are at once removed and health restored by the use of the thermal bath. In cases of ague, the thermal bath, used just before the cold stage of the expected paroxysm, speedily prevents the recurrence of the disorder.

In cases of malarious fevers, such as those of Belgium and the Low Countries, the Campagna of Rome, the jungle fever of the East Indies and of the African coast, and the fever and ague of the backwoods of

America, the thermal bath is pre-eminent, and, on trial, will be found to supersede all other methods and means of cure, provided the patient be removed from the sphere of the malarious influence and be supplied with pure water free from the malarious impregnation.

In its "modus operandi" the thermal bath precisely imitates the natural efforts to expel the "fomes morbi" by perspiration. In the treatment of patients whose constitutions have been broken down by the frequent recurrence of malarious fever—(and fever of this kind is extremely liable to recur for the remainder of life from any cause which chills the surface and checks the perspiration, long after removal from the locality where it was caught)—and by the mercurial, saline, and tonic medicines prescribed for its relief, the thermal bath has proved an effectual and permanent remedy. It is impossible to speak too highly of the boon to invalids of this class, whose activity and usefulness are destroyed, and whose lives are rendered burdensome alike by the disease and by the means usually resorted to for its cure.

Besides fevers of the intermittent and remittent class, those of the typhous and typhoid type are marked by eruptions on the skin of dark spots, (*petéchiæ*), and a rose rash, (*maculæ*), indicative of the mode of expulsion of the "materies morbi."

If, previous to, or during, the rigors which precede the formation of these fevers, free perspiration were induced by the thermal bath, the "fomes morbi" might be expelled and all the tedious and dangerous process of the subsequent disease might be prevented. It is quite as much, if not more, by the sweating they occasion as by vomiting that emetics frequently arrest, in limine, the progress of contagious diseases.

It is for the same reason that emetics, administered in the outset of zymotic diseases (under which head are comprised small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, croup, thrush, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, influenza, ague, remittent fever, typhus, erysipelas, hydrophobia, scarlatina, and whooping-cough), are so frequently and highly beneficial in divesting these fatal diseases of more than one-half of their danger.

How much more effectual the habitual use of the thermal bath, by preserving the purity of the blood, as a preventive against their severity, if not of their occurrence!

If a conjecture may be hazarded, the entire immunity of the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans from these scourges of the human race, and their ingress in the dark ages amongst barbarous tribes, and even among the modern and more refined nations, may have been owing to the habitual use of the hot-air and vapour bath by the former, and the entire ignorance or neglect of this mode of purification by the latter.

Modern purification may be defined as superficial; ancient, as reaching the blood and all the tissues of which the body is composed.

Contagion in such a state of the constitution finds no material to ferment and assimilate to its own poisonous nature, and thus to propagate its destructive virus.

Various prophylactics (as they are called) against pestilential diseases have been proposed; but if this conjecture be well founded, there is no prophylactic equal to the thermal bath; and it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm, that it is superior to vaccination as a safeguard against small-pox, as well as against other diseases of the zymotic class, from which the ancients, who universally employed the hot-air bath, were happily exempt.

Is it too much to expect, in this age of progress and enlightenment, that this powerful preservative of health and prophylactic against disease should find universal favour and general adoption, when the positive and negative benefits derivable from its use are so momentous?

The next class of diseases to which the thermal and vapour baths are especially applicable, both as a preventive and cure, are those of the skin.

In the great majority of these diseases the fault is in the blood, of which the eruption is the outward manifestation, those only excepted that are engendered by parasites, whether of a vegetable or animal origin; but even these can scarcely be considered exceptional. The food of parasites, whose sporules and ova float in the air ready to settle and grow, or be hatched and developed

on the skin, are in the unwholesome secretions of the sebaceous glands; in the healthy secretions they find no soil, no nidus, no sustenance, and, therefore, no means of existence.

Dr. Friend, in his "History of Physic," writes:—

"There is one thing of the greatest importance, which we must seek for only among these writers (the Arabian and Greek physicians), I mean the history of the small-pox; for, perhaps, from the time of Hippocrates to this very period, there never happened anything so remarkable in physic as the appearance of this most surprising distemper, the original of which may be traced up from their own authors much further backward than is commonly imagined, even to the famous epoch of Mahomet himself—in the beginning of the seventh century.

"The measles, which, no doubt, was of the same age, called not improperly, by Avicenna, "*Variola cholericæ*," they look upon as a disease so near akin to the small-pox that they generally treat of them both together, as if the greater included the less. This was a distemper, without dispute, unknown to the Greeks, whatever some of the moderns have said to the contrary, and first observed in this nation and described by Mahometans."

Again—

"By the earliest account we have of the small-pox, we find that it first appeared in Egypt in the time of Omar, successor to Mahomet; though, no doubt, since the Greeks knew nothing of it, the Arabians brought it from their own country, and might derive it originally from some of the more distant regions of the East; and as this people did propagate its religion and empire so did it no less this modern evil. Then, as to the disease itself, Rhazes says, 'This is a ferment in the blood like that in "must" (the expressed juice of the grape), which purifies itself sooner or later by throwing off the peccant matter by the glands of the skin.'"

The term "*exanthema*," applied to small-pox, measles, and scarlatina, which was long confounded with measles, signifies an inflammatory pustule, included under the generic term zymotic diseases, from *ζυμωμα*, (leaven, or ferment). To this category belong two other diseases—the plague and sweating sickness, from the destructive ravages of which we are fully exempt.

have now enumerated diseases

the most destructive and loathsome in their nature and in their tendency. All these zymotic diseases originated nearly at one and the same period, namely, about the end of the fifth century; and, without controversy, they were unknown to the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans. Their origin was clearly coeval with the disuse of the thermal baths, which constituted both the luxury and the safety of those refined nations. This is an historical fact, the hypothetical explanation of which may not be satisfactory to the present sceptical age: it is this, that the existence of the *pabulum morbi* in the blood and tissues, like the "must" in the juice of the grape, affords the materials for the contagion or leaven to work upon, causing a great internal commotion, and an explosive effort through the glands of the skin. When the *pabulum morbi* is small in quantity, the disturbance is slight and the resulting disease is mild; but if the *pabulum* abounds in the system, the disturbance is excessive and the disease is proportionably violent and fatal in its tendency.

This explanation applies to all diseases of the zymotic class.

To account for the different diseases of this class, there must of necessity exist contagions of different kinds; and the probability is that these contagions were originally derived from the inferior animals.

Seeing, then, how utterly hopeless it is either to avoid or to escape from contagion which surrounds us on all sides, our wisdom is not to suffer the *pabulum morborum* to accumulate in the system, by returning to the habitual use of the thermal baths.

It is notorious that some persons escape the contagion of small-pox, others of the measles, others of the scarlatina, others of the plague, though exposed to it in its most virulent and concentrated forms. Why is this? Because the *pabulum* did not exist in the system in sufficient quantity for the contagion to operate upon as a leaven, and this by reason of the natural activity of the glands of the skin.

Much, and deservedly, has been written in praise of vaccination, as a milder means of destroying the *pabulum* of small-pox, and an attempt was made by Dr. Home, of Edinburgh, to

diminish the violence of measles by inoculation, which failed. How much more rational to expel the pabulum morborum by the habitual use of the thermal bath, and by this means to re-acquire the immunity from those terrific zymotic diseases enjoyed by the ancient Arabians, Greeks, and Romans, than to attempt to destroy it by vaccination or inoculation of the specific leaven or contagion. This is scarcely too much to expect from the use of means so rationally directed to an end.

But to effect this object to the fullest and widest extent, the whole medical faculty must concur in opinion, both as to the cause and the prevention of those diseases. This, perhaps, is more than reasonably can be expected in so large a body, and of such diversity of sentiments upon medical subjects.

Cutaneous diseases are not so directly amenable to thermal baths as might readily be supposed.

This class of diseases is seated for the most part in the sudoriferous, sebiparous, and hair glands of the skin.

The primary operation of these baths is to increase the action of those glands; and, as they are already in a morbid state, to increase their action is to aggravate their morbid condition.

It is for this reason that due preparation by medicine, diet, and regimen is needful before the patient uses these baths for the cure of skin complaints. But as preservation is better than cure, persons who habitually use them will rarely, if ever, suffer from any form of skin disease.

Erysipelas, gout, and rheumatism belong to the family of blood diseases, of which the grand outlet is by the glands of the skin.

As in the case of cutaneous diseases, medical preparation is requisite before using these baths, lest the sufferings of the patient should be aggravated, and the disease increased in severity and danger by accelerating the circulation before the 'materies morbi' has been in a measure evacuated.

In cases of this kind the value of prevention by temperance in living, by exercise, and by the habitual use of the thermal bath, to preserve the blood in purity and health is manifest.

Periodic attacks of erysipelas, gout,

and rheumatism have been warded off by this threefold mode of prevention—temperance, exercise, and the thermal bath.

To pass from the surface and extremities to the interior, we come to the congener of the skin, the mucous membrane lining the air passages of the chest, and the digestive and reproductive organs of the abdomen, as catarrh, bronchitis, humoral and spasmodic asthma, gastro-enteritic affections, including diarrhoea and dysentery.

Diseases of this kind, various as they are in symptoms, owing to their several and distinct functions, are characterized by two states—augmented secretion, and exalted sensibility depending upon the state of the lymphatic and mucous glands, corresponding to the sudoriferous and sebiparous glands, and upon the state of the nerves answerable to the nervous papillæ of the skin.

In cases of this kind, the thermal, or the vapour bath used at the commencement—that is, during the chilliness which precedes an attack of catarrh, bronchitis, &c., is a most effectual remedy; but when feverish symptoms have succeeded the preceding rigors, and the natural secretions are suspended, evidenced by heat and dryness of the mouth, throat, and surface of the body, large dilution and proper evacuations are necessary before having recourse to these baths.

The efficacy of the thermal or vapour bath is not more manifest in the treatment of any disease than in cases of foul ulcers of long standing, particularly of the leg.

The danger to the life of the patient from drying these up is obvious, the discharge from them having become essential to the purification of the blood, but under the use of the thermal or vapour bath the myriads of cutaneous glands pour forth a tide of fetid perspiration, which purifies the blood and supersedes the necessity for the discharge from the ulcers, which then heal rapidly and with perfect safety to the patient. The health, at the same time, undergoing the most marked improvement.

Of the truth of this statement the writer formerly had repeated experience in the treatment of ulcerated legs, among a most squalid population, whose diet, whose habits, and whose

occupations were most unfavourable to purity of blood, upon which health and all its enjoyments essentially depend.

In the two forms of paralysis, the centric and the eccentric, the thermal and vapour bath are unsafe and inadmissible in the former, but perfectly safe and very effectual in the latter; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that in cases of paralysis depending upon organic disease of the brain and spinal chord, the use of these baths is not unattended with danger, and never productive of the slightest benefit. But in paralysis arising from simple congestion of the cerebral and spinal blood-vessels, or inflammation of the brain and spinal chord, and extensive affection of the nerves, extending to the centre, after due depletion, these baths are most efficacious. A young lady, for instance, whose eyelids were paralyzed by a flash of lightning, so as to be unable to open them except by lifting them with her fingers, was cured of this local paralysis by three times using the thermal vapour bath. Other cases of local paralysis, arising from neuralgic affections, are speedily relieved by this means.

Under this class may be arranged those cases of facial paralysis occasioned by a blast of cold air on the face, as in travelling with the window open, whilst the rest of the body is warmly clad; and those caused by over-fatigue, particularly under the hot sun, all of which speedily yield to the thermal or to the vapour bath.

Spasmodic diseases, depending upon irritation either at the origin or peripheral distribution or termination of the nerves are, perhaps, more easily controlled by the thermal or vapour bath than by any other means.

From several cases of relief from spasmodic affections of the muscular system and muscular contractions; the thermal or vapour bath is confidently proposed as the most powerful remedy in tetanus, and even in that direful, and hitherto invariably fatal disease, hydrophobia. In these cases the protracted use of the bath, extending over several hours, supplying the waste by plentiful diluents, would be required to overcome the spasms and to eliminate the poison from the blood. How far preferable to the unscientific procedure of am-

putating the wounded or bitten parts, or poisoning the patient with narcotics.

In asthenic or passive hæmorrhage, epistaxis, hæmoptysis, hæmatemesis, hæmaturia, and menorrhagia, the thermal or vapour bath, by equalizing the circulation and obviating local determination of the blood, and by eliminating those saline constituents of the serum which prevent the coagulation of the blood, is the natural mode of arresting its escape by the capillary organs. Cases of this kind, which have resisted every mode of treatment by astringents and tonics have yielded at once to the equalizing and eliminating power of the thermal and vapour baths.

The relief from the pains and perils of parturition procured by the bath is perfectly safe; nay, entirely free from danger to the life of mother and child; which is more than can be asserted, with truth, in reference to chloroform and other anæsthetics. The subsequent recovery and the secretion of wholesome milk, and, consequently, the health of the offspring, are promoted by the purifying process which the blood of the mother undergoes by the perspiration. Idiopathic dropsy—that is, dropsy not occasioned by organic disease, as of the heart, lungs, liver, or kidneys, but springing from obstructed perspiration or from inflammation of the serous membranes—after the inflammatory state has been removed by appropriate treatment, is more speedily and safely removed by the thermal bath than by diuretics or drastic purgatives; and even in cases of œdema of the extremities, arising from organic diseases, the local effusion may be removed by the local hot-sand bath. Some very satisfactory results have, by this means, been obtained when the use of the bath was contra-indicated by disease of the heart and other viscera.

Idiopathic jaundice and uremia, by deriving the flow of blood from the liver and kidneys, and determining it to the glands of the skin, are removed by the thermal bath; bile and urea being evacuated from the blood in that direction, giving time and rest to those large internal glands to recover their tone.

Cases of slow poisoning by acid, acrid, and narcotic vegetable sub-

stances, taken medicinally or as condiments to food, by which the health is broken and the constitution gradually undermined, are most effectually cured by the thermal bath. Under the influence of the bath, the necessity or the appetite for these slow poisons ceases to crave gratification, and thus the patient is relieved from the cause and effect of his disease.

By the same means, under this head, is included alcoholic poisoning, causing delirium tremens, which is cured, almost instantaneously, by the thermal bath. The copious perspiration, redolent of alcohol, with which the victim of his own imprudence is bedewed points out the direction in which relief is obtained.

The peculiar odour of the perspiration in the insane indicates, *à priori*, the use of the thermal bath in the treatment of insanity. By eliminating that odorous material from the blood, by free perspiration, it is not irrational to suppose that the healthy, the sane relationship between blood and brain, might be restored, and that the delusions to which that odorous material gives rise might cease, and the disease of the mind be cured.

Death from slow poisoning, by animal poisons introduced into the blood by the bites of various insects and serpents, by certain kinds of food undergoing slow decomposition, and by putrid inoculations, as in dissecting wounds and glanders, is prevented by the thermal bath, provided time has not been allowed for the whole mass of the blood to become contaminated by the poison.

Metallic slow poisoning, by mercury, lead, copper, arsenic, or by the mineral acids taken medicinally, or gradually introduced into the system of artisans in whose occupation these substances are employed, is, in like manner, prevented by the thermal or vapour bath, the poison being eliminated from the system by copious perspiration.

It would be a great boon to workers in metals, in silvering looking-glasses, in white lead manufacturing, in brass-founding and house painting, lacquering, card-glazing, lucifer match making, if they could resort every Saturday to a thermal bath, that the metallic impregnation of the blood,

received during the week, might be eliminated before the rest of the Sunday; for it is in those stated periods of rest, when the natural perspiration is suspended, that these metallic substances become more intimately blended and, as it were, incorporated with the system.

The next class of diseases is pre-eminently under the control of the thermal bath. It comprises the varieties of neuralgia, or nerve-ache; cephalalgia, rachialgia, facialgia, or tic douloureux, odontalgia, gastralgia, hysteria, dysmenorrhea, sciatica, and every other non-inflammatory local nerve-pain, periodic or remittent in its recurrence. Traced to its proximate cause, it will be found to depend either upon deficient secretion of some important organ, and consequent retention in the blood of some effete materials, or upon the habitual ingestion of some irritant or acrid substance, such as Cayenne pepper or other condiments; in either case, the healthy relation which ought to subsist between the blood and the nerve-fluid is disturbed, of which the pain is the sensitive exponent. From this short explanation of the cause of neuralgia, the effect of the thermal or vapour bath in curing the disease is apparent. By promoting all the secretions, and especially of the innumerable cutaneous glands, the blood is purified of effete and irritating materials, harmony is restored between it and the nerves, and freedom from pain is the consequence.

In this, as in every other attempt to cure a disease depending for its continuance on the habits of the patient, his cordial concurrence and co-operation are essential to a successful result.

The use of acids and acescent wines, as articles of food, acrid and irritating condiments, ardent spirits, and the whole class of narcotics, must be discontinued, in order that the bath may accomplish the object in view—the purification of the blood.

In this way dyspepsia, the cause of daily discomfort and the source of many serious and fatal disorders, is speedily relieved, and the sufferer is restored to the enjoyment of health to which, perhaps, he may have long been a stranger.

The last, though not the least, of burdens the thermal or vapour bath

is capable of removing is obesity, which may be defined as an oily dropsy—an effusion of oil into the cellular tissue. This easily escapes by the sebiparous glands under the action of the thermal or vapour bath, provided that due abstinence from food, rich in carbon, such as fat meats, butter, cream, sweets, and alcohol, be observed, and proper exercise be taken in the intervals between using the bath; a reduction of many stone weight may be effected by this means in a very short time, without any reduction—but, on the contrary, with a relative increase—of strength. With a diminution of fat, blood and muscle are augmented, upon which the strength and vigour of mind and body really depend.

The great utility of the thermal and vapour bath in the treatment of infantile diseases, particularly those affections of the head occasioning convulsions, and of the bowels, causing diarrhœa, should not be passed over in silence.

Having described the beneficial action of the thermal and vapour baths in the treatment of several of the many forms of disease to which the body is liable, the less pleasant task of enumerating some of those in which it is not only not useful, but positively injurious, if not absolutely dangerous, remains to be accomplished.

1st. Cutaneous diseases, depending upon organic degeneration of the sudoriferous, sebiparous, and hair-glands of the skin. Such diseases of the skin, as might easily be supposed, are aggravated by these baths. Soothing applications are far more suitable to diseased organs than increasing their activity by exciting perspiration.

2nd. Diseases of the subjacent or areolar tissue, such as boils and carbuncles, which are often developed under a protracted water cure; and in fact, instead of being regarded as a crisis of disease and signs of returning health, they should rather be considered as a morbid condition of the areolar tissue, engendered by inordinate action of the glands situated directly over that tissue. It is probable that a boil, or a carbuncle, which is an assemblage of boils, commences in the cutaneous glands, the morbid condition extending to the subjacent areolar tissue.

3rd. In all cases of cancer, occult or open fungoid diseases, and gangrene, descending to chilblains, and frost-bite, the baths are absolutely inadmissible; for, by quickening the circulation of the blood, the morbid process is hastened to a death of the parts, or even to a fatal termination.

4th. Apoplexy, central paralysis, epilepsy, and catalepsy; softening of the brain and spinal chord, forbid the use of the baths.

5th. Phthisis, in its advanced stages, organic disease of the heart and great blood-vessels, also prohibit its employment, however valuable it might prove as a means of preventing the development of those diseases, and, consequently, their fatal tendency.

6th. However salutary the thermal or the vapour bath might be in the treatment of idiopathic dropsy, great caution should be observed in cases of dropsy symptomatic of organic diseases, as of the lungs and heart, and great blood-vessels, lest in the endeavour to remove the effect, the cause should be aggravated, and the life of the patient placed in jeopardy.

The design of this paper has been to put the medical profession and the public in possession of the experience of more than thirty years in the use of the hot-air and vapour bath. The reason why it has not been addressed exclusively to the members of that profession is, that non-medical persons may see that the use of the baths is not advised on empirical but on rational principles, and that due regard has been paid to its injurious as well as to its beneficial operation; for it is obvious that every medicinal agent which is potent for good when skillfully prescribed, is no less powerful for evil if misapplied.

It is obvious, therefore, that the application of the principles enunciated for our guidance must devolve upon regularly educated medical men, who alone are competent to decide in every case upon the safety and probable salutary action of the baths. “*Collimare scopum*” is our motto—a direct aim should be our endeavour; for the real value of every remedy consists in its right administration in the right cases, and under right circumstances.

These are points to be determined by those who have made that wonderful microcosm—man, in his physical

and mental constitution—their careful and diligent study. It is for this reason that, under their sole guidance and direction, these potent and valuable agents should be administered.

The thermal bath, which is the safest and most agreeable to the sensations, is that in which the hot dry air of the common Turkish bath is

modified by a *jet d'eau* descending in a fine shower in the centre of the bath, as seen in the bath establishment in Temple-street; where the medicated vapour bath, enclosing the patient under a canopy, is in use. By these arrangements, the greatest advantages without the slightest risk are obtained.

HUNYADI.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

EVERY nation has its glorious pages in history; every nation, its heroes, benefactors, and legislators; and among the heroes, many of them represent in their individuality the race they belong to; they appear as the ideal type or symbol of a nation. None more so than Hunyadi, who may be considered as the incarnation of all the principles and aspirations of Hungary. The authors of general histories have been very neglectful of this grand mediæval figure; they mention him briefly on one or two great occasions, without further inquiries, whilst in his fatherland, Hunyadi is the object of the most splendid national legend; he is the great militant Christian of the fifteenth century, something between a saint and a hero—much of both. The German historians have not generally been favourable to Hungary and her great men; they have often admitted calumnies and misrepresentations without exercising the zeal and sagacity in discovering truth which they profess, whilst they invariably have admitted, with great reserve, the brilliant episodes and noble characteristics that distinguish that unfortunate country. Thus, the great historian orientalist, Von Hammer, has found in the Turkish chronicles, acts of extreme ferocity attributed to Hunyadi, and he has calmly related them to the world, although they are in absolute contradiction to the chivalrous character of the hero, and not even alluded to by any of the contemporary writers and chroniclers of the west, among whom, several were particularly hostile to him. The chronicles, historical documents, and state papers abound in Hungary, and have recently been analysed, and their substance

presented to the public, by the eminent patriots, Boldenyi, Count Teleki, and others; Teleki especially has shed an invaluable light on the history of Hungary and her pre-eminent hero; and were his labours more extensively known, as well as those of others of his countrymen, undoubtedly, Europe would have evinced a more effective and a warmer sympathy with the misfortunes of that knightly race.

The ancestors of the Hungarians formed one of those innumerable hordes over whom Attila reigned. They afterwards divided, and wandered over the extensive plains of the north of Europe and Asia. Towards the middle of the ninth century, this fraction of the Huns became the Magyar nation, from the name of one of its chiefs, Magor or Mager, and established itself on the banks of the Danube. This Magyar nation subdivided again, and underwent numberless vicissitudes. One branch of them, under the command of Amos, a descendant of Attila, entered Pannonia, whilst another invaded Transylvania. Amos abdicated, and the nation raised on a shield his son Arpad, whom they selected for their Duke. This new chief, the head of a long and revered dynasty, had to repel the attacks of his neighbours, Moravians, Slavonians, Bulgarians, and Roumans, after which, his martial bands finally settled in the lands which, from that day, have been called Magyarország, or Hungaria.

During more than a century after, this restless race were the terror of Europe by their incessant inroads and devastations. Finally, Otto the Great surprised them near Augsburg, and made a fearful butchery of them, in 955. A hundred thousand of them

are reported to have been drowned in the Lech. The Magyars, prostrate after this blow, renounced for ever their system of plundering; they organized settlements, devoted themselves to civilization, and gradually embraced Christianity. The legends of Hungary on the establishment of Christianity are varied and numerous; but the records on the consequences of the introduction of the religion of Christ are most explicit; Paganism struggled fiercely in numerous sanguinary revolts. There was a struggle, moreover, between the Christian sects. The Slavonians, foes of the Hungarians, had embraced the Greek Church; they were vanquished, and the Magyars naturally embraced the doctrine of the numberless missionaries who were zealously proselytizing among them. The ducal family embraced Christianity, with their chief, Vaïk, who, on the day of his christening, took the name of Stephen. A few years after, an extensive Pagan revolt was organized, and committed great ravages, towards 988. Stephen assembled the faithful Magyars, attacked the rebels, defeated them in a sanguinary encounter, and was afterwards proclaimed king. Another revolt took place, which he crushed with the same success. As long as Stephen the Saint lived, Paganism remained prostrate; after him it made new efforts, but they proved unsuccessful. After Stephen, Bela and Ladislav, his successors, continued his work, and Christianity took firm root in Hungary.

The name of Saint Stephen is dear to the Magyars. At this day they revere the memory of their first king. The crown that inaugurated his reign had been preserved until recently, when the dark Austrian eagle laid its ferocious claws upon it, and perpetrated an act of lawless spoliation. The Magyars reverence in Saint Stephen, not only the hero, who shed blood for them the blessings of Christian civilization, but the benefactor who laid the basis of an invaluable constitution, which, whatever may be the unfavourable influences and modifications it underwent during past ages, has, nevertheless, been the lasting work of the true spirit of the Hungarian nation. Thanks to that constitution, the land of the Magyars became and enjoyed a balance of power—

the individual liberty of the citizen and of the *comitat* (county governed by a noble), the unity of the general law applicable to the whole country,—when the sovereignties of Europe were absolute. The name of Stephen has remained incorporated with the whole constitutional organization of Hungary. This constitution was, as it were, the founder of Hungary; it rendered that land powerful to resist the terrible invasions of the Mongols and Turks, and it became, under Louis d'Anjou and Mathias Hunyadi, one of the first powers of Europe. Above all, it saved its national individuality from the absorbing influence of Germanism.

The constitutional history of Hungary comprises three periods: the first, the epoch of its formation, from Saint Stephen to Andre II., extends from the year 1,000 to 1,222. The decrees of the first king and saint, constituted the three classes, clergy, nobility, and people. The decrees of Saint Ladislav established the regulations and foundations of the Church (1,077). Immediately after, the first collection of the laws was framed at the instigation of Kalman, one of the greatest Magyar legislators; and afterwards appeared the "Golden Bull," under Andre II., the Crusader, which was the final basis of the liberties of the orders composing the state. The dynasty of Arpad ceased with Andre III., in 1,301. The Hungarians then elected Wenceslas, of Bohemia, their king, and after his abdication, Otto, of Bavaria. But Pope Boniface enjoined them to elect for their king, Charles Robert, of the house of Anjou. Under his reign, Hungary attained a high degree of splendour. It comprised then, besides the original kingdom, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia, Valachia, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bulgaria. Louis I., the Great, his son, obtained also by election the crown of Poland. After him his daughter, Mary, was declared *king* by the Hungarians. She associated in the throne her husband, Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg (1,386). Their reign was agitated by a revolt of the nobles, by the war of the Hussites, and by terrible periodical invasions of the Ottoman Turks, during which Hungary was the saviour of Christendom.

Hunyadi was born under the reign of Sigismund.

The second epoch in the constitution of Hungary comprises the ameliorations introduced by Louis the Great (in 1,351), the founder of feudalism, of the military reforms, and of a superior organization in the ecclesiastical jurisdictions and the privileges of the burghers bestowed by Sigismund, followed by the perfecting reforms and institutions of King Mathias Corvinus, son of our hero, Hunyadi. After Corvinus most of his best and civilizing reforms disappeared during the internal dissensions, the oppression of the aristocracy, and the destructive Turkish invasions. The third epoch is one of perpetual violence and of resistance ; it consists of the incessant encroachments of Austria on the autonomy and fundamental liberties of the Hungarians, and of the energetic efforts of that noble race to baffle the duplicity of the Germanic Emperors, whilst opposing an indomitable valour to their unprincipled aggressions.

The birth of great men has ever been the object of popular legends. Many romantic poetical tales about the birth of Hunyadi are still believed and related by the populations of Hungary and of the neighbouring states, several of which claim the honour of consanguinity with the legendary hero. Valachian and Polish chroniclers have affirmed his belonging to their race, and his being of noble blood. A tradition, frequently admitted by historians, transforms him into a natural son of Sigismund ; but the recent researches of Count Teleki on the *Hunyadian Age* have brought the truth to light. Hunyadi, or Hunyady, was in reality a son of Hungary ; he was the offspring of a Magyar family of respectable antiquity, although impoverished, and was born in 1387 ; he had three sisters, who have left no trace in history, and a younger brother, whose Christian name was also John ; thus, there were, therefore, two *Hunyadi János*, the elder, our hero, and the youngest, who followed his great brother in his campaigns, was wounded, and no more is heard of him after the year 1440. The elder, the great Hunyadi, spent his youth in grave, stern, hard-working, occupations. Endowed with a powerful frame, fortified by a continued moral conduct, he was instinctively a soldier, in an age when the

military career was that of every free man. His early military adventures are wrapt in doubtful tales and traditions, along with the discrepancies and contradictions of the contemporary chronicles. It seems that he engaged in the service of a Bulgarian prince, and that after a sojourn of some length in Bulgaria, where his valour was handsomely rewarded and encouraged, he returned to Hungary, where he entered the royal army under Sigismund. He was then an obscure soldier, devoid of recommendations. His superior intelligence, his zeal and valour, soon became the object of admiration. He passed rapidly through all the military grades—was intrusted with a command, and became one of the councillors of the crown. He accompanied Sigismund, King of Hungary, when he went to receive the imperial crown ; he took part in the Bohemian war, in the expeditions against the Turks, and obtained by his brilliant services high dignities and valuable estates. At the death of Sigismund he formed part of the body of royal nobles.

The successor of Sigismund was Albert, Duke of Austria, Emperor of Germany, King of Bohemia and of Hungary. He only reigned twenty months over the Magyar nation, and died on the 18th of October, 1439, leaving two daughters, and no sons. Albert had munificently recompensed the services of the two Hunyadi, and bestowed upon them the rank of Baron of the Kingdom, with estates appended to the titles, but situated on the frontiers of Transylvania, which were incessantly exposed to the incursions of the Ottomans. At this period the armies of the Crescent had taken advantage of the wars of the Hungarians in Bohemia, to extend their conquests. They had established their suzerainty over Valachia and Moldavia, and extended their domination all along the shores of the Danube, from its mouth as far as Belgrade. This thickly fortified city, bulwark of Christendom, was defended by a valorous chivalry. The Osmanlis had already menaced it. They now adopted a system of harassing the garrison by frequent surprises, alarms, and skirmishes ; they ravaged the environs, destroyed the neighbouring population, and thus isolated the city. Hence their frequent destructive in-

cursions in Transylvania, and the awful position of the Hunyadi, as well as of the other noble proprietors who fought with them, mostly under the command of the elder brother. No rest for them. Attacks succeeded each other; the Magyars were always on horseback, sword in hand: it was a perpetual battle. The details of thousands of high deeds, fabulous heroism, are lost to history; many of them would vie with the days of Thermopylæ and Marathon, of Cressy and Agincourt. The results bear testimony to the magnitude of the struggle.

Thanks to Hunyadi, the Ottomans were repelled again and again from Transylvania, and often pursued beyond the frontiers. They were forced to raise the siege of several cities which they had begun, and which were already far advanced; they abandoned portions of the Magyar territory, where they had already formed a permanent encampment. Hitherto the life of Hunyadi had been that of a soldier and a general; now commences his political life. From this period he will exercise a powerful influence over his countrymen. His destiny is interwoven with the national destinies; his life becomes purely historical. The hero appears in his real grandeur.

The year previous to the death of Albert, the Hungarian Diet issued a decree which insured the royal succession to his wife, Elizabeth, and her descendants. Before expiring, therefore, he assembled the nobles, declared to them that his queen was pregnant, and recommended her to their faithful loyalty. But soon after the funeral of the king, a profound anxiety seized the nation: the Bohemian revolution was still menacing; the Turks grew daily more formidable, and were preparing to march on Belgrade. In this conjuncture what could Hungary do, governed by a woman? The nation had great need of a man—of a military commander. On the other hand, the memory of Albert was held in veneration, and there was a great reluctance to remove his widow and offspring. Elizabeth magnanimously put an end to this fatal indecision. She assembled the nobles at Buda, and solemnly abandoned the decree they had voted in her favour, considering the dangers of the country and also her presentiment that

her expected child would be a daughter. The Hungarians now assembled again to deliberate. A party proposed to leave the crown to Elizabeth, and wait; another party, and Hunyadi among them, considered that it would be wiser to offer the crown to Wladislas, King of Poland, who was young and brave, and would prove docile to the directions of the nobles, whilst the union of the two chivalrous nations would enable a powerful resistance to be offered to the enemies of Christendom. A marriage between Elizabeth and Wladislas was further proposed as the most happy combination, with the stipulation that if the expected child proved to be of the male sex, he would reign over Austria and Bohemia; but that the children of the Polish prince would be recognised beforehand as future sovereigns of the elective kingdoms of Hungary and Poland.

This last project was favourably received by the Queen. Ambassadors were sent to the young King of Poland. He solemnly accepted the proposal, swore to respect the customs, laws, and institutions of his new subjects, and proclaimed an intimate alliance between Poland and Hungary. Whilst these preliminaries were taking place, Elizabeth gave birth to a male child (22nd February, 1440), who received the name of Ladislas the Posthumous. This event annihilated all the many hopes for the future. Two parties were formed—a powerful one, urging the Queen to annul what had been done, invest her child with the regal dignity, whilst she assumed the regency; and another party, that had the majority in the Diet, headed by Hunyadi, resolving to adhere to the stipulated conditions, recognising Wladislas as legitimate king, and repudiating the claims of the Queen and her child.

A civil war was imminent. The former patriotism of the Queen had fled from her heart. Her maternal love led her to the determination of seating her boy on the throne of Hungary at any risk. In violation of the Constitution, she annulled, of her own authority, the stipulations with the King of Poland. She braved the decrees of the Diet; had its ambassadors seized on their journey, and thrown into prison, destroying also their diplomas, letters, and public seals. In the meantime

the Diet protested with energy, and wrote to the King of Poland to hasten his arrival. Wladislas, accompanied by a brilliant Polish escort, advanced towards Hungary. He was received by a certain number of Magyars at the frontiers, and made his entrance into Buda, surrounded by a crowd of nobles, with Hunyadi at their head. During this progress of Wladislas, Elizabeth was assembling all her adherents in another part of the kingdom. In this illegal assembly it was decreed that her child should be immediately proclaimed and crowned; the Keeper of the Royal Treasures brought her by stealth the crown of Saint Stephen, and the ceremony took place immediately, with the usual oath of respect to the Magyar laws and institutions.

Wladislas, installed in the Hungarian metropolis, spared no effort to appease the internal dissensions. He blended skill with generosity in his conciliatory measures. In the meantime, Elizabeth was agitating the kingdom by every possible means, to prevent the coronation of the Polish king. She was in possession of the holy crown; she held several strongholds, and especially Gyor, which commanded the principal highways to the capital. This strongly fortified centre of the partisans of the Queen was attacked by Hunyadi, but with very insufficient forces. He, nevertheless, weakened it, compelled all the scattered bands of the rival faction to take refuge in it, and having thus cleared the highways, attained his object and withdrew. Now the Diet assembled. The Magyars enthusiastically proclaimed Wladislas of Poland their king, pronounced the other coronation fraudulent, and proceeded to the immediate crowning of their king. The crown, sceptre, sword, and mantle, were sent for. During the ceremony it was discovered that the crown of Saint Stephen—the sacred relic of Hungary—had disappeared; the Magyars became frantic; thousands of menacing swords were drawn. The keeper, Gara, being questioned, confessed that the real crown had been stolen; the wretched man would have been cut to pieces, had not Wladislas darted through the crowd and saved him by offering his own breast to the swords. The tumult gradually subsided, and it was

resolved to proceed with the royal inauguration. A diadem, said to have been discovered in the tomb, and among the bones of Saint Stephen, was placed on the head of the King—a gloomy foreboding of death in the eyes of the people.

The Polish prince had exhausted all means towards a conciliation. Elizabeth, inexorable, had ardently prepared for a mortal struggle. Hungary became a vast field of battle, on which the Magyars slaughtered each other. Hunyadi received the principal command, and was directed towards Transylvania, which had just been occupied by the most formidable body of rebels. Before the attack he issued his orders to his army, forbidding pillage, massacre, and any violence against the inhabitants and their property. When he had pitched his tents before the fortress of Szegszard, he sent to the rebels reasonable propositions, which were insolently rejected. He then assembled his army, and eloquently addressed the troops, explaining the justice of their cause, and urging them to chastise, with their usual valour, the enemies of the fatherland. When he had ceased speaking, the army rushed enthusiastically to the attack. After a deadly conflict Hunyadi carried the position, took a great number of prisoners, established himself in the fortress, and, faithful to his principles of humanity, sternly checked any tendency to carnage and plunder, in an age when bloodshed and depredations were considered the legitimate right of the strongest. He afterwards returned to Buda, where he was affectionately received by Wladislas.

The civil war raging in Hungary was not an opportunity which the Turks could allow to escape. It roused their ambition; they conceived that a people thus torn up by civil discords, would become an easy prey. Fortunately for Christendom, the Magyars possessed sufficient vigour to resist external as well as internal enemies. The Turks sent several armies to the north; they came with formidable war engines to besiege Belgrade, and battered its walls, but the valiant defence of the besieged baffled their fury; and in the meantime Hunyadi checked them by continued, skilful diversions. Finally defeating them in a battle, he forced them to a hasty re-

treat. This siege and campaign had lasted about six months. New recompenses were bestowed on Hunyadi, for his brilliant public services. The King appointed him Vajvode of Transylvania, Commander of Belgrade, and Military Chief of the Lower Danube. His new dignities, far from inducing him to take to a repose to which he was fairly entitled, proved, on the contrary, a new spur to martial activity. In order to inaugurate his viceregal functions of Vajvode, he unexpectedly attacked the Ottomans beyond the Hungarian frontier with his heavy cavalry, harassed them, and returned to Transylvania with a rich booty.

Sultan Amurath, exasperated at the several defeats his arms had recently suffered, resolved to strike a gigantic blow against the Magyars. He prepared an expedition with wonderful rapidity, and ordered it to penetrate by forced marches into the very heart of Transylvania. Hunyadi, surprised, hastily assembled the troops within his reach, and rushed on the Ottomans. He met them ravaging the sacred territory of the Holy Crown, and attacked them with very inferior forces. His impatient ardour, and that of his troops, had rendered a strategic attack impossible; the audacity and valour of both were of no avail in presence of the enormous masses of Ottomans. Hunyadi was defeated. The victorious Turks slaughtered all who fell into their hands. They pushed forward, destroying every thing with fire and sword on their passage, till they had arrived before the capital, Hermanstadt. The city closed its gates, and the siege was commenced; if taken, Transylvania was lost. The defeat of Hunyadi roused his heroic energy to almost a superhuman degree. He proclaimed the rising of the country *en masse*; he took no rest. Day and night on horseback, he collected nobles and men from every nook of the country; he appealed to the dangers of the fatherland; he infused the enthusiasm and devotion into the hearts of all. As soon as he found himself at the head of a sufficient force, he fled to the succour of Hermanstadt. The Ottoman general, informed of his approach, raised the siege, advanced proudly to meet the Magyars, and pitched his tents between the city and the army of

Hunyadi. When both armies were on the point of rushing upon each other, a report spread among the Hungarians that the Turkish general had given a description of the appearance and attire of Hunyadi to a band of intrepid Spahis, with the order to make up to the redoubtable *Yanko*, as they called him, and take him dead or alive. This report passed like lightning from rank to rank; every man was frantic with the idea that the life of their hero was exposed to such an unmanly conspiracy. A Magyar, named Kemenyi, who resembled Hunyadi in appearance, presented himself. He proposed to change his dress, arms, helmet and horse with his commander, thus to draw the attack and pursuits of the Turks to himself, whilst his general would be enabled to lead the Magyars to victory. Hunyadi, pressed by his army, accepted this sublime devotedness. He did so in the name of the fatherland in danger, with the fervent hope to save it by his strategic arrangements for the battle. The change was effected. Soon after the Ottoman army assailed the Christians, the Spahis fell like an avalanche on the spot where they beheld the white plume of the Vajvode waving, and his arms shining on the person of Kemenyi. The Hungarians kept their ground heroically, the confusion becoming such that soon nothing was heard but war cries, screams of despair, and the groans of the wounded; and nothing seen but thick clouds of dust, and flashes of the clashing swords. Whilst the Ottomans were directing their principal attack on the spot where, they fancied, stood the great Hungarian chief, the garrison of Hermanstadt made a sally, advanced into the Turkish camp, delivered their prisoners, and surprised the enemy in the rear. At the same time, Hunyadi himself, who, until this moment, had with difficulty checked the impatient ardour of his reserve, gave the signal, and launched them on. The Ottomans, disorganized by these various attacks, broke their order of battle; and soon after yielded, and fled in every direction. Hunyadi long pursued the vanquished, and returned.

On the following morning, the importance of this memorable battle became known. Twenty thousand Osmanlis, with their general, and his son, were lying on the ground. Only

three thousand Hungarian bodies were found, and among them the noble, and devoted Kemenyi, with the flower of the Magyar blood. The booty found in the Ottoman camp was enormous, consisting of gold, precious stones, rich spoils of every description, valuable arms, and war engines. After solemnly thanking God for his victory, Hunyadi lost no time in taking advantage of his triumph. By a bold, adventurous march, he crossed the Carpathian mountains, cut off the retreat of the Turks, destroyed a great number of them, reached the Roumanian soil, delivered the Valachians from the suzerainty of the Sultan, and advanced menacingly beyond the Danube. Here he paused; he had accomplished, with unparalleled success and audacity, a most arduous expedition. He now turned back, and, wherever he appeared on the Magyar soil, the whole population crowded round him; they hailed him as their deliverer, and blessed the hero, who, in their enthusiasm, received the most gratifying reward to a patriot for his toils and sufferings. Hunyadi, after this campaign, munificently rewarded his companions, and allies, and laid down his sword. While resting from his military labours, he earnestly engaged himself in the restoration of internal peace, but his repose was not to be of long duration.

During this Turkish war in the extreme east of Hungary, the civil war was continuing in the north. The young Polish king Wladislas was too young, chivalrous, and inexperienced, for his struggle with Elizabeth and her party. The Queen had soon discovered his juvenile magnanimity and indecision; it impelled her to greater hopes and exertions. She wrote urgent appeals to the cities; sent and kept active agents in the principal of them; and endeavoured to awake the patriotic pride of the Magyars, by exciting them against Poland and the Poles; nevertheless, the majority of the nobility remained faithful to Wladislas, whom they had freely selected and elected. The Queen then turned to Frederick, the crafty Emperor of Germany, related to her through her husband. This Hapsburg Emperor promised assistance, by appealing to the Pope; he could not spare any troops, but offered

money at an enormous interest, and as security received the sacred crown of Saint Stephen, which had been stolen. A further sum being required, he insisted on occupying the Hungarian fortresses of Elizabeth on the German frontier. The young King Ladislas, was also intrusted to him to be brought up, the crafty Hapsburg promising to govern in his name. He had only to wait now for a favourable opportunity, in order to realize his ambitious hopes. The Queen, in the meantime, suspecting, perhaps, imperial treachery, discouraged by the little success of her efforts and by the augmentation of the Polish party, evinced a disposition to open negotiations with Wladislas; the preliminaries were in the course of being settled, when new military events turned the attention in another direction.

Sultan Amurath resolved upon once more throwing an army of 80,000 men into Hungary to avenge the disgrace of the vanquished crescent, and intrusted its command to his most experienced general. This force fell like a thunderbolt on Transylvania, leaving a desert and ruins wherever it passed. The terror of Germany was great; Viermo trembled. As the Hungarian nation was divided by civil war, it must soon be crushed, as it appeared to the whole of Europe. One man, however, was living, who swore to perish or save the fatherland and Christendom. It was Hunyadi. As soon as he heard of the invasion, he abandoned his diplomatic and administrative labours, mounted his horse, called all his vassals to arms, and proclaimed a general rising. He revived an old custom of his ancestors, ordering that a sabre, covered with blood, should be carried through the country, to invite thus every man to rally round the national banner. In a short time, 30,000 had answered his appeal. Hunyadi, with this little army of valiant patriots, did not hesitate to take the offensive against an army of 80,000 Osmanlis. He thought it prudent not to wait for the enemy and reveal to them the paucity of his resources. He commenced a series of marches and countermarches, harassing the Turks incessantly, and drew them into the mountains by his skillful manoeuvres. When informed of their disadvantageous position in a

valley, he gradually surrounded them, having driven away all the advanced posts. The Hungarian general had admirably echeloned his little army; here he must conquer or perish. Before giving the signal of attack, however, he knelt down to implore the protection of Christ. All the Magyars followed his example. He afterwards electrified them by a few words, spurred his horse, and led on his men against the Turks. A fierce conflict then took place, the Turks fighting bravely. The struggle lasted all day. The sun was setting when the Osmanlis, overpowered by the heroism of the Christians, lost their general, gave way and fled. Hunyadi was again victorious; he pursued the enemy with his usual vigour, and returned with 5,000 prisoners and 200 standards. The carnage had been awful. The whole of Hungary once more proclaimed Hunyadi the saviour of the fatherland, whilst he referred his marvellous success to the Almighty.

This recent and sudden aggression of the Osmanlis, so heroically repulsed, created great anxiety in Christian Europe. The infidels were vanquished, but their resources were enormous; it was more than probable that ere long, they would repeat their formidable attack. Unity and concord among Christians became of paramount importance. The propositions of peace on the part of Queen Elizabeth were, therefore, taken into serious consideration. Finally, after mutual concessions, an understanding was at hand, when Elizabeth died suddenly. By this event the question was simplified, but not resolved. The Emperor Frederick continued to keep Ladislas the Posthumous, and the crown of Saint Stephen, under his guardianship, as well as the fortresses given up by Elizabeth, whilst he was fomenting discords and embarrassments in Poland and Hungary. But it was of no avail. A loyal concord was established between the Hungarians and the Poles. The great idea—the great work of the epoch—was, war to the death against the infidels.

Early in the year 1443, a splendid Ottoman embassy entered Buda with propositions of peace from Amurath (Murad) for the young king. Wladislas received them, but he had scarcely understood that the Sultan demanded

the surrender of Belgrade, or the payment of an annual tribute, than he indignantly and menacingly replied that Hunyadi would be consulted on the subject, after which a reply would be forwarded to Amurath. The warlike disposition of the young king was carefully fanned by his neighbours, who held the Turks in great terror. The Pontiff sent a legate, who forcibly depicted the dangers of Christendom; he flattered Wladislas with the prospects of great military glory, adding that Hungary and Poland, now closely united, were powerful enough to accomplish the salvation of Europe. The young king was already resolved to venture an expedition against the infidels, when the news arrived that they had invaded Serbia, butchered the inhabitants, taken away the sons of their prince, and frightfully mutilated them. A crusade was decided upon. Preparations were made with the greatest activity. The Diet voted considerable subsidies. Hunyadi raised a body of cavalry at his own expense. After imploring the protection of the Almighty, the King, with his corps, left Buda on the 22nd of July, 1443. They advanced southwards, and were joined by the different contingents. Hunyadi formed the vanguard, at the head of twelve thousand picked horsemen. This memorable expedition, in which the great Magyar appears, as in a romantic epic, the pre-eminent figure, by his adventurous audacity, and in which he equals the greatest commanders of antiquity, consisted of two campaigns—a first one as glorious as the second was disastrous.

As soon as the Sultan heard of the Crusaders having actually commenced their march, he sent three different corps to oppose their progress. Hunyadi attacked and surprised them successively, dispersing them with great slaughter. A variety of skirmishes, chivalrous deeds, and brilliant episodes, succeeded week after week, often, day after day, during the progress of the Crusaders, in all of which Hunyadi was the indefatigable hero. The Christian army was advancing through Serbia. The Ottomans waylaid it. But Hunyadi, secretly informed of their plan, surprised them in the dead of night, and surrounded them by a skilful manœuvre. The Turks awoke, hearing the war-cry of the Hungarians. The terrible name

of "Yanko" echoed in their ears like a death-knell. They were massacred before they could recover from their stupor. About thirty thousand Osmanlis lay dead on the field. Their camp was plundered and burnt. Four thousand remained prisoners. Hunyadi afterwards took Sophia, where, being joined by the King, they entered Bulgaria, the population of which being Slavonian, gladly submitted to Wladislas. The Christian army then climbed the first heights of the Balkan. Another powerful Ottoman army, under the command of the Pacha of Anatolia, who had boasted of chastising the presumptuous Christians, was waiting for them there. Hunyadi, with his corps, advanced towards the infidels; on coming close to them one evening, he allowed his men a few hours' rest, and at the first dawn, on the following morning, as the Hungarians were preparing their arms and horses, a terrific sound of trumpets burst upon their ears. They beheld thick and numerous columns of Osmanlis advancing with the crescent waving over them. The Magyars, disconcerted by the multitude of the enemy, and their inefficient number, hesitated; Hunyadi darted into the midst of them, called out to them, not to tremble before the infidels—not to abandon their glorious habit of conquering, reminding them how often, with the assistance of God, the enemy had fled before them, assuring them they would fly again, adding, that those who might now meet with their death would rise in the realm of Christ. Every man hailed his general with enthusiasm. He had instilled new life into them. The Ottoman columns were shaken by the furious attack. They soon broke up, and the proud army of the Pacha took to flight, he himself falling into the hands of the victors. The carnage was again awful. On the following day this corps rejoined the Royal army, and the passage of the most difficult passes of the Balkans was commenced.

It was severe winter weather. During several weeks the army was decimated by the labours and difficulties of the march. Provisions failed, men and horses were falling asleep for ever in the snow. Fortunately, Hunyadi revived their hopes and courage by his persuasive words; he shared

their sufferings, and urged them to new efforts. When the Christians attained the frontier of Roumelia, they found every path, every valley occupied by Ottomans. Every issue was blocked up, and over them was established a strongly entrenched camp. The Turks had orders not to attack, but to remain on the defensive; the tempest, snow, and famine, could not fail to exterminate the Christians. Hunyadi understood at once the plan of the enemy; he sent various bands to harass, provoke, insult, and challenge the infidels. The Turkish general, indignant, forgot the orders of the Sultan, and sent down his troops from their impregnable position. The great Magyar had fully succeeded; he roused his countrymen; restored order in his band by his enthusiastic appeals, and whilst the other corps were forming, feigned an attack on the Osmanlis and a flight, drawing them into a plain—in a disadvantageous position and in the midst of the Christians. The Crusaders assailed them with despair. The Ottomans were scattered, and took refuge behind the fortifications of their camp. Hunyadi did not allow the ardour of his countrymen to cool; he pointed out to them the fortified passes, and exclaimed, "Onwards!" A frightful bloody confusion ensued; another battle more terrible was fought, and, finally, the Magyars became masters of the formidable heights, and beheld the green plains of Roumelia.

On the following days the Christians continued their march; they encamped on the last slope of the Haemus, hoping for a little repose, but in vain; they found that their position was surrounded by a Turkish army, which left them no rest. The skirmishing was incessant. The Osmanlis avoided a battle, resolving to exhaust the Christian army by continued attacks, and the cutting off of every communication. The King decided upon a retreat, despite the representations and prayers of Hunyadi. Every preparation being made, the army departed in admirable order, and arrived in Belgrade, the Turks not having ventured to attack or molest them. Afterwards the Crusaders returned to Buda, where their entrance was a memorable triumph; they carried before them the rich

trophies, arms, and standards of the Ottomans, followed by the prisoners. When Hunyadi advanced, he was received with deafening acclamations; and hailed as the noblest representative of the fatherland. During this year he had vanquished the Turks in six great battles. When he reached his home, his wife presented him with a new-born son, Mathias. The great Magyar thereupon knelt down, with tears in his eyes, raised the child towards heaven, and thanked God for thus recompensing his faithful servant for his unworthy services in bestowing on him another defender of Hungary.

This glorious campaign excited the enthusiasm of Christian Europe. The young king Wladislas received numerous congratulations from foreign princes, who proclaimed him the commander-in-chief of the army of Christ, and encouraged him to continue the crusade. The Pontiff sent from Rome the assurance of considerable succours from new allies, and the news that Scanderbeg had fled from the Turkish army, returned to the true faith, and prepared to exterminate the infidels in his paternal principality of Albania. Every thing concurred to flatter the young king and induce him to commence another campaign. In the meantime the internal state of Poland was deplorable; a licentious aristocracy was trampling under foot every law, human and divine; but Wladislas, absorbed by the Turkish war, remained deaf to the prayers and claims of the Poles. A Hungarian Diet voted extraordinary subsidies. Hunyadi was charged with the preparations on the most extensive scale, for the new campaign. In a few months every thing was ready. The Sultan, however, anxious to put an end to the sanguinary war, succeeded, by concessions, in drawing away from the Crusaders several of their allies, and manifested openly his desire for peace. He sent an embassy to Wladislas at Szeged. The ambassador, solemnly received in a numerous assembly of nobles, announced that his master wished for peace, and was ready to subscribe to honourable conditions, advantageous to the Christians. His propositions, delivered in manly and eloquent language, were enthusiastically received by the assembly. Several conferences followed, and after many difficulties

and discussions on several of the articles of the peace, it was finally signed by both, the Christians and Mohammedans, each party taking a solemn oath, according to his religion, to adhere to it and observe it faithfully.

The Ottoman embassy had scarcely taken leave, when the news arrived that a fleet of Crusaders was advancing towards the Hellespont, and that a revolt had broken out against the Sultan, in Asia. A messenger of the Emperor of the East confirmed this news, and urged Wladislas not to lose such an opportunity of crushing the infidels, who certainly could not be trusted to observe the peace. The King, perplexed, appealed to the Hungarian Diet, in which (after having taken cognizance of the diplomatic letters and reports) the very men who had hailed the peace joyfully, now clamorously regretted its signature. Violent dissensions took place in the assembly; at last it was resolved to break and annul the peace. All eyes turned to Hunyadi, who gravely protested against the violation of the oath, adding, that a word of honour once pledged, ought to remain inviolate. Other members imitated his loyalty. Then the spiritual chief of the crusade, the representative of the Pope, rose and addressed the assembly in a long and eloquent speech. He deduced arguments tending to prove that the treaty concluded with the Sultan was null, in consequence of the divergence of manners, of principles, and, above all, of faith. He concluded his discourse by an argument on the omnipotent right of the Pontiff, in whose name he solemnly abrogated the treaty of peace, and absolved from the oath those who had taken it.

His conclusions were received with the most enthusiastic acclamations by the Magyars. War was the only word uttered; all swore to die for their religion. The King, agitated, yielded to the universal feeling. He gave his assent to the perjury. But Hunyadi refused to disgrace himself by imitating them. The King, the cardinals, the greatest Magyars surrounded him, and pressed him, sparing no arguments. They flattered him, appealed to his respect for his King and the Pontiff; to his love of country, and of glory. The hero lost all consciousness

and volition ; he yielded, although reluctantly, and joined his countrymen in one of those infamies that are an eternal blot upon the history of a nation.

Insurmountable difficulties arose to check the ardour of the Crusaders. The Poles and Valachians who had been dismissed when the peace was signed, proved reluctant to leave their families again. A vast number considered the violation of the peace a dishonourable proceeding. An earthquake terrified the public credulity. The King also was agitated by gloomy presentiments. After many efforts, an army of about ten thousand men was collected : they were, it is true, picked men. They took their departure early in October, and proceeded to Widdin, towards Gallipoli, hoping to meet the auxiliaries promised by the Byzantine emperor. The Turkish garrisons were not attacked, the Crusaders contenting themselves with ravaging the country till they met their allies. Hunyadi joined the King with five thousand horsemen raised on his own possessions. Subsequently the army followed the valley of the Danube, advancing towards the Black Sea. When the Christians arrived at Nicopolis, they plundered the suburbs, but met with a valorous resistance from the Turkish garrison. In Valachia the Vajvode paid his homage to the King of Poland and Hungary, and excused himself on his having been obliged to conclude peace with the Ottomans ; he inspected the army, and being struck by its inadequacy, advised the King and the Magyars to abandon the rash expedition. But the pontifical envoy indignantly repudiated such a suggestion. He affirmed that the Turks were not prepared for defence. The Valachian Vajvode was not listened to : he adjoined four thousand horsemen, commanded by his son, to the Royal army, and presented Wladislas with two intelligent guides, well acquainted with the country, and a few remarkably swift horses in the eventuality of misfortune.

The Christian army continued its march, plundering and burning, attacking and destroying many fortresses, thus advancing towards the Black Sea, where the awful news fell suddenly on the Christians, that Amurath, in person, with forty thou-

sand men, had landed on the European shores, having embarked on the Bosphorus in Genoese ships, at an enormous expense, and thus avoided the Christian fleet cruising in the Hellespont. The position of the Christian army was desperate. The king held a council. Various propositions were made. It was finally resolved to establish and entrench the army between Varna and Galata.

In the meantime Amurath was advancing with forced marches ; in a few days his army stood in order of battle, opposite the Christian camp. A council of war was held in the royal tent ; a large majority proposed to remain on the defensive, to barricade the camp, use the war-engines, and throw back the assailants till the expected allies arrived. But the impetuous Hunyadi advised the offensive ; his reasons for this determination were numerous, and the result of a long experience. He exposed them with great clearness and warmth ; he appealed to the indomitable valour of the Magyars, and brought over to his own views the King as well as the bravest among the Polish and Hungarian chivalry. It was decided to attack the Turks ; Hunyadi received the supreme command ; he assigned its post to each corps, and took the most skilful strategical measures. When the two armies stood in presence of each other, and on the point of commencing the battle, the Crusaders discovered on an eminence, in the Ottoman camp, the gospel transfixed at the top of a long lance, along with a copy of the treaty of peace that had been violated (November, 1444).

The Turks were the first to send forward a body of men, as it were, to reconnoitre. They were attacked fiercely, and the Ottoman cavalry charged the whole front, when they were met by Hunyadi, who repulsed them with his usual impetuosity. As he beheld their retreat, he fell upon the centre of the Ottoman army, upset its ranks, breaking through its lines, and carrying all before him. The Christians, exulting in their success, almost sure of victory, forgot the orders of their commander, and fell on the Ottomans with indiscriminate fury. The infidels, on their part, at first disconcerted, thanks to their great numbers, re-formed their

ranks, and regained the lost ground. At this moment the young king was persuaded by the Pontifical Legate, contrary to the instructions of Hunyadi, to rush upon the Turks with all his chivalry, assured of immortal glory as his reward. The battle long remained an unearthly chaos, a blood-thirsty insanity seeming to have seized both armies. At last the Turks yielded; the Christians hurled them down; they penetrated into the camp of the Osmanlis, and began to plunder; Hunyadi re-appeared, rallied them, and the day seemed to have turned entirely to the advantage of the Christians.

At this moment, the Sultan recovering his confidence, rallied the Ottomans, and commenced a dreadful attack upon the Christians. Hunyadi, on beholding the Ottoman masses rushing in that direction, abandoned his own victorious wing, hastened up, and found the young king defending himself almost alone, surrounded by the dead bodies of his followers. In vain Hunyadi implored him to retreat; Wladislas remained deaf to his entreaties. He gathered a few Polish knights and precipitated himself on the Ottomans, advancing rashly to the very tent of the Sultan, close to Amurath, where he was cut down. In the meantime, the Christians whom Hunyadi had left, became confused; it was whispered that the young king and his knights had disappeared. Amurath at this juncture fell upon all that remained of the Crusaders, with a fresh column of janissaries. The prodigies of valour performed by Hunyadi proved of no avail. The Christians disbanded, rushed from the field, or were slain; Hunyadi remained almost the last; he was still living, and felt it his duty not to give way to despair. His country had great need of his life. He disappeared in the mountains.

Infamous calumnies were put in circulation in the fifteenth century, as to the conduct of Hunyadi at Varna, by a Polish chronicler, bitterly hostile to the Hungarian hero. He stated that Hunyadi had abandoned the young king and fled. It appears, on the contrary, that the Polish leaders urged Wladislas to disobey the injunctions of Hunyadi. The great Magyar had naturally inspired the bitter hostility of envious mediocrity;

and the hatred of some of the Polish nobles for him, arose also from his influence over the young king, who neglected his country and countrymen, so much was he absorbed by his Hungarian crown. The Polish calumny has been searchingly refuted. There is not one ground upon which it can be credited, and Gibbon is unjustifiable for having accepted it without investigation. Had the orders of Hunyadi been attended to at Varna, the Christians would most probably have conquered. Wherever he was on that day, he repulsed the enemy. He certainly may be accused of having advised a rash attack, considering there were 50,000 Ottomans, and not 18,000 Christians, on a plain. This he confessed; and declared, long after, that his fault was to have overrated his army. The victory of the Ottomans was complete; nearly the whole Christian army was exterminated. Amurath, in order to announce his victory to his subjects, sent to them the head of the unfortunate young king. Wladislas had been brave, just, liberal, modest, of pure manners. The Turks honoured his misfortune; they raised a column, with a commemorative inscription, on the spot where he had found the death of the brave.

The disaster at Varna became soon known throughout Christendom. It created the greatest consternation. A panic seized the kingdom of Hungary. Several nobles took advantage of it to excite divisions and form ambitious factions. The Magyars were yearning for Hunyadi. They discovered that he was a prisoner in Valachia. When he had left the field of Varna, he had long wandered, often alone, and after long sufferings, presented himself to the Valachian Vajvode, in whom he thought to find a friend, but who, on the contrary, threatened him with death, and had him thrown in a dungeon. The Magyars demanded the liberty of their hero, and threatened the Valachian traitor with a merciless war, if he did not instantly restore him to liberty. Hunyadi having been delivered, re-appeared among his countrymen. He arrived when a Diet was sitting convulsed by factious intrigues. By his exertions and influence another Diet was convoked, more complete and regular. The first question to be decided, referred to

the election of a king. Hunyadi at once proposed Ladislas the Posthumous, and explained all the advantages that must result from his election. The assembly adopted his proposition. Ladislas was proclaimed King of Hungary, Hunyadi appointed Captain-General, and ambassadors were despatched to the Emperor Frederick III. in order to claim the young king and the crown of Saint Stephen, in the name of the Hungarian nation. Hunyadi was fully aware that an Ottoman invasion would soon follow. He lost no time in assembling a few troops, and started in order to watch them. He obtained secret information that the infidels had advanced as far as the Save, unsuspecting his being so near; he crossed the river in the dead of night, surprised them, and in two hours cut them to pieces. Afterwards he entered Valachia, ravaged the country, took the traitor Vajvode and put him to death, and established the Hungarian suzerainty.

In the meantime, the ambassadors sent to the Emperor Frederick received a vague and crafty reply: he declined giving up the young king, in consequence of his youth, and the sacred crown, because it could not be wanted. The Magyars received this answer in a solemn assembly. They resolved to repel, by every means, the Germanic influence and domination, although anxious not to come to an open rupture with the Emperor. They again proclaimed Ladislas King elect, and Hunyadi Governor-General, with extensive powers, but clearly defined in several articles of the decree. Hunyadi at first declined the heavy responsibility, but being pressed by the whole assembly, yielded, took the oath of fidelity to the articles, and was solemnly invested with the insignias and prerogatives of his viceregal dignity. A coadjutor was appointed to aid him in the discharge of his duties. As soon as Hunyadi came into full possession of his new powers, he declared war against the Emperor Frederick, for illegally detaining King Ladislas and the Hungarian crown, and with rapid marches entered the imperial dominions, and ravaged several provinces, advancing to the very gates of Vienna, but not pushing further this first campaign. The Emperor, uneasy at such unexpected proceedings, appealed to the Pontifical Legate.

Through his intervention preliminaries of peace were agreed upon, and, after endless discussions and conferences, a formal treaty of peace was signed. Ladislas, it was resolved, should remain under the guardianship of the Emperor till his majority, Hunyadi being recognised as Governor of Hungary. This suspension of hostilities, gladly accepted by the Diet, was very necessary to Hungary and her Governor. It permitted them to recover from an agitated and sanguinary period, and to prepare for the future eventualities that could not fail to rise in the East.

Hunyadi received frequent information of constant incursions, and attacks of the Ottomans on the Hungarian territory. The day of Varna was lying heavily on his memory and heart. He was deeply impressed with the dangers of Hungary and Christendom, and commenced active diplomatic relations with all the Christian Princes. He received from all the highest testimonies of admiration and sympathy. In the year 1448 the Governor-General obtained a subsidy from the Diet, formed an army of 24,000 men, besides 8,000 Valachians, and suddenly advanced in Serbia. He expected a junction with the Albanian hero, Scanderbeg. But Amurath, informed in time of the movements of Hunyadi, advanced in Bulgaria at the head of 100,000 men. He found the Hungarians, evidently surprised, intrenched in the plains of Kossova. After one whole day of brilliant skirmishing, the Governor-General of Hungary heard the divine service with his army. Every man took the sacrament. He then addressed them briefly, exhorting them to conquer or die for the religion of Christ. The Hungarians then marched out of their intrenched camp, and took the position assigned to them. Hunyadi, confident in their burning enthusiasm, rejected propositions of peace sent at the last moment by Amurath. The battle began; a deadly struggle between the two infuriated armies continued the whole day, till the darkest hour of night. Then the combatants returned to their respective camps. The next morning, at dawn, the battle was resumed with unabated energy. The small army of the Hungarians was fearfully reduced, whilst the Ottomans could bring forward fresh masses,

and among them the formidable janissaries. At the same time, the defection of the Valachians threw a fatal disorder among the Christians, who fell, one by one, actually crushed by the masses of the enemy. Hunyadi, again, remained the last on the field, and finally withdrew with a handful of men. Nearly the whole Christian army had been annihilated. 34,000 Turkish corpses proved how dearly the victory had been purchased. The Serbians, then, turned against the vanquished, their fellow-Christians, and pursued the few that survived and escaped, as if they had been wild beasts.

After the fatal day of Kossova, Hunyadi, pursued, was saved by the swiftness of his horse. He wandered days and days in a desolate country, having many hair-breadth escapes, that are still remembered in popular traditions. Once he was five days without food, and meeting a band of peasants, of whom he begged for a piece of bread, in the name of God, he was recognised, seized, and given up, for a handsome reward, to the governor of a neighbouring fortress. A conspiracy was formed by the garrison to deliver the hero: it was discovered, and Hunyadi given up to George Brankovich, father-in-law of Ulric de Cilley, who had been defeated and pardoned by the great Magyar. This man had the baseness to propose to the Sultan to give up to him the terrible *Yanko* who had so often vanquished the Ottomans. Amurath refused scornfully. Hunyadi, who felt how necessary his presence must be in his country, made propositions that flattered the cupidity of the traitor, sent for one of his sons, whom he left as hostage, and returned to Hungary.

An immense crowd of nobles and people hastened, on his arrival, to congratulate him on his safe return. The Governor, in tears, saw in this demonstration that, despite his misfortune, the true national feeling and opinion were still with him. His first care was to punish the Christian traitor who had offered him to the Turks. He turned, with an incredible rapidity, on Serbia, and ravaged it, till his son was restored. Mutual friends interposed between Brankovich and Hunyadi: they appeased the wrath of the latter, and bonds of a mutual concord were agreed upon. It was sti-

pulated that Hunyadi would consent to the betrothement of his young son, Mathias, with the daughter of Ulric of Cilley. The beneficial results of this arrangement, however, were not of long duration. Cilley and his father-in-law, both base perjurers, were not long in manifesting their deadly hatred for the pure, noble hero, who was the last hope of the nation.

The disaster of Kossova created exultation among those nobles who nourished an implacable aversion for the Governor, who, to them, was a mere parvenu—successful, because he flattered the people.

They made no secret of their insolent delight, but formed a dark nucleus from which radiated a mass of calumnies. A diplomatic conspiracy was formed against Hunyadi. The Pontiff and most of the Christian princes received communications, in which he was represented as a tyrant, a traitor to his country, whose vanity and selfish ambition were the ruin of Hungary. These calumnious assertions, skilfully disseminated, proved successful in more than one case. The Pope, to whom Hunyadi forwarded a full account of his misfortune at Kossova, in the humblest terms, left it without a reply, but officially induced the Diet to discontinue the war against the Ottomans, in which so much blood and treasure had been lavished. The proud and sensitive soul of the Governor felt deeply wounded; he considered himself lowered in the eyes of the Catholic nations, and robbed of the prestige that invested him with the championship of the Christian religion. Accordingly, he convoked a Diet in 1450, and demanded whether or not the assembly would take up his cause, with respect to the past events. The nobles responded to his loyal appeal; they drew up a long, respectful epistle to the Pontiff, in which, with a melancholy magnanimity, they expressed their unlimited approbation of the whole civil and military policy of their Governor, Hunyadi. Nevertheless, the calumnies continued their subterranean work, and the Court of Rome manifested a violent opposition to the great Magyar.

Hunyadi, at length convinced that the internal discords of the country could only be brought to an end by

the presence of the legitimate king, resolved, by arms or by diplomacy, to effect the installation of the young king on the throne; thus not hesitating to sacrifice his own to the general interest. He also formed the project of chastising the Bohemians, who had constantly made incursions into the land of the Magyars, and kept up civil dissension by their intrigues. He commenced by detaching from them those nobles who, driven by a factious spirit, had been leagued with them. Putting aside his private resentments, he formed a close alliance with the Palatin, Ladislas of Gara, and the Vajvode of Transylvania. They swore eternal friendship and concord. A body of Bohemians, remnants of the armies of Zisca and of the Procops, had established themselves in the north of Hungary, and there built castles, and fortified cities, as in a conquered land. They formed bands of brigands, who robbed and plundered under the name of Ladislas the Posthumous, whom they professed to defend. Hunyadi raised a body of troops at his own expense, and advanced against those Bohemians, whom he soon dispersed. He then proceeded to besiege Losonoz, their strongest fortress, and centre of their settlement. As the fort, owing to its admirable position and its brave garrison, resisted more vigorously than was expected, the Governor, having a totally insufficient force, had recourse to his viceregal authority, and called on all the nobles and prelates of the district to come to him with men and munitions. A great number responded to the appeal. Hunyadi then found himself at the head of a considerable body. The besieged fortress could not but surrender. One night, when the Hungarian camp was plunged in a tranquil slumber, a cry of alarm was heard. The Magyars roused, flew to arms; the Bohemians advancing in order were in the camp, and massacring the besiegers as they were rising. All the barons, prelates, and nobles had disappeared. Hunyadi hastened up at the head of a small, faithful band, carved his way through the Bohemian masses, and retreated in a menacing order. One of the Magyar nobles, taken up wounded on the way, and unwilling to appear before God without asking pardon for his crime, confessed that the

nobles and prelates who had responded to the appeal of the Governor, had betrayed him, sold him to the Bohemians, whom they had brought up and assisted. Hunyadi, undeterred by this treason, formed an army rapidly, calling some of his old troops under his banner. He then dashed on the Bohemians, exterminated them, took all their forts; and as they again had re-assembled, and when the Governor, although with an army very inferior in number, longed to assail them, he received an order from the Diet to cease hostilities, and sign the conditions of peace, which the assembly had framed. These conditions were disgraceful to Hungary. Hunyadi, however, with a bitter heart, submitted to the law of the land. He was only the representative of the King and had sworn to obey the Assembly.

The peremptory interruption of the Bohemian expedition was a humiliation which Hunyadi felt keenly. He was surrounded by unscrupulous enemies, and saw himself the victim of the most odious calumnies at home and abroad. Too honourable to form for himself a special party of inferior nobles and citizens, among whom he was very popular, he commenced without delay the measures that would enable the Hungarians to obtain possession of their young king in their own country. He concluded an armistice with the Ottomans, in order to be undisturbed in that quarter. He again sent ambassadors to the Emperor without any result. The Governor then appealed to the different populations, Germans, Bohemians, Moravians, who recognised the Hungarian suzerainty. He convoked their representatives in a general assembly, which decided that Frederick should be reduced by force of arms to give up Ladislas. The Emperor then withdrew to Italy with the royal youth, to let the storm pass away. But on his return he was besieged in Neustadt, and obliged to yield. A peace was promptly concluded, by which Ulric de Cilley was declared tutor of Ladislas, then only twelve years of age, but under the direction of the Hungarian Diet. The young king declared his desire to reside in Hungary. It was acceded to reluctantly by the imperial party. His appearance was hailed everywhere with en-

thusiastic acclamations. A general Diet was convoked for the first days of the year 1453 at Presbourg, for the final and solemn installation of Ladislas with the sacred crown.

From that day the government of Hunyadi ceased. The documents respecting his civil administrations are few. The chroniclers are generally silent on the subject ; they especially represent him as the hero-patriot, incessantly battling against the Infidel. Nevertheless, many admirable reforms and institutions of internal administration marked his civil government. These have been drowned, as it were, in the tumultuous military agitation of his life, but are, to this day, considered by the Magyar race, honourable testimonies of his genius, integrity, and humanity.

When the Hungarian Diet, after innumerable difficulties, had settled with the Emperor the details of the peace, Hunyadi resigned the extraordinary powers that had been intrusted to him more than six years before. The Austrian party and the enemies of the great Magyars succeeded in placing Ladislas under the influence of Ulric de Cilley. This profligate, unprincipled man, poisoned the mind of the young sovereign. He accumulated infamous calumnies on Hunyadi, who, informed, at last, of the dangers he was exposed to, hastened to Vienna, baffled the snares of his implacable enemies, and only begged his friends to obtain a hearing from the King and refute the calumnies of which he had been the object. Ladislas listened, felt conscious how deeply he had wronged the Magyar hero ; and having assembled round his throne the greatest nobles, prelates, and dignitaries of the realm, Hunyadi, presenting himself, knelt before his king, and laid in his hands his titles of Governor of the Kingdom. The young sovereign rose, thanked him for his loyal services, created him "Perpetual Count," and appointed him Captain-General of his army. Subsequently the King confirmed and legalized all the acts of Hunyadi as Governor, in a document of great historical importance, as it is a resumé, highly laudatory, of the whole political life of Hunyadi to the very day of the resignation of his extraordinary powers.

Unfortunately, Ladislas, after this

solemn popular inauguration of his reign, returned to Austria. Cilley there renewed his intrigues, isolated the poor young king, and again resumed his calumnies and plots against Hunyadi, whilst he was abandoning himself to profligacy. Fortunately, there were still some pure nobles at court, who resolved to save the King from the pestiferous influence of his crafty guardian. One morning they appeared early, in a body, before Ladislas, having baffled the precautions of Cilley. They unravelled to him the infamies of this man, dwelt on the discontent of his subjects, and finally convinced the young king of all they advanced. Ladislas then ordered that his unpopular guardian should be ignominiously dismissed. This measure, as well as the honours bestowed previously on Hunyadi, produced a most favourable impression on the Hungarians. They hoped for a period of repose and prosperity ; but this hope was a merely transient gleam.

Mohammed II., the intrepid and enthusiastic son of the Prophet, had succeeded Amurath. The young Sultan had not feared to proclaim his destructive projects against Christendom. Europe seemed, nevertheless, to be slumbering, when it was roused by a terrific crash. On the 29th of May, 1453, Constantinople had fallen before the destructive masses of the Ottomans. Mohammed, now in possession of the key of the Mediterranean, menaced Italy, France, and Spain. The consternation in Hungary was deep and universal : all eyes and hearts again turned to Hunyadi. The young king terrified, but well advised, bestowed new proofs of his gratitude on the popular hero. In consideration of his eminent services he invested him, by royal letters patent, with the property of four Valachian districts, as a national recompense. Hunyadi considering himself now sheltered from court intrigues, recovered confidence in himself. He felt that, at the head of his old companions in arms, he could brave the present dangers. He pressed the King for an immediate convocation of the Diet. It assembled at Buda, and voted ample subsidies in men and money, and a general rising in case of invasion. Every measure was taken for the immediate organization of an army, and Hunyadi appointed Commander-in-

Chief. The Diet was still sitting when the news arrived that Mohamed II. was advancing at the head of an army. The Ottomans had ravaged Serbia. Its prince, who had formerly treacherously imprisoned and ransomed Hunyadi, had come to Hungary to implore succours. The Magyar commander forgot the former treason, assembled whatever bands of Serbians and Hungarians he could collect, as the army was not yet ready, and advanced to meet the invaders with extraordinary rapidity. He avoided the principal Ottoman corps, and fell on the rear of the army, surprised a portion of it, and defeated it. The Sultan saw himself obliged to retreat. In the meantime Hunyadi had been obliged to withdraw, in order to crush an insurrection of the treacherous Cilley, in Croatia. But he soon returned with fresh troops, whilst the Sultan had recommenced his devastations in Serbia. The Hungarians marched day and night.

One morning, at the rising of the sun, the Ottomans beheld the Magyars galloping in the front of their camp, and the standard of the dreaded *Yanko* waving in the midst of them. Hunyadi attacked with his usual impetuosity. The sanguinary struggle lasted all day. The Ottomans at last took to flight; Hunyadi pursued them as far as Viddin, where, hearing that immense Turkish reinforcements were coming up, he withdrew to Belgrade with prodigious booty and an enormous number of prisoners. Hunyadi then returned to Hungary, where a multitude of nobles, citizens, and people met him, and again proclaimed him their liberator.

After this arduous campaign he went to spend a few days with his family. His second son, Mathias, then eleven years old, by his precocious energy and intelligence, was the delight of his parent and the hope of the Magyars; but the father could not long indulge the joys of paternity. He besought the Emperor of Germany to assist Hungary. A Germanic assembly, convoked for the purpose, ended in fruitless discussions, and Hungary stood alone. The extraordinary power and honours conferred by the King on Hunyadi had again roused the virulent animosity of his enemies. Cilley and others renewed their league; and whilst Ladislas was at

Prague, to be crowned King of Bohemia, and Hunyadi battling against the Turks, this league succeeded in calling an assembly of the orders of state, and forming a committee, charged with the political, economical, and military government, in the absence of the King, which *de facto* abolished the authority of Hunyadi. Fortunately the latter, on his return, took the wise measure of instantly forwarding a messenger to the King, informing him of what had taken place. Ladislas wrote back that Hunyadi must be member of whatever governing body was instituted, thus leaving him sufficient authority to continue his preparations for the Turkish war. But Ulric de Cilley thus defeated, turned to his old manœuvres. He circumvented the young king, artfully attributed to Hunyadi the most criminal intentions, forging proofs and documents, till the terrified Ladislas acquiesced in everything he proposed. Cilley persuaded him to invite, by writing, the General to an interview somewhere near Vienna, lay a snare for him, and murder him. Hunyadi started on receipt of the Royal letter; but secretly informed by Austrian friends of the plot, did not proceed. Cilley made yet another attempt. In the name of the King, he invited the great Magyar to a second rendezvous. This time Hunyadi came with two thousand devoted followers, saw de Cilley, and scornfully reproached him with his cowardice and infamy. Nevertheless, he felt anxious to see the King, and reveal the truth, unsuspecting the royal sanction to Cilley's snares. The latter seized this opportunity, made an appointment again; and on Hunyadi hesitating to approach, met him, urging him to advance. Hunyadi, suspecting the traitor, called out to one of Cilley's knights, sternly demanding whether this was not a snare. The latter, abashed, bowed his head in assent. The indignation of the great Magyar may be easily conceived. He branded the traitor and left him with his life, out of respect for the King. When these attempts to assassinate their hero were known among the Hungarians, their frenzy became boundless; armed multitudes appeared on all sides—nobles, friends, companions in arms of Hunyadi, hastened from every quarter. The fermentation took

a formidable aspect, and the throne of Ladislas would have been endangered had not the efforts and persuasions of the popular hero appeased the storm. This manifestation stimulated him in the final resolution to save his fatherland from the infidels, or perish.

The Ottomans were steadily consolidating their power in Europe. The new Pontiff, Calixtus III., invited Christendom to a crusade against them.

But Christendom remained deaf to the invitation; Hungary alone was expected to strike the Crescent. Capistrano, a pious Franciscan friar, was sent to preach the crusade to the Hungarian people. By the pontifical influence, the internal dissensions of the realm were settled, and Ladislas fully acquainted with the treason of de Cilley, as well as the magnanimity of his intended victim. The King sent his excuses to Hunyadi, who hesitated in accepting them. He yielded, however, in the name of the fatherland, and was appointed Captain-General of the Kingdom. Ladislas renewed, in a solemn assembly, the expression of his gratitude and esteem for the ex-governor of the kingdom, confirming all the recompenses and donations he had bestowed upon him. In the meantime the Crusade was in vain preached in Germany and Poland; it only brought a few thousand lawless volunteers. Hunyadi, after having invited all the Hungarian nobility to march under the national standard, once more resolved to implore the assistance of the Christian princes. Only one, the Duke of Burgundy, after great professions, contented himself with performing some military marches in Germany, after which he returned to his Duchy. The Captain-General met with great difficulties in raising his army. A singular lukewarmness had followed the excessive terror of the Turks, who were represented as having abandoned their systematic aggressions. Hunyadi implored his countrymen to have no faith in their apparent inactivity. He entreated the King to come to Buda and convoke a Diet; Ladislas consented. The assembly, eloquently addressed by Friar Capistrano, voted, in momentary enthusiasm, fresh supplies of money and men, but a latent opposition of the enemies of Hunyadi

was baffling the efforts and exertions of the Captain-General; difficulties were fostered in every way. The object was evidently to ruin Hunyadi personally, who required all the manly energy of his nature not to despair and succumb. In the midst of these conspiracies, letters from Belgrade, announced that Mohammed with an innumerable fleet and army, had crossed Serbia, and was advancing on the Danube. At this moment, all hatreds, disputes, ambitions, ceased; one name alone resounded among high and low, in every street, in every valley—Hunyadi! He was exalted, flattered, surrounded, proclaimed a hero, a saviour, by the very men who had calumniated him. In the midst of this unspeakable enthusiasm, he hastened the completion of the army, took leave of his king, whom he entreated to remain firm among his people, as he would soon hear that the Crescent had been crushed by the Cross. Nevertheless, the general terror did not subside; exaggerated reports were circulated. The population of Buda abandoned the city; the streets were deserted. Not a man, not a soldier, could be seen. In the meantime, Hunyadi was flying, as it were, southwards.

Mohammed had pitched his tents under the walls of Belgrade, on the 15th June, 1456. He had brought with him about a hundred thousand men, with an enormous mass of ammunitions, artillery, and engines of war. He had echeloned two hundred vessels on the Danube and the Save, to cut off all communication of the besieged with Transylvania and Hungary. Belgrade was defended by a few hundred Magyars only, but men of long experienced valour, commanded by Michael Szilagyi, brother-in-law of Hunyadi. They all swore to defend the city to their last breath. The Sultan flattered himself to take it in less than a fortnight; before which, he said, his father, Amurath, had lost seven months, and all his glory. The siege commenced; it was carried on with prodigious vigour. Huge engines poured down on the city showers of destructive missiles. A first, a second, a third week passed on, Belgrade, with its walls tottering, was still resisting. Every assault of the Ottomans had been repulsed; but the besieged, emaciated, exhaust-

ed, must soon sink : their only hope was in the mercy of God, and the arrival of their saviour, Hunyadi.

Hunyadi was advancing, but with very inadequate forces for such an emergency. Fortunately, Friar Capistrano and his monks had explored Bohemia, Poland, Valachia, Moldavia, and at their voice about 60,000 volunteers, poor, simple citizens, monks, peasants, students—all enthusiastic in their faith, and ready to die for Christ, joined the Hungarian army. The first great difficulty was to penetrate into the besieged city. Hunyadi, after consulting with Capistrano, the worthy, indefatigable friar, and his companions in arms, resolved to attack the naval barrier on the Danube, raised by the Ottomans. Two hundred little vessels were prepared with an incredible celerity on a stream, tributary of the Danube. A select body of men was placed upon them, and the little fleet, carried down by the stream into the Danube, and towards Belgrade, surprised the Ottomans. A deadly combat took place; a wild encounter, hand to hand. At the same time, a bold, skilful sally on the part of the besieged threw disorder among the Turks, who found themselves surrounded. They still fought like lions, while worthy Capistrano endeavoured to terrify them by presenting to them the Cross, in the thickest of the battle. After five hours of destruction, when the river seemed transformed into a stream of blood, the Ottomans, vanquished, disappeared; half their fleet was burnt down, and the Christians entered Belgrade in triumph. Still the position of the city remained perilous. The Sultan was thundering forth on its walls, and would soon be able to launch two hundred thousand men upon it. Hunyadi, assisted by Capistrano, urged the besieged to resignation, exalted their devotedness, soothed their sufferings by words of kindness, tenderness, and hope, foretelling their final success, and eloquently depicting the glory that would follow, and the eternal recompense that awaited them in heaven. At the same time, he was attending to the provisions, arms, entrenchments, and all the means for a deadly defence, exercising the inexperienced to the use of the sword.

Hunyadi had been seven days in Belgrade when the Ottomans, in

thick columns, were seen emerging from their camp and unfolding themselves at a short distance from the walls. The thunder of their tremendous artillery battered the city. In a few hours heaps of ruins filled the ditches; a broad breach was made. The Ottomans yelling—at the sound of the myriads of voices crying “Allah”—rushed to storm the place. They met Hunyadi and his Magyars. During five hours the broad, flashing sword of Hunyadi appeared everywhere, mowing down enemies, whilst his silvery voice encouraged the Christians. The friar, Capistrano, impassible, joining his fervent prayers and exhortations, cross in hand, in the midst of this butchery, seemed as if he were invulnerable. But the masses of the Ottomans increasing, thrust the Christians backwards. The infidels were overpowering them; they took possession of the first rampart; the crescent had been already planted on several parts of it; the Hungarians were exhausted and discouraged. “Oh,” exclaims Hunyadi, preparing for death, “Oh, Belgrade is lost!” Capistrano, raising his hand, in a prophetic impulse, pointed to heaven, and calmed the despair of the hero. Hunyadi then cut his way through the Ottomans and rallied his men. In the meantime, the besieged conceived, in their distress, the plan of throwing down on the assailants burning faggots, mixed with sulphur. Capistrano—transformed into a captain by the dangers of his fellow-Christians—led, in close array, a body of about two thousand men, with whom he rushed on the Turks, and obliged them to retreat. At this moment Hunyadi reappeared, fell, with the rage of despair, on the infidels, and drove them away, after another terrible encounter. In the exultation of victory, he followed them in the plain, accompanied by Capistrano, attacked and dispersed the principal corps of Ottomans. Thus, inflamed by victory, reaction of a momentary despair, the Hungarians continued to advance till they laid their hands on the Ottoman artillery. But Mohammed was foaming with fury. He called out to his cavalry, and, his broad scimitar in hand, darted upon the Giaours. At the first onset he was wounded, fell,

and disappeared. From this moment the Christians were in possession of a complete victory ; they took the Ottoman artillery, pursued the fugitives with an unheard-of audacity, penetrated into the camp of the infidels and plundered it. The night, and the fear of being surprised, brought them back into the city. On the following day the Ottomans had vanished, leaving twenty-four thousand dead, their artillery, and the enormous splendid baggage and provisions of their camp. Hunyadi announced the victory to his king with admirable humility ; he never related any of his victories without adding, "*Deo auxiliante.*"

Hunyadi was not destined to relish the felicities of his triumph. A few days after the defeat of the Ottomans he fell a prey to a slow fever, to some plague or epidemic disease. From his state of exhaustion and long exposure, the disease very soon assumed a character of great gravity. He was transferred to Semlin, on the other side of the Danube, away from the ruins and dead bodies. The worst symptoms became, nevertheless, manifest. Capistrano was exhorting the poor sufferer to patience, and when he found that the fatal hour was at hand ; when he understood that the hero must soon leave this world, the monk thought it his duty to reveal the truth to him and recommend him to prepare for it. Hunyadi, smiling, explained that, having so long and so much been exposed to death, he had long since made his will, disposed of every thing ; that his faith had always been unbounded, that he had always lived, suffered, been wounded, in the service of the true religion, and that he could not, therefore, have any thing to fear. He then thanked and blessed the pious monk, and requested him, when he returned among his countrymen, to tell them that Hunyadi János had died the death of a Christian. A crowd of nobles had arrived at Semlin. They were admitted in the room where lay the suffering hero. They surrounded him and gazed on the ghastly figure that was so terrible and formidable a few days before, and will be nothing more than a little dust on the morrow ; they admired extraordinary man so often ben-
nd calumniated, whose whole

life had been a perpetual sacrifice to his country. Hunyadi called his two sons, Ladislas—a brilliant youth who had fought by his side at Belgrade—and the youngest, Mathias, yet a boy, but lion-hearted, with an eagle's eye, a lad who was destined to avenge his father and his country. The dying father did not exhort them to avenge the insults he had suffered ; he did not awaken in them ideas of ambition, but only spoke to them words of pardon, forgetfulness, fidelity to the king, urging them to devote themselves, body and soul, to the glory of the Hungarian fatherland and the preservation of its liberties. The sons knelt by his side, and the father blessed them. He then turned to the Magyars, pressing reverently round him, and addressed them in the national idiom. He explained the clauses of his will which referred to the fatherland, recommending to them to continue what he had commenced ; to destroy the Ottoman power ; to keep harmony and concord among themselves, without which the Hungarian republic would perish. He tendered his sons to his countrymen, investing the eldest with his command and prerogatives till the ulterior decision of the King ; he then bid a last adieu to all, entreating his beloved Capistrano to pray for him. He called afterwards everyone present separately to his bed, holding out his hand to each, pardoning, thanking the others ; he then dismissed them. He desired to be carried into the Church of the Virgin ; and, in the midst of his faithful companions in arms—all kneeling, praying, weeping—he received the sacraments at the hands of Capistrano. He was immediately taken to a chapel prepared for him, and laid down, Capistrano reciting the prayers for the dead. Hunyadi once more cast a feeble glance of tender farewell on his friend, and closed his eyes. A few minutes after his soul fled from this world. Capistrano rose, and, his face bathed with tears, pronounced these words :—"Farewell, star of heaven ! Crown of the kingdom, thou art no more ! The light of the Christian world is extinguished ! Alas ! the mirror in which the soldiers of Christ always saw victory reflected is dashed for ever ! Now, O conqueror of the enemies of the di-

vine name, thou triumphest among angels! Thou reignest in heaven with Jesus. O! thou art truly happy! We are the unfortunate men; thou hast left us in the valley of tears! O! brave John, farewell, farewell!"

The deliverance of Belgrade had thrown the Hungarian nation into delirious rejoicings. Soon after, the news followed that Hunyadi was dead. A mournful despair, dark forebodings for the future, succeeded to the exultations of an unexpected and splendid victory. The people had lost their protector—the Secondary Magyar nobility, their intrepid commander. The whole country was in tears. De Cilley alone could not wholly conceal his extreme joy; he conceived that now the kingdom of Hungary would be a prey to his cupidity. The King had the good taste to manifest a real, or feigned sorrow. He confirmed Hunyadi's son, Ladislas, in all the dignities of his father, and publicly expressed his gratitude for the great commander who had saved Hungary and preserved his crown. Christendom deplored the loss of the man, who, although so often abandoned by all, had worn out his life in the service of his country. The Pontiff ordered at Rome a solemn service in honour of the Magyar hero, and conferred upon him the title of "Defender of the Christian Faith." Mohammed II., on hearing the death of his great enemy, fell into a long, silent, brooding gloom; and afterwards, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed that, in his age, no prince ever had such a subject. Nothing, therefore, was wanted to the glory of Hunyadi: neither the tears of the people, the enthusiastic admiration of those who had fought under his banner, nor the honourable testimony of the enemy he had vanquished.

The external appearance of the great Magyar was that of a soldier. He was of middle height, well proportioned, although with a vigorous frame. His large head was covered with thick, dark chestnut, curling hair; his face, ruddy and broad, had something of military roughness, with an expression of pride and energy; a benevolent good-nature often radiated from his lips. His large dark eyes, overshadowed by thick eyebrows, had an expression of unfathomable depth, inspiring terror when they flashed

forth the lightnings of intelligent activity, of impetuosity, or scornful indignation. He was simple in his mode of living, but careful in dress, like all the Magyars. He was always to be distinguished among the nobles, in the assemblies, ceremonies, and especially in battle, by his floating, embroidered, broad-sleeved mantle—his white plume, fixed with diamonds on his *kalpak*—by the gold and silver ornaments that adorned the equipment of his horse. This splendid attire was no doubt a great source of fond attraction to the people and the army; but it rendered him also conspicuous in the confusion of the thickest conflict, and enabled his companions in arms, dispersed in the tumult of battle, to rally round him. In his private life he was modest, generous, extremely charitable, and tenderly attached to his family, and of a constant purity in his manners. His private virtues have even been acknowledged by the too hostile chroniclers, from whom have been derived all the attacks on his public life, but their hostility has succumbed ignominiously under the grave and impartial researches of history. The life of Hunyadi is, at this day, as it will ever be in the land of the Magyars, a holy legend—a model of genius, heroism, self-denial, and probity—a principle of vitality and regeneration in the Hungarian people.

The calumnies of De Cilley and a few dastard nobles pursued the hero after his death. They again took possession of the weak mind of the King; they led him to acts of the grossest ingratitude and cruelty. Ladislas, Hunyadi's eldest son, who was in possession of his father's dignities, found himself accused of an imaginary plot, submitted to a mock trial, and was one evening murdered by the headsman of the King, in an obscure corner of Buda, the King himself sitting by a window to witness his death. Subsequently (March, 1457), a formal decree was framed and published, by the same Prince and his council, destined to demonstrate the reality of all the calumnies accumulated on the father and the son, and written in the coarsest language. This royal document received a most effective refutation. The Hungarian nation, palpitating with hatred, flew to arms. The wretched royal calumniator fled

to Vienna, then to Prague, where he died miserably, four months after the murder of Hunyadi's eldest son. A National Diet was assembled under the walls of Pesth, for the election of a new sovereign; and in the midst of the enthusiastic, delirious acclamations of the patriots, people, and no-

bility, Mathias Corvinus, a boy fifteen years old, the second and worthy son of the saviour of Hungary, was proclaimed King on the 24th January, 1458. The hero Hunyadi thus received, in death, an eternal crown of gratitude, unparalleled in history.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

PART II.

THERE lies off the coast of Asia Minor, at the foot of the Ionian archipelago, facing the wide channel which parts Candia from the southernmost points of Greece, an island famous in song and story. Rhodes is its name, name of grace and beauty, which the impress on its antique coins, a sort of "armoire parlante," associates with the rose, 'Ρόδος, queen flower of all. We believe, however, that the emblem suggested the etymology, not the true etymon the name. For the earliest Greek geographers called the island 'Οφιοῦσα, the snake island; and the Phœnician 'rout,' or serpent, was probably the sound modified into Rhodos by those Dorian colonists who, first of such as spoke a dialect of Hellas, conquered the island and settled there.

Be this as it may, poets, philosophers, historians, jurists, have combined to recount its glories and to sing its praise. From the epic scroll of Homer to the enamelled lines of Horace the name of Rhodes gleams upon many a poetic page.

Tradition ran that never had one whole day been spread with gloom so cloudy but what the rays of the Sun God, who smiled on Rhodes eternally, had burst through it to make the Rhodians glad.

*Ἐνθα ποτὲ βρέχει θεῶν βασιλὲς
Χρυσαῖς νιφάδεσσι πόλιν.*

"That isle the king of gods," sang Pindar, "doth bathe in showers of golden dew."

In grateful token of Apollo's acknowledged favour, the bronze world-marvel, the Colossus, wrought by the Lyndian Chares, bestrode the harbour to bless the outward and welcome the new-ward bound ships of Rhodes.

It was but one of three thousand images of bronze or marble which, in the capital, challenged the admiration of every educated eye. To name one painter is to declare the eminence of the Rhodian school. Protogenes was a Rhodian citizen. The severer studies were cultivated there with so much zeal, and were so thoroughly popularized, as apparently to shame the efforts of our modern Mechanics' Institutes. It is a Rhodian tale which tells how, on its seashore, the wrecked philosopher, who knew not whither the storm had driven him, took comfort when he saw the geometrical figures which some wanderer by the seaside had left scrawled upon the sand. Rhodes was the earthly Elysium of architects and shipbuilders; nowhere did such high honour or such profitable pay reward them. But its jealous citizens punished with death intrusive inquiry into the secrets of their dockyards. In commerce they were, for centuries, without competitors; and down to the days of the Cæsar, who refused to hear appeal in a salvage case against the "lex rhodia," the law of the Mediterranean Sea was little else than the custom of Rhodes. The poor law of the island, too, had been among the famous points of the administration of its commonwealth.

And if the versatile genius of its inhabitants, together with its exquisite cultivation, would seem to give token rather of Ionian origin and kinsmanship with Athens, the sturdiness of their valour and their unflinching fight for independence or commercial safety showed them no mongrels, but true to the old bulldog Dorian breed.

It was their just boast that in vain

had Poliorcetes set up his famous *ἡλεπόλις*, the city-taking engine, against their walls. Not only equal valour met and foiled him, but engineering skill fully equal to his own. From before the same walls Mithridates had gone baffled away. It is true that at last the Rhodian commonwealth had been absorbed into the irresistible dominion of Rome; but it lost its independence with so much of courage and of dignity that it seemed, in so doing, to fall in with rather than to be conquered by the Roman system. In the latter days of its history, the sovereignty of Rhodes had been vested, not without frequent, and sometimes long, interruptions, in the Emperors of Constantinople. The Arabs had early swooped upon and plundered it. Moawiyah, Lieutenant of the fourth Khalif Othman, had sold, it is said, to Jews, the fragments of the bronze Colossus, which, as far back as the time of Strabo, an earthquake had levelled with the ground; and which, as he tells us, an oracle had forbidden the citizens to re-erect.

In the feeble hands of the Byzantine emperors the island was rarely safe from piratical ravages, and its creeks and harbours were not seldom fortified as strongholds by the pirates who ravaged it.

For a time, during the Middle Ages, it was held by the Genoese, to whom it fell upon the taking of Constantinople by the Latins. It remained, indeed, in their possession until John Ducas—whose surname of Vataces Major Porter's work, we trust by a mere misprint, has transformed into "Vatiens!"—again reduced it into Greek subjection.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century this sovereignty had again dwindled into a name, and a certain race of lords, or "Despotai," of lower Greek origin, Gualla by name, seems to have ruled in Rhodes over a mixed population of Greeks, Arabs, and Turkomans.

Historical recollections can scarcely have swayed the mind of Guillaume de Villarets, the twenty-third Master of the Hospital, in fixing upon that island as the most desirable future possession and residence of his Order. Neither could he have foreseen the future establishment, in Constantinople, of the yet unborn Ottoman-Turkish power. But the selection

proves him to have possessed the instinctive genius of great statesmen and commanders.

The chief maritime enemy against whom, for years, the Christians of Palestine had contended was, of course, the Soldan of Egypt; and in regard of his position and that of the naval armaments and commercial fleets of Alexandria, the selection of Rhodes was most judicious. At all events it is undoubted that the design of seizing upon the island was first conceived by De Villarets, deeply meditated, and carefully planned. His greatest sorrow, when prostrated by sickness upon what proved to be his death-bed, was his inability to accomplish a scheme which lay so near his heart. But there was one knight in the Order, Foulques de Villarets, whom some will have a brother, some only a cousin of his own, to whom, before dying, he made known his intimate plans, and whose capacity and bravery pointed him out as best fitted to insure their "execution." Aware of this, the Order forthwith elected him Grand Master, and from that moment the whole of his abilities and energy were devoted to the great undertaking.

Passing over into Europe he obtained at Poitiers interviews with the French King Philippe-le-bel, and with that Clement V. who was so largely indebted to him for his accession to the Pontifical chair. To them he confided the secret of his design, in support of which, without divulging its real object, a new crusade, the last in effect, was set on foot.

Plenary indulgence was proclaimed for all who should take arms under Foulques' banner, and he is said to have been encumbered by the overflowing numbers of those who answered this appeal. Galleys for their transport were collected at Brindisi, furnished in part by Charles II. of Sicily, in greater part by the Republic of Genoa. The noblest ladies of that city sold their jewels to furnish him with funds, and these, together with certain advances from the Pope, formed the bulk of the contents of his military chest.

From Brindisi, the armament, ignorant of its own precise destination, passing in purposed feint by Rhodes, steered for Cyprus, where it received reinforcement of knights and other troops in readiness at Limisso. Sail-

ing thence it put in to the Gulf of Macri, the Glaucus Sinus of the ancients.

There, deep embowered amidst wooded hills, which rise behind it as if in continuation of its rows of seats, stood and stands the ruined theatre of the oracular city of Telmessus. It looks out upon a glorious bay, far on the right of which the rocky chain which runs between the provinces of Caria and Lycia projects its last barren articulations into the sea, like the spine of some huge fossil monster. Nearer, on the left, two lordly mountain peaks arise, Cragus and Anticragus, haunts of the fabled Chimæra. Their wooded bases are washed by the waves, on which dance islets, clothed to the water's edge with underwood of luscious green. On one of these the traveller still sees with interest the ruins of the fort, built by the Hospital Knights. Inland the rich plain is carpeted in summer with carpet of darkest green oleander, embroidered with the profuse pink of its rose-like blossoms. A rocky plateau comes down in a sheer cliff to one place near the ruins, and magnificent rock-tombs, with sculptured panels, are carved in the living stone. On the slopes stand the grand old sepulchral *Σώροι*, huge sarcophagi of hewn stone upon lofty pedestals; and here and there, from this city of the dead, over the ruins of the once living city, dead likewise now, a solitary palm springs up and waves its boughs above the desolation.

From this fair spot they say that Foulques—willing, if it might be, to have right no less than might upon his side in the attempted undertaking, not yet disclosed to any but his own sworn brethren of the Order—despatched a messenger to Andronicus Palæologus, at Constantinople, requesting from him a formal investiture of sovereignty. The answer was a negative; and, by-and-by, when Foulques was already landed and in conflict at Rhodes, a body of Byzantine troops sent to reinforce its defenders against him. Authentic records of the protracted struggle which had to be sustained for the mastery of Rhodes are very few. It is known that many of the volunteers from Europe returned when the object of the campaign was clear. Master of open country, it was long before

Foulques could prevail against the city. The siege became a blockade. New troops had to be raised; new money found to pay them, borrowed, with much difficulty, from the banking houses of Florence. Nevertheless the star of the Order of St. John was unquestionably still in the ascendant, and, on the 15th of August, 1310, the victorious knights and their allies carried the city of Rhodes by storm.

The submission of the strong castle of Lindo, then of the entire island, and within no long time of the islets clustering in the neighbourhood followed without intermission or serious check.

As the busy folk of our own Channel Islands are said, perhaps by too censorious tongues, to have found means, during the long wars which closed the eighteenth and opened the present century, to combine to their own great pecuniary profit the occupation of the legitimate trader with that of the dashing privateer, so was it with the Hospitallers and their subject population. Every knight in residence at Rhodes was bound to make, at least, one cruise in the course of the year. Such cruise, in the technical language of the Order, went by the name of Caravan; and, if the commerce of Christian or even Saracen allies found in the knightly galleys an active sea-police, the commerce of non-friendly Mahometans furnished a succession of rich prizes to be towed into the Rhodian ports.

But, sooth to say, this course of life and this source of revenue were soon found to be but little compatible with the severer features of the vows and former discipline of the Order. This is the time of the division into distinct languages—a division in more senses than one. For although, as an expedient to quell the jealousies and heart-burnings which arose concerning the distribution of honours and offices amongst the brethren from different nations, it was resolved to attach definitely and perpetually certain of these dignities to each separate language or tongue, yet after-experience proved that the separate ties thus formed became too often the bands of intrigue and conspiracy. Pride, luxury, and an inordinate love of riches began to develop themselves among the knights, in apparent forgetfulness of the doom which their

evil reputation in this respect had brought upon the Templars. Of course it is not to be supposed that the reproach of these vices had hitherto been cast upon one brotherhood only. Martène, in his "*Collectio amplissima*," has edited a curious lampoon, in Latin verse, which dates from the thirteenth century, and must have been written, as one perceives at a glance, before the final evacuation of the Holy Land. The satirist represents himself as weary of the world's ways, and anxious to betake himself for penitence and asceticism to some one or other of the existing religious orders, and proceeds thus:—

"Sed quia diversæ species sunt religionis,
Nescio præcipuè quæ sit habenda mihi.
Si cruce signatis rubeâ me confero Templo,
Trans mare me mittent solvere vota Deo.
Servus ero servum facient procul esse seorsum,
Serviant et forsan in regione Tyri.
Non tamen ibo pede, sed equo qui pastus avenâ
Crassus et ad calces sit tener atque levis;
Quique pedem servans, et fractis gressibus versans,
Molliter incedet: regula nostra jubet,
Scandere trottantem prohibet quoque regula, nolo
Quod per me careat ordo rigore suo.
Ingrediar miles ne candida pallia desint;
Sed tunc ab bellum* nox rediturus ero.
De cute corrigiam nostra soldanus habebit
Et comedet carnes bestia sæva meas.
Aut circumcisi gladius mea viscera fundet,
Detracto corio cætera dabit humo.
Rursum si uero crucis Hospitalarius ille.
Ad Libanum mittar ligna referre domum.
Cum lacrymis pergam scuticâ cædente trinodi,
Et venter vacuus et quasi vellus erit.
Multa licet subeant mihi, nil de jure licebit
Præter mentiri magnificando domum.
Et si ingressus fecero semel atque secundo,
Vade foras dicent, diripient que crucem."

Which, for the benefit of lady readers, we submit in Hudibrastic paraphrase:

"But since these Orders be a host
Whither should I betake me most?
Would I a red-cross Templar be?
Then must I sail beyond the sea,
Sent from my country far away,
My vows in distant lands to pay:
To live a drudge and rise no higher,
Perchance within the walls of Tyre.
Yet not afoot: I might bestride
A nag, of easy pace to ride,
Well stalled with oats, who plump and sleek
Would pick his steps, well-broken, meek.

To mount high trotter breaks the rule,
Which yet enjoins it. Sure a fool
Were I to make that Order be
False to its strictest rule for me.
A soldier midst the white cloaks too
Needs must I march, if men were few:
But from a battle-field, alack!
Perchance I never might march back:
And my poor skin, well tanned and dried,
Might serve the Soldan as a hide,
Long after jackals, in the field,
Had gnawed my luckless carcase, peeled
By some fierce circumcised hound,
Who left it weltering on the ground.
But if a Hospit'ler profest
I stitch the white cross on my breast:
To Lebanon all clad with snow
To bring home logs I needs must go.
Too late to weep my servile lot
In reach of thong with triple knot.
Nor might I find, though hungry still,
Wherewith my stinted paunch to fill.
Whatever thoughts my brain might crowd
'Twere best not utter them aloud:
Unless I chose, with bragging lies,
T' extol Our Convent to the skies.
And should they catch me once in fault,
Or twice (since human gait *will* halt),
They'd strip from me their cross I wore,
To send me packing, . . "There's the door!"

In England, in the next century, and at the time of the great rebellion of the Commons of Essex and Kent under Richard II., the special fury of the rioters was directed against the houses and possessions of the Knights of St. John. Their magnificent priory in Clerkenwell was sacked and fired, burning for seven days together. Though the Order generally, and its belongings, would seem to have been obnoxious to the rebels, it is probable that the personal demeanour of the then Grand Prior may have provoked this rancour. He was a certain Sir Robert Hales, and was, moreover, at the time Lord Treasurer of the Kingdom. When the rebels, gathered on Blackheath, sought a conference with the king; and when some thought it best that he should go to them and know what their meaning was, Sir Robert breathed nothing but wrath and punishment: and together with Simon de Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, "spake earnestly against that advice, and would not by any means that the king should go to '*such a sort of barelegged ribalds*,' but rather they wished that he should take some order to abate the pride of '*such vile rascals*.'"

From the date of its foundation by

Gerald, to the fatal day of the bloody retreat from Acre, two centuries of exploit and adventure fill, as we have seen, the annals of the Order. Upon these we have dwelt at a length somewhat disproportionate, either to the space occupied by its whole records in general history, or to that which we can in this article devote to remembrance of them. But this we have done advisedly: in part, because we have thought that we should thus enable the reader to seize more firmly upon the true notion of the character and development of this great Institution: in great part also, because this most interesting pristine period, is that in which a far more extended and accurate acquaintance with the history of the times than was possessed by Vertot or even Bosio, is required for him who shall, in modern times, become the successful historian of the Knights of St. John. No such wholesale destruction of their archives, records, statutes, and other historical documents, as occurred in the disaster of Acre, ever again befel them: and, thenceforward, there does not lie upon their historian the same obligation to collect his materials from vast and widely scattered masses of information, wherein that which actually concerns the peculiar history of the Order lies in grains only, as smaller "nuggets" in great cradles-full of quartz.

For two more centuries after its establishment at Rhodes, did the Order of St. John run its next cycle of an existence even more distinct and individual than it had hitherto known; retaining the peculiarity of its celibate and quasi-conventual character, yet assuming attributes and exercising functions common to other ordinary independent and temporal sovereignties.

And it is but fair to say, that if the remembrance of its semi-ecclesiastical nature made men, not without reason, often contrast invidiously the secular aspect of the Order's actual practice with its religious profession, the undeniable services which it was yet destined to render Christendom, threatened by the consolidating and expanding power of the Ottoman dynasty, made it retain claims universally allowed upon the indulgence, and even admiration, of its contemporaries.

The internal history of the Order during this new cycle presents few features of interest to others than its professed students. As might have been expected, leadership and office having now become not simply the martyrlike pre-eminence in posts of danger, which they had been in Palestine, ambitious rivalries and dissensions not seldom arose concerning their disposal.

Even the division into languages was not found sufficient without the formation of an additional one. The original division was into seven:—France, Provence, Auvergne, Italy, Germany, England, and Aragon. To counterbalance the overwhelming influence of the French element in the Order, the latter tongue, towards 1461, was separated from that of Portugal, with Leon and Castille, detached and compacted into an eighth tongue.

Neither is it any way surprising that the Roman pontiffs, who had always exercised an acknowledged right of patronage, if not of suzerainty, over the Institution, should have endeavoured to profit by its dissensions, for the purpose of increasing their own power of interference with nominations and supreme elections, though such interferences were in detriment, for the more part, of rights and immunities conceded and confirmed by the see of Rome itself.

As to the actual dominions of the Order, they were not only extended and consolidated in the Archipelago, but advanced guards and posts of vantage secured the coasts of Asia Minor. The site, for instance, of the ancient Halicarnassus was seized on as a sort of compensation for the loss of Smyrna, and its massive ruins converted into a strong fortress. It would, perhaps, be difficult to decide whether the fragments of those masterly sculptures, wherewith Artemisia adorned the renowned memorial of her mausoleums, and which even now are being disposed in the portico of our national museum, are indebted rather for preservation than for mutilation to the military builders of the Hospital.

Smyrna had been confided to the guardianship of the Knights upon its capture from the Turks, in 1344, by a combined fleet of Papal, Venetian, Cypriot, and Parian galleys, in con-

junction with those of Rhodes. It was wrested from them by Timour, who massacred every knight in the fortress upon its fall by storm, an event announced to the ships, which brought a tardy succour, by the hurling upon their decks of severed heads from the catapults of the Tartar.

Four years before that event, the Knights had once more been seen, as in the older crusading days, in the saddle against the infidel: a rare circumstance in these later times. It was on the occasion of the great battle of Nicopolis, in 1395, delivered against Bajazet, who had not yet been attacked and routed by the hordes of Timour. Their Grand Master, de Naillac, rode with them in the cavalry ranks of the impetuous and ill-fated Count de Nevers.

We are really sorry to be obliged here again to hit a blot in Major Porter's historical accuracy; but the mildest laws of literary criticism would surely compel us to remonstrate against his describing, patronymically, as "Archbishop de Grand," that Primate of Hungary, Prince Archbishop of "Gran," whom he rightly represents as escaping with King Sigismund in a frail boat on the Danube, and rescued, at last, by the galleys of St. John.

Those galleys in truth were now the war steeds of the knights. By them they had hoped to gain mastery of the Morea, a favourite and tenaciously-held design, in pursuance of which they are now seen to bargain and even pay for the somewhat visionary rights of the tricky "porphyroget," Theodore Palæologus,—out of whom they hardly extorted repayment upon his failure to fulfil his word;—now to make furious dashes at those Turkish garrisons, which, in contempt of any rights but such as the scimitar and the Koran gave, had fortified themselves upon the Morean coasts. These same galleys had enabled their forward, enterprising spirit to crush, in the harbour and dockyards of Alexandria itself, the expedition preparing there against them in 1440, by their old enemy, the Sol-dan of Egypt. But though in revenge, the Egyptian Saracens laid formidable siege to Rhodes, in 1444, whence they were repulsed after forty days, that was almost an expiring effort; the Egyptian power, though gaining

a temporary revival and lustre under Caït-bey, gradually dwindling to its extinction under the growing might of the Ottoman Turks.

"Constantinople first, then Rhodes." Such had been the warning howl of the dread war-wolf, Mahomet II.

No sooner had Byzantium fallen, than the queen-island of the Archipelago received, and, of course, rejected his summons to subjection and tribute. The military successes of the great Hunyades delayed, but could not avert the breaking of the storm upon the Rhodian ramparts.

Darker and darker grew the eastern sky. Trebizond capitulated to Mahomet; but David Comnenus, and seven of his eight sons, expiated with their lives their glorious scorn of apostacy. Mitylene is stormed. Contempt of faith, no less than the most savage ferocity, marks the conduct of the Sultan. Men who had made freedom the price of surrender are dragged into ruthless captivity. They would have died arms in hand, but for solemn promise of safety, are beheaded or sawn in sunder, their carcasses thrown to the lean scavenger dogs of the East. The horrors of the sack of Negropont surpass, if possible, those of the storm of Mitylene. Anna Erizzo, a noble Venetian virgin, meets with her death by the very hand and scimitar of Mahomet himself, for spitting on his odious love. But the Turk espies among the galleys, which in vain seek to raise the siege, the white cross banner of the Knights of Rhodes. Thither once more he despatches an herald, no longer to claim tribute, but to denounce implacable enmity. He swears that no quarter shall be given to any Hospitaller, and that with his own hand shall their Grand Master be slain.

The man who filled that office, when in 1480 the threats of Bajazet received their partial fulfilment, and that siege began, with rumour of which Europe and Asia were soon ringing far and wide, was one of the greatest captains and most able statesmen whom the Order, fertile in such, has shown to history.

Pierre d'Aubusson, descended from the ancient Viscounts de la Marche, one of the noblest lineages in France, had made his first campaign, against these very Turks, in Hungary, under Albert of Austria, son-in-law to that

King and Emperor Sigismund, whom Mr. Carlyle of late has pleasantly noted as "Sigismund super grammaticam." This prince, in spite of his terrible lapsus on that occasion at Constance, was, according to Gerson, the learned Chancellor of the Sorbonne, no such mean scholar, and the studious turn of young d'Aubusson's mind recommended him to his especial notice. Upon his decease, the young Frenchman returned to the court of his native country, and through the interest of his kinsman, De La Marche, became companion and brother in arms of the Dauphin, son of Charles VII. At the siege of Montereau, and other passages of arms, his bravery attracted special notice; and his diplomatic abilities were discovered when the evil influence of Agnes Sorrel had brought about an open rupture between the infatuated Charles and his crafty, supercilious, obstinate son, the future eleventh Louis. This reconciliation was chiefly negotiated by Pierred'Aubusson, whom thenceforward Charles employed in many delicate and secret affairs of State. But whilst the court at Nancy was celebrating peace restored with jousts and tourneys, over which presided Margaret of Anjou, promised bride of our sixth Henry; whilst the kings of France and Sicily contended for the prize against Suffolk and the flower of the young English nobles, evil tidings were rife from the borders of Hungary and Albania—as a tocsin and funeral knell came clanging the news of the fatal day of Varna in the affrighted ears of Christendom. Pierre d'Aubusson had a brave uncle, Louis, knight and commander in the Order of St. John. This circumstance, in much likelihood, determined him. Passing over to Rhodes, he took the vows.

His rise in the ranks of the Order we dare not attempt to follow; but we may notice that to him had been confided the somewhat hopeless mission of endeavouring to cement in Europe a league against the Turk, which might ward off from Rhodes the expected calamity. The moment was inauspicious, though pregnant with danger to Christendom. The spirit of the Crusades dead, neither kings nor people would stir one step eastward. National were succeeding to mere feudal strifes, for the nations

of Europe were growing then, and the power of the commons struggling into existence. Alphonse of Aragon was embroiled with the Pope, on a question of Sicilian investiture for his bastard son, Ferdinand. Henry of Castille, profligate and cowardly, was hemmed in by his own rebellious subjects, and the still strong Moors of Granada. In the North, Denmark and Sweden were convulsed; and a bloody day, the long tragedy of the Roses, was beginning to dawn upon England. Scarce any, save the King of Portugal, with no great resources, and the King of France, who gave him sixteen thousand crowns, could do aught to assist him. As for Venice, with her ambitious craft and Punic faith, there was but little trusting her; all the less, that the conflicting claims of Catherine Cornaro, the "daughter of St. Mark," to the kingdom of Cyprus, against Charlotte de Lusignan, the protégée of the Order, was on the very point of arraying in hostility against it the whole might of the imperious and haughty Republic.

Nevertheless, when on the death of Battista de Orsini, the unanimous voice of the Order called Pierre d'Aubusson to its head, Rhodes rang with such acclamation of joy as might herald the morrow of a victory, rather than the eve of a deadly encounter.

At this very period was maturing that marvellous invention, one of whose early achievements was the embodiment and preservation of the records of that great passage of arms, wherein the genius of D'Aubusson, the valour of his knights, the hearty and devoted concurrence of every class within the island, down to the despised Jews, resisted gloriously, and with triumphant success, the whole force of him who had taken Constantinople.

Those who may be familiar with the choicest typographical treasures of the British Museum, may know that amidst the precious ornaments of its reserved cases is to be found Caxton's impression of that account of the defence of Rhodes, which was translated from Latin into the vernacular, by John Kaye, poet-laureate to King Edward IV. From its preface we venture to give a short extract *literatim*:—

"Certayne yt ys, moste gracyous

prynce, that he,* fewe dayes afore hys deth, layde siege to the noble cytee of Rhodes, which is the key and gate of all Crystendome. But there he was put to hys worse and to shame. . . .

I have thought more beter labour and more commendable purpos yf I, in the reverence of Jhesu Cryste, and in the worship of your gode grace, shulde put with dylygence out of Latyn in English, and to the understandyne of your people the dylectable newesse and tithynges of the glorious victorie of the Rhodyanes against the Turkes, whereof they redyng shal have joye and consolycion, and shal alwey beter knowe by dayly myracles and goddes werkes, the inestymable power and certentee of our Crysten fayth."

Now we ourselves shall not presume to describe that siege, nor to take away, even indirectly, from one so well qualified as Major Porter, a gallant officer of engineers, the task of describing what in Edward Kaye's translation are set down as "instruments of werre, that is to say, bombardes, gonnies, culuerynes, serpentes, and suche other;" nor of relating how, "a man of Grece, wyse and experte in sieges counseyled the Lord Mayster to make and ordayne an engyne called Trebuke, lyke a slynge, whyche was grete and mighty, and caste grete and many stones."

But this much we may add, without infringing upon our resolution, that the vicissitudes of that famous siege, and the play of individual character which its records reveal, render the perusal of its details, in almost any historian, matter of deep no less than varied interest. There is one little incident of personal daring duly recorded by Major Porter, concerning which we will venture to confess a regret such as we imagine most readers will share with us. One Roger Jervis, an English seaman, had detected the manner in which the hawser of a certain floating bridge had, by the Turkish engineers, been fastened to a large anchor beneath the surface of the water, near the tower of Saint Nicholas, a point of desperate attack. Their intention was to warp the bridge by means of it, across the inlet of the harbour. This intention he conceived, and executed the bold design of frustrating. The book of John Kaye tells the transaction thus:—

"An one after that the Rhodians had knowleche of thees werkes, a shipman wel experte in swymmyng wente by nyghte and untied the cordes fro the ancre and knytted them unto a stone of the banke, so that lyghtely when the Turkes drewe the corde, they knewe wel that they were begyled of the Rhodyans. The Lorde Maystre of Rhodes, understandyng this noble act, rewarded the forsayd shippman worshipfully and ryght largely."

Our regret is this, that the fourth Edward's poet-laureate, should not have known, or should have neglected to specify, that the doer of "this noble acte" was indeed one of those "most manlyest men borne in England," as he has it, concerned in the siege; and that the types of our English Caxton did not bring, amongst other "dylectable newesse," to the "understandyng" of his countrymen the English name of that brave English "shippman so experte in swymmyng," and so bold in his expertness.

Twenty years had elapsed from the day when the knights, who stood round the dying bed of their octogenarian Grand Master, D'Aubusson, uttered, upon his drawing his last breath, a wail so loud as to tell them that stood in expectation without, that "the Buckler of the Order" was no more. Forty and two years had passed since that on which the forces of Mahomet had fled in disorder from their last fierce but vain assault upon the bastions of Rhodes—when, again, the look-out upon St. Stephen's Hill made signal that a vast Turkish fleet was rising up on the line of the far horizon. Solyman the Magnificent, was coming to do the work in which the power of his ancestor had been foiled; and, within the city, was in command against him one worthy to wield the sword, even of Pierre D'Aubusson. It was in the month of June, 1522, and Philippe Villiers de Lisle Adam was Grand Master of Rhodes. So far as Europe was concerned, other actors were on the stage; but ready, if the phrase may be hazarded, to act out the same inaction as in the day when the conqueror of Constantinople had sent his force against the city. Rhodes must fight it out unassisted by any alliance. Henry VIII. of England,

Francis I. of France, and the great Emperor-King, Charles V., can spare, or rather, in their cases it may be justly said, will spare neither man nor money to do battle with the Turk. Yet the first-named prince affected, and, perhaps, felt, a considerable interest in the Order of St. John; and would seem to have been flattered by the title of "Protector," which the grand masters were accustomed to bestow on him. The Cotton Manuscripts* in the British Museum contain many letters of the period addressed to himself and to his great cardinal-minister by these functionaries, who kept himself and Wolsey constantly informed of the aspect of Eastern affairs.

In 1517, for instance, on the 19th of August, Fabricius del Caretto, De Lisle Adam's predecessor, writes to inform him of Selim's declared intention to do great things against the Rhodian power, so soon as he shall have destroyed the Mamlook power of Egypt. He tells of the great Turkish armaments at Alexandria, and the Mouth of the Nile, at Constantinople itself and at Gallipoli, which he spells Rallipoli. He mentions the very singular circumstance that in Selim's armament were multitudes of Jews and Christians, not simply chained to the oar as galley-slaves, but in arms and in the ranks of fighting men; adding that in his European forces the number of native genuine Turks was exceedingly small. He calls upon the king to observe the isolation of Rhodes, and the terrible shock its bulwarks must inevitably sustain, and ends by praying that his gracious leave be given to Thomas Docray, the venerable Grand Prior of England, to pass over into the island and help with such power, resources, and counsel, as may be. Within six weeks he writes again, estimating the troops of the Turk present in camp, on one spot, at some thirty thousand men, and stating that his naval armament consists of one hundred and twenty-six sail. No little astonishment, suspicion, and alarm, had been created at Rhodes by the unwonted circumstance, that he had sent an ambassador thither to propose a peace

between himself and the Order, a proceeding most unusual and portentous on the part of a very proud and powerful tyrant, whose "interests continually suffer by us."

Again, when, in 1521, De Lisle Adam had succeeded to the grand mastership, he communicates to King Henry, Selim's threatening announcement of his taking of Belgrade, and earnestly commends to the English monarch the Rhodian cause.

Nine days only before the galleys of the Turks were descried from St. Stephen's Hill, he wrote to Wolsey giving notice of Solymán's near approach, of his summons to surrender, and of his own answer to the challenge.

"We hold this our city well fortified, and hope by favour of God's clemency to defend it manfully in God's honour, and to thrust back the insolence of the Mahometan, with damage and disgrace to his own self."

But from the country the poor Christian folk have been flocking into the city's girth, and provisions are much needed for these helpless multiplied mouths. He implores the cardinal to take order, that no hindrance be given to his drawing upon the Order's English resources; but that contrariwise help may be given him besides. Help, however, he got little or none, from England or elsewhere, save such as his own Order's finance could give. The Pope, certainly, had already despatched one "carrack," with arms and ammunition, to the beleaguered city, and had instructed his special envoy, Bernardus Bartholotto, to entreat Henry VIII. and Wolsey, "by God's bowels of mercy," to render some assistance, quoting the Psalm: "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor and needy," and vehemently asserting his own conviction that the utmost danger threatened Christendom, unless the Turk were timely resisted.

The landing of his forces on the island, which took place on the 26th of June, was not known at Rome until exactly that day month; and, in proof of the great store set upon the hope of aid from England, the College of Cardinals† despatched in haste that

* See principally *Otho and Vitellius*.

† The original document is in the Cotton MSS.; *Vitellius*, B. v. 75.

same day (*istâ horâ*) to the king, announcing the receipt of this intelligence, and urging upon him that he should not wait for other princes, but himself forthwith take that foremost step in such great emergency, which is so praiseworthy in so holy a work. All in vain. Not even the Venetians, who had, before the siege was out, a noble fleet of sixty galleys, close at hand in Candia, would stir one foot to help. Nay, worse, they took measures of fiscal police, which were a positive hindrance to the preparations for defence of Rhodes. There is a bitter sentence in a letter of the period, preserved in the collection whence we have quoted, written in a bold soldier-like hand, by one of the Rhodian defenders; unhappily, the letter has been seriously defaced and injured by fire, and sprinkled water too; nevertheless, the sentence stands out clear:—"Veneti optimi Turcæ;" "the Venetians are first-rate Turks; for they have proscribed two of their citizens who brought provision to R . . ."

The excuse to be made for them is that their general policy was then in fault, and that having but recently concluded peace with Solymán, they felt bound to observe a strict neutrality. This, indeed, was the answer made by the governor of Candia to Gabriel Martinigo, upon refusing his application for leave to serve as a volunteer in Rhodes. Martinigo was a military engineer of great skill and ability, as well as a soldier of daring and determinate personal valour, who was then in the pay of the Republic of Venice. He had made up his mind to cast in his lot with the endangered knights, and to give them the full benefit of his professional attainments. Accordingly, he communicated his intention to the commander of the Rhodian brigantine, which had brought a request for his services from the Grand Master to the Candian authorities, and having fixed upon time and place, he contrived to escape from the town one night, and to get on board the ship which bore straight away for Rhodes. Great was the indignation of the Venetian, who advertised a round sum of money for tidings of him, threatened to hang any man who should harbour or conceal him; confiscated his goods in the island, and finally sent two galleys to sea in

fruitless chase of him. At Rhodes he was hailed with every demonstration of respect; there he at once demanded to be admitted a member of the Order, and was accordingly received into the Language of Italy. The grand cross was at once awarded him, a rare distinction, and his pay was fixed at the same rate as that he had forfeited in abandoning the service of the Republic. To him were entrusted the command of the armed townsmen and strangers, and an absolute authority over all that concerned the actual fortifications of the place. His capacity and his bravery proved upon keen and long trial equal even to the highest expectations formed of them.

But into the details of this last siege, as into those of the year 1480, our space warns us that we dare not enter. There are two highly characteristic and ample repositories of them, which have been given to history by two eye-witnesses of its whole course and its every catastrophe. By a singularly happy coincidence of contrast they are written by a soldier and a civilian; by a western gentleman and a Rhodian-born jurist. This latter was a judge, by name Fontanus; the former what the title-page of his book sets forth, which runs as follows:—

"Oppugnation de la noble et chevaleureuse cité de Rhodes, assiegée et prinse par Sultan Seliman, à présent Grand Turcq, redigée et escripte par Frère Jacques, Bastard de Bourbon, Commandeur de Saint Maulouis Doysement et Fonteynes au prieuré de France. Et se vend à Paris à la Rue St. Jacques, à l'enseigne des Trois Couronnes près Saint Benoist. Avec privilège du prévost de Paris, par commandement de la court, pour deux ans finis et accomplis."

If there be aught to regret in Major Porter's description of this beleaguering, it is that he should not have drawn more freely than he has done from these invaluable documents. The very details of the musters upon which the soldierly Bourbon dwells, help us to realise the sense more vividly; and we like to be told, how "*Messire Antonio Bonaldi*," although a Venetian, having come there with a cargo of wine, offered his person and his crew to the defenders; how on the First of June,

he and his turned out in smart uniform of green satin, slashed with violet; and how, dandy as he was, when the day came for grim encounter, "*ce capitaine s'est très honnêtement porté de sa personne, et se trouvait aux lieux où les gens de bien se doivent trouver.*"

On the 27th of September, 1522, Richard Pace, Wolsey's confidential correspondent, writes to him from Rome:—"The Rhodians have defended their town valiantly as yet. The Pope's holiness putteth in readiness certain schyppis to sende in succurre off the sayde Rhodians; which schyppis schal be accompanied wyth the certain caraks of Gene." On the 3rd of the following January, just two days before the actual evacuation, there was a rumour at Rome, one of those true forebodings of calamity which speed electric-like across the land and sea, that the city had fallen indeed. The auditor of the apostolic camera is writing on that day to Wolsey, and will not credit the truth of the rumour, at very mention of which tears start in his eyes, "that Rhodes is taken by our faith's most cruel foes." On the 14th of the same month, one Mathew Gybertus writes again to the Cardinal, that there is no news stirring, save that the city was pressed sore, that in God alone there remained help for them and defence. Not long before, a Rhodian knight had come to Rome who had succeeded in making his way out, on the 14th of last November, despatched to crave assistance and aid of Christian princes. Scarce three thousand men remained at that date fit for the town's defence. The Turk had lost, by wounds and dysentery, a good nine thousand; but his attack never waned nor flagged for that. The three hundred knights, the flower of the resisting band, were well resolved to die for the Christian name. The women vied in bravery with the ruder sex, and fought at every rampart. Even now, if Christendom would stir, the Turkish fierceness might be foiled. The defenders quailed not; but they wanted food. Bread and water were all that remained, scantily.

On the 25th of February, 1522, the Archbishop of Bari hears it on all sides that Rhodes is gone; but apparently he did not write from Rome, for two days previously Pope Adrian VI. has no lingering doubts. He writes a Spanish letter to Catherine of Aragon, exhorting her to move her king to peace and union with all Christian princes, "*viendo mayormente la necesidad y opresion de la Xandad por la perdida di Rodas, y por otros infinidos peligros.*"* When the date of the capitulation was known at Rome, it was remembered how that on the self-same day, as the Pope was proceeding to his own chapel in the Vatican, a great mass of marble had detached itself from an architrave, and in its fall had crushed to death one of his own guard, within a few feet of the Pontiff himself. An omen this, said many, of the direful calamity which had just befallen Christendom.

Viewing the Grand Master as an independent sovereign, as one, moreover, whose sovereignty was of such kind that in his least selfish and most generous moments he must needs have considered its existence as one of the great securities of Europe against the justly feared and hated increase of the Turkish power, it is hard to estimate fully the greatness and the bitterness of the desolating trial which had thus fallen upon him. He and his knights had seriously debated whether it were their duty to fight it out to the last man, not in any hope of saving Rhodes, but in despair of finding how to make good otherwise to the last extremity their vow of life-long battle against the infidel. For the sakes only of the remaining citizens and soldiers unbound by the Hospitaller's vow; for the sakes of Christian women in danger of worse than death, and Christian children menaced by an involuntary apostacy, they consented, when defence was utterly hopeless, and their besiegers were in the heart of Rhodes, to sign a capitulation. It was such as rarely was granted by the Turk, who was to suffer all to go forth free, knights and inhabitants, men and goods; nay,

* Seeing chiefly the need and pressure upon Christendom, through the loss of Rhodes, and other infinite perils.

even to furnish extra ships, required for their transport to a place of safety ; no churches were to be violated ; no single Rhodian who should remain, forced to choose between the Koran or the sword. Exhausted as the resources of the island had been, by the long and desperate conflict, five years were to pass away before the remnant of its population should be compelled to contribute to the necessities of Solyman's exchequer. Richly had the defenders of the glorious island-city merited the words which fell from the lips of Charles V. when the details of siege, assault, resistance, surrender, became fully known :—"Nothing in this world was ever so well lost as Rhodes !"

And even now, after centuries of Turkish conquest and almost desertion, its very aspect confirms the saying to the gazer's eye. Stately still, though crumbling in many a place, show the knightly defences of another island harbour, as the steamship, panting out of the grey twilight, brings up the traveller at morning towards a projecting mole, whence looks seaward a noble crenellated tower. Should the breath of the morning shake out the folds of the flag which droops over it, the crescent and the star are discerned, gleaming in silver. The outline of the ramparts is broken by the feathery tufts of a few palms and the elevation of a few tall, pointed minarets. Striking is the contrast between their slender grace (true work of Arab hands) and the massive beauty of the square keep upon the mole, designed and built by men of other race and other creed, and misnamed only now the Arab's Tower. Nowhere—not even where, across the blue strip of the Bosphorus, the opposing shores of Europe and of Asia seem almost to exchange a kiss—may there be noted such intimate interblending and marriage of the East and West in association of eyesight and idea as in the streets of Rhodes. Landing, we pass beneath a gateway, giving access from the harbour quays to the inner town. It is of the richest ornamented Gothic architecture. Two or three boyish, ill-clad, slovenly soldiers of the Sultan lounge on guard beneath or beside it. Turning to the right, we come upon a noble street ascending a steep incline. Square and flat-

roofed, and disposed with regard to the inner courts, irrespective of the street without, the heavy, well-built houses of stone have an Oriental aspect not to be mistaken. Yet, no less unmistakably, they reveal at once their western origin. A mullioned window here, and there a doorway with a pointed arch ; here a quaint gargoyle, there a stone escutcheon, heraldically carved, remain to tell at every turn of the warlike Frankish gentlemen. Not this one street alone, but every corner of the older town is crowded with these memorials. The royal lions of England, the once fair lilies of France, with many a noble and knightly device from Germany and Spain, grace the deserted walls, for such they may well-nigh be called, of this most ancient and well renowned city. Scarce a soul is to be met with in many of her streets. Dwindled to a fourth part of her former girth, Rhodes is yet too roomy for her scanty mongrel population. A terrible catastrophe has levelled to the ground that church of "the good Saint John," which stood at the upper end of the great knightly street. The stout-hearted Crusaders who sleep beneath its sculptured flagstones must have rejoiced as, with a crash, the vaulted roof, still studded with golden stars on the old blue panneling, came thundering down upon their quiet resting place. For this was an end, at least, of that age-long desecration which had made the saintly chapel a mosque for the "paynim" followers of Mahomet. Nay, but why suppose that ever knowledge of the desecration was allowed to vex their peace in death ? Better the poet's thought :—

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

What a strange homely feeling was stirred, perforce, within the breast of any northern gentleman who stayed to muse an hour within those consecrated and desecrated walls ! How should he not remember some far off spot, where, beneath the pointed arches of some old country church at home, the moonbeams straggling through the branches of some venerable yew, fall nightly, broken by the window's mouldering tracery, upon some ancient tomb ? Beneath it

sleeps some brave old Crusader, companion once, in tented field, of these same buried Rhodian knights. Upon it his sculptured effigy, clad in trusty battle harness, has eyes upturned to heaven and hands enclasped, as if in prayer. His legs are crossed, in token of the holy war in which he bled. Beside him are his crested helmet, his blazoned shield, and his old heavy double-handed sword. And here, underfoot, in Rhodes, rest his true comrades, men of his own race and name. And so it comes to pass that among the deserted Rhodian streets, under the waving palms, beneath the cloudless eastern sky, the wandering Englishman sees, in vivid reminiscence, the old churchyard yew, the mossy gravestones and the old grey tower standing under the cold, dull, fitful clouds in the distant English heaven. Apart from all its classic glories, few cities among the islands of the eastern sea are more worthy or more winsome of the western tourist's admiration than this other—

"... Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite."

Indeed, since the line forces the suggestion, there is, in gazing on "the stones of Venice," something of contempt which mingles with our admiring pity. Gliding through her ruinous water-streets we are, perforce, reminded of degeneracy and of decay. Decrepit luxury is a loathsome sight to look upon. But at Rhodes it is not so, nor can be. Rhodes lies as she died in her glory, slain in fair fight, like an Amazon, beautiful and bold, stricken on the forefront of the battle.

Thus, then, did the Grand Master and his brethren quit for ever their fair island home. Along with them went living proofs of their sincere consideration for lives and interests other than their own. No less than five thousand souls accompanied them, with whom they brake daily the fragments of the bread of their own affliction. It is one among the most touching of historical episodes. In the months of January and February, 1523, during the course of a most boisterous and inclement season, the piteous fleet goes beating over tempestuous seas. Candia receives them for a few weeks, not unkindly; but that feeling, "*Optimi Turcæ Veneti*," must have rankled sore

in their sorrowful hearts. Whither should Lisle Adam now steer? The double danger was always haunting him:—first, on whatsoever European monarch's coast he shall land he and his are subjects forthwith; next, since all central authority now resided without "local habitation" in the mere "name" of himself, an old and defeated man, he must needs fear, lest dispersion should ensue, and the very existence of the order he had ruled, crumble and disappear. In and out of harbours in the Morea, Albania, Zante, Cephalonia, Corfu, the lamentable expedition goes in detachments, begging its way somewhither. Scanty food, cold, exposure, old wounds gotten in the siege made ready victims for the epidemic which had been raging in the South that year, as the letters from Rome, out of which we have quoted other things, prove abundantly. Into Messina came the Grand Master at last, where, from the length of his absence, it was almost concluded that he had suffered shipwreck or had been taken by the Barbary pirates at sea. At his mast-head was flying a painted banner—the painting a "*Pieta*," as the Italian schools have called it:—the Virgin Mother supporting the dead body of her Son and Lord, and the motto, "*Afflictis spes mea rebus*."

Of the courts-martial held at Messina upon the tardy bringers of succour from the various European commanderies and of their honourable acquittal; of the departure from Messina, and the deaths by plague; of the landing and encampment, in a strict quarantine, upon the mainland of Naples, near to the Sybil's Cave; of the Grand Master's journey to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome; of his reception there, and the death of Pope Adrian, we must leave the historians of the Order to tell.

In these days of incessant publication of ancient state papers, correspondence, *mémoires pour servir*, and the like, we almost wonder, and certainly regret, that no one has thought good to edit at length that correspondence of the Grand Master, Lisle Adam, with Henry VIII., which is to be found in the Cottonian MSS. The period of history to which they refer, the mind and temper they exhibit in the writer, render them, in our estimation, well worthy of the honour. It is by a letter of the 6th of Decem-

ber that Lisle Adam announces to Henry "his incredible joy and ineffable delight at the election to the Papacy of the Cardinal de Medici" (Clement VII).

"For he is one who, in his youth, bare for many years the cross of our Order, and has always shown for it and us a zealous, tender, and constant affection; who has never spared pains, labour, or diligence to assist and protect our interests with forward and ready mind. So that we are not without hopes that, under such auspices, and by his favour, help, and authority, our Order may be raised up again, an habitation assigned, conventual buildings founded, shattered strength regained, dignity sustained. Towards the securing of which objects he has, of his own intent, despatched an ambassador to the Emperor for obtaining *the island of Malta*, and other matters of prime necessity for our community, which he is about to commend, in form of brief, to all Christian princes."

For now we have come in sight, as it were, of that third stage of the great Order's existence, which bears inscribed upon its roll the name of Malta. Many and fluctuating had been the schemes proposed for its independent settlement during the time that, by favour of the Pope, it held residence in the city of Viterbo. There had been dreams—mere dreams—of a reconquest of Rhodes. Letters thence had spoken of the readiness of its inhabitants to rise, and of the possibility of corrupting the fidelity of the turbulent Janissaries left in charge by Solyman. It would seem as if the College of Cardinals had contemplated such a stroke as far back as March, 1523, when, writing to Henry, and complimenting him upon his books,—in repression, by most acute and learned arguments, of the rage vomited against them by that mad monster, Luther (*insipientis bestię*);—they entreat him "to lade, with his most warlike soldiers, those transport ships of his, the like whereof nor Ocean nor Mediterranean seas have ever yet beheld." Perhaps, however, this may regard defensive operations only; for it was certainly expected that, after Rhodes, Italy would be Solyman's point of attack. Modon in the Morea was also talked of as a possible head-quarters—a revival, apparently, of ancient aspirations after rule in Greece. Some few years later, it was attacked and

plundered, though no settlement could be effected there. A district in Candia, the little isle of Cerigo, then that of Elba, came in turns under consideration; but valid objections held against each and all. Finally, by advice, principally, of the Spanish brethren, it was resolved to seek from Charles V. investiture of the isles of Malta and of Gozo; where, however, it was considered that residence would, after all, be impossible, unless with a guarantee of the right to free export of all subsistences from Sicily. This boon of investiture was not easily obtained from the Emperor, nor without intricate and lengthy negotiations; nor without many journeys to and fro into England, France, and Spain, made by Lisle Adam with anxious and unremitting perseverance—"non par-cens senio"—as the gray-haired warrior says touchingly in one of his letters to Henry VIII. What manner of possession Malta was, and what a contrast to their beautiful and fertile Rhodes, need hardly to be told. The report of the commissioner sent to inspect it by the Grand Master is not condensed amiss by another historian of the Order:—

"That Malta itself, about sixty miles in circuit, was but an arid rock, covered in many places with sand, and in a few with a light scattering of earth, brought from the neighbouring continent or Sicily; that it had neither river or rivulet, nor spring, nor any other fresh water for the most part, save rain preserved in tanks or cisterns, except a few wells, rather brackish; that it produced little corn—not half enough of any thing to feed the scanty population; that it would be a very unpleasant residence, particularly during the summer—violently, nearly intolerably hot; with not one forest tree, hardly a green thing to repose the eye upon; and a sort of ill-walled town, called its capital, in the middle of the island, at a considerable distance from the sea; that, however, its stone is not hard, but rather tufo, or soft, and easy to be cut into any shape; that the people speak a dialect of Arabic or Moorish, and are noted for their frugality of living; that, for the rest, harbours may be rendered good; and that what are termed Casali, are miserable villages or shocking huts, rather befitting fishermen and pirates than the renowned Hospitaliers; that as to Gozo, it was too little, though, in comparison of Malta, fertile and pleasant."

But the one important considera-

tion was, indeed, that harbour clause. Major Porter is express, and justly, upon this main topic:—

“This was the great, indeed the only point of attraction, which the island possessed for the Order of Saint John. They had been for so many years accustomed to look to maritime enterprise as the source from whence their wealth and prosperity was to be derived—they had made their name so widely known and so highly esteemed in the waters of the Mediterranean, that they would not willingly resign the position which their naval superiority had given them, by the establishment of a new home in any locality which did not give them the means of pursuing their favourite calling. This, and this only, was the motive which induced them to accept the desert rock of Malta, and to establish on it their convent home.”

In 1530, on the 23rd March, Charles signed the document, which made over the islands of Malta and Gozo to the Order, as a free and sovereign feud to be held under the kingdom of Sicily, with the yearly payment of a falcon. But there was a terrible clog upon the freedom of the gift—one which the Grand Master and his brethren had, in the foregone negotiations, earnestly striven to cast loose, but which the Emperor's unflinching tenacity had bound firm upon their acceptance of the islands as the indispensable condition of the transfer.

The fortress of Tripoli, upon the Barbary coast, then garrisoned by imperial troops, was to be held and defended by those whom henceforward we may call by the name of Knights of Malta: and they foresaw from the first, that such a settlement, isolated on the edge of the great African continent, separated from Malta by two hundred miles of sea, belted on the landward side by infidel populations, and exposed on the seaward to the swarming fleets of pirates, must prove to them, as it did, a drain of blood and treasure, to be spilt and spent without adequate, if with any, return of advantage.

From the day of Lisle Adam's landing upon the new unpromising island-seat of his dominion to that of his death, there elapsed a period of four years, the former event hav-

ing taken place upon the 26th of October, 1530, the latter upon the 22nd of August, 1534. Dark clouds kept gathering over the horizon of outward aspects during all the concluding portions of this great man's life. But if we may judge from the touching and manly tone of submission which breathes in his letters, written after the great Rhodian calamity, there was an inner light in the man, who acknowledged “the immense clemency of Almighty God, even in exaction of the due penalty of misdeeds,* such as must have lightened for him the comparative gloom in which his sun was to set.

Even in 1527† he had forebodings of what should befall the estate of his Order in England by the secular pretensions of Henry, even if no intimation of the religious struggles of the coming time were to be discerned: and he ventures so far as he dares, in writing to the headstrong, fickle Tudor, to express his keen anxieties and to deprecate so much as the entertainment of a thought concerning “the destroying, separating, and bringing to nought of this sacred military Order, founded so piously, guarded so valiantly, clothed with such garb of victory and praise, which even now has been snatched from Turkish fangs, by favour of God rather than wit of man.” And even more sad and bitter may have been his reflections upon the lawlessness and violence of his knights in their internal broils; for before his death he had the mortification of seeing the Languages of Spain and Portugal draw their swords in the open streets of the new capital upon their jealous rivals, those of Italy and France.

Pierre Dupont, Didier de St. Jaille, Juan de Omedes, who in turn succeeded to the Grand Mastership, are all careful to announce their election to Henry VIII., and still salute him as “the singular protector of the militia of Jerusalem,” as “him whose Majesty has ever cherished and protected this Order;” and the last named of these knights professes to remember with pleasure the “comity” of the king, which he had personally seen and admired, when, “so many years

* Letter to Wolsey, May 22, 1523, Cotton MSS.

† Letter February 25. *Ibid.*

ago," he had been admitted to kiss the royal hand, being then in attendance upon Lisle Adam, on his visit to England.*

Even at the date of that writing, this comity had given way to the fitful persecutions which, between it and 1540, brought many of the fraternity to the scaffold, and drove others into perpetual exile from England. In the April of that year an Act passed both Houses of the Legislature, vesting in the crown all the possessions, castles, manors, churches, houses, and soforth of the Order of St. John. Out of this revenue, pensions to the amount of £2,870 were granted to the late Grand Prior, and to other members of the institution. But that officer, with broken heart, could not endure to look upon what had befallen the body of which, in England, he was head, nor to see the noble buildings of Clerkenwell turned into a storehouse, where the king kept "toils and tents for hunting and war." He expired upon Ascension Day in that same year. In the third year of our sixth Edward, the greater part of the magnificent buildings in Clerkenwell was destroyed by gunpowder; and the remnant of that once grand pile, which had been restored to more than pristine magnificence, after the destruction inflicted by Wat Tyler's men, consist in that low tower gateway, which Dr. Johnson was wont to say that no man of learning and intelligence could look upon without reverence and emotion. There was a sort of transient flicker rekindled in the ruins of the English tongue by the act of Queen Mary,† who revived the office of Grand Prior, in the person of one Sir Thomas Tresham, in 1557. He was even summoned in virtue of such dignity to the first two Parliaments of Elizabeth. That queen, however, in 1559, re-enacted her father's condemnation or abolition of the Order in her realm; and thence-

forward the English Language disappears from its practical history. In 1782, under Grand Master de Rohan, there was another nominal revival in the constitution of a so-called Anglo-Bavarian branch.

The shadowy court of St. Germain, amongst other ghosts and phantoms wherewith it dealt, appears to have bestowed some of its attention and anxieties upon such titles and dignities as still survived in Malta to mark what had once been the existence of the English Grand Priory, and its rights in the distribution of what were called the great conventual offices. Major Porter has given us a letter well worth preservation as a curiosity in this kind, written, indeed, later than even those St. Germain days, by the son of James II. As it is not long our readers will, perhaps, thank us for transcribing it:—

"To my cousin, the Grand Master of Malta—My cousin, having recently requested the Pope to have the kindness, on the opportunity presenting itself, *not to dispose of the Grand Priories of my kingdom*, nor to grant coadjutors to the present Grand Prior without previously hearing what I might have to represent to him on that head, his Holiness answered he had told your ambassador that he would allow the Order to act for itself in all affairs which regarded it; so that all such matters depending on the Order, *it is with full confidence that I address myself to you, requesting that I may be treated with the same consideration as is shown towards other princes on similar occasions*. No way doubting, after all the marks of your attention and friendship which I have received, but that you will confer on me this further favour, which will engage me so much the more to entertain the most perfect esteem and friendship for your Order, and your person in particular. On which I pray God to have you, my cousin, in His holy and worthy keeping—Rome, 14th September, 1725—Your affectionate cousin,

"JAMES R."

(To be continued.)

* Letter 28th January, 1536.

† Fuller's Ch. Hist. lib. vi. 357.

MANCHESTER : ITS SOCIAL ASPECTS.

It has been well said, that the life of every great man affords a remarkable illustration of some emphatic truth. It seems equally to hold that the character of every great city is the illustration of some peculiar principle. Houses and streets speak with a voice of their own. A ramble through them is often as edifying as a pulpit discourse ; and we may discern some new facts of human nature in dull walls and over roof-tiles. How often do we hear from poets and philosophers of the pleasures and profits of country life ! Virgil is always loud in praise of rusticity, and seems to deplore the fatal necessity of human development, which drove mankind from the woods and the acorns, to the shelter of cities and to those culinary practices which have given rise to the definition of Man as a Cooking Animal. Horace, of course, is enthusiastic about the delights of his Sabine farm, and dilates with characteristic complacency on the comforts and delights of rural life. Surely there was much more to interest one in the "reeking Suburra" than amidst the green fields, where Tityrus and Melibœus were "meditating the rural muse on the slender reed," under the wide-spreading beech tree. Compare Theocritus, whom somebody has called "Nature's Poet," with Juvenal, whom we may call, emphatically, a town poet. We freely confess that it appears to us that nobody derives much benefit from the spectacle of Thyrsis and the Goat-herd, or Midon and Battus, whilst the philosophic mind revels in that most glorious picture of a city ever painted in words :—

" By the throng,
Elbowed and jostled, scarce we creep along,
Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doomed
to feel,
And plastered o'er with mud from head to heel.

See from the dole a vast, tumultuous throng,
Each followed by his kitchen, pours along,
Huge pans which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear.
And lest, amid the way the flames expire,
Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire ;
Through the close press with sinuous efforts
wind,
And piece by piece leave his botched rags
behind.

Hark ! groaning on the unwieldy waggon
spreads
Its cumbrous load, tremendous ! o'er our
heads,
Projecting elm or pine that nods on high,
And threatens death to every passer-by."

If the proper study of mankind is man, where shall we find the object of our study placed under such favourable conditions for observation as in the intercourse of town life ? Does anybody mean to say that you will find the normal disposition of your fellow-creature more truly if he spends all his time in ditching, and ploughing, and sowing turnips, and feeding cattle, than if his mind is kept constantly on the alert by the stimulating atmosphere of the town ? In towns we meet developed and civilized men ; in the country we have what, in Darwinian phrase, we may call the rudimentary man. For the philosopher, therefore, the city is, or ought to be, the scene of his inquiries and the seat of his contemplation. Everybody remembers Carlyle's account of the great German sage ; how from the attic floor of the highest house of the Walurgasse, the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, looking contemplatively on the "life-circulation" of that great city, Herr Teufelsdröckh poured forth his strange, bitter, yet pathetic jeremiad over "all that wasp-nest or bee-hive."

A statistical return of the population, however extensive, and whether or not containing the respective numbers of each religious denomination, is far from being an exhaustive or even a satisfactory account of any town. Just as a man is something more than a crafty arrangement of tissue and tailoring, a city is something more than a conglomeration of bricks and inhabitants. According to ancient traditions, every tree had its own attendant or tutelary nymph. According to our doctrine every town has its peculiar deity and invisible spirit. Paris, for example, is under the especial inspiration of the spirit of pleasure ; and the fair Lutetia, with her sunny boulevards and clear sky overhead, ever invites us to do honour to her patron goddess. Edinburgh, with steep castle-rock, and

blue line of distant hills, and its picturesque old streets, seems the embodiment of the spirit of ancient romance. The famous Dutch town of Brock, where brass spittoons are placed at the street corners to keep the roads clean, and the cows' tails are tied up like "my bonny brown hair," with a piece of blue ribbon, may be regarded as the impersonation of the spirit of cleanliness. And Dublin, our readers anxiously demand, what spirit hath the fair Eblana? We do not reply, remembering the excellent old rule, that present company are excepted. On this occasion our business is with a certain important but smoky city in an important but smoky county in the north of England; a city which we select as being the purest representative of the spirit of commerce.

Manchester has not the largest trade of any town in England, and its population is not even second in point of numbers. London has a far greater and more important trade, and both London and Glasgow are superior in their respective numbers of inhabitants; but still Manchester will be found, after a very little consideration, to be the purest and most characteristic embodiment or concentration of the commercial spirit. London has a more extensive commerce, as we have said, but then London is the seat of the legislature, of the court, of the executive, of most of the learned societies; its inhabitants have abundant sources of amusement and *distraction*, as the French say, in operas, concerts, theatres, balls unceasing; its population is made up of all possible classes of men and women, placed under all possible varieties of human fortune, and undergoing every conceivable form of human destiny; its tastes are illimitably diversified, and its opinions as various and as numerous as the men who hold them. London, in short, is metropolitan; nay, it is more, it is cosmopolitan. Manchester is cottonopolitan. Its sole leading feature is its commerce, and all else is moulded so as to be in harmony and agreement with this—all else yields to this, and every thing is banished which interferes with this. It is not going too far to say that, with the exception of the medical and clerical professions, every man, woman, and child in Manchester is en-

gaged more or less directly in commercial enterprises of more or less importance. There is no room for Bond-street in Manchester. There are no loungers, no mere "swells." There are no pure pleasure-seekers. There are scarcely any downright and actual scholars, in the Emersonian sense of the term. Thinkers there are in abundance, even speculative thinkers, but the object of their speculation is the market. There are, too, many who do not object to pleasure, but even with them pleasure is postponed till the claims of business are satisfied. There are not a few who love books and literature; but the first of all books is the ledger, and the prime literature is the City Article of the *Times*.

On the whole, then, Manchester may be looked upon as more emphatically commercial, as more essentially the city of trade, than any other town in the empire. If this be so—and as we advance, this fact will become gradually more manifest, we cannot but suppose that an examination, even though brief and cursory, of the thoughts, the tastes, the general tone, and, above all, the probable tendencies of the most characteristically commercial city in the most commercial country of Europe, will not be out of place. We must premise that we intend to spare our readers the trouble of wading hopelessly through long tabular statements of imports and exports, and products. Many figures obscure counsel, and, furthermore, our aim being to analyse the social tendencies of the northern metropolis, rather than to demonstrate its wealth, prove its commercial capabilities, or set forth its trade principles, the huge array of figures which the subject would at first seem to invite, would be as inappropriate as tedious.

Manchester is capable of a focalisation scarcely possible in the case of any other equally important town. Once every week, on a Tuesday afternoon, at 1.30, in Manchester parlance, the visitor may look upon what is known as "high Change," a metaphorical expression, borrowed, apparently, from the ocean. High Change is certainly one of the most notable spectacles which the country offers to a stranger—a spectacle, too, such as no other land can boast or blush at,

as the case may be. The room in which Manchester becomes hebdomadally concentrated, is, in itself, plain enough. It is of considerable length, with a horse-shoe end, and in the curve of the horse-shoe is a light iron gallery. It is Tuesday afternoon; the hour is between 1.15 and 1.30, and we are standing alone in this light iron gallery, with the essence of Manchester beneath us, consisting of about two thousand men, of all ages, from five and twenty to seventy, occupying space which, to those unskilled in the compressibility of the human species, would seem capable of holding certainly not more than half the number now before us—a vast mass of talking, arguing, persuading, remonstrating, protesting, wheedling, and possibly cheating humanity. The noise that rises from the eager crowd is absolutely deafening; nor is there any time-honoured simile by which to represent it. To liken it to the hum of bees is utterly inadequate. The sound of the *πολυφλοίσβου θαλάσσης* is too soothing in its intermittent monotony to convey any idea of the uninterrupted roar of the Change of Manchester. It is a hot, sharp, unceasing jangle, and combined with the gesticulations which, though of an argumentative character, are still as animated as the limited space will permit, is exciting to a degree even for the disinterested and philosophical spectator. The roof is partially supported by large pillars, which, besides supporting the roofs, support the backs of the leading commercial men. Each of the largest firms has one of these pillars, at which is to be found its representative or representatives. Round the great man revolve the luminaries of lesser magnitude; in other words, the small manufacturers or commission agents. The position of these satellites, is, we suspect, very various, and they may be compared to moths fluttering round a candle, or to flies clustering about a sugar barrel. There is one man leaning against yon pillar, who returns his annual profits as a hundred thousand pounds, and yet he wrangles and jangles about a trifling bargain, as if his soul's salvation depended on it. To anybody who is anxious to see *la nation boutiquière* at work, we recommend the Manchester Exchange at 1.25, on a Tuesday afternoon.

If the spectator would fully realize the force of the scene we have just described, let him pass from the Exchange down an adjoining street to the blackened pile of the Cathedral, where he will be just in time for the afternoon service. Disraeli has remarked in "Sybil," the extraordinary sublimity which the "great Western Minster" possesses for the wearied statesman, who leaves, for a time, the heated debate of the adjoining chamber, and gazes, in the cool moonlight, upon the almost terrible tranquillity of the pinnacles and towers of the ancient temple. A still more remarkable feeling fills the mind as we pass from the harsh uproar of the selfish crowd on the Exchange into the still solitude of the church; and ugly as that edifice is, badly as the service is performed, the whole building, by mere contrast, seems filled with a divine afflatus, inspiring us with unspeakable emotion as we sit in the dim light and listen to the subdued voice of the clergyman, and the soft echoes of an anthem, or the mellowed tones of the organ—sounds inviting to lofty meditation and a pensive abstraction neither morbid nor unfruitful. A strange melancholy steals over us, as we remember the crowd we have just left. Struggling and striving in a hard, mercenary, material spirit, for mercenary and material advantages; forgetful, most of them, of the things higher and worthier than wealth; forgetful that they have the germs of a rich mental growth, which, if tended, will develop into the noble character of a man, but which, if neglected or misused, seem to produce a stunted and abortive embryo.

One is tempted to draw a parallel between the clergyman before us, in his stall, and the merchant whom we but now watched at his pillar. The one reading prayers before a scanty and rather listless congregation, the other making bargains in the midst of a crowded and eagerly-absorbed multitude. Do we not see here a two-fold phenomenon of marvellous significance? The empty Church and the overflowing Exchange are not without meaning to him who observes the signs of the times; and the meaning they convey to us is that our age and our country are gradually becoming hypertrophied. The money-changers have been driven

out of the temple, and they have built a temple of their own, with Plutus for a god.

We do not intend to accuse the men of Manchester of a greater disregard of religious forms and professions than their neighbours. In fact, we suspect there are not many towns where theological tendencies are so strongly developed and theological opinions so earnestly avowed as in Manchester. What we complain of, and what we warn Manchester against, is the absence of all vigorous speculative development. We assert that it is thoroughly material, that it quite ignores the more exalted departments of the human mind, and that it is so absorbed in the one service, the one idolatry, that all the nobler elements in man

"No longer shall have scope and breathing space."

Mr. Carlyle is ever and again reproaching this degenerate age with the earnestness of mediæval times. What greater or profounder earnestness can we behold than the earnestness of Manchester? The feudal lord marched to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre; the cotton lord is not a whit less zealous in despatching thither his calicoes. The ecclesiastic would dispute for hours, days, and even consecutive weeks in support of a theological point; the Manchester salesman will wrangle with as much vigour and as much interest in support of a price. The monk spent his time in the illumination of missals and the transcribing of manuscripts; the modern is equally fervent in the invention of patterns and the improvement of machinery. But, it is said, the one were ever contemplating the things that are higher than mundane, the other never look much beyond the things of sense; the one, in fact, were busy in spiritual pursuits, the other are as busy about pursuits material; the one had a confident belief in the supernatural, the other are most confident about the visible. In any case, and whatever theory we may choose to endorse, few will be disposed to deny

that the earnestness of mediævalism was as excessive in one direction as is the earnestness of Manchester in another. In fact, mediæval earnestness assumed two forms, directly antagonistic one to the other, the form of peace and the form of war. It underwent a twofold development, and became either ecclesiastical or military. The middle ages were the scene of a constant conflict between these two hostile principles. The monk in his cowl was the representative of one, the knight in his coat of mail was the incarnation of the other.

In our days, as M. Comte first pointed out, the military spirit has been replaced by that of industry. The knight with his lance has given way to the weaver and his shuttle. We need not say what has been the corresponding development of the ecclesiastical element, but it is evident that the industrial spirit is as hostile to it in the sublimer forms as ever exploded feudalism was.

Considering that there has always been this conflict between materialism and spiritualism,* it is not surprising to find it still continuing even when both materialism and spiritualism have undergone entire changes of form. Where the feudal castle once stood stands now the cotton mill; where once, at the foot of frowning ramparts, a handful of abject serfs dragged on a vegetable existence, there are now the cottages of industrious craftsmen. But the old church, with mouldering tower and ivy-clad porch, still remains. The same Bible is read to the cotton-spinner and the "hand" as was read to the feudal baron and the soulless serf. Does one understand its spirit and its teaching much better than the other did?

In Manchester, then, as it appears to us, the more spiritual regions of intellectual development are fatally neglected. We are far from asserting that the men of Manchester neglect the attainment of knowledge. The manufacturing metropolis is rich in Athenæums, Mechanics' Institutes, Literary and Scientific Societies, and

* *Spiritualism*. It is very curious that this name should have been taken for the title of the science (or rather *art*) of Media, and so has become significant of one of the grossest forms of materialism.

so forth. Their magnificent Free Library is perhaps the most successful institution of its kind in the whole kingdom; and one of the most encouraging sights in the city is the spacious reading-room of the Free Library on a winter evening. Every seat is occupied; and more than that, there are large numbers standing, and actually undergoing some considerable bodily discomfort, in order to effect what we suppose may be regarded as an increased comfort of mind. It is a hopeful spectacle—those long lines

of hard-headed sons of toil, in fustian jackets, with coarse and worn hands, but fresh and vigorous minds, drinking in, with significant avidity, the lessons of wisdom and knowledge to be found in literature.

We were told that the class of books most in demand had been those relating to history; but that the study of the past was becoming rapidly abandoned for that of the present. The following tabular report of the issues affords proof of this most remarkable fact:—

CLASSIFIED SUMMARY OF THE ANNUAL ISSUES IN THE REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Class.	Vols. issued in the First Year, 1852-53	Vols. issued in the Second Year, 1853-54	Vols. issued in the Third Year, 1854-55	Vols. issued in the Fourth Year, 1855-56	Vols. issued in the Fifth Year, 1856-57.	Vols. issued in the Sixth Year, 1857-58.	Vols. issued in the Seventh Year, 1858-59.	Aggregate Issues for the Seven Years.
I. Theology	1,184	1,348	1,394	2,153	2,218	3,395	3,317	15,009
II. Philosophy	1,569	1,417	1,382	970	1,453	1,751	866	9,408
III. History	22,864	20,538	18,867	17,310	21,384	24,642	16,272	141,877
IV. Politics	2,328	2,395	3,609	6,609	25,654	32,133	44,675	117,403
V. Sciences and Arts .	8,618	8,578	9,279	10,427	9,364	10,922	9,035	66,223
VI. Literature and Poly- graphy	24,517	30,302	31,730	33,301	41,918	49,929	41,041	252,738
Total	61,080	64,578	66,261	70,770	101,991	122,772	115,206	602,653

We must explain, that under the head of Politics are included works on the Currency, all Parliamentary papers, and all specifications of Patents. In the latter, the library is extraordinarily rich.

We see from this table that the interest in a comparatively abstract subject, such as history, has been rapidly decreasing ever since the establishment of the library; whilst that in works more directly relating to the material affairs of every-day life has gone on increasing with proportionate rapidity. In the first year, historical subjects had an advantage of sixteen to two over political and commercial subjects; and in the seventh year, 1858-'59, they stood to one another as sixteen to forty-four. The gradual nature of the change in the numbers testifies clearly that it has not been due to any accidental cause of disturbance, but is in accordance with a specific tendency, itself the result of the operation of some broad, general law.

It is to this tendency of Manchester thought that we wish to draw attention, because it is an extreme tendency,

and as such, requiring all possible watchfulness on the part of those who are voluntarily or involuntarily affected by it. It is a tendency which one who is, perhaps, the shrewdest living observer of social phenomena has declared inseparable from a high state of civilization. Its effect is "the concentration of individual energy within the narrow sphere of the individual's money-getting pursuits." Again, "In highly civilized countries, and more particularly among ourselves, the energies of the middle-classes are almost confined to money-getting." This is, probably, a somewhat exaggerated statement; for even in Manchester, which we take to be the most money-getting city in the world, the Art Treasures Exhibition was a remarkable sign that individual energies do sometimes travel beyond the region of money. Still, though exaggerated, this proposition contains a large measure of truth; and we refer to Manchester for illustration of that measure. In the very library where we should expect the pursuits of the day to be gladly forgotten, and studies in quite another region as gladly taken up, we find

that the favourite works are those relating to the very subjects on which the readers' minds have been intensely absorbed during the day.

We should imagine, for instance, that amongst artisans, wearied with the day's labour, Shakspeare would be more generally read than Cassell's Popular Educator, or Weale's Series of Arts and Sciences. Yet, if we may credit the Report, during last year the number of volumes of Cassell issued daily were nine; of Weale's Series, nine; of Ure's Dictionary of the Arts, six; whilst of Shakspeare there were only five; of Burns, four; and of Tennyson, two. Can we hesitate to pronounce the state of things here so plainly indicated, to be a most unhealthy condition? Can we doubt that this perpetual occupation of the mind in one and the same pursuit, in one and the same direction, must beget a narrowness of view almost as objectionable as the overwhelming cloud of universal ignorance which it replaces? Surely there is here a deplorable concentration of individual energies within the money-getting sphere; for the subjects of the evening's study are precisely those which engross the day's toil, and the direct object of the former is apparently to increase the pecuniary profits of the latter. We thus see that but one portion of the mind receives any attention or any improvement, and that the students are never for a moment exalted from the region of their everyday cares, and wants, and labours. Yet what, after all, is the most valuable form of education, or rather what is the truest form? In our opinion, not that which drives into a man a certain set of practical rules, constituting an art, but rather such an order of pursuit as will take him away from the narrow circle in which his daily lot is cast, which will purify his tastes, exalt his imagination, refine his thoughts, and take him away from his working self.

Now, we affirm of the masters and men of this great northern city, that this form of education is not commonly apprehended, and therefore not generally adopted. There is, indeed, a handful of men who appreciate the undoubted necessity of some movement in this direction. At the head of them must be placed Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, the Chairman of the Com-

mittee of the Art Treasures Exhibition. In his evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the South Kensington Museum, in the month of July last, this gentleman showed clearly enough that he had learned to look upon the improvement of men as consequent more upon a constant habituation than upon casual or intermittent instruction. Speaking of the improvement of the taste of the masses, Mr. Fairbairn declares his belief that it is far better effected "by surrounding them with objects of beauty and art, than by any system of lectures or teaching." In accordance with this general principle, and with two important doctrines more or less consequent upon it, first, that the study of any works of art is always beneficial to those engaged in art manufactures; and secondly, that men cannot be brought into the presence of beauty without some improvement of moral condition, Mr. Fairbairn suggested, some time at the beginning of the year, a project for the promotion of a free art gallery and museum in Manchester, corresponding, in its general features, to the South Kensington Museum in London. A hundred thousand pounds was the sum fixed as necessary for the execution of this scheme; and we should have anticipated that no great difficulty would have been found in raising what is such a bagatelle to the wealthy men of this wealthy city. But the fact that such a difficulty does exist, and that grave obstacles are met with in carrying out Mr. Fairbairn's wise and benevolent suggestion, is a confirmation of what we have already proved a strong tendency of Manchester thought. Every thing beyond the sphere of money-getting is considered useless, or even worse than useless. Are the people of Rome or the people of Florence any better for the splendid works of art by which they are on every side surrounded? Was Paris, at the period of the First Empire, improved by the fine arts? These are the questions which Mr. Fairbairn has to answer, and with whose sage propounders he has to deal.

The writer of this article, some short time ago, had the pleasure of being introduced to a leading member of one of the leading firms of Man-

chester—a man of great wealth, and probably possessing some considerable influence. This part of the conversation was carried on with a strong Lancashire brogue of the most Bœotian sort. “Do you think, speaking candidly,” said the present writer, “that education—say that given at the evening classes of a mechanics’ institute, or at some adult night-school—is really calculated to improve a working man, to make him a better workman?” “No, I do not,” replied the learned Theban, with an accent which it is impossible to represent typographically. “Why not?” “Because I always find that the best workmen are those who work most like machines.”

“Then you prefer a hand to a head?”

“Yes.”

“Well, but don’t you think, that if these Lancashire operatives were taught the elements of political economy, they would see the mischievous folly of strikes, and the advantage to be derived from friendly relations between labour and capital?”

“No; I do not think so.”

“But why?”

“Because I don’t (*sic*). In fact, one can’t have a reason for every thing one says just at one’s finger ends. But I’ll tell you this much: these classes and lectures make the hands conceited. They become *huppish*.”

Now, this very man, as it appears, was a violent Radical, and firm supporter of Bright and his doctrines; and owed his own position to the “huppishness” or laudable ambition of his father. Such be thy gods, O Manchester! We find nowhere more striking examples of what Comte terms “the natural affinity between narrow and desultory views and selfish dispositions.” Manchester is essentially a place of narrow and desultory views—a place where the constant pursuit of one low object has produced the onesidedness so naturally consequent upon it.

Nothing is more certain than that, for a perfect development of the human character, there must be a proper balancing of the various faculties

and tastes. The Manchester merchant looks with an edifying contempt on the speculations of abstract philosophy. For him the Unknowable, and the Infinite, and the Unascertained, are subjects of the most supreme indifference. History is scarcely less despicable. Mr. Cobden, a great Manchester apostle, has declared that there is more valuable knowledge to be got out of a single number of the *Times* newspaper, than out of the whole of Thucydides. Possibly he thinks also that Richard Cobden is a wiser statesman than Pericles. Some of the practical sciences, such as chemistry, are looked upon without disfavour, because they are of use in manufactures.

But speaking generally, there is in Manchester no balance between theory and practice. It is all practice. Knowledge of first principles, of scientific doctrines, and of most other things, out of the Exchange track, is not much valued; and the standard set up by Manchester society—the standard which is to measure a man’s moral and intellectual worth, to determine his position in the world, is gold—

“Gold! Yellow, glittering, precious gold!

This will make

Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant;

Will lug your priests and servants from
your sides;

Pluck stout men’s pillows from below their
heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the
accurs’d;

Make the hoar leprosy ador’d; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approba-
tion,

With senators on the bench.”*

There can be no question that the effect of commercial avocations on the character, is to narrow it, and restrain its development. Cicero, speaking of the different occupations suitable to a gentleman, is, as usual, shallow and superficial. He judged not from any store of experience, but simply from the *a priori* reflections of a philosopher in the days when nobody contemplated a philosophy of trade, and

* *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. iii. It might seem a work of great supererogation to give the reference to such a passage as this, in Shakspeare’s own country. Yet it is discredibly true, that Shakspeare is comparatively unknown to the majority of the British public.

of a statesman in a state where commerce was scarcely recognised. "Commerce," he says, "if on a small scale, must be deemed a low calling; but if it is very extensive, and on a large scale—if it collects an abundant variety of articles from all quarters of the globe, and dispenses them amongst an equal variety of people in all honesty, why, under these circumstances, it is not so very objectionable." Now Cicero himself would not have stigmatized the commerce of Manchester as "on a small scale." There is more buying and selling done in a single day, on the Manchester Exchange, than there was amongst the shops of the Roman Forum in a year. Manchester trades with remote regions of the earth, of which the Romans never dreamt. It has a market in Brazil in the West, and at Calcutta and Jerusalem in the East. The Syrian chieftain wears a turban of Manchester manufacture amongst the hills of Lebanon; the Brahman priest is clad in a tunic from the Manchester looms; the fop of Valparaiso walks the Valparaiso Bond-street in Manchester fabrics; and the naked savage of Owhyhee goes through his wild dance with a Manchester rag round his loins.

Manchester commerce is, therefore, undeniably "*magna et copiosa*." But is it, on that account, "*non admodum vituperanda*," not very objectionable?

As we walk from the Bank in London, along Cheapside, and so on, up to the top of Regent-street, we may notice how the stern concentration of physiognomy, prevalent in the city, become gradually relaxed as we go westwards: lips are less and less tightened; brows more and more relaxed; step less and less hurried, till we find ourselves amongst the simpering, lounging crowd of fashionables. But in Manchester you may go from one end to the other, and yet never see a sign of relaxation. Everybody hurries along the streets as if racing against time. Every brow is clouded with care and thought, as if the fate of an empire were at stake. Conversation is carried on in short, sharp sentences, as if the talkers were in a hurry to catch a train. The manners of Manchester are distinguished by a remarkable brusqueness, verging upon rudeness. We must, how-

ever, do them the justice to say, that they are singularly courteous in their demeanour to the strangers who find their way amongst them. The present writer is indebted to many of them, and to one gentleman, in particular, for the facts on which the article is founded. Nothing can exceed the readiness with which they open their warehouses to the inspection of a "philosophic investigator." Another memorable trait is, that they never throw off business. In their families, these merchants are reserved and abstracted, and, though bodily by the fireside, they are mentally at their pillar in the Exchange. As they dine, they are absorbed in prices and sales. As they sit at a concert, their thoughts are less of the music than of the market. As they listen to a sermon, they inwardly smile at the singularly unpractical nature of the preacher's remarks, and possibly think what a sorry figure he would cut on the following Tuesday. In short, what the great Roman, whose words we have already quoted, said of the pursuits of the scholar, is precisely true of the pursuits of the merchant in the city of merchants:—"They are the business of youth, the delight of age; they are a pleasure at home, and they are no hindrance abroad; they are with us in the night, they travel with us, they go into the country with us."

Unquestionably, this incessant concentration of the mind upon one set of subjects, namely, those relating to commerce, and its constant direction to one end, namely, the acquisition of wealth, cannot fail to do grave damage to the mental and moral constitution. Narrow-mindedness, bigotry, empiricism, and a flagrant self-conceit are the giant weeds which grow from such an evil. The blatant assumption of importance on behalf of Manchester by its inhabitants is one of the most amusing characteristics of the place, and reminds us of the obscure parish alluded to by Dickens, which believed that the eyes of Europe were upon it when it appointed its beadle. Manchester men do not scruple to pronounce their town the most important in the kingdom. This ludicrous notion has partly arisen from the leading part which its Parliamentary representatives took in the struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Of course, this preposterously

exaggerated self-importance retards, and will long continue to retard the development of anything like catholicity or cosmopolitanism of creed. At the same time, it would be greatly modified, if those who are now so full of it were encouraged to spend their time in acquiring general knowledge, instead of spending it in public-houses, indulging themselves with huge draughts of mutual glorification, and unthinking panegyric of their city.

If there be any truth in Mr. Ruskin's doctrine of the influence of street architecture, many parts of the Manchester character may be explained, as the result of surrounding a population with hideous buildings. Moseley-street, for instance, is one of the most terrible conglomerations of bricks that we ever remember to have seen ; black, dingy, grim-looking edifices, without an effort at decoration or taste. That ornament and taste are not incompatible with places of business is shown by the splendour of Messrs. Watts' warehouse, in Portland-street, which is reported to have cost £120,000. This is probably the most magnificent warehouse in the world, as it is certainly one of the finest architectural features of Manchester. Not very far from it is another specimen of good building, though of a quite different style, and it is, perhaps, open to dispute whether Messrs. Watts', or Mr. Mendel's warehouse is a finer model for warehouse architecture. We trust that these splendid examples may incite others to improve the aspect of this grim city. Its climate, always more or less ungenial, assists the gaunt buildings in laying an oppressive incubus on all but the aborigines of the place.

In dwelling at such length upon what we consider the defective and evil tendencies of this great city—tendencies in large measure flowing merely from excess of the virtue which has made it great—we have not for a moment forgotten the grand characteristics of its present position. Where else can we behold such a triumph of the almost sublime virtues of industry, perseverance, thrift, and forecast ? Where else are we to look for such signal examples of the force of individuality, and the power that lies in individual energy ? The splendid warehouses, the palatial resi-

dences, the thriving and enormous population, the thousand evidences of wealth with which Manchester abounds on every side—what are these but proud trophies of enterprise, and skill, and toil ? The waggons laden with gigantic piles of manufactures, the streets crowded with an earnest and busy throng—what are these but signs that the same enterprise, and skill, and toil are still in full vigour ? We have been showing the necessity of Manchester taking a leaf from the book of the scholar, and leavening the great mass of material wealth with something of abstract thought and speculation. We may with an equal propriety invite the scholar to turn his eyes to this manufacturing town, and take a lesson for his own guidance from its energy of purpose and its vigour of execution. The man of business, whose mind never leaves the counting-house with its ledgers, and the warehouse with its bales, is not a whit more guilty of stunting his mental development than the dreamer who surrounds himself with books, and shutting the door against the lessons of experience and the actions of the outer world, thinks that he alone is following out the complex laws of his being. Let such an one remember Emerson's emphatic dictum :—"Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential ; without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth."

So it is in all things. The great, and as it might seem, the insuperable difficulty is to keep the balance between two opposing forces, whether you call those forces theory or practice, or thought and manufacture, or learning and working. How many there are who waste an existence in speculation and dreaming ! How many there are who waste an existence in manufacturing calicoes and in book-keeping !

Having thus laid down our theoretical position, we may proceed most briefly to point out in what way we conceive it might readily be carried into practice. The evil of which we complain is, that Manchester is too material, and too purely practical. The remedy we suggest and urge is the initiation of its younger inhabitants into pursuits of a diametrically opposite tendency. Let them vary

practice with theory, and alternate speculation with action, learning with working. And this might be done, and done with the utmost efficacy, without any impediment being thrown into the way of the money-getting pursuits ; without the disciples of Minerva becoming at all careless about the worship of Plutus.

For the majority of young men in Manchester, business hours terminate at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. The entire evening is before them, and we maintain that no better way of spending at least two or three hours of that evening could be devised, than by cultivating the speculative and imaginative faculties of the mind. But this is not done by poring over specifications or patents, or dictionaries of arts and sciences. Let such of them as have any knowledge of the rudiments of Greek, or Latin, or French, pursue study in those languages. It is marvellous what an opening of the mind is brought about by reading in another tongue than our own. It is one of the prime producers of healthy cosmopolitanism. It introduces us to new literature, to new modes of thought, and varied tones of feeling, and has generally a clarifying effect, so to speak, on the student's intellect.

History, again, whether of our own or other countries, would be a most valuable object of inquiry—not the accumulation of dates and the arrangement of battles, but a philosophical endeavour to penetrate to the fundamental laws by which political events are indubitably regulated. We can place no limit to the mental improvement which would follow a careful study on the part of those deeply engaged in commercial pursuits, of historical science—the science of man as a social being, whose office is to unravel the intricacies of the relations amongst individuals, classes, nations and races ; to educe from the dim shadows of past events clear and well defined laws ; to furnish modern times with lessons which ages more remote only learnt by a painful experience ; whose office, in short, is not to illustrate another science, but to bring forth a philosophy of its own, more valuable than any other philosophy, because it is the most essentially practical.

Poetry is so popular a branch of literature, and its uses in elevating the imagination are so patent and obvious, that we scarcely need dwell upon it. Biography, again, should form an element in the work of self-education, more especially the lives of heroic and high-minded men, whose actions were dictated by a firm faith in some lofty principle, and who scorned with ineffable scorn the base and selfish motives of the mercenary crowd. A hundred other branches of study might be indicated, equally fitted for promoting the object we are advocating—the *spiritualization* of the men of commerce.

We will conclude with a remark upon the importance of the relations between Manchester and the rest of England. Its population may now be estimated at little short of half a million. Of course this is a small fraction of the London population ; but if we would form a proper estimate of its weight in the state, we must remember that Manchester is animated by one spirit. Its inhabitants are all engaged in one pursuit, and one narrow circle of occupations. Their motives are almost identical, and the surrounding influence act in necessarily the same direction. This intense unanimity, therefore, gives a strength which is greater than that possessed by towns of larger populations, but of more divided opinions.

Admitting that this half million all pull one way, no one will attempt to deny that too great vigilance cannot be exercised in directing the development of the commercial spirit, and that too great pains cannot be taken in modifying the intensity and tempering the onesidedness of that spirit. We have shown how this may be done ; and we believe if the men of Manchester were to follow out and improve upon our suggestions, they would be in the road for rendering their life (to apply the words of an illustrious writer, employed by him in a far wider and more national sense), not what it now is, “ puerile and insignificant, but such as human beings with highly developed faculties can care to have.”

J. M.

IRISH AND SCOTS SALMON FISHERIES.

THE Salmon, a prolific river-fish, has been fruitful in acts of parliament, which the English, Irish, and Scottish legislatures have passed to regulate modes of catching the animal, from the day when King John's barons met on an island in the Thames, and included two clauses in the great charter in favour of a certain amount of freedom for this excellent eatable. How came the creature in question to be more productive of law than any other, man excepted? The primary reason arises from the nature of the fish. Like a hare, this migratory being is no man's property until it is caught; and its circumstances form more complicated scientific, and, therefore, legal questions than the quadruped's. Though found most in common waters, as the sea and the tide-ways of rivers, our legislature has seen fit to sanction monopolizing modes of taking it, thereby creating "several," or private, fisheries in those commons, to the detriment of other piscatory interests in the stream. Considerations based on the presumed habits of this singular fish have formed the grounds for permitting these exclusive methods of capture. But here we are met by the difficulty of observing the conduct of an ichthyologic animal, which lives a vagrant life under water, one night in the deep, the next throwing a summer-sault up a cascade, and then hiding itself in an inland lake. So, unless a Select Parliamentary Committee would consent to sit a few days in a diving-bell, its members must learn salmonology from the sayings of those observers of this fish's doings who are most worthy of credit.

The great charter of English liberty having been extended to Ireland, all fixed engines were deemed illegal, except on the sea coast, as included in the interdicted *kiddle*, a word which originally implied the wicker basket of a head-weir: whence the term, "a kettle of fish." About thirty statutes were passed by the Dublin Parlia-

ment, some to determine the abstruse question of the best season for salmon fishing, and others, inveighing against "the greedy appetites and inordinate desires" of monopolists, positively prohibited the use of any standing or fixed net.

Of late years, the Imperial Legislature has consented to about a score of statutes in respect of Irish and Scots salmon.

The old kings of Scotland were always making regulations against *coradha*, cruives, or weirs, besides enforcing the "Sunday slap-by," or free passage up the stream on the Sabbath; then settling the size of "ilk heck," cut, or gap, between cruiwe bars, and providing punishment for "slayers of redd fish in fresche watteris."

The reason the sovereigns of Scotland were so careful of the salmon fishery of their kingdom is found in the fact that this resource, which must have been of immense value, belonged to them; for, though the salmon is not, like the whale or sturgeon, a royal fish, to which the Crown has claim, the right of salmon fishing is *inter regalia*, being by law *jus coronis*. Often good King Robert and his successors, the Stuarts, granted, and perhaps also sold, fishery charters, in which we find quaint legal lore that would have delighted the lord of Abbotsford, such as "the thane's nett," with the laird's duty of half the *lar*, i.e. salmon, taken, whether by net or *leister*, *lar-tree*, or salmon-spear; and "pock-nets," still, faith, or hang net; harry-the-water nets, and "cork fishing," reminding us of a popular song, still heard in the wynds of the towns on the Border:—

"As I went up Sand-gate, up Sand-gate, up Sand-gate,

As I went up Sand-gate, I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row the keel row,

Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in."

"Weel may the boatie row that ear-

the bairns' bread" is the burden of another chant, sung by lassies turned fish-wives; and so, too, in old Ireland, many poor women, though not such merry songstresses as the sisterhood at Berwick, have had cause to be grateful for the bounty of nature to our rivers.

Though inferior in amount of produce, the salmon fisheries of this country have the merit of differing from those of Scotland in one point, having been originally open to the many, not confined by law to the few; for, whereas all Scots fishings are private property, private rights in Irish fishings are the exception. In by far the greater bulk of our waters the public common-law right of every person prevails who can employ a boat and net. Thus, this difference, remarkable as affecting and complicating the law of piscary in Ireland, is here in favour of prohibiting monopoly of an article of sustenance which is the free gift of nature, requiring no expense, save in the mode and act of capture.

Some private properties in Irish salmon are of great value, such as the Foyle fishery, belonging to the Irish Society, granted at a time when the Worshipful London Company of Fishmongers undertook to colonize Derry. The Bann, once much richer, is owned by the same Society, was rented by its first lessor, an ancestor of Lord Dufferin, at no less than £1,000, equivalent to £12,000 of our money, and yielded one year, according to Pennant, 300 tons of fish, diminished to 52 tons in the year 1823. Then there is the fishery of the Erne, at Ballyshannon, which used to pay the Conolly family several thousand pounds sterling annually. In a historical point of view, it is observable that the principal fishing stations in this island appear to have been formed by Scandinavian settlers, apparently immigrants from the Hebrides, who introduced the Scotie mode of fishing by strand weirs, called *coradha* by the Gaelic people of the interior.

The great *coradh*, or *cruive-weir*, called the *lax-weir*, at Limerick, one of the oldest and richest fishing properties in the United Kingdom, was probably erected by the Danes, who may have also aided in the construction of the *ceann-coradha*, i.e., head-weirs, near Brian Boroimhe's

poetically celebrated palace, called, from them, Kincora. The lease of this weir, which is the property of the Corporation of the city, having seventy unexpired years, subject to £300 a-year, was recently sold for £10,000 to Mr. Malcolmson, one of our greatest manufacturers.

It is of this weir the story is told in Cardinal Wiseman's "Lives of the Popes," how, on a trial as to its legality, the word "*lax*," puzzling every one, was construed to imply a loose, illegal weir, until an antiquary explained to Counsellor O'Connell that it is merely the Danish word for salmon. Among other antique piscatory apparatus in this country, may be noticed the dam-weir at Inchicore (i.e., the Island of the Fishing-weir), on our metropolitan river, under Kilmainham, to the old Priory of which it belonged when knights of St. John flourished; and fishermen there familiarly call this salmon-trap, "Johnny's Weir," in tradition of the time when the Church asserted right to tithe of fish. In obedience to this right, the Duke of Devonshire pays £200 a-year for the fourth fish, and about £70 a-year for the tenth, out of £700 annual rent for his dam-weir at Lismore. An old "*head-weir*," so called because a man at its head hauled up the salmon it caught, or "*timber-tied*" weir, because constructed of stakes and wattle-work, belonged to the monks of Dunbrody Abbey, under the title of "*God's weir*." This antiquated contrivance was in the shape of a V, and being very inoperative compared to the Scotch stake-net, one of these efficient engines was substituted, and caught "*a power of fish*," until, being pronounced illegal, it was destroyed by an Inspecting Commissioner. Specimens of these rude *coradha* may be seen in the Nore, and elsewhere, proving that Magna Charta was disregarded; and also showing why a statute provided a penalty for a man allowing his pigs to wander on the river shore, where they devoured the salmon fry detained in these wicker and weed-covered contrivances.

The values of the various public fisheries, are, of course, difficult to estimate; but it appears that the gross export from Waterford in 1844 was about 20,852 salmon, weighing 151,646 lbs. The home consumption was incalculable. At a shilling a pound the

export was worth £7,585 ; the produce is stated to have reached from £17,000 to £18,000 one year.

Some further retrospect is requisite for comprehending the history of the Irish Salmon Fisheries during the present century. We have seen that this fish, long ago, provoked "greedy desires" at home ; and it seems that, since its value depends on quick sale, the invention of steam navigation raised demand in England to an "inordinate desire," so soon as it could, packed in ice, be placed fresh on London dinner-tables. To supply the new demand, numbers of newly invented "Scotch nets," technically called stake and bag nets, were set up in the estuaries throughout our island, particularly on the estates of influential landlords. Whether these fixed engines were illegal or not, was a question at law which would have been quickly decided had the innovation injured rich, hereditary, private rights ; but as the encroachment was upon the public fishery, who was to protect this right ? In Scotland, there is no such right ; but in this country it prevails in the tideways of almost all the largest rivers, being exercised by thousands of cott-men, fishing with seines, or draught nets. The law as to stationary nets was obscure, and unenforced ; and, during this uncertainty as to the title to maintain these engines, it was well worth while to erect them. Accordingly, although many were condemned by judicial decisions, and some occasionally cut down by the injured cott-men, others were set up to catch the profit of a season's fishing. Before the Act of 1842, which was designed as a remedy, there were twenty-six acts of parliament, but no authority was empowered to put them in force, in vindication of the public right of piscary ; and, generally speaking, fishery law was a dead letter, save where private interest, that potent motive, enforced the law for substantial objects. The public fishermen, instead of contributing money to try the legality of fixed nets, combined to remedy their grievances forcibly ; and in some parts, as near Waterford, on the Shannon, and in Donegal, about Ballyshannon, there were sharp conflicts. The people rose in immense numbers, and prostrated the new engines violently. Serious breaches of the peace, with loss of

lives, induced Government to inquire into the law, and it was found that these fixtures were illegal. Still, the profit of a season's take of salmon was enough to tempt risks, and fixed nets were re-erected. Such was the state of uncertainty, irresponsibility, confusion, and conflict which warranted the government of the day in bringing forward, in 1842, a bill repealing all existing statutes, consolidating and re-enacting most of their sound provisions, and introducing others required by the recent introduction of efficient methods of fishing.

The alterations in the law effected by the Act of 1842 were extreme, in some cases unjust, and in others unscientific. The bill presented to parliament was good on several points ; but, in committee, the fixed-net party introduced and passed two clauses, giving a colour of legality to stake and bag nets, that had stood for certain terms of years, under particular conditions, thus rewarding their owners for having violated the law. Besides giving this unjust immunity, the new statute enabled additional fixed nets to be set up in newly legalized localities, and gave facility for the erection of illegal stake-nets. In consequence, the number of these engines, which are notably efficient, increased, while, at the same time, no adequate provision was made for the protection of the few fish they left behind to breed. The result, scarcity, might have been anticipated.

The effect of the Act of 1842 was to revolutionize property in the salmon fisheries of this island. The proprietary interest in them immediately changed hands largely, and this change is continuing. Before fixed nets were used, the landlords along a great river had generally little return from it, save in isolated cases, which we have nearly counted up, as of cruive dams, and a few antiquated head-weirs. Almost all the broad tideways, excepting the Foyle, were fished by poor cott-men, in virtue of the public right. But the result of the Act of 1842 was absolutely to create a class of salmon-fishery proprietors, namely, the landlords of the coast outside river mouths. For many years this new proprietary reaped the yearly harvest ; and even now they contribute, comparatively with their profits, little in the shape of license duty, and seldom pay poor

rate and county cess. Indeed, an increase of the assessment levied on fixed nets, for the protective purpose, has become essential.

Made powerful to kill salmon, the lower proprietors, naturally powerless, by their geographical position, to protect the breeding fish in the upper waters, found the magistracy among the mountains more and more disinclined to punish their poor neighbours for breaches of the law in this particular. Consequently, a gradual declension of the fisheries, threatening their extinction, continued from year to year, until 1848, when the License Act was passed, providently imposing duties upon every sort of engine employed in salmon fishing, the sums levied in each district to be applied to protection. A total of between £5,000 and £6,000 annually has been raised and applied for this necessary purpose, with admirable and increasing effect.

Generally speaking, the Irish salmon fishery is now settled in satisfactory ways, so far as carrying out the present law. But since the question, whether the law is judicious and just or not, is ever an open one, and as points in this respect have been recently mooted, concerning the Scots salmon fishery, by a report of a Select Committee of the House of Lords, we shall proceed to quote and comment on this report, and the evidence published with it, as well in its bearings on the Irish as on the North British fishery.

The main question in legislating for the salmon fisheries of large public rivers, is one of just distribution. Plainly, the owner of an entire river may do as he pleases; and if the interest of purchasers of this fish should be most consulted, the preferable way of fishing every river is by means of bag-nets in its very gorge, because salmon caught in the sea is in a finer state, and will keep longer, than one that has been some time in a river; but as this way would enrich a single landlord to the loss of all the other interests in the stream, the law, from the day of Magna Charta, has refused to allow a monopoly. No question but the "improved mode of fishing," as these nets are styled, serve the commercial value of salmon best; yet it would be unjust, on the grand social principle of liberty, *sic*

utere tuo ut alienum non lædas, to allow one man to use this new engine to the destruction of the ancient property of persons higher up the stream.

It may be well to describe bag and stake nets, that the reader may judge what formidable competitors they are of the draught-net.

A bag-net is so called from its pouch, or trap, at the outer end, suspended in the sea by buoys and ropes out to anchors, and into which salmon are led by the net itself, called the leader, which stretches out from the beach. The nature of the fish is to coast along, their hydrographical knowledge consisting in discerning fresh from salt water, and in seeking a river's mouth along shore. As they move on, when impeded by the leader they swim along it, till they get into the bag of the net.

A stake-net is stretched on stakes fixed in the shore of a river, from high water mark to the edge of the channel, where it has an intricate chamber, into which fish are similarly led. The chief advantage these two fixed engines have over unfixed nets is, that they operate incessantly, day and night, save during the weekly and annual close times. Being situated near the mouths of rivers, they also have the great benefit of nearness to the entry of the fish.

The dispute whether salmon, in entering a river, take the channel or keep along shore, is one that occasions a lively controversy, because if they run up the deep water, owners of the "Scotch nets," called stake and bag engines, not stretching into the channel, can protest that the fish get off scot-free. This moot matter, however, would be rendered less of a mystery if the amount of salmon entered in the ledgers of those owners' fisheries were open to inspection, when we should hardly require the assurance of an experienced witness before the late Committee that "it is only close in-shore that the bag-net takes most of the fish." This shows that, at least, they hug the sea coast shore, if they do not also prefer the sides to the tideway channel of a river.

The salmon is a sort of sea chameleon, varying according to the interest of the spectator, who, if an owner of sea-nets, says some salmon never go into fresh water, but spawn in the

sea, an assertion to be taken *cum grano salis*. So high has the dispute run that science has been invoked to make disputants rich, by pronouncing the *salmo salar* either a sea or a river fish, in order that the law for catching it may be framed accordingly; while, in truth, the animal is both one and the other. But, say the stake-net men, though not ready to hazard their profits on their assertion that salmon breed in the sea, no one can deny that they feed and grow fat in it, and fowl and thin in a river. Granted; the sole question, merely one of curiosity, being what do they fatten on? Professor Quekett, in evidence before the Lords, finds, from experiments, the ova of the echinus, or sea-urchin, to be the salmon's principal food; and that this edible lives in from six to twenty fathoms salt water. Probably the urchin browses on sea weed, which imperceptibly adorns, like a beard, the mouth of every river, and receives a top-dressing by the deposit of every flood, thus compensating the country for loss of the fine earth carried down, besides supplying manure to fields on the sea coast. Again, some bag-net men assert that if they might not catch salmon in the sea, the fish might wander into other rivers, although there is hardly a fact in natural history better established than that salmon return to the stream in which they were bred. There is a marked difference in their shape in various rivers, as there is in different breeds of cattle. Waterford fish can be distinguished from the Cork variety, the Liffey breed from that of the Shannon, and sharp-eyed fishermen even discriminate between Bann, Bush, and Foyle fishes. Connoisseurs say that the metropolitan river never shows the lengthier and much better shaped fish of the Boyne, nor the deep thick fish of the Suir and Shannon. Again, sea-engine partisans talk of "barren" fish, which, say they, never ascend any river— a conjecture requiring proof, being quite contrary to the belief of inland piscators, that all salmon pair together, no one being, like Horace's *piscator*, *teneræ conjugis immemor*. Doctors also differ as to the proportionate quantity of spawn that arrives at maturity. One witness has no horror of fixed engines, because since "each

individual salmon," says he, "produces about 20,000 eggs, proper care of the breeding fish" would sustain the stock; and he estimates that "if only a quarter of the quantity came to maturity," a few fish would suffice. But, setting aside the fact that a cock salmon lays no eggs, what reason is there for believing that he has the pleasure of seeing 5,000 progeny grow up from fry to salmonhood every year? As to this mystery, it can only be solved by some one who has fulfilled one of the oldest Irish traditions, viz., has eaten of the "salmon of knowledge," so we turn to another point.

According to Magna Charta and the Scottish law, new fixed engines cannot be set up within a river, and by Irish law not within a mile from the mouth, consequently another piscatory puzzle is, what are the limits of a river? Where does the open sea commence? The construction of the law depends on an answer wherever no legal definition has been arrived at, and several actions have turned on this point. Whether salt or fresh water predominate in the proposed limit would hardly serve as a criterion. In the case of the Tay, Lord Eldon hit upon what seems to us the natural limit, by giving his opinion that the prohibition to fish with stake-nets in rivers extended, in this case, to the *bar*, which is a little outside the projecting headlands forming the mouth. The bar at a river's mouth is the neutral ground, where the force of the river current no longer prevails, and, therefore, by depositing its sediment, has formed sand-banks. One witness before the late Committee, Horace Watson, Esq., solicitor to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, handed in an able document on this moot point of defining the limits of a river, showing it was one impossible to settle without the aid of an impartial commission, since neither nature, nor law, nor international treaties serve as a guide in every case. In her infinite variety, nature has rendered it impossible to lay down any rule. Some rivers, like the Nile, Rhine, and Mississippi, make deltas out in the sea. Some, like the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, run straight into the sea, without either delta or estuary. "In these cases," it is judiciously observed in the me-

morandum, "the bar at the mouth would give a natural limit." In the case of the Severn, Shannon, and St. Lawrence, where the estuary gradually widens into the sea, it would, perhaps, be impossible to say where the bar lies, and to get any thing but an arbitrary limit.

Enough has now been said to show the complicated character of Irish salmon fisheries.

Such was the abuse on all sides, that prior to 1842, save in some isolated cases, the law was totally disregarded—everybody fishing in the manner that suited him, from weirs to spears. Some principal rivers were fished all the year round, neither Sunday nor the spawning season being observed. The fine fisheries of the Barrow, Suir, Blackwater, Slaney, and Boyne, were used in this destructive manner. Magistrates did not choose to become unpopular by enforcing the law where the public alone were interested; and by degrees, this landlord and the other on the estuary had set up semi-legal stake and bag nets, which no one was authorized either to try the right to, or to put down.

The large extent of the public interest, its conflict with private claims, consequent on private encroachments, the frequency of serious breaches of the peace, the confused state and inadequacy of the law, and the need of an impartial, scientific tribunal, authorized to interpose, combined to demand that the whole matter of the Irish fisheries should be under some control by public officers. Certain powers were accordingly given, in 1842, to the Board of Works, as Commissioners of Fisheries; but, owing to several reasons, the Board did not exercise those powers, partly because it was overwhelmed with other business, particularly during the years of famine, and partly because its members had not, perhaps, sufficient technical knowledge of the matter, which requires practical acquaintance, and moreover, such active supervision and local attention, as the Inspecting Commissioners, who were subsequently added to the Board, have since given. In one point alone, the question as to a befitting Close Season, or period of time during which capture of salmon ought to be illegal, the new statute made our waters more troubled

to fish in. The two objects of the close time are, first, to prohibit capture at the period when many salmon in a river are so nearly advanced towards spawning as to be unfit for food, and to allow a sufficient number to ascend to deposit their ova in the upper streams. Fishermen seem tolerably agreed that the great bulk of spawning occurs in all rivers in December. But the indubitable fact, that various causes make fish appear in certain rivers in various conditions at the same late period of November—as, for example, the majority ready to spawn, some having done so, and others "fresh run" from the sea, and with ova scarcely developed—renders the question, whether any of these rivers may be fished late or early, an abstruse and much disputed one.

The sixteen rivers called "early," or those in which good fish are found in the winter months, are generally short conduits from a lake, or great reservoir of rain water, to the sea, which presents a facile run for the fish from salt to fresh water. The most remarkable of these aqueducts is the Carra, in Kerry, one of the earliest to have new-run fish; and so abundant are its scaly denizens at the season when salmon from large rivers are uneatable, that Inspecting Commissioner Ffennell mentions having taken on the 23rd November seventeen fish there, fifteen of which were "as beautiful and marketable as could be." This fact, of there being sound salmon in a stream at a date when other rivers have only spawning, or spent fish, is another physical mystery, of which the solution may be, that the superior clearness and warmth of a lake-fed conduit attracts the animal sooner.

One of the best services rendered by the Inspecting Commissioners has consisted in contenting the fishing public on this question of fence time. Our native legislature, haying, with a prudence now becoming recognised, fixed the general close time at from the 12th of August to 1st February, had relaxed this rule in favour of certain rivers, the natures of which demand peculiar fishing seasons; but in 1842, an act framed on the idea that all rivers are alike in this particular, placed them, as to their seasons, in a Procrustean bed. Nature and law being at variance, the effect was

that, as regarded certain localities, the law was not observed. In the case of late rivers, those which may be fished later than others without detriment, the instance of the Slaney was the sorest; for, having been fished by custom up to the 12th November, three months' fishing was legally cut off. Extension of the new piscatory tether was demanded also for the Bandon and some other streams. A salmon salesman in London—the best possible authority as to the comparative value of the commodity—recently gave evidence that many of the fish received from Kerry in the month of January seemed to have spawned, then gone down to the sea in the early autumn, and returned to the rivers again, as new-run fish, in the healthy condition that salmon have on their first return from the sea. Such were those caught in the Laune, which discharges the waters of the Killarney Lakes into the ocean; but the fish taken in the Lakes were discoloured, and, therefore, of lower value. Our theory, that the existence of a lake near the sea renders its discharging river an early aqueduct, is warranted by the cases in Scotland of the Ness, and in this country of the Carra, the Arra, or Munhim, Curraan, and Laune.

Accordingly, the close times have been made various, agreeably to the exigencies of different rivers, the decisions being given by the Fishery Board on the evidence with respect to fish entering early in some rivers and late in others; and these by-laws are reviewed periodically, in order that there shall be no injurious inalterability on the part of the law, but an elastic power of revision, according to the better experience and judgment of the interested parties. Each decision continues for three years, and can then be rescinded, and another regulation made. In the case of the Foyle, the piscary being a "several fishery," or private property, the lessees may reasonably control decision as to the profitable season. Although the law allows fishing to begin on the 1st February, they do not get any thing worth taking till the middle of June, and they wish to prolong the present season throughout August. Here, should an error be made, one party only can be injured; but where many interests are affected, the Board, as an

impartial authority, can hear, weigh, and decide whether the evidence suffices to demand a change. Thus, Mr. Foley, the respected lessee of the Lismore weir, reprehends the recent extension of the fishing season for the fine river which feeds his weir up to the 13th September, and mentions that he took thirty-three salmon on the last night of the season, all of which were so far advanced towards spawning that the Dublin salesman afterwards told him they had "cut as white as chalk." Whether it is desirable to give the few rivers claiming variety of season the advantage of a market at the time others are closed, must remain a question, subject, however, to these remarks, that these rivers are not only few, but the smallest, and that the uniformity principle has obvious merits. We must, therefore, concur in the conclusions of Inspecting-Commissioner Ffennell, that, although there certainly are some early rivers, producing a few good fish, which fetch a very high price if taken in January, that to relax the law for this sake would involve the capture of countless fish in an unwholesome condition, being either near spawning, or spent.

An early close time is the best provision for abundance. The argument in favour of Early Closure is enhanced by the increased skill and numerous engines now employed to take fish, which, in a dry summer, do not seek, for several months—as June, July, and August—to ascend the stream at all, but hang in the tideway, and if taken, without leaving enough to breed, when the rain comes, the number that remain are insufficient to sustain the stock. For this reason, the same experienced witness recommends that fishing by nets be prohibited between the 12th of August and the 1st of February; observing, further, that the 12th of August prevailed, under the enactments of native Parliaments, as the commencement of the close time; and how remarkable it is to find that most people concerned in the fisheries are coming back to early closing, and that many of them advocate the very day that the old statutes fixed, thus recognising "the wisdom of our ancestors."

The opinion of the Inspecting Commissioner, that "it requires a large stock of salmon to stock a river

amply," is incontrovertible, from the broad fact, hitherto unnoticed, that however extraordinary may be this fish's fecundity, it has, so far from replenishing any stream largely, only preserved the quantities taken in nearly each river at an average rate. No question that protection will, in individual cases, increase the take considerably, yet the augmentation bears small proportion to the prolific powers of the fish; and, therefore, reasons must be sought why this fecundity becomes neutralised by circumstances, which are in part explained by the Inspecting Commissioner, who justly observes, that though people speak of the many thousands of eggs—something like 11,000 to 17,000—in a large female salmon, there is, after the act of spawning, great waste; and, as he fairly concludes, one reason why this fish is provided with such a quantity of ova is to meet this waste. In the first place, he has remarked, much of the ova is not impregnated; another large proportion is lost, the fish failing to cover in the gravel, when the ova are carried away by the current. Again, such of the ova as germinates, like a braird of corn, is attractive to trout and wild ducks, which feed immensely upon it. So many accidents befall the fry while moving through flood and field, in their descent to the sea, and they meet so much voracity there—a promising progeny of 10,000 is perhaps sometimes decimated, and re-decimated almost to extermination.

With regard to the present annual Close Time in Scotland, most of the witnesses concurred in advising that it should begin sooner. One of the salesmen recently examined reasonably ascribes the falling off to fishing too late—"a great error," and "at the root of the scarcity." In that country, as in our own, cupidity caused the fence time, as originally fixed by law, to be commenced later from age to age, with consequent injurious results. At first the law prescribed from the 15th August to the 30th of November, of which the former date is highly judicious, but the latter the very contrary. Subsequently, the close time was from the 26th August to the 30th of November; which was changed by Home Drummond's Act in 1829, and fixed from the 14th September to the 1st February. In our minds,

which are impartial, as we have no interest in any piscary, an early date should be named in August as that for uniform closure; the period should be five or six months; and in any cases where the party principally interested in a river gave good reason for fishing it for a short time later, a period equal to the extension should be taken from the date of opening.

The Tweed presents the most notorious instance of the ill effects of beginning too soon. But the fact that the 14th of September is too late to continue fishing up to, is now acknowledged almost universally throughout Scotland. In several cases the proprietors have practically repealed the law: the Dukes of Richmond and Sutherland, and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Seaforth, have gone back to 20th, and even 1st August, with the best effect; and the Tay proprietors have agreed to go back to the 26th August. The 15th, 12th, and 10th of this month have been voluntarily adopted by other parties; and as the importance of early closure was much pressed on the Lords' Committee, they recommend that the annual close time be from the 20th of August until the 1st February, and that rod fishing continue till the 15th October; but that no salmon be sold after 1st September.

Strangely enough, the question whether the weekly close time should be observed by the owners of stake and bag nets in Scotland is a vexed one; though the "Sunday slap-by" has been religiously enforced there, for centuries, on dam weirs, and though it is observed by nets in Ireland. Surely the bag of a Scotch net can as easily be rendered inoperative as that of an Irish one? The Lords' Committee, however, accepting the objection that foul weather sometimes causes difficulty, propose that either fixed nets observe the weekly close time, or be wholly removed on the 20th July for the yearly one.

The principal objects of the Committee were to obtain evidence—1st, against and in favour of fixed engines; 2nd, as to the close season; 3rd, to notice the working of the Irish Fishery Acts, with the view of seeing how far their provisions are applicable to the Scots fishery.

Much testimony was given attributing decline to the use of fixed nets. From the evidence taken before the

Committee on the Tweed Fisheries Bills in 1857 and 1859, and from their reports, it appears that there was a very large diminution in the take of salmon in that river between 1808 and 1856; that in the former year the estimated number of salmon taken was 37,333, while in the latter it had fallen off to 4,885. The Committees were satisfied that fixed nets and engines were among the causes which led to the decline of the fisheries; they therefore approved of their abolition.

The Tay has not suffered so much as the Tweed. Its rental has varied from, in 1828, £14,574 to, in 1838, £10,285, in 1848, £12,057, and in 1858, £11,487. An Aberdeen witness, who has managed salmon-fishings for half a century, ascribes the diminution of the fish in weight to the new extraordinary mode of capturing them in the second year of their growth. No "big fish," of from 45 to 50 lbs. weight are now seen, and the old average of ten per cent. from 15 lbs. to 24 lbs. is reduced. The falling off in the Aberdeen rivers, the Dee and Don, is mainly attributed by him to the use of fixed nets, and is shown by these statistics:

DECENNIAL COMPARISON.

Year.	Number of Boxes of 112 lbs. each.	Year.	Boxes of Salmon.
1834 -	30,650	1850 -	13,940
1835 -	42,330	1851 -	11,593
1836 -	24,570	1852 -	13,044
1837 -	32,300	1853 -	19,485
1838 -	21,400	1854 -	23,194
1839 -	16,340	1855 -	18,197
1840 -	15,160	1856 -	15,438
1842 -	89,417	1857 -	18,654
1843 -	30,300	1858 -	21,564
1844 -	28,178	1859 -	15,823
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	280,645		166,932
	166,932		
	<hr/>		
	113,713		
	Falling off.		

We can recall the time when Irish rivers were far more productive than at present, and when some camy fishers from the Scottish shore, which they had fringed with fixed nets, and so had cleared out the rivers, used to boast that it would take them much less time to empty our streams.

the late evidence, it is declared the north coast of Sutherland-

shire was entirely stripped of salmon in five years, and that the number taken yearly having diminished from 42,000 to 1,300, His Grace of Sutherland had to let his rivers remain unfished. The Committee, after giving their best consideration to the evidence, report that, with a view to the improvement of the salmon fisheries in Scotland, all cruives and fixed engines, of whatever kind, both in the rivers and the sea, should be abolished; and at all events, no new fixed engines, of any description, should be permitted to be erected. If, however, it should not appear practicable to enforce such a comprehensive provision, the Committee would recommend—Firstly, the appointment of a regulating board. Secondly, election of district conservators by the proprietors, with powers of assessment, for paying water-bailiffs, &c. Thirdly, all stake and bag nets, and all other fixed engines, other than cruives already existing, shall be declared illegal in rivers and estuaries, and their use prohibited within such distance of the mouth of every river as the board may deem proper. Fourthly, that the mouth, not already defined by law, be defined by the board, with some other important recommendations. Unable to offer an opinion whether these propositions are just and politic, we are, at the same time, sufficiently versed in the craft and mystery of piscatory controversy to foresee that a bill based upon them is sure to encounter strenuous opposition.

One curious quarrel, the case of *Salmon versus Seal, Porpoise & Co.* is specially in proof that differing parties view fishes through the medium of their different interest—upper fishermen perceiving clearly that the former fish are assisted by fixed nets in preying on the latter, while lower fishers, the owners of these engines, cannot see this fact at all. Prior to the Bill of 1842, this plausible argument was propounded: "These nets will give to man's use salmon that would otherwise fall a prey to seals, porpoises, and grampuses;" and the measure was promoted by this specious notion. But there has since been evidence without end that the real effect of these fixtures is to facilitate the destruction of salmon by their oily enemies, one of which, the seal,

eats, according to the proverb, seven salmon per diem. As to this destructive effect of fixed nets, viz., the facility they give to fish of prey in catching salmon, it seems, that a seal is not swift enough to run down those slender, strong swimmers in the open sea, but that, when one of the latter, chased along, comes against a bag-net, it is checked and snapped up by its voracious pursuer. Often these nets are burst through in hot water-hunts, when a leash of porpoises are making a rush, like sea-hounds, after a shoal of salmon; and more often still, some old seal, a solitary follower of sea sports, haunting a particular bag-net, comes stealthily, and seeing a salmon in the bag, breaks in and robs the human fisher. Eye-witnesses of these piscatory peccadilloes describe the rude operations vividly. It seems that some choice places for a bag-net on the Scottish coast are situated in the favourite hunting waters of those finny devourers, which may be seen, particularly near the mouth of the Tay, tumbling and disporting in scores, waiting for the salmon that are sent out to sea off the shallows by striking the net. To judge by word-of-mouth pictures of these chases, a pack of porpoises attack a shoal of salmon as wolves do a flock of sheep, while that lone cruiser, the seal, lies like a piratic schooner, off the mouth of a river, to pick up its prey. Mr. Foley had his opinion, that fixed nets are injurious in scaring the fish at first from the river, confirmed by the following observations:—

“I moored,” he says, “a boat over a bag-net; it was a calm day, and I lay there perfectly still. I saw a large shoal of fish come compact together, led by one or two small fish; the water was so clear that I could distinctly see them; they felt their way, and when they struck against the net they turned off seaward. I observed each time that the fish were more scattered, and ultimately four or five of them got into the bag-net, and one of them having got foul in the net, scared the others outside; they took alarm immediately, and went off seaward.”

On this telling question, the following paragraph is the evidence of Inspecting Commissioner Ffennell:—

“There was a great deal said in Ireland about the effect of stake-wells and bag-nets being to rescue salmon from

the seals and things of that kind. I believe that they have tended to cause much more salmon to be devoured by seals than ever were before in Ireland. I have watched it very closely myself. We find where a bag-net is established, at first the seals will break into it, but after a bit, being very sagacious animals, they will lurk about it; and in calm, fine weather, the fish coming into the rivers and estuaries, are frightened; the seals plunge into them, and they are driven into the sea, and a great many fall a prey to the seals. We have many establishments that I have watched myself, where the bag-nets will turn away the fish. Now, there is the case of the River Slaney, which is the worst in Ireland in its circumstances, and the least improving. There are a parcel of bag-nets crowded about the mouth, that are still outside the mile. It is not at all uncommon in that river that the owner of those bag-nets will not set them in fine weather for three weeks together, having found by experience that the nets drive the salmon away altogether. He will wait till a storm or swell gets up, and consequently his property in the fishing is diminished, as well as the river fishings.”

As we have premised, the question of distributing the fish to the various interests by just regulation of modes of capture, is the grand difficulty, since obviously, if a river were owned by one man only, he would have only himself to satisfy.

The advantage of privacy, as respects this piscatory property, is notably evidenced in the case of a stream rented by Lord Plunket from the Marquis of Sligo, which his lordship has improved wonderfully, cultivating it as if it were a farm, forming an artificial spawning-bed a quarter of a mile long, and causing the brood-fish to be carefully protected, so that, besides the sport he and his friends obtain in angling, he yearly sells several hundred pounds worth of fish. But where there are fifty interests along one stream, each fisherman is antagonistic to the other, and the chance of each is generally dependent on his nearness to the first approach of the fish.

Whatever the interests concerned, and wherever salmon are caught, the sources of a river are manifestly those of production and profit. The area of the catchment-basin, and the amount of rain-fall, in inches, yearly, of a river, usually form the test of its power

as a salmon producer. Yet this is no sure criterion, since there must be suitable spawning places, clear water, and a current. A rapid-flowing, mountain river is the natural habitat of the salmon; a fish that will spawn only in a shingly bed, where there is a mixture of sharp, coarse gravel and small stones; and in running water, it being essential that the water be not deep but pure and aerated. The attraction of fresh water is greater in summer to this swimmer in streams than that of sea-water to human bathers. It would seem that a "spate," or "fresh," or slight flood in a brackish river pleases the fish's cuticular sensibility, when up she runs to enjoy the coolness of deep pools in the mountain glens. The months of August and September bring salmon in quantities from the briny sea, to enjoy life under romantic cascades, where they find shower-baths such as only a water-nymph's nerves could endure.

The opportunities salmon select for running up a river appear to vary according to the amount of water and its quality. When the fresh water in the tideway is so scant that the river is salt, they collect in the channel, waiting for such a "fresh" as suits them. They "hang in the tideway," moving up and down, according to the state of the water: a spate causing them to run up, and a turbid flood driving them back to sea, for they cannot abide muddy water. When at the mouth of a river, and a flood comes down, they will not face it, but swim away, because their delicate gills do not bear to let foul water pass through them. Hence they mostly remain in the broad water, and do not ascend till the dry times of summer and autumn, when the upper streams are pure and clear.

The author of a gossiping little book on fishing, just published,* mentions that, if salmon are detained for a lengthened period in brackish water, waiting for a spate, they sometimes become blind; and he gives the following account of the ill-success attending an endeavour to bring salmon up stream:—

"A gentleman with whom I am ac-

quainted, and who rents a river running into the head of a loch, thought it would be possible, by an artificial spate, to induce any salmon which might be waiting for a natural one, to ascend his river. Accordingly, he had a dam constructed across it, so as to head back a considerable quantity of water. Some weeks of dry weather ensued, during which his fishing was at a stand-still; and the neighbouring farmers took advantage of the pool thus formed, for the purpose of washing their sheep. At length his patience became exhausted, and, a number of salmon having congregated at the head of the loch, he caused the sluice of his dam to be raised, and down rushed his spate. Instead, however, of the salmon taking advantage of it to ascend to him, they, disgusted at the foulness of the water, turned tail, and retreated before it; the proof being, that on that night a large number were caught in the accursed bag-nets, which were waiting to receive them a couple of miles below, and which had, for some time previously, yielded comparatively little."

That objurgatory adjective, applied to bag-nets, proves the writer a thorough water-sportsman, by whom a net is held in as much horror as a master of fox-hounds regards a trap, because it kills without sport.

With respect to the effects of spates and floods, the above story leads to the conclusion that the operation of drainage which has of late years been carried on extensively in Ireland and Scotland, has much affected this matter of salmon. Now, all the rain that falls into the catchment-basin of a river, flows through drains at once into the river, which is swelled enormously, but sinks as suddenly. Several ills result: a mountain-stream is turned into what, in Scotland, is termed a "riotous river;" a torrent which, during such a flood, tears away the gravelly beds in which the ova are deposited, and brings an excessive quantity of gravel over others, and, in some cases, even changes its course through whole straths or valleys. Nor is this all the evil. The water is made too strong and red for salmon; the river is a shorter time in a fit state for fish running up; and the gravel banks or fords sooner become dry and impassable; therefore, now-

* "*Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*," by Cornwall Simeon. London, 1860. A pleasing little volume, if alone for the author's appreciation of Isaac Walton.

a-days, rivers may be said to be too short a time in a runable state. Though Mr. Smith, of Deanston, the principal inventor of the grand agricultural improvement, drainage, injured our sensitive friend, the salmon, in one way, this great man served them in another, by his ingenious invention of the now well-known Salmon Ladder, a sort of stone steps, built against a river dam, and up which these active and lithesome fishes perform "such a gettin' up stairs," as is rejoicing to see. Millers are not opposed to this useful contrivance, for it can be adopted without injury to the milling power; and the Lords' Committee, fully appreciating it, recommend that it be erected where there are natural as well as artificial obstacles in a stream. In many rivers there are large beds of rocks, which the fish have difficulty in ascending. It seems that a waterfall, picturesque in the eyes of man, is a nuisance in those of salmon; and there is no doubt that these animals would be benefited by blasting the rock, so as to let them pass easily up. Mr. Cooper, however, has applied the fish-ladder to this purpose, to a fall of some twenty-five feet at the entrance of the Ballisodare into its estuary, and with such good effect as to have stocked some upper streams with salmon, where this fish had never been seen before. A design and account of the "Fish Passage," at this spot, Collooney, is given, with the following notes, entered by Lord Enniskillen in the inspector's book:

"Dec. 9. Visited Collooney ladder, and saw immense quantities of fish running up. Frequently saw four fish at the upper step jumping together. 10th. Not nearly so many moving to-day: counted at upper step 19 in five minutes. Turned off the water and put up 256 fish. 11th. Counted 102 fish jump at the upper step in five minutes. Turned off the water: the pond actually alive with fish, in general larger and fresher from the sea than those of yesterday. Put up 246 fish and then stopped, as the fish in the pond were getting sick. I am confident that we did not take half the number out, and that we left from 300 to 400 in the pond."

Another agricultural improvement, the increased use of artificial manures, has made salmon yield to the interests of sheep and cattle. Strong chemical manures, guano, and water from manu-

factories impregnated with deleterious matter, are proofs of civilization, but death to this delicate fish, whose disappearance in the Thames, which, certainly, is not owing to the use of fixed nets, is ascribed to the turbid and foul state of the water; and the growing commerce of Aberdeen, her factories, and steam vessels, have gone far in banishing fish from the Dee. In short, the fishery of many a river in the Three Kingdoms has been extinguished by a hundred civilized ways of making water dirty. When mines discharge their waters into a river, the fish run away, as in the case of the Avoca, where copper has put silver salmon to flight. During the last month, steps were taken by the conservators of the Slaney to prevent injury threatened to its natural wealth by the effect of opening lead mines in Loughnaculliagh, the lofty Wicklow mountain whence this beautiful stream descends.

Art is now attempting to supply further means that may sustain the breed of *salmo salar* sufficiently to compensate for the invention of the artful contrivances which vie in destroying it. The breeding ponds formed in the Tay are considered valuable, as insuring care of ova and fry. In France, where the demand for fish is great, much has been attempted in the way of fresh-fish cultivation. The objects proposed to be accomplished there by means of the science of pisciculture are considerable, viz.: to refill the rivers with fish, to apply artificial means of fecundation to the sea-coast fish, and to augment and organize the cultivation of oysters around the coast.

The following remarks on the state of pisciculture, both in fresh and sea water, in the departments of La Vendée and Charente Inférieure, are adapted from a paper in the *Gazette de France*, of 26th July, 1859:

"Recent experiments of some naturalists in fresh-water fish cultivation have raised the question of pisciculture to the rank of a science, not a mere speculative one, bristling with vague words, but absolute, and easy of application, its secrets being open to the lowest understanding. The great demand for fish in France directed the attention of several savans to the task of filling the inland streams and other waters of this fine country with fresh-water fish, such as trout and carp, and the work has been crowned

with more or less success; but it was reserved for M. René Cailland to experiment on fructifying French rivers unfrequented by salmon, with this 'venison of the waters,' and to spread the cultivation of the oyster in places hitherto barren of this delicious comestible. Since the year 1852, there has been established, at Suçon, under the direction of M. Cailland, a hatching apparatus for the ova of trout and salmon. The effort succeeded à merveille, and every year since, hundreds of young and interesting finny pupils, successively brought into the world of waters, proceeded to people the streams of La Vendée. In some of these rivers, the scaly immigrants seem to have been pronounced aliens by the ancient habitants, pikes and eels, who waged so fierce a war on the new-comers, that they disappeared from these inhospitable scenes. But in others, the new little fishes, deposited in the month of April, 1858, in a limpid, running brook, presented next year an increased growth of six or seven times their first dimensions. Thus the prosperity of these infants has stamped the infant science of salmon culture as successful; and some scoffing wits, who permitted themselves to laugh, are looking forward to eat. The dominion of the salmon, or rather his entrance into new demesnes of man, has been enlarged, and the rod will flourish over streams as yet unwhipped. Care would have been taken to supply sauce meet for the dainty dish a salmon makes, were it not that the lobster, which should indissolubly be served up with every slice of the other, has proved an intractable being, a vagabond, whom hardly the pot specially made for him will hold, that is to say, a wicker lobster pot, not the iron vessel in which he turns from blue to red. Provided with long legs, claws, and a strong tail, he creeps and darts about, the very gipsy of the sea. Not so the oyster, quiet in spirit and constant, man may easily enlarge the bounds where this amiable animal reposes in continual content, even exempt, as some suppose, from the universal passion of love."

Let us revert to the Irish and Scottish salmon question.

The mode of taking salmon by fixed nets tends rapidly to extirpate the breed in two ways. First, it is too effective, it leaves too few fish to ascend; and so disgusts the upper proprietors, that they will not attend to the protection of those few. At the time the river Spey was being scourged with stake-nets, one of the witnesses before the late Committee

was present when an upper heritor who was netting the pools, in the month of April, caused every unclean salmon taken to be killed, because, observed he, the bag-net took all it could, and would only be banished by being used the same way it serves those above it, and so starved out. This is no singular state of things, the proverb, *qui a terre, a guerre*, being true of water as well as of land property; and it seems that proprietors on some Scottish rivers quarrel, fight, go to law, and so damage the fishery to vex one another, that the fish left would hardly pay the lawyer's fees.

In this case, the fable of the disputed oyster is acted out, with the difference that there are no shells left for the disputants. If, as is positive, some Scots lairds are of opinion, with their representative in "Red Gauntlet," that laws in favour of fixed nets, "would make the upper heritors a sort of clucking hens, to hatch the fish for people below to catch and eat," it is likely some Irish squires are equally averse to act as incubators for other men's profit. Considering salmon a river-fish, since an upper river is its mother stream, or, taking a more practical view, seeing that upper proprietors have the power, by the neglect they show, to diminish production, or on the other hand, by the care they bestow, to increase it—some just and reasonable concession should be made them in the matter of letting enough fish up to satisfy amateur wielders of the rod and line.

One witness, the accomplished editor of the *Scotsman*, mentions that, though by law the upper proprietors on the Tweed are entitled to use rod and line for ten weeks after the close of the net fishing, the lower heritors offered to let them angle the whole year round, because so very small a proportion of fish is killed by the puny means; and, he added that, when writing an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, about twelve years back, he obtained returns from most stations on this river, of both the net and rod fishings, and that these statistics showed the proportion of salmon killed by the rod to be only one to two hundred killed by nets. No disciples of Isaac Walton ourselves, save as admirers of the splendid sport of salmon fishing with rod and line, if we plead for it in our country, it is

that this attraction to reside here may be preserved and improved.

Some of the Scottish witnesses are in favour of establishing a Board, or commission, in their country, invested with powers such as have enabled the Irish Board to do valuable service to our fisheries. There would be no difficulty in assessing fishery proprietors in that country, and it is probable that the majority are alive to the justice of a general tax for protective purposes. Although the authority of a Board is not nearly so necessary there as here, because public right does not exist to clash with private; it certainly could be advantageously devolved on the proprietors themselves, so as to empower them to govern their own piscatory affairs, without coming before Parliament in such a question as altering a close time.

What seems to us most wanting in the two countries, is, 1stly, early closure of the fishing season; 2ndly, care or protection of the breeding fish; 3rdly, the use of such a mesh by fixed nets as shall only take full grown fish; and, 4thly, extensive application of the salmon ladder.

Having reviewed the report and evidence of the Lords Committee on Salmon Fishings in Scotland, which included the testimony of several witnesses with respect to those in this country, we may, perhaps, be permitted to offer some suggestions for the amendment of these latter.

There are usually six modes of taking salmon in every large river. 1. The bag-net, outside the mouth. 2. The stake-net, in the estuary. 3. The seine-net, in the tideway. 4. The dam-weir, or cruive, above the flow of the tideway. 5. The sweep-net, in the fresh water. 6. Rod and line.

1. If the interest of those who eat salmon should be most consulted, the bag-net is the preferable mode of taking this fish, because it is in best condition in the sea.

2. The stake-net interest must be attended to, as a matter of justice. Yet, since the entire question, in a large public and private river, is one of fair distribution of the fish, the extreme efficiency of this engine may require restriction. Under certain circumstances, it exhausts the stock by over-capture; an evil remediable in several ways, of which the best seems to be to enlarge the mesh suf-

ficiently to let peel, or grilse, go up to spawn, and another way would be to stop this net early enough; but the former course is indubitably the preferable one.

3. The public interest, or fishermen with the seine, should be respected; but it is desirable to confine it to a short period, and to, of course, the most profitable one.

4. The interest of owners of dam-weirs is an old one; yet, as this mode of capture does not take the fish in the freshest condition, and is wholesale, it is highly desirable that the hecks, or bars, shall allow free passage to peel.

5. Netting for salmon in fresh water is rarely practised in this country; and, were it prohibited, proprietors would probably gain as much by rod and line, while benefit would accrue to the angling interest.

6. Regarding rod fishing as assisting to sustain the value of the commercial, or really valuable, portion of these fisheries, it seems desirable that the interest of the sportsman fisher should be consulted by letting peel up in plenty, and that it should not only be enough to induce attention to protection of the spawning beds, but that he should be allowed to fish up to the spawning time, in order to carry his care into that period.

Having now noticed the six modes of capture, we venture to suggest that each mode might be limited to a special time, because the difference of situation, in each case, seems to point out the propriety of a different period. Thus, bag-nets, which seldom take spent fish, and should unquestionably begin early, might close first; stake-nets next, and stop next; seines, or moving nets, later, and close later; cruives, also later; while fly-fishing should not be permitted when there are spents in a stream, and should continue the longest. This suggestion may be concluded by another, on the difficult subject of the most befitting fishing season. Although the profitable season of a few small rivers may vary slightly from the general season of the majority of large ones, we conceive that experienced and impartial authorities will admit that the really profitable months are May, June, and July; and we think the same party would be of opinion that the nearer the open season was con-

finer to these three months, the more profitable it would become to all parties.

Our theory may not please practitioners, who not only kill the goose for its golden eggs, but take the mass of salmon so young, that this practice kills goslings before they can lay eggs. The case of the Tweed is the worst, as proving the eventual loss sustained by wholesale capture of peel or grilse; which is like killing all lambs or calves, though their keep would cost nothing. Early closure also, however disliked by lessees, is indispensable for several reasons, particularly to insure what the initiated are agreed on—early spawning, which, say they truly, is sure spawning. Professor Quekett, a practical fisherman, and student of the natural history of salmon, declared in his evidence that he considered the best protection would be to enlarge the mesh of nets, so as to let grilse up to spawn. At present the young fish are killed when five or six pounds weight, and before they have propagated their species.

We approach with some diffidence the question of the preferable mode of taking salmon; and premising that we consider the stake-net more objectionable than its rival, the bag-net, we recount the advantages and disadvantages of the use of this latter engine, which may be succinctly stated thus:—This contrivance, stretched from a beach into the sea, does the work that would require several boats and crews, with long sweep-nets, for raking the throat of the river. It provides a more regular supply of salmon, and that, too, in finer condition than is afforded by river fishing, and seldom takes kelts, kip-

pers, bagots, or spent fish. On many parts of the coast there is no other effectual mode of fishing. Salmon are frightened away more easily by a sweep-net, or moving object, than by a stationary one. Some rivers are liable to heavy floods, which drive the fish into the sea, and therefore these rivers are adapted to sea-shore fishing with the bag-net. Such are advantages of this engine, the use of which fishes some coasts extremely closely, particularly in Scotland, where the weekly close time is not observed. Its disadvantages are, first and foremost—that its success creates animosity in the upper parts of rivers among the very people on whom protection of the breeding fish devolves, and who, if hostile, can go far to defeat the law, and the care given by water bailiffs. By impeding the course of the salmon along shallow water, where it runs to escape from larval fish of prey, the bag-net makes this fish an easier booty to them. Yet, although much may be urged against it, the general public are indubitably interested in the continuance of its reasonable use, since the facts are incontrovertible, that the sea and the lower parts of rivers produce the finest salmon, and that the longer this fish stays in fresh water, the more it deteriorates. Therefore, so far as the commercial importance of the fishings is concerned, it is desirable that the largest quantity of salmon should be taken off the coast, and in estuaries; and while facility ought to be given to this fish to ascend rivers when instinct impels them, it would not be for the public advantage to limit capture in the sea too narrowly.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS' TREATISE ON NAVAL GUNNERY.—DR. WHARTON'S INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS, LEDWICH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—WHITE'S ALL ROUND THE WRECKIN.—SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—O'SULLIVAN'S DUNBOY, AND OTHER POEMS.—GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.—CARSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.

THE fifth edition of this standard treatise* appears very opportunely. The discussion relative to wood or iron as the best material for warships—now so animated—can only be brought to a rational issue taken in connexion with the powers and specialties of naval great guns.

Naval great guns! And are they not identical with military great guns? By no means; though many statements current would lead the public to think so. Poor Mr. Bowlby, for example, not long ago, penning his communication to the *Times* newspaper from China, spoke so eulogistically of the Armstrong field pieces, that the leading journal appeared with an editorial article, vaunting that, at length, the rifled ordnance question, in all its aspects, had been definitively solved; that, inasmuch as rifled twelve-pounder shells had been found competent to demolish Chinamen, *ergo* they would be found competent to demolish iron ships. Nothing could have been more inconsequential. Firstly, twelve-pounder guns—whatever their merit—are too light for any naval purposes; secondly, the Armstrong shells fired against the Chinese, which cut them up so cruelly (modified Shrapnell shells as they are) would be about the last variety of missiles selected by the artilleryman to find their way through wooden sides—not to speak of iron.

And here, before going farther, we must state something having reference to the Armstrong guns and Armstrong ammunition; something which the reader may not be prepared for. *Accounts have been received by the British Government signaling the failure of the Armstrong guns in China in many important respects.*

Now, failure, though a strong expression, is somewhat vague. To be

precise, then, the Armstrong guns and ammunition have failed in the following particulars.

Firstly, the shells—made up of iron and lead, as they are; and as we described them on a former occasion,—have not been found competent to resist the destructive action of Voltaic currents. Observe the end of an iron paling—lead imbedded—at the line where the two metals come into contact. After the lapse of sufficient time—it may be a longer or a shorter time according to difference of climatic and other local influences—after the lapse of sufficient time, the iron perishes away bodily; the paling becomes corroded through and through, as though by the stroke of a chisel. This sort of alteration has taken place in the Armstrong shells; or at least many of them, forwarded to China. The bond of connexion between the central iron shell and the external lead coating has perished, the lead has become loosened.

On firing many of these shells over the heads of British outlying skirmishers, the leaden envelope has spun away, to the peril of all those outlying. Owing to this result, the variation between the ranges of these shells has been great, and necessarily; because, distance being a function of momentum, and momentum a function of weight, the lighter shell would, necessarily, describe the shortest trajectory.

If such be the record of performance of the Armstrong field pieces, how small the chance that larger ordnance on Armstrong's principle—guns of weight and calibre sufficient for naval purposes—will ever be made efficient? It may not be an acceptable fact to state, in the present temper of an English public, but it is a fact, that Armstrong guns above

* *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery, by General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.C., D.C.L., F.R.S.* Fifth Edition, revised, with Illustrations. John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1860.

the size of twelve-pounders have, for some time past, been regarded, in professional circles, as a complete failure. Thus, at Eastbourne, some months ago, a hundred-pounder Armstrong gun was disabled in thirty-five rounds; owing to enlargement of the touch-hole, and, from the first shot to the thirty-fifth fire darted from the breech juncture in so fierce a jet, that those who worked the gun paused and consulted with Sir Wm. Armstrong about the consequences of this escape, during the intervals of firing.

The difficulties experienced in manufacturing the larger Armstrong guns may be inferred from the tenor of a statement which lately appeared in the *Mechanics Magazine*; and, the authority of which we believe to be irrefragable. Therein it was stated that out of three 100-pounder Armstrong guns recently tried, two were disabled in the proof. The screw of one of them was split through. Out of thirteen forty-pounders no less than seven failed to stand the test. We do not care to deal with the money questions involved—the cost to the country of the Armstrong guns—but if it be true, as our contemporary avers, that each of these forty-pounder guns costs the country the sum of £450, whether it stands proof or not, that sum being paid to the Elswick Company, the terms of purchase are not satisfactory.

Of the Armstrong guns enough. They are ingenious weapons, and their accuracy is great; but except difficulties be overcome which we never expect to see overcome, Armstrong guns will never take permanent rank in any part of the British military or naval service.

Persons conversant with naval desiderata of armament for the time being, will understand the prominence which we have given to the Armstrong gun. The Admiralty seem to have come to the conclusion that if every great gun of a naval armament could be rifled, all the better. Now, we are by no means so sure of this. Rifled ordnance, however good of their kind, are, from their very principle, deficient in certain functional qualities which seem to us requisite in conducting naval warfare. We fear they must be looked upon as special arms; good for certain condi-

tions of naval warfare, but not all. Of this opinion, too, appears to be Sir Howard Douglas; as can be gathered from more than one portion of this book. We must—for the time being, at least—waive the discussion of the arguments for and against rifled and unrifled naval ordnance, considered as guns of general utility. We are content to assume that rifled ordnance, if possible on board ship (possible, that is to say, up to the dimensions of ordnance requisite for naval uses), would be advantageous. This assumption granted, then—of what variety are the naval rifled ordnance of our service to be? The French are stated to have armed, or to be arming, their navy with rifled thirty-two pounder guns, altered from old smooth-bore thirty-two pounders. Our country is understood to have accepted the Armstrong principle. If this principle, whatever its theoretical worth, be so crude and ill-developed as previous remarks seem to prove, then the question is—what variety of rifled ordnance remains for our naval service to adopt?

For a time past the public voice has alternated its gratulations between Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth. Now, whatever the issue of the Armstrong gun may be, we acknowledge it as a most ingenious weapon:—extremely accurate; a triumph of mechanical skill. Of the Whitworth guns, having witnessed near one hundred shots fired at a target a thousand yards distant, and that target *never once hit*, it cannot be said that the Whitworth is an accurate gun. Worse still, a Whitworth muzzle-loading field-piece, within the last month, being tried at Woolwich, missed a 12-foot square target eight times out of thirteen; and as for ingenuity, we know of none, save in the manner of bringing the invention before the public, and of which there has been too much. Of the Whitworth breech-loading ordnance no more need be said. Abandoned here, and finally condemned by the French naval authorities, there seems to be an end of it. What then is to be the rifled great gun of the British service?

Sir Howard Douglas deals with this question very guardedly. If we understand him rightly, he would express the belief that the functions of rifled ordnance, of large calibre, rather

suggest their adaptability to the defence of coast batteries than to the purpose of exclusive ship armament. This we conceive to be the gallant author's deduction; one, it seems to us, forced upon any unbiassed mind; by testimony, so far as testimony is available; by theory, so far as theory can be adduced.

Whatever the future ordnance of the navy, whether rifled or unrifled, breech-loading or muzzle-loading, one question applies equally to both; and it is a most important question. Whether—all functions and purposes of a vessel of war considered—it is better that her projectile armament should be a solid shot or a shell armament?

The whole argument for and against is beset with difficulties. Theoretically regarded, it does seem rational to assume that—the problem of demolishing wooden edifices being in question—burning is more prominently suggested than battering. Thus regarded, shells would seem to be the proper missiles to be launched against ships. But there are limitations. The assumption is latent that ships must be as they are, and shells as they are. If the iron-mailed principle be fully carried into practice, then it would seem that naval shells, of present dimensions and powers, would strike harmlessly and split to pieces; whereas solid shot would enter. Moreover, the conclusion has long since been arrived at, that naval shells, as *they are*, avail little against stone defences. But if shells could be made big enough, or rather if, when made, they could be fired, then, shells, doubtless, must be conceded as more potent than solid shot for every variety of purpose. Can this be done? Experience will show, and nothing but experience.

Allowing the argument as to the comparative efficiency of solid shot and shell to remain undecided, the gallant author sets forth the allegations advanced on either side, fully and fairly. This provisional indecision is a necessity; one imposed on every candid investigator of the points in dispute, provided he would avoid being dogmatic. To a very considerable extent, the modifications of naval guns, and the modifications of naval architecture, are intimately connected. If the point could be satisfactorily demonstrated, once and

for all, that the scheme of iron-mailed ships, from whatever cause, is destined to be abandoned, then probably guns of much smaller calibre than authorities now deem necessary, would be considered large enough for naval uses. The naval architect and the naval gun founder, are perplexing each other with recitals of their mutual uncertainties. It cannot be helped. Fate and progress have willed it so to be, and be it must. Wise men reason on the conditions; unwise men pooh pooh them—and other men—not wise, indeed, but who, on the authority of a certain antithetical proverb, are still no fools—swear by the great guns made by some particular arms company in which they have shares, and think they have settled the question of relative merit.

Apart from the relative powers of shot and shell, the gallant author bestows some solemn words of warning on the danger of a full shell armament. It was an argument of Paixhans, that inasmuch as the powder charge of a shell is boxed up within iron walls, it incurs no danger from sparks and casual flame—contingencies, that is to say, of battle. But Sir Howard Douglas proves that if a shot strike a loaded shell, and splinter that shell, the charge usually explodes. There can be no doubt about this; the evidences are too numerous. Farewell, then, to the assumed harmlessness of the presence of loaded shells on shipboard. These remarks do not apply to shells with concussion or percussion fuses; such as Moorsom's and Armstrong's: but to shells either with time fuses, or, more simply still, shells plugged and not yet fused. Concussion and percussion shells are exposed to dangers all their own; and, many of which, so far as we have seen, Sir Howard Douglas has been the first to indicate. We cannot, for the time being, at least, particularize these dangers. They will be contemplated with interest by all and every one to whom his country is dear, and her brave tars objects of solicitude. The author sets them forth, and to his valuable pages we must refer the inquirer.

To conclude a notice of naval gunnery, without quoting a few lines relative to the iron-mailed ship debate, would be deemed a shortcoming.

Sir Howard Douglas, speaking of iron-mailed ships says:—"It appears

to the author that there is little to dread from those unwieldy, flat-bottomed, top-weighted, heavy-rolling craft, in the open sea, or on an open coast, against well-placed commanding coast batteries, strongly armed with new long-range rifled cannon for distant firing, mixed with the smashing effects at short ranges of shot or shell from powerful guns which can fire either, and all well served by skilful artillerists.

"Let us pause in expending millions of money in constructing ships, such monsters as the 'Warrior' and others, till the problem of the efficacy of metallic defences be fully worked out. The farther we proceed in that direction, the more will it be found that iron, whether cast or wrought, is the worst material, excepting steel, that can be used for strengthening either sea or land defences; and that it were better to expend the money in forging, in abundance, the new engines and bolts of war, than in vain attempts to render ships proof against them." Whilst this is going through the press, a supplementary pamphlet, written by Sir Howard Douglas, has reached us. Its object is to make known certain grave technical inaccuracies which exist in the article on Iron-sided ships in the October number of the *Quarterly*. We hope to notice this pamphlet in our next.

MEDICAL science—using that term in its largest sense—claims for itself, as it has ever claimed, a niche in the sanctuary of human sympathies. From the first dawn of man's babyhood to the last moment of life, the doctor is either our professional health-minister or our private friend. He sees us in, and he sees us out. Master of the ceremonies in our life-long dance, he does his best to make things pleasant for us, and our partners. When each of us uttered his first baby squeal, there were but two persons—(ay, ponder on it!)—but two persons, beyond the circle of our own kith and kin, who had a word of welcome for the noisy little stranger: to wit, the doctor and the nurse. And when—the dance of life over—death summons us away, who then of all not flesh and blood of ours, so bent as he, on making the summons light, and shielding us from the cold blasts of the tempest of dissolution? Need we

commend to the sympathies of mortal men and women by any eulogy of ours, their friend the doctor?

Often has the circumstance been noted with regret, that, for medical men, the ostensible prizes of life are so few; and that the opportunities which society has of awarding them a meed of recognition so rarely come. Much of this is inevitable; and much not inevitable is hardly a matter of regret, when temperately reflected upon. It is inevitable that the whole nexus of sciences, which in their aggregate go to make up the structure of a medical education, is, and must remain, as the pages of a sealed book to the laity; to a much more considerable degree than the nexus of sciences and acquirements which go to make up the professional education of divinity, war, or law. The mystic scheme of Christian redemption, which is primarily the function of divines to set forth to Christians; the doctrines of theology, of whatever faith and creed, engross—each and all—the attention of society, and are studied by men of all kinds, whatever their occupation, profession, or social spheres. Study of moral law concerns mankind no less generally; inasmuch as even savage races acknowledge some moral precepts—men on whom the lights of philosophy have not dawned; and whom, the pure spirit of Christianity has not reached. Every one again feels within himself the incentive to study—in all its general aspects—the branches of knowledge upon which the structure of forensic honours is based; and the merest student of history cannot fail to acquire ideas qualifying him to understand the outlines of strategy: that most interesting part of the science of war. But how difficult is it for a layman to acquire, in his ordinary passage through life, the materials sufficing to foster an appreciative knowledge of the science of medicine, properly so called. He may become a botanist, a chemist, an anatomist—nay, even a physiologist, (though lay acquisition of the last is difficult and unusual,) and still not be a physician. Nothing less than assiduous study at the sick bed-side can ever make the physician; and this study is evidently incompatible with the ordinary avocations of mankind. It simply follows then, that the physician is often inadequately appreci-

ated, and the value of medicine ill understood. The world is not so unjust as it is ignorant. The physician has few social prizes open to him, because the world does not quite understand what social prizes would be most in his way. As we view the case, this latter circumstance has often been made too much of. On him, who by predilection, becomes a votary of experimental science of any kind, experimental science herself lavishes ample rewards: not in the shape of rank or wealth, but in the guise of pure springs of knowledge revealed, and visions of the majesty of creation thrown open.

Though the laity are not adequate to understand and criticise the aggregate of scientific knowledge which constitutes medicine, they are perfectly able to take cognisance of, and adjudicate upon, the merits of systems propounded by a member of the healing art as guides to persons not yet initiated; a capacity in which each member of the laity may be assumed to fill the place of any imaginary student, whom the professor might be addressing.

Yearly, in October, as the medical session opens, and medical teachers come before the alumni of their colleges, it has long been the custom for them to begin their campaign with an inaugural address. The literary merits of these discourses, taken altogether, vary of course. In the aggregate, however, they display a high order of ability, and set forth the routine of subjects to be studied in a manner not only simple enough to be generally comprehended, (which, indeed, considering the occasion, would be faint praise), but in a manner calculated to beget the conviction that the professors of medical science take their stand on the basis of sound philosophy; not that of a conjectural art.

We have, at the time being, one of these inaugural addresses lying before us, that recently delivered by Mr. J. H. Wharton, F.R.C.S.I., at the Ledwich School of Medicine.* Unlike many inaugural addresses delivered on similar occasions—addresses which

discursively enter upon a multiplicity of topics—Dr. Wharton has chosen the philosophy of “progress” for his subject; thus casting aside many a popular blandishment, and confining himself wholly to the logic of his single theme.

Since the day when Celsus wrote “*Medicina est ars conjecturalis*,” the uncertainty of physic has grown into something between a standing joke and a standing reproach. Partly in jest, yet serious too in part, that dictum has gone forth on the authority of its Augustan author. It is very generally credited that doctors buckle on their armour, and go forth to attack diseases, guided by no fixed principles of action whatever; opening the chapter of accidents at random, and placidly awaiting whatever issue may result. Dr. Wharton gives the *coup de grace* to this absurd belief, by calmly enumerating certain examples of progress which medical science—accepting the word medical in its largest sense—has disclosed. Having in this way illustrated his motto, the medical essayist discusses the importance of self-cultivation. “In what does this cultivation consist?” he pertinently asks. “Speaking generally,” he continues, “it implies the culture and disciplining of the mind, whereby proficiency and eminence in literature and art may be acquired; and in carrying it out to its proper ends, let it not be forgotten that it ought not to be strictly *confined* to any single or abstract study, but to the pursuit of knowledge generally.”

From time to time there has been great diversity of opinion as to the relative advantages of concentrated, and discursive study. Perhaps the argument might have been brought to a satisfactory issue had the respective advocates of either maxim discriminated between the abstract or unapplied, in contradistinction to the applied and experimental. The mathematician, taking cognizance abstractedly of space and extension, may, perhaps, act well in concentrating his mind upon a particular subject, to the exclusion of all others; we say “perhaps,” forasmuch as

* *The Introductory Address, delivered at the opening of the Session, 1860-61, of the Ledwich School of Medicine.* By J. H. WHARTON, F.R.C.S.I., Surgeon to the Meath Hospital, &c., &c.

even this postulate is not universally granted. But for him who has to make progress by the lights of experimental inquiry, and to be guided by the study of analogies, a wide field, of observations to be made, and of resources to be adopted, is an indispensable condition of progress. To the medical student this reminder is especially necessary; inasmuch as the sciences which constitute the foundation of medicine are apt to beset the incipient student, siren-like, *seductively*; each science claiming the young aspirant to medical knowledge for herself alone.

As surely as a youth yields his allegiance to one over-dominant science, not subordinating it as an instrument to an end, so surely does he swerve from the only path that can lead to medical competence. He may become a great anatomist, a great physiologist, a renowned chemist or botanist; but examples enough and to spare are at hand, all proving to demonstration that he never can become a great physician.

The author, nevertheless, warns those whom he addresses against the even more common error of endeavouring to learn over-many things at once. "I shall stamp the truth of this statement," says he, "by quoting an observation of a like import, to which, many years ago, I heard Dr. Stokes give expression:—'That a student has spent his session well at hospital who has learned nothing else than the proper administration of wine in fever.'"

"As it is with reference to anatomy, pathology, and hospital attendance, so it is with reference to chemistry and every collateral branch of medical study. Thus, from a somewhat extensive experience, I can state that although a man may be able to repeat, as it were, by rote, the changes which may occur in any given chemical solution, as he may be ignorant of the laws by virtue of which such changes take place, he cannot apply them so as to account for the changes of a like character which may occur in a similar though different solution."

Dr. Wharton seriously, almost so-

lemnly, warns the student of medicine against the treacherous habit of *coaching* up facts not based upon reason and comprehension. He strenuously advocates practical knowledge; and in this, we are happy to say, the regulations of medical examining authorities have begun to lend efficient aid. We well remember the time when the only science appertaining to medicine that could be said to be taught practically in medical schools, was anatomy. To teach chemistry by actual manipulation on the student's part was never dreamed of. We have heard many a young man gabble fluently through decompositions by rote, who would have succumbed under the simplest problem of experimental chemistry:—who could have discoursed glibly enough about tests for arsenic, but who could not—had his life depended upon the issue—have, with all necessary appliances at hand, extracted a grain of white arsenic from a basin full of oatmeal porridge. Chemistry must now, up to a certain point, be practically acquired in our medical schools; so must botany. The man who should dare to treat disease without previously qualifying himself for the task by assiduous clinical observation, is a homicide, if not worse.

Finally, we would seriously advise all medical students, and as many of the laity as feel any interest in the doctor—who want him, or feel that they *may* want him—to procure the clever inaugural lecture of Dr. Wharton, and study its contents. They will find many important lines of thought suggested, and reflections made of a nature particularly calculated to stimulate and enlarge the well-informed mind. They will be pleased with the uniform and thorough good sense of Dr. Wharton's observations, and with the clearness of the style in which he lectures.

THE Wrekin is a wooded hill 1320 feet high, near Wellington, in Shropshire, and "All round the Wrekin" is a Salopian proverb which Mr. Walter White has chosen for the title of his tour in that county. One-third

of his book contains a description of his fortnight's excursion, knapsack on shoulder, over 200 miles of country, the remainder being devoted to an account of some of the manufactories of Birmingham and the "black country." He discourses pleasantly of the timbered houses, the village inns, the prosperous gardens and orchards, and details the gossip of the country folk in their peculiar dialect. Armed with letters of introduction, he visited, under favourable circumstances, many of the notable seats of the country, and relates his impressions with apparent candour. It is evident from his picturesque jottings, that a week's holiday may be well spent in Shropshire. In it may be comprised an Excursion from Albrighton to Lillieshall Abbey, the ascent of the Wrekin, a visit to Mediæval Shrewsbury, the exploration of Wroxeter—the English Pompeii, and trips to Longmynd and Ludlow, or the Wenlock and Bridge-north.

But we prefer, at present, accompanying Mr. White in his inspection of the manufacturing districts, and culling from his volume a few specimens of his graphic descriptions of the wonders wrought by machinery.

In a dingy street in Birmingham he witnessed the making of hooks and eyes by complex machinery, worked by a steam-engine; his picture of the process is so admirable, that we present it to our readers without abbreviation:—

"The machines, standing in rows along the floor, may be described as heavy iron tables, about three feet in height, and furnished with so many movable parts that you might almost fancy them to be alive. A maze of movements kept going by the steam-engine underneath, while hooks and eyes drop into boxes in a continuous stream, faster than the ticking of a clock. Description at first seems hopeless; however let us try. Standing in front of one of the tables, we notice a coil of brass wire placed on a wheel, so as to be readily unwound; the free end of the wire is brought within reach of a vertical lever, the machine is set in motion, with a jerk to the right; the lever having seized the wire, pulls forward the exact length required for a hook or eye, as the case may be, then jerking itself back repeats the movement, and so keeps on, having nothing else to do but to bring up the supplies until the coil is exhausted. With two

or three pulls the end of the wire has arrived at the middle of the table, where, precisely at the right instant, the required length is cut off by a knife that springs forward for the purpose. No sooner is the cut made, than two steel pegs start up from the surface of the table, immediately in front of the piece of wire, a small thin lever advances, gives a thrust against the centre of the wire, which, met by the pegs, is pushed between them, doubling itself up into the form of a duck's bill, or beak, as the makers call it. Squeeze the two limbs of a hair-pin close together and you will have a representation of this stage of the process. The thrust leaves the two ends of the piece of wire pressing against the pegs, and the thin lever having retreated, a compound lever approaching on both sides at once, makes each end encircle a peg, and so forms the two little loops at the base of the hook. Now, the pegs having done their duty for the moment, sink down into the table-top; a steel finger drops instantly upon the liberated beak, pushes it within reach of a small hinged flap which keeps on opening and shutting with a curious jerking movement, as if for pastime, and catching the beak, bends its extremity suddenly back, and so forms the hook, which immediately drops into the box beneath. Meanwhile all these movements have been repeated, another length of wire has been cut off and bent, and sent on to receive the final turn over. Another, and another, and another, with astonishing quickness, at the rate of about eighty a minute. So rapid is the succession of movements for the production of a single hook, that the eye follows them with difficulty; yet there is no confusion or delay, except at rare intervals, from the bending of the wire, and then the machine stops of itself until the impediment is cleared away."

Each of these machines makes 43,200 hooks and eyes per day, and it is surprising what becomes of them all. The inventor preserves his secret by having the machines made in his own premises; and many of the Birmingham masters guard their secrets by keeping fierce dogs at the threshold of the workshops, who lash themselves into fury on the approach of a stranger. In the face of these and other impediments, Mr. White obtained entrance into several less known manufactories, and has photographed them in his instructive volume. Wire-drawing, brass-battering, screw-cutting, and steel-pen making are, amongst others, discussed

in detail with inimitable power. We have but space, however, for the following extract from his account of a visit to the Birmingham Plate Glass Works :—

“The casting is about to begin. We are in a large gloomy shed, where, along each side, appear the mouths of annealing ovens. Against one of the mouths stands a large, oblong iron table, movable on wheels, its top warmed by boxes of fire placed underneath, and its smooth surface level with the bottom of the oven. At one end rests a large iron roller, connected by a chain-tackle, with a windlass at the other, which, when in motion, runs upon a bar of iron about half an inch thick, placed near each side of the table. According to the thickness of the bars so is that of the plate. At sound of the foreman’s whistle, his party, all well drilled to their several tasks, betake themselves to their posts. There is no confusion, no shouting, indeed scarcely a word is spoken, for each knows what he has to do. The furnace-doors are flung open, a wheeled crane, bearing a large ring at the end of its arm, is thrust forward, and one of the pots or crucibles being encircled thereby, the men drag it away to the shed. Even at four yards distance we find its scorching glare intolerable, inspiring a sense of dread. When near the table, two men, who stand ready with scoops, and wear goggles to protect their eyes, skim off the impurities which rise to the surface of the molten mass, and one then dips out a scoopful as a test. Meanwhile the glare spreads around, illuminating the dusky walls in strange patches, streaming on the earthen floor, and penetrating to the sombre span of the lofty roof. And there stand the men in expectant attitudes, awaiting the signal, their faces glistening in the glare, composing many a striking effect of light and shadow, and varied emotion.

“The foreman examines the test through a hand-screen of smoke-coloured glass. He beckoned me to approach, and I saw what may be described as a ladleful of red-hot boiling paste, across the surface of which gleams of colour played as on the sides of a dying dolphin. The foreman having satisfied himself as to the quality, the pot is lifted by a crane, brought over the table, when the men, seizing the long projecting handles from each side, give a swing to and fro, and, tilting at the exact moment, the fiery paste is poured out immediately

in front of the roller. At once the men at the windlass begin to turn; the roller moves, spreads out the paste before it, till it covers the whole table between the bars, and having travelled the whole length of the table, it stops at the windlass. How the great red-hot plate seems to quiver still, for now a blush, now a paleness, now a cloud passes across its surface, and gleams of surprising hue. It appears leathery in consistence, as a man passes an iron ‘sword’ under its outer end; while some five or six others, lifting a gigantic peel, pass it under the end of the plate just raised, other men seize the ropes attached to the long handle, and at the word ‘pull altogether,’ the plate is driven into the oven, and there pushed to the farthest corner, for each oven will hold four plates. Forthwith another pot is brought, and another plate cast; and when the oven has received its charge the mouth is stopped, and the whole left to cool gradually for two days. By this slow cooling the plates are annealed, and brought into the condition which such glass requires to make it useful.”

Mr. White also spent a few days at the monastery of St. Bernard’s Abbey, at Charnwood, near Coalville, where he was hospitably entertained by Brother Stephen, the guest-master, whom he failed to convince of the folly of shutting himself up from contact with the world. About fifty monks live here in seclusion, employed in tilling a model-farm, and selling its produce, which is highly esteemed. Some of the brethren understand carpentry and various mechanical trades, while others prepare the gas used in the monastery. Their most useful vocation appears to be their Reformatory for young Roman Catholic culprits, called “The Colony,” in which about 300 probationers are trained in the trades for which they evince a predilection, and receive secular and religious instruction from the monks.

SALMON fishing in Canada* is written by an Irish clergyman resident on an island in the greatest of the Canadian lakes, who appears to be a fisher of salmon rather than a fisher of men; for a more enthusiastic disciple of the gentle art we have never met. Having fished in the rapids of the Shannon; in the romantic waters of the

* *Salmon Fishing in Canada*. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander. London: Longmans. 1860.

county of Wicklow; in the Tweed, the Tay, the Erne, the Moy, and the Bush, he proceeded to the unexplored tributaries of the St. Lawrence, to which he thus temptingly invites his brother sportsmen:—

“Think of this, ye anglers, who have been all your lives pacing the margin of some over-fished river in England! think of this, ye persevering labourers on the well-beaten waters of the Tweed, the Esk, the Spey, the Ness, and the Bealy!—think of this, ye tired thrashers of the well-netted streams of Erne, Moy, and Shannon!—that within less than a fortnight's steaming from your hall doors, there are, as yet, twenty-five virgin rivers in one small portion of Canada; and that of the ten which have been tried, they have all, with one single exception, been found not only to abound in salmon, but to afford ample facilities for taking that noble fish with the rod and the fly.”

The sportsman who decides on accepting this invitation can sail any Saturday from Liverpool in one of the Canadian line of steamers, which will land him in Quebec in ten days; from thence he must proceed to the fishing-ground in his yacht, if he possess such a luxury, or in a hired schooner, taking care to be well supplied with comestibles of all kinds. Arrived on the banks of the river, no stately hotel greets the angler, who is fortunate if he find a woodman's cottage, and still more fortunate if he comes across our author, who is familiarly called “the Bishop,” or any of his three jolly companions, the Baron, the Captain, and the Commissioner, who are photographically portrayed in this amusing volume.

Ample information is given respecting several of the best salmon rivers, and especially of the Sagueny, the Bersimis, and the Goodbut, as well as full instructions upon the best modes of getting fish, the seasons for fishing, the tackle, the best flies, not excepting the real “fiery browns” of Martin Kelly, of Sackville-street.

Armed at all points and well found in all necessary equipments, the angler may count upon exciting sport in Canada. As an example, we quote our author's description of a visit to the *Chûte en haut*, or upper fall of the *Eschemin*:—

“I shall not attempt to describe the fall of the bright waters over a bed of

shelving rocks, which just part them up sufficiently at the head of the basin to give their progress through the whole of its depths a visible impetus. I shall not vainly essay to make present to the mind's eye of my reader the deep, clear, sandy bottomed cove, which was worn into the rocks on the right-hand side of the river, nor the dancing stream which leaped and kissed the overhanging elders on the left, nor the island of glittering gravel which, about a hundred yards down from the fall, divided the river into two streams, and thus enabled the angler to fish every portion of it perfectly.

“Cautiously, lest he should disturb a fin, my frightful friend paddled his canoe through the still water on the right side of the river, motioned to me by signs, for we could not exchange a word—Trinity College, Dublin, not having educated me in the Indian tongues—that I should disembark and proceed to fish, which I was previously burning to do. Soon was the single splice of my eighteen feet of Irish ash, with one foot of hickory and two inches of tortoise-shell at the top, tied together with a strong and well-waxed thread of hemp. Quickly was my gold-tinselled fiery brown, with claret hackle and mixed wings, attached to my single gut casting-line; for very rarely have I used any other. Rapidly did I make my first three throws in the very jaws of the gorge, and just as rapidly, on the third throw, did an animated mass of molten silver, as it appeared, rush along the surface of the water, engulph my fiery brown in his wide-spread jaws, and turn to descend into the depths beneath him, when he received, from some involuntary and indescribable turn of my wrist, which is called the “strike,” such a twinge in the lower part of his tongue, as made him believe that he was held fast by something amazingly hot, which it was his duty to extinguish and resist by every means that was afforded to him by water, tail, and fins. His rushes to and fro, his dives deep and long, his leaps many and rapidly repeated; the adroitness with which the Indian received me into his frail and unsteady canoe at the very moment when the last foot of line was rolling off my reel; the steadiness and quietude with which he brought me over my fish; the celerity with which he followed him in all his manœuvres; the skill with which he enabled me, coaxingly, to draw him into the still water at the head of the pool; and the dead certainty with which, on the first opportunity, he fixed the cruel gaff in his side; all this I spare the reader, contenting myself with stating that at the end of about twenty-five minutes, the

'water angel,' as a Yankee writer calls the salmon, was tested as to weight, and found to be rather more than twelve pounds."

The scenery of Canada is also graphically described; but the great charm of the book, and that which will render it popular amongst other than piscatorial readers, is the humour that sparkles in every page. The volume concludes with a sketch of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a Chapter of Anecdotes of Whale Fishing in the St. Lawrence. In an appendix will be found a valuable paper on the Decrease, Restoration, and Preservation of Salmon in Canada, by the Rev. William Agar Adamson, D.C.L., and some observations on the habits of the Salmon Family, by Dr. Henry.

Poetry is a perennial product of the Irish mind: from year to year it springs up as naturally as the shamrock, and its spirit promises to remain as indigenous a characteristic of the soil as its fresh green emblem. Among the late additions to the poetic literature of "Young Ireland," we note a volume, entitled "Dunboy, and other Poems," from the pen of Mr. T. D. O'Sullivan,* many of whose verses have been familiarized to the public through Irish journals. The chief and longest poem in his collection is a spirited effort to versify one of the most stirring passages in Irish history during the reign of Elizabeth, namely, the siege of Dunboy Castle by Sir George Carew; and to memorize the character, actions, and destiny of its chieftain, Donal O'Sullivan. In treating this subject, the writer has adhered closely to the account of the event preserved in the "Pacata Hibernia," adding merely, as he states in his preface, such minor details as may be supposed to have accompanied the principal occurrences. To versify local history on this principle, is, in all cases, a difficult task, as the adherence to the minutiae of old annals is calculated to interfere with the requirements of poetic art; but in working out his theme and managing his materials, Mr. O'Sullivan has shown

considerable talent, having embellished the dry narrative of the "Pacata" with numerous scenic pictures remarkable for their local truth, and, while drawing the principal and subsidiary characters of the drama with a vigorous hand, has displayed much graphic force and spirit in the narrative portion, especially in the account of the siege of the Castle and the succeeding battle. The poem, which displays throughout an intimate knowledge of Celtic nature, is interspersed with numerous lyrics, several of which resemble, and are perhaps little inferior to some of the best efforts of Thomas Davis; and the minutiae of historic details are artistically varied and relieved by the variety of appropriate metres in which they are embodied, and to which no small part of the interest of the poem attaches. In its rythmical structure, indeed, "Dunboy" may be considered original, and no less so in several of the dramatic passages, which, for freedom and naturalness, will remind readers of the force and simplicity of the old English ballad. Taken as a whole, this little historic poem is well executed and sustained; its merits, descriptive, dramatic, and lyrical, are of no common order, and in themselves are sufficient to attract even that portion of the reading public whose sympathies are less Celtic than those which its author manifests, and to which, we may add, much of the spirit which animates his descriptions is attributable. Many of the lyrics, which form an agreeable addenda to this little volume, are full of feeling and spirit, and marked with much pictorial and musical power; indeed, were it not for the ability shown in his more sustained effort—the poem of Dunboy—we should say that lyric writing was Mr. O'Sullivan's specialty.

THE numerous class of young men who have chosen the civil services of the State for their profession will find some valuable information in the Guide to Her Majesty's Civil Service, lately published by Mr. Blackwood.† It specifies the limits of age

* *Dunboy, and other Poems.* By Timothy Daniel O'Sullivan. Dublin: John F. Fowler, Crow-street.

† *A Complete Practical Guide to Her Majesty's Civil Service.* By a Certificated Candidate. London: James Blackwood

prescribed for admission to the various civil departments, and the different standards of qualifications established by each. It contains questions in geography, history, and the various subjects of examination, showing the time allowed for each paper, the number of questions in a set, and the departments for which the questions are prescribed. The examination papers for appointments to civil offices in India, and writerships in the India House, are given in full. The volume closes with practical hints to candidates, relative to the nature of the examinations appointed for the several departments, the mode in which the examinations are conducted, the books selected by the Commissioners in their examinations, the salaries of all the officers, and the superannuation allowance to which they become entitled on retirement. From the "Hints to Candidates" may also be learned the mode in which a nomination can be obtained, and the steps to be taken

on nomination. Though the volume is not an inviting one to the general reader, yet to those who contemplate entering the public service, it will be found systematic and practically useful.

OF Mr. Cassell's marvellous series of cheap publications we have in a former number spoken in terms of admiration. His *Illustrated Family Bible*,* published in penny numbers, is calculated to be especially valuable to the young. When we view the beautiful editions produced in such variety at nominal prices—the whole Bible can be obtained for less than one shilling—it is difficult to believe, that in the twelfth century a manuscript copy of the Bible cost sixty pounds. No ordinary care has been taken in the selection and preparation of the woodcuts which profusely illustrate this work, which we can heartily recommend to families and teachers.

THE SWALLOW AND THE POET.

"Comme cet oiseau de passage,
Le poète, dans tous les temps,
Chercha, de voyage en voyage,
Les ruines et le printemps."—*Victor Hugo.*

SWIFT bird that glidest o'er waters widest,
By isles of beauty, o'er wastes of foam,
Glad is my heart when thy noiseless wing
Follows fast on the track of Spring
To the streams of our English home,
And the sweet South wakens the bright flower-gems,
By Trent and Tamar, by Severn and Thames.

Thy haunts, swift swallow, are vale and hollow,
Where rivers murmur, where streams run soft;
Castle and abbey are loved by thee,
Ruins royal where the clarion free
In the good old days rang oft:
Gay were those halls in the time of yore—
But there comes no voice from the silent shore.

Like thee, fleet swallow, do poets follow
The winding river, the rippling stream;
Close do they cling to the ancient tower,
Golden-gray in the sunset hour,
Ere stars through the twilight gleam;
And like thee, O voyager swift of wing,
They love the breath of the sweet young Spring.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

* *Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.* London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THE Germans are the only people who pay honour to *passive genius*. By this name they distinguish a class which we meet with every day, consisting of earnest-minded men, devoted to goodness and truth, and also largely gifted; but with hesitating speech, and such a want of fluency that they cannot explain their own ideas. They have conception, without expression. Their minds are like black glass, absorbing all the rays of light, but able to give none out for the benefit of others. Jean Paul calls them the "dumb ones of heaven," for, like Zachariah, they see visions of high import, and are speechless when they would tell them.

That is an extraordinary expression, "learning by heart." Might it not more correctly be called learning by mind, or impressing upon the memory? Nay, our ancestors were better philologists than ourselves, and they knew that all knowledge was useless which was not stamped upon the tablets of the heart.

Goëthe wrote his celebrated "Theory of Colours" in opposition to the Newtonian system, denying that light could be a compound of darkness. But here he overlooked that mystery of creation, which adduces brightness from gloom, and happiness from pain. The rainbow cannot appear without the cloud; but while the drops yet fall, the light shines in the darkness, and shows us every variety of colour. Hereafter all darkness will disappear in light, and yet there will be "a rainbow round about the throne"—fit emblem of the Gospel which shone in our vale of tears.

It is very easy to flatter; but very difficult to praise. Women are seldom pleased with flattery, for they have acute perceptions of the ridiculous, and are more likely to be piqued than gratified by those exaggerated compliments which overstep the bounds of common sense; but she must be more than human who is insensible to praise.

Language should be a mean, but never an end. Some orators speak because they have something to say and others find something to say because they wish to speak. Even they whose compositions are redundant: with meaning, often countenance a false system by tacking on needless words to form rounded periods. "Multum in parvo" should be the maxim of all who paint, whether with pen or pencil. He shows most power who produces the greatest effect with the least expenditure of means—who spares every stroke that is not wanted, and never adds a line that does not tell. Writing is like water-colour drawing. It is easy to densify what is clear, but never to make what is dense lucid. Double washes only spoil the transparencies of your shadows, weaken the brilliancies of your lights, and ruin the neutral effect of your mezzotints. If your subject be once confused, it is useless to overlay with body-colour, or to modify by toning, for you can never regain what you have lost.

Every false figure in rhetoric, and every turgid outburst of passion, spring from the supposition that truth does not contain the intrinsic elements of success among mankind. A bare truism sounds so prosaic and austere, we are apt to fancy it cannot fight its road with the ignorant and the sceptical.

There are some minds whose faculties of imagery and description resemble that beautiful little instrument—the stereoscope: bringing out plain facts into bas-relief, and giving them apparent substance. What we want is *virid* truth; so that the homeliest household virtue, and the simplest Christian doctrine, shall appeal to us ever and anon with new force and reality.

Patience is oftentimes courage in repose; and he is the greatest hero who can suffer most silently. Calm endurance is better than hot daring; for the former is spiritual and human, whilst the latter is merely physical.

and is shared with inferior animals. Regulus and Arnold Von Winkelried were nobler than even Scipio and Tell. Self-control may exist without enthusiastic excitement, but the "angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory."

Recreation is necessary for the development of human nature. There is too little tendency in many of our modern amusements to encourage those lightsome processes of thought which may at once refresh without emasculating the mind. Artificial barriers of fanciful demarcation are drawn here and there in a narrow and unsympathizing spirit; whilst thoughtful persons are perplexed in the attempt to reduce these crooked boundaries under any fixed and well-defined principle. We create numerous fictitious offences, abstinence from which is accounted a creditable thing. These minor sins form a sort of supplementary decalogue; as though there were not enough crimes in the world already, without busying our intellects in inventing new ones.

The secret of beauty is rest, and calmness is an alchemy whose touch turneth all to gold. When we are over-wearied by violent emotion, we feel the soothing effect of the ministry of nature, and recognise the full significance of the deepest of her tones. Who does not love soft low music, which falls upon the ear like warm rain into the thirsty ground—little delicate flowers which do us good to look upon—and that quiet grace in women (that gentle blending of thoughts and feelings) which has often a greater fascination than physical beauty? There are certain states of mind when we prefer the adagios of nature to the diapasons of her grandest chords.

Some hold that excitement is necessary to poetry; but they should remember Hamlet's advice, "in the very tempest of their passion to beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

In the modern application of this word "temperance" to signify the moderate use of a certain dietetic substance, let us beware that it does not dwindle altogether into a narrow and limited signification. In the age of the Greek philosophers it was the

representative of a cardinal virtue. In the ethics of Aristotle, Socrates, and Pythagoras, it assumes a marked prominence; whilst Plato devotes a dialogue to the right investigation of the word. And by the Apostle it was chosen to represent the truest adornment of women, and used to signify the habitual restraint of all unchristian and unlawful passions.

Love founded on duty, *i.e.*, on the natural obligations arising out of the ties of blood and of nature, is not for that reason less necessary to be based on real sympathy and regard. For it is a mockery to wear a fair outside show to meet the claims of a social ritual, whilst the inner harmony of the affections is wanting.

The conceptions conveyed by the same scene are essentially different according to the souls that receive.

Men of genius are gifted with a sort of second sight. Science tells us that beyond the ordinary Newtonian spectrum, there are outer rays and more delicate varieties of colour, which are only appreciable to the eyes of peculiar creatures: and so in this "universal frame" there are wonders and beauties, where the generality of men see only darkness.

A man of aesthetic tastes actually sees differently from others, for we carry our minds into everything, and life "within us and abroad is one." The clown who gapes in blank astonishment at the statues of antiquity, physically beholds the same objects as the lover of art, who finds in them the full development of manly beauty. The American who, gazing at Niagara, calculated in his dull brain how many water-mills it would turn; and the poet who finds "sermons in stones," and "books in running brooks," have, strictly speaking, the same powers of vision. There is a certain truth in the exaggerated affirmation of Emerson, that few adults are otherwise than blind, and that only children can see nature as it is.

Let a large company read the same poem, and see the same picture, and the chances are that certain parts will come home to the consciousness of one among the number, whilst they are a strange language to the rest. For the old Platonic theory is correct, that a man sees himself in everything,

and recognises that which is without as a part of his inner being : for matter must be subservient to mind. Just as before a good photograph can be taken the paper must be chemically prepared, or the light will have no effect : so without an inner chamber be ready to receive them, the impressions of the eye will never be daguerreotyped on the heart.

"Give me," said a preacher, "the stone walls against which I may direct my artillery, and not the turf banks which receive and bury my shot !"

There is no task so difficult as that of startling men from their conventional dulness and uniform complaisance of indifference. One is tempted to utter paradoxes sometimes upon subjects that have been stretched and worn threadbare by repeated usings—those usings having all been in one fashion and one way. Every time an ordinary idea, or a commonplace image is associated with a great but familiar thought, the vividness and force of that thought are diminished to an infinite ratio. It is the remark of one of our profoundest critics upon Shakespeare, that he has long lost past recovery the full meaning of that celebrated passage, "To be or not to be ;" nor can he tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men, and torn so inhumanly from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, that it has become to him a perfect dead member.

Let our pulpit orators seek for sincerity and naturalness of expression. Let them drink deeply from the old catholic language, those stores of piety inexhaustible and undefiled. Let them bring up pure and holy water from those sacred wells of antiquity !

Many good people condemn fiction, because they think it leads to false views of life, and engenders morbid sentimentality. But they overlook the strong sympathy which Providence has implanted in the human heart ; so strong that nothing is so much an object of curiosity to man as man himself. Most people's minds are stored with observations on the varieties of character. Children begin the study betimes, while the philanthropist, the slanderer, and the

satirist alike continue it. Tattling arises from the same propensity, and that morbid curiosity so often evinced with regard to murders and executions, may be attributed (not so much to cruelty) as to the interest occasioned by beholding another in extraordinary circumstances of difficulty or distress. Deprived of fiction, we make it for ourselves. Indeed every man is, more or less, his own novelist, in which novel self not unfrequently figures as the hero, while friends and acquaintances are allowed to occupy subordinate positions. Absolute reservation of judgment is often an utter impossibility. We must form some opinions on the conduct of others, and often (trusting to our previous discoveries and experiences), we pass rash and hasty judgments on insufficient evidence ; and if a stranger be detected in giving way to some humour or impulse of the moment, it is immediately set down to be expressive of his peculiar character, while we consign him at random to occupy a certain place among the "dramatis personæ" of our private fiction.

For these fictions (which day-dreamers write) have the same fault which characterizes the generality of popular novels, *i.e.*, they do not take into account the inconsistency of men. The characters in most stories are consistent throughout, and are representatives of certain ideal virtues. But those of nature are masses of contradiction. "In the great world," naively remarks a German essayist, "men are compounded of truth and lies." Who can "fulfil himself," for who knows himself ? Our thoughts, feelings, and actions are like the varied colours in a kaleidoscope, doomed to endless confusion, till a foreign power shall focus them into order. For what is character but the will colouring the actions ? and the unguided human will is ever variable, having no optimist to depend upon. The characters of Holy Writ bear internal evidence of truth because of that very inconsistency of which infidels have complained. But the characters of most fiction writers are represented as the author would have them, and not as they are. They are conventional repetitions of favourite types, or so many manifestations of the same idea. There are of course

noble exceptions, such as Homer and Shakespeare, or, in our days, Joanna Baillie, Thackeray, and Miss Evans.

All men, it has been remarked, have something of the Nimrod in their dispositions. They like no prize which stands still, and will have no game which has not first to be hunted down.

We can see the sunlight and the stars, but we can only pluck the flowers beneath our feet. Perfection is unattainable on earth, being not merely a negation of evil, but the possession of all positive excellence. The holiest man can only be compared to the high palm, whose leaves

appear to touch the sky, whilst its roots are bound to earth. Yet the highest natural proof of man's immortality consists in his aspiration and strong desire after a permanent satisfying good. Our greatest pleasures are ever in anticipation. Hope leads us on and on. We could not enjoy half the happiness we do, if the enjoyment of the moment were limited to the moment. Be sure that our highest yearnings will at last be satisfied, for a merciful Wisdom would not have created beings with faculties and desires never to be realized. We are exiles from our native skies, and our longing hopes are the "mal de pays," for our Fatherland.

NAVAL WARFARE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

A TREATISE on the French Navy, containing some remarks on the best mode of conducting naval warfare between France and England, so as to insure triumph to the former power, and especially including a plan of invasion, was written last Spring by an experienced and talented officer of the French service, Monsieur L. Foulloiy, and lithographed at the expense of the Imperial Government. Having recently obtained this remarkable State Paper, of which a few copies only were struck off, and presented to persons in authority, we lay extracts, with some comments, before our readers.

The author has the character of a clever man, and it will be seen that he writes calmly, weighing well the naval and military powers of the two nations. His treatise seems to have been suggested by Sir Howard Douglas's "Naval Warfare with Steam;" and he has since been appointed to serve on the English coast, where, no doubt, he continues to make observations valuable to France in case of war.

His design in writing is to refute an idea which, he says, finds favour among his countrymen, viz., *militariser la marine*, or of assimilating the

navy, in organization and discipline, to the army. "If," he says, "this notion also consists in proposing to substitute soldiers for sailors in the formation of the crews of line-of-battle ships, it would, in my eyes, have the great effect of disallowing the specialty inherent to the sea calling—a specialty which nature herself will maintain, in spite of human inventions."

This is the Capitaine de Frégate's theme, and we shall endeavour to show that want of able seamen is the principal deficiency of the French navy.

Commencing by comparing the capabilities and circumstances of steam and sailing vessels, he shows that ships of war must, in great measure, be always dependent on sailing power, for several reasons, among which is the impossibility of carrying coal enough for long use without dangerous diminution, in time of hostilities, of speed—that virtue in a war-vessel which renders her powerful for offence, and able to avoid a superior force, and which certainly should, so far from being sacrificed, be increased in every way.

Estimating at their due value the means afforded by steam to manœuvre

a fleet like an army, the writer would have a plan of future naval warfare with England conceived and laid down systematically. In land warfare, he observes, such a scheme is essential, to determine the required end, which can, when the time comes, be aimed at with unshaken perseverance. In contemplating the event of maritime war, he advises a careful previous study of the "theatre of operations," and, in particular, of the several "zones" where it would develop itself—especially as to the enemy's weak and strong points. When this is accomplished, it would be necessary to decide what should be the character of the war—whether offensive or defensive.

In a few sentences the author compares naval to land operations. The maritime frontier of France, he observes, represents at once the line of defence and the base of operations of her fleet; her ports are her strong places and dépôts; and the roads in front of them are entrenched camps, in which forces can be concentrated and organised. Lines of communication unite these dépôts to each other. And the fleet, when quitting its base, will follow the "lines of operations" which have been predetermined. Not to pursue the analogy further, it suffices to say that the author recommends a plan of operations on an extensive scale; and, to quote his opinion, whenever France shall be sufficiently forward, by development of her fleet, formation of additional fortified harbours, and possession of a fleet of transports—all together forming a force that will render her capable to oppose, with success, the predominant maritime power—she may reckon on being aided by secondary naval Powers.

The motives for a struggle with England are then set forth, the principal one assigned being, that the latter reigns *sans partage* over the ocean, and arrogates to interfere and dominate in the regulation of the affairs of the European Continent. Without entering into this political question, we cannot refrain from remarking how curiously the Gaulic idea of partition and equality enters into French views of the relation between England and that country. Why, let us ask, should there be maritime equality, and how long

would it endure? Surely, the facts must be known abroad as well as they are understood at home, that England acquired her naval preponderance by her commerce, and that she is bound to maintain it as her best hope, under Providence, of warding off such an invasion as this French officer takes the pains to project.

Considering that France has the mission of establishing "the principle of liberty of the seas," or of equality, or "the equilibrium of forces on the vast domain which belongs to all people," the writer declares that "the future does not belong to England," for modern means of communication have rendered continental nations eager to open the perspective of a new and grand scene, of which the ocean is the horizon.

"France, with 2,400 kilometres of frontier bathed by salt water, for 1,800 kilometres of land frontier, must always have, whatever be her political system, considerable maritime interests. In the question of the liberty of the seas, her interest is not less lively nor less urgent than those of the other nations; for the moment seems near when her admirable geographical situation will permit her to unite the people of the ancient and new worlds across her territory, by the ties that Providence has evidently destined her to form. Railways and steam navigation on one side, the attraction of rare facilities and the special advantages for commercial transactions and exchanges on the other, will bring about, little by little, that result which will render our country the pacific arbitrator of modern nations.

"We use, then," he declares, "a most legitimate right in preparing ourselves to resist England in case of necessity, to combat her with energy, and conquer her on some decisive occasion, if she, deserting, with our alliance, the cause of justice, order, and progress in Europe, inspired exclusively by her traditions, should again have recourse to the but little allowable means of a former epoch.

"We are, in point of fact, justified in any precautions we may take, by the example of this Power; for she has, during the last fifteen years, been organizing herself openly against us. Especially for the last two years she has bestirred herself with incredible activity, under the pretext of sheltering herself from the perils of a French invasion, but in truth to preserve to herself the sceptre of the seas. She raises her navy to a figure which surpasses all that a maritime coalition could one day oppose to her.

"In a war against England, which should not have been provoked by an encroachment on the continental territory of Europe, we should have the right to count upon at least the sympathy of the other Powers. The most desirable and the best alliance for us in such a case would, undoubtedly, be that of Russia."

Let us remark, that the idea of a permanent alliance, offensive and defensive, with Russia, is far more popular among a large section of Frenchmen, including the mass of the army and navy, than the maintenance of alliance with any other Power. Several causes conspire to render them pleased with this notion, such as the fact that Russian gentlemen consort better with the French than any others contrive to do, the similarity of their two systems of government, the remoteness of the two countries, and the prospect that Russia is best prepared to encounter and overwhelm British power in Asia. These and other points are sedulously put forth in a recent pamphlet, "*L'Alliance Anglaise, ou l'Alliance Russe.*" The treaty of Tilsit is referred to as having promised well for Russian and French ambition, at the time the young and ardent Emperor Alexander, fascinated by the prestige of Napoleon, undertook to partition Europe with him. Its non-fulfilment is deplored by the pamphleteer, who also points to the breach subsequently made by England in her alliance with France, under Louis Philippe; an alliance so intimate as to have occasioned the invention of an express term, *entente cordiale*, to signify the heartiness of the relation: yet, observes the writer, England, fearing to see Mehemet Ali, the natural ally of France, too strong for the Porte, brusquely separated herself, to hinder French interests from triumphing on the shores of the Levant. Our allies ever turn their eyes from home requirements to foreign politics and ideas of aggrandizement, and their tears at the loss of colonies during the last war mingle in the ink dropped from this pamphleteer's pen. What colonies are left are viewed by him as the mere *debris* of that immense shipwreck of French power on a thousand distant ocean shores. "Our naval decadence," he says, "is the direct consequence of our colonial

extinction; for without colonies, no mercantile marine, and without this, no naval forces." But his idea is a mere phantasm, since some of the wealthiest people, as the Venetians, Dutch, and the Hanseatic Confederation, did not owe their prosperity to colonies but to commerce.

Our foe, the French Capitaine de Frégate, does not propose to postpone a trial of strength until France shall rival the Three Kingdoms in the number and size of her colonies:—he asks only the completion of works now in progress, and a fuller development of the present active measures for augmenting the fleet. With regard to the force England has to oppose, the view he takes is both broad and sensible:—

"Let us throw a rapid glance on the entire power of England, and on the distribution of her forces. The English are essentially naval, but they have neither military spirit, nor military tastes. Their manners and social organization oppose such difficulties to the recruiting of their regular troops, that they are generally constrained to have recourse to mercenaries. The larger part of the army is quartered in India, and in numerous colonial possessions; there remains but a slight portion in the depots and in the metropolis. The defence of the kingdom would devolve upon troops who, notwithstanding all the efforts of the administration to organize them, would form but an irregular band, without cohesion, and probably without the capability of fighting properly in line. The country itself, traversed by admirable roads, extremely rich and populous, does not possess, in the interior, fortified places capable of serving as strongholds for arresting momentarily the progress of an invading army. The people understand nothing of a war of partisans, nor of war in the streets; to their eyes, their navy has not ceased to be the palladium of old Albion. This is also the sentiment of the Government; for it appears to attach itself rather to the plan of augmenting the naval force, and forbidding access to the coasts, than disputing the possession of the land with an enemy who might succeed in setting his foot thereon. Ports of refuge are numerous: a feeling of humanity was, in 1843, the motive of this useful creation; but it became obvious that these ramparts against storms would constitute efficacious means of defence against the enterprises of a hostile navy, and also advantageous centres of attack on France. This observation serves as the

starting point of the system of aggression adopted by our neighbours.

"On the south coast of England, Plymouth, Portland, and Portsmouth, are entrenched camps, destined to receive squadrons of vessels; Falmouth, Dartmouth, Newhaven, and Dover, are centres of stations accessible to ships of an inferior rank, and particularly to gun-boats; all of them serve as ports of refuge for the merchant marine. The island of Alderney, recently linked to the metropolis by a telegraphic cable, has become an out-post and a centre of aggression, very important to the English fleet on account of its proximity to Cherbourg.

"At the mouth of the Thames, the roadstead of the Downs and the anchorage of Hollesley, with Chatham, and Harwich, are centres of stations for squadrons charged with guarding the narrow straits which lead to the Channel and North Sea.

"Fortifications crown the works executed to shelter shipping; forts have not been spared, and martello towers and batteries, to hinder access to the shore and to the most frequented anchorages.

"The merit of all these constructions is enhanced by the very superior system of buoying and lighting the coasts.

"All the ports, all the centres of aggression, are united together and with the metropolis by railroads and the electric telegraph."

Having taken this bird's-eye view of the southern coast, the writer proceeds to notice the sea and land forces to whom its defence is committed. Of the corps called the coast-guard, he remarks, that it is not long since the formation and control of this service was transferred from the Custom-House to the Admiralty, and that while it still exercises the old duty of repressing smuggling, it forms a powerful and valuable defensive arm, and a naval reserve. From this consideration he passes to the subject of manning the fleet, which is one of such high national importance, that our readers will, doubtless, wish to peruse his brief but searching observations, particularly as he is much impressed with the need of active and careful measures in his own country for securing a sufficiency of seamen. Of the system of entry with us, he observes:—

"The daily increasing difficulty of recruiting the English navy by means of voluntary engagement, and the necessity of rapidly arming the fleet at the first menace of war, have led our neigh-

bours to seek, in the maintenance of a new coast-guard, the means of creating a reserve of chosen sailors, so as to imprint on the constitution of the maritime *personnel*, the same character as of the *personnel* of the land army. As *press-gangs* could no longer be employed, except as a resource, in *extremis*, enrolment remains based on the principle of voluntary engagement, vivified by sacrifices of money."

Captain Foulloiy might have added that, in many cases, the men, as well as the bounty paid them, are sacrificed, whenever, as occurs in hundreds of instances, sailors bribed, as it were, to enter the Queen's service, desert, and necessarily enter foreign ships to avoid being taken and punished.

Noticing the difficulty of inducing seamen to enter for a long period, he refers to the pains taken to secure good men for the reserve, and the special care taken of the boys, who, observes he, form the nursery of future ships' crews, and become the best top-men in the Royal Navy. He is also thoroughly alive to the great value of "*hommes d'élite*, broken into the discipline and imbued with the traditions of the military marine." Testimony is then borne to the following important considerations, which act so continually and potently on the feelings of the sailor. All irksome constraint on the liberty of the Queen's seamen, and any regulation that would shock their usages, have been sedulously discarded. Whatever might disgust has been abolished or altered, and the administration is scrupulously exact in faithful observance of all the engagements made with the men. Yet he concludes with the following observation, which we are not inclined to echo:—

"Experience will make known the degree of efficacy of all these means, dictated, it must needs be said, by an imperious necessity; but already it is easy to see that the adoption of certain concessions, accorded to the character and tastes of English sailors, has sensibly enervated discipline, and enfeebled steadiness on board their vessels."

If, as has been asserted in the public journals, seamen in her Majesty's service are not as contented and well disciplined as they ought to be, common sense tells us that these defects are not occasioned by concessions

to former grievances, but exist because there is still much that is unsatisfactory. This grave matter having recently been discussed in those prints (the best of all possible ways), we will refer to the two principal hardships under which this valuable class of men are said to labour, namely, want of adequate amount of leave of absence on shore, and insufficiency of pay.

We rank the grievance of want of sufficient leave on shore first, because it has given rise, on several occasions, to portions of ships' crews showing a disaffected and mutinous disposition. The difference between the Queen's and the merchant service, in respect of the amount of time which each allows a man for shore-going, is certainly contrasted, in sailors' minds, very unfavourably to the former. During changes of ships in the latter, which occur frequently, a man is free. The returns of punishments in the navy would show that nearly the whole amount was incurred for breaking leave and for desertion. The best remedy would be slightly to increase ships' crews, so as to admit of giving more leave—or, as Jack significantly calls it, "liberty"—without detriment to the service. Much of the alarmingly great amount of desertion in the fleet during the last two years has originated, there can be no doubt, in the faulty system of giving the £10 bounty to each man who enters. This hot-house mode of obtaining sailors brought the weeds of the merchant service into the navy, who came with the full intention of deserting, and easily found their opportunities. If the pay and other attractions of the Queen's service were sufficient, there would be no need to bribe men to enter. It is said that the State underpays seamen because it undertakes to give them a pension after a certain term of service. But if Peter dies, or never earns a pension, he has been mulcted to create a fund to pay Paul's pension. Similarly, the clerks in her Majesty's civil service were taxed to form a superannuation fund, until recently, when the injustice of this plan being proved, it has been abolished. In our view, one who has served the State long and well should be supported, in his infirm years, on that honourable account, and not because he has given twenty years' work at a

reduced rate of wages. At present, the ten years' term of service entitling to a pension is too short, for a pension implies superannuation, and should not be acquired too easily. In consideration of the promise of a pension, a just deduction may be made from wages; but it is to be remembered that a sailor on board a man-of-war has but a chance of living and serving long enough to enjoy an annuity. The well-known fact, that the average life of sailors is much shorter than that of almost every other class of men, is the reason why they cannot count on long tenure of either the in or the out pension of Greenwich Hospital.

The continuous service system, established in 1853, under which men are entitled to pensions after ten years' service should, in our opinion, be converted into an annual retaining fee, by the stipulation that it should only be payable while the claimant continues in the Queen's service. By this mode, the navy would secure a highly paid and contented class of able seamen. However, the present system gives satisfaction, as is proved by the fact that there are now 22,000 continuous service men in the navy and 9,000 continuous service boys, while the remaining men and officers are only 23,000.

The assertion that the rate of pay in the navy is so much lower than in the merchant service as to induce the wives of blue-jackets to exert their influence to keep their husbands out of the navy, is not thoroughly warranted. It seems that the one is £2 9s. a month, the other £2 10s. But the former is considerably increased by good conduct and high rating. The average pay of seamen in the royal service is probably equal to that of merchantmen. The usual rate of wages for A.B.'s to all parts of the world is £2 10s. The exceptions are trifling, and only last during the summer season. A deduction from the average receipt should be made for the periods when men are not shipped, for there is no continuous service in the commercial navy. With regard to the men who either shrink or desert from the Queen's service, we conceive the causes are rather to be found in their bad character than in that of the service; or, in other words, the good comportment required in the royal navy is insup-

every sea, and inflicting upon us those disasters which are undoubtedly less painful in the material ruin, which would be the ultimate result, than in the serious blow they would give to our independence, prestige, and rank, among the great powers.

"In face of the maritime development of Great Britain, we cannot flatter ourselves to make war purely on the offensive; on the other hand, to resign ourselves to act merely on the defensive, would be to ignore the value of our forces and demoralize our maritime personnel, the remarkable élan and resolution of which should be sustained by firmness of attitude and calculated audacity. The true system of war for us to follow will be found between the two extremes; by this means we shall prepare, in the first instance, a vigorous and permanent system of defence, embracing our maritime frontier and foreign settlements, while we organize the active naval force in such a way as to render it eminently movable, and we should distribute it upon the strategical points of the various zones where it may be called to exhibit itself, so that it may everywhere be ready to take the offensive when circumstances are favourable, and strike a decisive blow in the principal zone at any given moment. A power such as France, which can dispose of numerous and practical armies, has the certainty of obtaining a glorious triumph if she could once set her foot on the soil of Great Britain; and it is in fact but in this way that she will ever be able to bring a nation to terms that derives its excessive haughtiness from the consciousness of its isolation. To conduct, then, our armies to the soil of England, and put the military resources of the two empires to the trial, so as to find advantage in our real superiority,—such is the object to which our system of war ought naturally to tend. The part of our navy is to make a breach in the walls which encircle the English coast, to serve as a bridge to the invading army after having opened the passage for it, and to maintain afterwards, by its most rapid vessels, communications with the mother country."

This is plain speaking. Our Capitaine de Frégate then lays down a short scheme of invasion:—

"On account of the uncertainty of the weather in the Channel, and of the defensive organization of our neighbours, the debarkation of the army would be effected with infinitely more security, if we could possibly possess ourselves, by surprise or force, of a port on the enemy's coast, which would be fit to serve as a *tête de pont*. Nevertheless, whatever facility great

speed offers for effecting surprise, this preliminary operation would not re-act usefully upon the principal object, that is to say, on the passage of the army after the advanced guard charge! with constructing the *tête de pont*, except on the condition that we should command the Channel for several successive days. For this it is necessary that our fleet should gain a decisive victory, and, following up this success, should bear down upon the point chosen for the debarkation, so as to crush any resistance on the part of the coast-guard."

Viewing the Channel as the theatre or zone of operations, the writer proposes points of debarkation, and for retiring to, in case of a reverse. Cherbourg, Brest, and Havre, would send out large vessels, and other ports small ones. This fleet and flotilla would concentrate, but must be assured of ports of refuge, since the axiom, that a prudent general secures a way of retreat, applies to sea as well as land engagements.

"To provide a retreat for those naval forces which, issuing from Cherbourg, would direct themselves to the Pas de Calais, having in front of them the English squadron of the Downs, and behind them other English squadrons, strengthened by Portland and Portsmouth, it would be desirable to create in front of Boulogne, and in front of Havre, two harbours of refuge, which would, moreover, shelter these towns from bombardment. The harbour of Boulogne would become at the same time the best centre of operations that we could possibly desire with a view to a debarkation from the other side of the Pas de Calais."

The Mediterranean, continues the writer, would be the second zone of operations. One portion of the French fleet would be employed there in maintaining communication with Algeria, in fighting in detail the English naval forces, which would be constrained, by the distance of their bases of operations, to separate, in order to victual, and would be encumbered by coaling transports, while "our ships," remarks he, "might, perhaps, again carry our legions to Egypt." "All our strategic combinations," observes he, with great technical acuteness, "ought to have as their foundation, superiority in the swiftness of our vessels, and certainly that their machinery will work well." For these essential elements of success he counts on the ability of French engineers,

who will, he says, preserve the superiority already acquired in this point over our rivals. For ourselves, we are not aware that English ships of war are inferior, on the average, to the average rapidity of the French. Satisfied on the power of maintaining this excellence in speed, our author comes to a point on which he is the very reverse of content, viz., the numerical superiority of the English fleet, which, he observes, would be *écrasante* in the Channel and Mediterranean, unless—and this qualification is pregnant—means can be taken to oblige that fleet to send detachments far and wide, to protect the mercantile marine, and the multitude of points “on which,” observes he, “the British empire is so vulnerable.” Hostile diversions must be carefully prepared beforehand. It does not enter into his calculation to propose a diversion in Ireland; but he suggests the formation of harbours of refuge and aggression in the French colonies, whence legions bearing the Bonaparte Eagle may suddenly be transported to seize British possessions abroad. By such means, he conceives, the enemy’s fleet would be so called off and diminished, the shores of England would become more open to attack. But he acknowledges that—

“To complete this *ensemble* of operations we must secure an alliance which would bring us the support of the Russian fleet, and which would stir up in our favour the most powerful of diversions on the side of the Baltic Sea and in India.”

Representing the *personnel* of his country’s navy as having seen close their neighbour’s line-of-battle ships, they are confident of the result of a struggle on equal terms—he, nevertheless, insists on several advances towards placing this *personnel* on the best and most contented footing, and concludes :—

“It appears that there is much to be done before our maritime frontier will be in a state to act the double rôle of defence and aggression.”

Space does not allow us to follow Captain Foulloiy into his discussion of all the matters which he deems requisite for the efficiency of the French fleet, and which occupy the bulk of his elaborate treatise, entitled, as it is, considerations on the

personnel and *materiel* of that institution. An exception, however, must be made, in the matter of *inscription*, the despotic system by which the French Government fills its fleet, just as *conscription* keeps up its army. In our opinion, this method acts like palsy on the outer members and limbs of that navy, while mal-administration in Paris is a cancer, eating into the heart of the service. The sharp strictures made in the Corps Legislatif, last Session, when passing the navy estimates, on the unsatisfactory character of the naval accounts, have proved the value of freedom of debate by resulting in a report, dated 17th November last, from the Minister of Marine to the Emperor, recommending the appointment of a mixed commission of inquiry into marine organization, under the heads administration and accountability, and naming nine commissioners for this purpose. This recommendation has been approved by the Emperor, and it is further expected that inquiry will be made into the still more important question of *Inscription*, the present mode by which seamen are taken into the service of the State. The naval captain proceeds to say :—

“Temporary circumstances, brought about by the numerous *congés* (leave of absence tickets), given after the war in the East, have shown, by the experience of the squadron of evolutions, that to constitute crews of proper nautical value, on the type of three able seamen gunners, three able fusiliers, and a little less than two top-men per gun, it was sufficient to demand 50% men from the maritime inscription, and 50% recruits from the conscription. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that this proportion applies itself to vessels already supplied with already exercised complement; but as our *maistrance*, our special schools, and above all, the squadron of evolutions, will procure for us, when we seriously wish it, excellent complements (*cadres*), it can be accepted as a fact which has the sanction of experience. Our faculties of armament receive a very important extension as they are augmented on one side 16 per cent. in respect of inscription, taken fundamentally, and on the other side of 16 per cent. concerning conscription, taken on the most elastic basis, which is in reality 32 per cent. We can, therefore, on condition of improving our maritime inscription, of increasing the production

every sea, and inflicting upon us those disasters which are undoubtedly less painful in the material ruin, which would be the ultimate result, than in the serious blow they would give to our independence, prestige, and rank, among the great powers.

“In face of the maritime development of Great Britain, we cannot flatter ourselves to make war purely on the offensive; on the other hand, to resign ourselves to act merely on the defensive, would be to ignore the value of our forces and demoralize our maritime personnel, the remarkable élan and resolution of which should be sustained by firmness of attitude and calculated audacity. The true system of war for us to follow will be found between the two extremes; by this means we shall prepare, in the first instance, a vigorous and permanent system of defence, embracing our maritime frontier and foreign settlements, while we organize the active naval force in such a way as to render it eminently movable, and we should distribute it upon the strategical points of the various zones where it may be called to exhibit itself, so that it may everywhere be ready to take the offensive when circumstances are favourable, and strike a decisive blow in the principal zone at any given moment. A power such as France, which can dispose of numerous and practical armies, has the certainty of obtaining a glorious triumph if she could once set her foot on the soil of Great Britain; and it is in fact but in this way that she will ever be able to bring a nation to terms that derives its excessive haughtiness from the consciousness of its isolation. *To conduct, then, our armies to the soil of England, and put the military resources of the two empires to the trial, so as to find advantage in our real superiority,—such is the object to which our system of war ought naturally to tend.* The part of our navy is to make a breach in the walls which encircle the English coast, to serve as a bridge to the invading army after having opened the passage for it, and to maintain afterwards, by its most rapid vessels, communications with the mother country.”

This is plain speaking. Our Capitaine de Frégate then lays down a short scheme of invasion:—

“On account of the uncertainty of the weather in the Channel, and of the defensive organization of our neighbours, the debarkation of the army would be effected with infinitely more security, if we could possibly possess ourselves, by surprise or force, of a port on the enemy's coast, which would be fit to serve as a *tête de pont*. Nevertheless, whatever facility great

speed offers for effecting surprises, this preliminary operation would not re-act usefully upon the principal object, that is to say, on the passage of the army after the advanced guard charged with constructing the *tête de pont*, except on the condition that we should command the Channel for several successive days. For this it is necessary that our fleet should gain a decisive victory, and, following up this success, should bear down upon the point chosen for the debarkation, so as to crush any resistance on the part of the coast-guard.”

Viewing the Channel as the theatre or zone of operations, the writer proposes points of debarkation, and for retiring to, in case of a reverse. Cherbourg, Brest, and Havre, would send out large vessels, and other ports small ones. This fleet and flotilla would concentrate, but must be assured of ports of refuge, since the axiom, that a prudent general secures a way of retreat, applies to sea as well as land engagements.

“To provide a retreat for those naval forces which, issuing from Cherbourg, would direct themselves to the Pas de Calais, having in front of them the English squadron of the Downs, and behind them other English squadrons, strengthened by Portland and Portsmouth, it would be desirable to create in front of Boulogne, and in front of Havre, two harbours of refuge, which would, moreover, shelter these towns from bombardment. The harbour of Boulogne would become at the same time the best centre of operations that we could possibly desire with a view to a debarkation from the other side of the Pas de Calais.”

The Mediterranean, continues the writer, would be the second zone of operations. One portion of the French fleet would be employed there in maintaining communication with Algeria, in fighting in detail the English naval forces, which would be constrained, by the distance of their bases of operations, to separate, in order to victual, and would be encumbered by coaling transports, while “our ships,” remarks he, “might, perhaps, again carry our legions to Egypt.” “All our strategic combinations,” observes he, with great technical acuteness, “ought to have as their foundation, *superiority in the swiftness of our vessels, and certainty that their machinery will work well.*” For these essential elements of success he counts on the ability of French engineers,

who will, he says, preserve the superiority already acquired in this point over our rivals. For ourselves, we are not aware that English ships of war are inferior, on the average, to the average rapidity of the French. Satisfied on the power of maintaining this excellence in speed, our author comes to a point on which he is the very reverse of content, viz., the numerical superiority of the English fleet, which, he observes, would be *écrasante* in the Channel and Mediterranean, unless—and this qualification is pregnant—means can be taken to oblige that fleet to send detachments far and wide, to protect the mercantile marine, and the multitude of points “on which,” observes he, “the British empire is so vulnerable.” Hostile diversions must be carefully prepared beforehand. It does not enter into his calculation to propose a diversion in Ireland; but he suggests the formation of harbours of refuge and aggression in the French colonies, whence legions bearing the Bonaparte Eagle may suddenly be transported to seize British possessions abroad. By such means, he conceives, the enemy’s fleet would be so called off and diminished, the shores of England would become more open to attack. But he acknowledges that—

“To complete this *ensemble* of operations we must secure an alliance which would bring us the support of the Russian fleet, and which would stir up in our favour the most powerful of diversions on the side of the Baltic Sea and in India.”

Representing the *personnel* of his country’s navy as having seen close their neighbour’s line-of-battle ships, they are confident of the result of a struggle on equal terms—he, nevertheless, insists on several advances towards placing this *personnel* on the best and most contented footing, and concludes :—

“It appears that there is much to be done before our maritime frontier will be in a state to act the double rôle of defence and aggression.”

Space does not allow us to follow Captain Foulloiy into his discussion of all the matters which he deems requisite for the efficiency of the French fleet, and which occupy the bulk of his elaborate treatise, entitled, as it is, considerations on the

personnel and *materiel* of that institution. An exception, however, must be made, in the matter of *inscription*, the despotic system by which the French Government fills its fleet, just as *conscription* keeps up its army. In our opinion, this method acts like palsy on the outer members and limbs of that navy, while mal-administration in Paris is a cancer, eating into the heart of the service. The sharp strictures made in the Corps Legislatif, last Session, when passing the navy estimates, on the unsatisfactory character of the naval accounts, have proved the value of freedom of debate by resulting in a report, dated 17th November last, from the Minister of Marine to the Emperor, recommending the appointment of a mixed commission of inquiry into marine organization, under the heads administration and accountability, and naming nine commissioners for this purpose. This recommendation has been approved by the Emperor, and it is further expected that inquiry will be made into the still more important question of *Inscription*, the present mode by which seamen are taken into the service of the State. The naval captain proceeds to say :—

“Temporary circumstances, brought about by the numerous *congés* (leave of absence tickets), given after the war in the East, have shown, by the experience of the squadron of evolutions, that to constitute crews of proper nautical value, on the type of three able seamen gunners, three able fusiliers, and a little less than two top-men per gun, it was sufficient to demand 50% men from the maritime inscription, and 50% recruits from the conscription. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that this proportion applies itself to vessels already supplied with already exercised complement; but as our *maistrance*, our special schools, and above all, the squadron of evolutions, will procure for us, when we seriously wish it, excellent complements (*cadres*), it can be accepted as a fact which has the sanction of experience. Our faculties of armament receive a very important extension as they are augmented on one side 16 per cent. in respect of inscription, taken fundamentally, and on the other side of 16 per cent. concerning conscription, taken on the most elastic basis, which is in reality 32 per cent. We can, therefore, on condition of improving our maritime inscription, of increasing the production

of our special schools, and of continuing to maintain at least a squadron of evolutions, arm a fleet a third more considerable than in the provisions of the budget of 1857. We should enter largely into this course if we would possess a maritime power equal to the destinies and the financial and industrial resources of imperial France. It belongs to the patriotism of the nation to second the

government of the Emperor in this restorative work, as it has already done in the accomplishment of the other great things of these times. In taking the figure of 62,000 men as the assured number which may furnish the valid portion of the maritime inscription, and in demanding 57,200 men of the recruits, we will have, *en personnel*, the means of arming a battie fleet of

	Staff.		Sailors.
60 vessels (Algésiras type) manned with	1,800	.	52,980
10 „ (type Duguay Trouin, reduced)	300	.	7,000
40 frigates (type Isly)	680	.	15,840
40 corvettes (type Phlégeton)	480	.	7,040
80 avisos	40 first class (type Monge)	.	4,600
	40 second class (type Corsican)	.	3,480
230	3,840		90,940

230 vessels of all ranks, manned with 3,840 officers of all grades and professions, and 90,940 sailors, of whom 45,470 are *inscrits*.

There would remain for the armament of the coast-guard and the fleet of transports (that of transports being established according to the ancient proportion), 28,260 men, without counting what inscription outside its valid contingent could furnish to the vessels em-

ployed in the defence of the coast. If we could succeed in realizing such an armament as this a few months before the maritime war, our active fleet would appear under conditions of more than probable success. We could, for example, dispose it thus :—

Brest and Cherbourg.	Toulon.	Distant Stations.
35 line-of-battle ships,	25 line-of-battle ships,	10 line-of-battle ships,
5 frigates,	5 frigates,	30 frigates.
30 corvettes and avisos	30 corvettes and avisos	60 corvettes and avisos
of second class.	of second class.	of second class.

England, could she dispose of 100 vessels and 100 frigates, would have much to do to make head against Russia in the Baltic, and to fight us at the same time with a numerical superiority, in the channel, in the Mediterranean, and on all the seas of the globe."

The two weak points in the above scheme are visible enough :—Russia is not likely to ally herself with France in an attempt against Great Britain, and France possesses only 37 line-of-battle ships, or little more than half the number Captain Foulloiy calculates on. The menaced country has 73 line-of-battle ships, and would certainly increase the number to more than 100, if France augmented her force to 70. Whether he has miscalculated the number of seamen the *inscription* could furnish, we cannot say. The entire amount of men inscribed on the registers is, as we are informed, about 155,000. Of these, he estimates that 62,000 could serve afloat in the fleet, coast-guard, and transports. The total number of *inscrits* and *conscripts* to be put afloat is reckoned at 119,200, of which 28,260 would man other services than the

fleet. If his and our estimates of the inscription are correct, it appears there are about 93,000 enrolled whose services could not be required without injury to the various callings in which they are engaged. In this category stand the dock-yard men, who are all on the registers, excepting the men employed in building iron ships—an exception made in their favour, lest they should quit this calling. From all we hear, the despotic system of inscription acts most banefully upon every department of maritime industry. Within the last month, a body of influential ship-owners has laid a petition before the Emperor, proving that the apprehension of being forced to serve in the navy deters men from taking to seafaring life, and ascribing the decline of the French commercial navy to the difficulty of manning it. The complainants state that the number and tonnage of the mercantile marine of their country has been gradually diminishing, and that, in consequence, the trade of France is carried on far more in foreign than native bottoms. Our readers will hardly credit our

assertion, which, however, may be relied on, that this marine has no more than nine ships exceeding 800 tons! This result is, we believe, more due to the law, which compels partition of property, and thus precludes accumulation of capital in shipping, than to fears of forced service: yet, this latter condition of the law in France is, no doubt, a main cause of her maritime poverty and weakness. According to inscription returns of last year, quoted in M. Clarigny's pamphlet on the French and English armaments, the number of merchant seamen was 102,000; but we suspect this statement is an exaggeration. It is probable that, were inscription in force in the United Kingdom, the registers would show about 500,000

men, nearly treble the French total. To return to the treatise before us, on *le personnel et materiel de la flotte Française*: its author, quitting the first part of his theme, congratulates his countrymen on the forward state of the latter, saying:—

“ We reckon at this moment a greater number of rapid vessels than our rivals, and we have the start of them as to iron-cased ships. Let us, at least, apply ourselves to preserve this inestimable advantage, which will allow us, at a given moment, to accept the struggle; let us also endeavour, with unceasing activity, to discover and appropriate to ourselves the secrets which future holds in reserve. In following this course, we ought to aim at a normal effective such as this:—

	Etat-major.	Sailors.
50 vessels, iron-cased and beaked, carrying from 40 to 45 guns,	1,500	45,000
50 iron-cased frigates, carrying from 32 to 36 guns,	1,200	27,400
60 vessels carrying 12 guns (type to be created)	1,020	18,000
160	3,720	90,400

“ These vessels being destined to fight at close quarters by boarding, and to sustain, for a long time, an engagement in which they would fire both broadsides, should have strong crews, calculated on the footing of armaments, active, on both sides. The effective of the fleet once fixed, it becomes possible to determine with precision the development which suits its divers elements, in personnel and in materiel; the administration would then lay down a certain basis to establish its provisions, combine its projects, enlighten its march, and give it all the advantages inherent to a complete and well defined system, with views of a whole, continuance in its acts, well-fixed principles, and solid traditions, all which are calculated to command confidence out of the department, and to guarantee its own internal strength. Nevertheless it must be granted that without the scheme of multiplied transformations, succeeding each other as by enchantment, the task of naval administration is, in this particular, one of great difficulty. A footing of peace, fixed upon the known wants of maritime service and eventual political necessities, is easily transformed into a footing of war, and it is of great importance to be able to pass rapidly from the one to the other. If we succeed in acting from the onset on the offensive, we may probably, in the beginning of hostilities, obtain some success which might exercise a decisive influence on the course of events. We must not, however, dissimulate to ourselves the fact, that our neigh-

bours, with their usual foresight and practical intelligence, do not allow us to be beforehand with them, and they are preparing a vigorous initiative. On our side, it is only by keeping the *materiel* all complete, afloat, in a perfect state of liability to be called into active service; by watching with incessant solicitude over the conservation of the machinery and engines, and their good working, by verifications, rectifications, and frequent essays; in holding always ready, arms and materials, as well as the preservation of the objects and the consistency of their fabrication will admit; in maintaining with foresight the material provisions in good order; by holding the whole framework easily visible, by the development of the *personnel* in special schools, and all the industries which produce naval men, that our naval administration will be always found ready for every event. For a fleet so active as that of which we have indicated the possible number, it would not be too much to keep up, as was done in 1853, and as the English do at present, two evolutionary squadrons, one at Toulon, and one at Brest. A useful emulation would stimulate these squadrons; they would serve our diplomacy in the north and in the south of France; they would above all promote the precious school of discipline and of tradition, source of every progress in a military navy, which has been represented for twenty years by only a squadron in the Mediterranean.”

This good naval captain is evidently not free from the ordinary professional failing, which led the tradesman in the fable to insist on the value of leather for protecting his native town. Thoroughly informed as the British public now are as to every step of progress our warlike neighbours make towards augmenting their naval strength, it is not likely that this power will assume any dangerous dimensions without corresponding exertions on our side of the Channel. Meanwhile, it is interesting and instructive to see how this French sailor combats the idea that a fleet can be made effective by putting soldiers on board it. To navigate and to fight, such is the double purpose of a modern man-of-war, "of that marvellous creation," says our friend, "destined to give to man the empire of the seas." Why he should write in the future tense is not clear, unless he considers his countrymen only as worthy of the name of man. At the same time, he shows how absolutely perfect seamanlike qualities are demanded of those who, as he says, "will start from our ports, to attempt the most audacious enterprises against the territory or the naval forces of the enemy." It is, he says, when the gale grows into a storm, the sea rises, and men have to mount the slippery shrouds at night to take in the struggling sails, that the specialty of the seaman appears, and controverts on high ground all the theories opposed to its essential value. Further he writes:—

"Up to this time the institutions of the French marine have had in view to produce a fleet not inferior to that of any other nation, either in the qualities of its men or of its material. Now all other navies occupy themselves in increasing the number of their sailors, and in raising the condition of this special class of men by particular privileges and pecuniary advantages. Russia and Austria exhibit persevering endeavours to create for themselves a naval personification. England imposes upon herself heavy sacrifices, in order to draw into her navy the best subjects in her merchant service, and to retain them afterwards in her reserve. In France it is by maritime inscription that sailors are educated and formed for the service of her fleet. It is too much forgotten that it is owing to this eminently conservative institution that our navy has been able,

during two centuries, to raise and increase itself every time that the State has energetically demanded it. If the administration were suppressed, we should be constrained to have recourse to the method of voluntary enrolment, with the bait of large premiums. The contributor of taxes would pay for this necessity of the public service much dearer than he actually pays under a different form for protecting efficaciously the painful industry of seamen, and for sustaining the institution of all classes to the greater profit of the national power. On the other hand, the naval administration, reduced to have recourse to expedients to assure the recruiting of the fleet, could no longer operate with the almost mathematical certainty that it has at present in the levying of a personnel, of which it is aware exactly, and at any moment, of the number and the assessment. After various successful attempts, the system of inscription substituted for that by pressure, and sanctioned by the genius of Colbert, has both morally and politically, the character of a synallagmatical contract between the State and seamen. For in enrolling sailors, in regulating the order of the levying, and, above all, in making the periodical service on board the fleet, the condition, *sine qua non*, of all participation in benefit arising in maritime affairs, the State has constituted a common right on maritime industry, or on the men who follow it; to naval people it has guaranteed industrial liberty, and has reserved the profit of it expressly for them, which means that neither a foreign navy, nor French subjects, who are not liable to service charges, have the right in France to take to themselves any maritime industry, without claiming a privilege and committing an usurpation to the detriment of the navy. The naval administration is the guardian of this contract in all times its endeavour has been to maintain the terms equally, that is to say, to protect the sacred rights of the navy from the snares and abuses of all sorts, which have so often menaced it. It is the born protector of naval men, oversees them, defends their interests, with an enlightened anxiety ennobles their mission, and attaches its administrations with an intimate solidity, and softens the rigours of the right of requisition of which it is invested with regard to them. It does better still, by distributing the charges of the service as equally as possible, by the improvement of the system of levying; by considering the liberty of sailors as well as circumstances permit, and in being zealous for the increase of the profits of the naval profession, it has brought new subjects

under the banner of the inscription, and satisfied justice towards a class of men who have been refused the ordinary guarantees of common right by an inflexible State. If the welfare of the public service and the prosperity of the population of our coasts were only consulted, a union between naval men and the marine administration would be indissoluble. For two centuries all the governments of France have maintained this order of affairs, and stamped it with a definitive consecration. Sailors marry young; the administration encourages them to do so, in order to turn their minds from the temptation of enrolling themselves in foreign mercantile navies, where work is better paid. But the charge of a generally numerous family, joined to the privations and sufferings inherent to the practice of a coarse and perilous life, shows the imperious necessity of elevated pay, which ought not to be lost sight of, above all, at this time. On one side, wealth and ease are liberally spread out, industry foreign to navigation shows itself, and offers the aspect of higher profits to recruits ill content with their lot; on the other side, two important branches of work for the sailors, coasting and long navigation, tend to decrease more and more by the concurrence of the railways, and by the recent blow to the protection of our flag. In this situation the charges of the service are more keenly felt and more patiently supported."

The foregoing paragraph, on the virtues and claims of the French system of impressment, intelligibly announces that the pay accorded by the State to seamen in her service is inadequate. On one hand, the Paris Admiralty is told that the effect of railroads has been to diminish the coasting trade, and that the withdrawal of protection afforded by navigation laws has diminished the ocean-going ships; while, on the other hand, the rate of wages earned in land employments is seducing youth from embarking in seafaring pursuits. The writer urges, as a "question of justice, right, and humanity," that it is the duty of the State to exercise or increase its paternal care of men liable to inscription. In accordance with this view, a measure has recently been adopted for giving bounties to fishermen, furnishing them with nets, and, in short, adopting that system of fostering which was tried in Ireland, pronounced injurious, and exploded.

Our experienced *capitaine de frégate*

admonishes his government to be solicitous in the whole matter of inscription; to take care not to alter the present "paternal character" of this administration, and to respect the liberty of seamen when not on service; lest, he says, this means of obtaining sailors "be not struck with sterility." Other remarks of this nature are thus closed:—"Any increase of the debt which our seamen regularly acquit to the country, with admirable and scarcely understood sacrifices, would provoke an insurmountable disgust for *les industries maritimes*," that is to say, a repugnance to any seafaring calling, which subjects them to inscription. Able seamen, active top-men, the elite of ships' crews, are, he says, becoming scarcer in France from day to day. The fisheries of the coast seem to furnish the principal supply of men; and, although the character of this class is very good, he declares, in many points, such as "religious sentiments, personal courage, self-denial, fecundity in resources, and instinct for all things connected with a sea life," such as make them the sheet-anchor of the service—it is, nevertheless, clear that the French navy is extremely deficient, comparatively with ours, in men who have acquired the experience of top-men in the many thousand tall ships of our merchant princes.

Without attempting to frame a complete plan of defence for the French coasts, Captain Foulloiy proposes certain measures of this sort. To create a coast-guard, composed of gun-boats of various tonnage and of iron-cased vessels, provided with beaks, of sufficient tonnage to withstand a shock, but as short as is compatible with great speed, in order that they may turn readily in narrow channels. This standing force would perform all the duties of the present *douaniers*, or custom-house service, of port police, lighting, buoying, pilotage, &c.

He concludes by strongly remonstrating against the notion of substituting soldiers for sailors on board ships of war, and his conclusion is assuredly sound.

To take the foe by boarding has ever been a British specialty: so it is opportune that the French are still inclined to try their prowess in this

way. They have lately seen our crews quite near, says Captain Foulloy, and are eager for the fight. No one doubts their bravery, but of a truth, a regiment of Zouaves, sea-sick in a three-decker, would excite more laughter than fear in our Jack-tars. The reason why our allies wish to ship more soldiers plainly is, because they have not enough sailors. But we suspect there is also a secret reason. Impressed seamen, under-paid, and hating the service, might be apt to redress their wrongs by mutiny; and, therefore, the presence of a picked soldiery may be requisite. France has no such corps as our Royal Marines—amphibious men—good, as their device says, *per mare et terram*, who acquire sea-legs and hardiness on board ship, by service afloat in our numerous cruisers. A sufficient number of sailors has ever formed the military difficulty of the French, and we trust it may continue to do so. It was not until the First Napoleon could put some thousand Genoese on board his fleet, that he hoped to be able to cope with England; and Bonaparte-phobists say, that the Third Napoleon fosters the growth of the Italian kingdom in the expectation that the coasts of the Latin Peninsula will some day supply him with 60,000 seamen. If ever the French fleet were recruited in this manner, and Russia also took up arms, England would have to look about her, and she could turn to hire Americans for both her royal and commercial navy, with the paramount advantage of securing the services of men who speak our language. The total number of men required for the whole of our war steam-vessels afloat, building, and converting, was lately calculated at 95,812 officers and seamen, and 16,929 marines. If, as has

also been estimated, our navigating *personnel* amounts to about 300,000 men, this force is probably superior to any probable combination of other nations. Besides, we may also fairly presume that several nations, such as the German, American, and Italian, would not suffer the French to erect supremacy at sea on our ruin, because the people of France have less industrial and commercial aptitudes, are far more military and aggressive, and, on these two accounts, are not so likely as the English to use such supremacy merely in the interests of commerce and peace. Captain Foulloy has taken a world-wide view of the enormous power marshalled under the sceptre of Queen Victoria. A messenger, more rapid and ubiquitous than the delicate Ariel, does her Majesty's bidding, in putting a girdle round the globe; and so long as her commands do not aim at unjust aggressions, we may be sure that most nations will acquiesce in her queenly sway over the high seas. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is not a foolish king who would go to war without counting the cost; and he knows that warfare with our Queen would resemble a game at cards, in which possession of most trumps decides the day, depending for its issue on superiority of aggregate riches. In Cromwell's time, an acute statesman, Sir James Harrington, in his "*Oceana*," or England, laid the foundation of politics, by pronouncing that empire follows the balance of property, whether lodged in one, in a few, or in many. This dogma, which was new at the time, and was deemed as important a discovery as that of the compass, is particularly applicable to the Sovereignty of the Sea, which has ever followed predominance in commercial wealth.

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SHIPS IN ARMOUR.

WHEN the French journals proclaimed, *more Gallico*, that the iron-cased frigate, "La Gloire," had "taken possession of the sea," we hailed the announcement with the philosophic remark, that it is well to have ingenious Allies from whom we may learn how to maintain our naval supremacy. If the warlike invention should fail, the experiment was tried at their cost; if it should succeed, it is easy to imitate it. Assuredly our Admiralty did wisely to await the result, braving shot and shell from journalists, who daily blew the Board up, or at least condemned it as wooden, like, as they said, "its antiquated ships:" forgetting that its armour of proof consists in the fact that the House of Commons will not allow it to risk public money in making great experiments.

Encased in this cuirass, the *robur et æs triplex circa pectus* of British official sailors, the much-abused Lords Commissioners may declare that they never were blind to the merits of *blindage* (as the invention of ship-armour is called in French), and may point to the "Warrior" as perhaps destined, if not to knock the sides of "La Gloire" in, to take the shine out of her.

Meanwhile, our Allies deserve all

the glory attaching to the fact of having outstripped us by launching the first armour-ship, which, if not invulnerable, has been made far less vulnerable than other vessels, without any sacrifice of speed; and in so doing they have left us to a stern chase, proverbially a long one. They have gone ahead, and have done so because promptitude is a characteristic of a despotic government.

The annexed engraved view of the "Gloire" shows what a formidable vessel of war she is. Her mere look is striking. She is of immense size, displacing nearly 6,000 tons; and to an eye experienced in naval warfare, the severity of her form, the sharpness of her lines, the mass of iron that covers her, her capacity for extraordinary speed, and the large calibre of her guns, give her a very terrible appearance. The impression created by comparing her with the wooden line-of-battle-ship lying near her is, that the new vessel is as superior a weapon as that our riflemen call "Miss Minnie" is to "Brown Bess." Her engines are 900 horse-power; she is reported to have attained a speed of 13½ knots, and was the only ship that could keep up with the imperial yacht "Aigle," during a trip in the Mediterranean.

Shot-Proof Gun-Shields, as adapted to Iron-cased Ships. By Captain Coles, R.N. Westminster, 1860.

Enquête. Traité de Commerce avec l'Angleterre. Industrie Métallurgique. 2 vols. Paris. 1860.

Her real full speed, however, with coals, &c., on board, will probably not prove beyond about twelve knots, though more is expected.

With this wonderful celerity, which surpasses that of all our ships of war with scarcely an exception, she has the heels of almost every ship, and if not absolutely invulnerable, is proof against shell, and probably against a great many shot. No wooden vessel could encounter her in smooth water, except at fearful odds. However, she has an extreme defect. Her sharpness of form and enormous weight and power drive her through the waves, so that she pitches heavily, and takes in water over her bows. To remedy this, she is trimmed by the stern to the extent of no less than about five feet. Her port-sills are but five feet eight inches above water, and in case of a heavy sea, when she would be obliged to close her ports, a double-tiered vessel could have her ports open, and so have *cette corvette cuirassée* at her mercy. If, as may be anticipated, the rest of the iron-cased ships now in course of construction across the Channel partake of these ill qualities, they will only be smooth-water sailors, and will not be formidable antagonists under quick way in a sea. In this essential point of view, the wisdom of our Admiralty is apparent, in having waited to see what practice would do; and further, until theory could devise a better form of iron-coated ship.

The "Gloire" has, as will be observed, three slight masts and a short bowsprit, fore and aft rigged, for try-sails, and can set a square sail on her foremast. Her spars and top-hammer are therefore so light as hardly to impede her when under steam. This very moderate rig is certainly most judicious, since the rapid way a three-master makes, when scudding under bare poles, proves how strong the effect of the wind is upon them. Her great speed is also considerably due to her fine lines at bow and stern. Notwithstanding the weight of her armour, her pace excels that of almost every other ship of war—an element in itself of enormous advantage, in enabling her either to elude an engagement, or to select the most suitable distance for herself in one. That distance would be the point at which her adversary's shot would rattle

harmlessly against her armour, while she could throw molten iron into his unprotected sides. Man our "wooden walls" as you will, yet what could avail them against such odds?

The dimensions of the "Gloire" are 252 feet long, and 55 feet beam. She is, in fact, a huge *corvette*, so called from carrying her armament on a single covered deck; and she exceeds most ships of the line in tonnage. Yet she only carries thirty-six guns, and their calibre is no more than thirty-pounders, evidently because she cannot carry greater weight of metal. Thirty-four of these guns, which are rifled, are on the main-deck, and two are on the fore-castle. The iron plates she is cased in are not, as some persons have asserted, fifteen centimetres, or six inches thick, but ten centimetres, or four and a-half inches thick; the same thickness as the plates on our vessels. The iron of which the French plates are composed may be suspected to be of a superior description. If not of peculiar quality, it certainly is excellent forged iron; and its makers deem it so peculiar as to call it *acier fondu*, or foundry steel. This question is so important, that we propose to revert to it again.

We must not lose sight of the fact, though an invisible one, that the "Gloire" is a steam-ram. The projection of her cutwater at the line called "between wind and water," would enable her to crush in an enemy's broadside at the most dangerous point, and the immense strength given to her cutwater shows that this mode of attack is contemplated. She is not destined for distant, active service, but is considered as a block-ship, or floating-battery, capable of defending the port she may be stationed in, yet being also employed as a steam-ram, to be propelled against assailants.

As a sea-going vessel the "Gloire" is a failure; but she was never intended to go to sea. "Her rig and equipment," said the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, "indicate that this vessel is not meant to go to a distance from our ports, but that she is made for operations in the seas where henceforth the great differences of European policy will be settled." That is to say, speaking plainly, she is meant for Channel fighting. Though much more movable than the old floating battery, she is little else than a battery. So far as

the infant science of building iron-plated ships has gone, she is the first model, and the point is to improve upon her. Thus, she is straight-sided, like every other vessel, whereas the form proposed to be given by Mr. Josiah Jones, a Liverpool ship-builder, has the important advantage—by sloping in-board from the water's edge—of presenting a plated surface, that a shot from another ship, unless alongside, would not strike full, and therefore would glance up and off from. By this method of evading, as well as resisting, the impact of a projectile, a certain proportion of the strength, and consequently of the weight, of the new ponderous armour can be dispensed with. Mr. Jones's experiments, testing the shot-proof powers of the butt he constructed, gave good proof of the merit of his invention. The class of vessel he proposes would have an unusual breadth of beam, and their sides would slope from the water-line inwards and upwards at an angle of fifty-two degrees, and be faced with three-inch iron plates. Certainly his plan of construction possesses a decided advantage over the ordinary form of a ship's side, for, while it cannot be doubted that the Whitworth 80-pounder could send a flat-fronted smashing shot through wrought-iron four-inch plates in a vertical position, neither can it be questioned that the shot would glance off from plating set at a sufficient angle.

The objection urged against this form for a ship's side, that it does not present sufficient defence against waves, is remedied in the admirable plan of Captain Coles, R.N., by providing sides of the ordinary form outside, that may be termed a thick, sloping, iron glacis. For floating purposes of attack and defence, Captain Coles' adaptation of the inclined plane principle, and his combination of other alterations, form a highly valuable invention, which appears perfectly to meet the great desideratum of protecting ships' sides. How vastly his form of vessel would add to the qualities of ships of war we shall perceive on reflecting upon what they are required to be. The value of a ship, as an engine of war, depends on two qualities. The first is her power, comparatively with that of the enemy, of resisting the destructive effect of

that enemy's armament, which may be termed the force of resistance. The second is her power of destroying the foe, which may be called the force of destruction. These two powers will principally depend on the weight of metal on her sides that she can oppose to the enemy's shot, and on the weight of metal she can project against the enemy. The sloping-side plan of construction for iron-plated ships is, manifestly, a great step in advance, and possesses the peculiar merit of endowing a ship's side with the power of resistance by simple means, viz., by the application of a principle derived from natural laws, and not by mere increment of the resisting medium. The objections urged against iron-cased ships, as in for instance Sir John Burgoyne's "Military Opinions," are surmounted by Captain Coles' contrivance, as we shall perceive after perusing the following extract from Sir John's work:

"Up to the present time, the protection is somewhat imperfect; the ships are not capable of resisting the effect of pieces of the heaviest calibre, with which the shore batteries are now being armed, . . . and, above all, the decks, which, under exposure to elevated batteries or vertical fire, will be liable to be struck by shot and shells are totally unprotected."

No horizontal fire could strike Captain Coles' structure above the water-line, except at an angle of forty degrees; and the vessel is protected against vertical fire by an arched roof. An enormously strong ship is thus obtained. She is not weak, as ordinary ships are, in numerous port-holes, but has a continuous side. Moreover, the weight of her guns lies amidships, instead of at the sides. Several advantages would result from this position of her armament: first, she would roll much less than a vessel having two broadsides; and, secondly, she could traverse her guns in any direction. The very act of working guns on the broadsides causes our present ships to roll several degrees; but here, the guns being in the centre, the motion of the ship would be steadier. Moreover, at a time when, in a rolling sea, ports at the side would alternately be under water, a gun placed amidships would be perfectly clear. A line-of-battle ship of 120 guns can only bring sixty

guns to bear on one broadside; but Captain Coles' shield-ship would bring the whole of her guns to bear on either broadside, and four guns right ahead or right astern. Leaving this obviously advantageous plan of construction to win its way in public estimation, we proceed to notice the general topic of "reconstruction of the British navy," including some of the minor phases and details of this important national affair.

The recent grand improvements in increased calibre, range, and precision of cannon, as part of the art of attack, were sure to produce corresponding improvements in the art of defence; and the ship in armour is as natural a sequence of rifled cannon as the Highland clansman's target was of his foeman's two-handed claymore. Let us see how various authorities have viewed this novelty. Sir John Burgoyne indicates the probable real future value of ships in armour in the ensuing passage; after which, while taking a limited view of their use, he admits them to be capable of further improvement, yet considers that, since iron is equally applicable to shore batteries, their relative advantage over ships will be retained:—

"Even with the imperfect protection that iron-cased ships have obtained, they are as yet scarcely seaworthy; and, on that account, are far better adapted to defensive operations in smooth waters, and to co-operate with the shore batteries than to act against them."

This destination is that of the first iron-cased vessel of war as yet launched; but there is ample reason for believing that science will soon contrive a successful sea-going ship-in-armour. The French *capitaine de frégate*, Foulloiy (whose remarkable treatise on "Naval Warfare between France and England" was reviewed in our last number), has the following paragraph respecting the value of the new invention:—

"To these military qualities of the screw-ship is now joined a new one, invulnerability, recently obtained by the application of a cuirass, formed of plates of forged iron, of a given thickness, which cover every visible part of the vessel below the deck. This transformation, the initiation of which we owe to the

genius of the Emperor, gives irresistible superiority to a naval attack against any fortifications in masonry; at the same time it proscribes, for the future, the use of the present wood vessel as a ship of war. Subsequent experiments will make known the influence that this forged iron casing exercises upon the nautical qualities of the steam-boat, in which the first condition, that of navigability, must necessarily remain inviolable. One of the most interesting questions in the order of the day is, without doubt, that which has for its object to counterbalance, in favour of a defence by land, the superiority acquired by the new arm thus given to the navy. It is certain that a cuirassed vessel of great speed, supplied with powerful artillery, sailing in the ordinary circumstances of wind and tide, being enabled to despise all the attacks of the enemy, and crush the resistances which the proceedings at present in use permit to oppose to her, would reign over the seas and extend her dominion to every shore and over every river accessible to her."

Here the opinions of an eminent English engineer officer and of a French naval man are at issue on the question, whether, in a trial at war of Ships *versus* Batteries, the former or the latter would conquer. In our impartial view the latter are sure of victory, for the simple reason that they can carry a heavier weight, both of metal plating and ordnance, than ships can.

On this old quarrel of "there's nothing like leather," our own blue jackets are at war with the red coats as to the best way of defending our shores. To judge by the scorn Jack shows for land defences, he is keeping up Tom Coffin's traditionary idea, that, as for land it is of little value, except to cast anchor to, and get fresh beef from. "Now," says he, "the French, with their 300 rifled cannon, in iron-clad ships, will laugh at all the brick and mortar, stone and earth of our new coast defences." But softly, good Sir, our foes afloat can never laugh in the faces of most of these fortifications, which will be constructed on the land side of dock-yards; and we fancy that, should the French land and attack them, the laughter will be on the right side of the hedge. The recommendations of the naval section of the Defence Commission are, however, highly worthy of attention. Considering that the scenes of naval warfare will, in all probability, be the shoal parts of the Channel, the Commissioners recom-

mend the construction of vessels of not more than 2,000 tons burden, drawing about sixteen feet water, and able to steam about ten knots. In order to overcome the difficulty as to sufficient breadth of beam for fighting both broadsides, those experienced officers advise an attempt to invent a gun-carriage with less recoil, and the adoption of breech-loaders, to enable more guns to be worked in the same space.

The recent important discussion on the question of Iron-Cased Ships has established two great facts: firstly, that iron plates can be penetrated, under certain conditions, by shot, and, therefore, that no vessel, however thus protected, can be pronounced invulnerable; secondly, that the requisite conditions are difficult of attainment, and, therefore, that an iron-clad vessel would possess a decisive advantage over an unprotected antagonist.

Six-inch iron plates would probably carry a vessel scatheless through a single-handed action. But a thinner scantling would, under certain conditions, be a protection against shells, which are infinitely the most destructive, and, therefore, the most dreaded implements of naval warfare, without taking into account other incendiary projectiles, compared with which there is little dread of cold shot. "Keep out the shells!" is the earnest cry, and any one who has witnessed the "demoralising" effect of the explosion of a shell in action, within board a man-of-war, is best able to appreciate the amount of courage that would be given by sense of security against these terrible projectiles.

The science of applying iron sheathing as a defence to ships of war involves several complicated and difficult considerations. The point is, to obtain the strongest protection to the vessel's broadside, without overburdening her, to the sacrifice of speed and armament. Impenetrable plates might certainly be adopted, but only on condition that the ship so cased shall lie an inert, floating mass, merely available for shore defence. Speed is essential to a vessel that is to form one of a fleet, and to every cruiser. Moreover, superior swiftness enables a ship to choose her distance and position for attack, and time for boarding. An iron-cased ship, with sufficient advantage in velocity over its opponent to maintain a fighting distance of

1,000 yards, would practically be invulnerable. The quality of speed is, therefore, of far greater importance than the thickness of the protecting metal.

Thicken the iron-case to obtain invulnerability, and you lose mobility. The practical question is, to combine adequate steaming qualities with sufficiently effectual iron-plated protection. Even the armour of the "Trusty" yielded to Whitworth's 80-pounder. Increased thickness of plate, within the capacity of floating power, can clearly be overcome by increased power of gun. The question, therefore, is, in which case will the capability of increase sooner reach its limits? A ship built to carry very thick plates could not be driven at the high speed which must give superiority in naval warfare. If she were to carry many very heavy guns, as well as be coated with very thick armour, she would, even if not slow and unwieldy, present a large mark to several smaller and swifter vessels, each carrying a few powerful guns, and able to choose its distance for striking an enemy which presents so large a target.

Iron-plated gun-boats of greater tonnage than the present class might probably be constructed in a manner combining the nearest approaches to the chief desiderata, speed, invisibility, and invulnerability. A vessel presenting only a small mark, and requiring only a small crew, may be preferable to one offering a large surface to shot, and exposing some 800 men, as well as a costly ship, in a single butt for the enemy's fire.

We are informed, on reliable authority, that the Emperor of the French has decided upon building, with as little delay as possible, a number of steam iron-cased gun-boats.

This decision will assuredly be followed by a similar move on our side the Channel, since, in the game of sea-chess, we must oppose pawn to pawn, and have vessels of light draught to follow the foe; and if it be true that ships of "La Gloire" class cannot fight in a rough sea way, it might be that more than one of them would fall a prey to a nimble flotilla of boats armed with guns of calibre sufficient to penetrate the new plating.

Mr. Whitworth, warm in declaring the potency of his gun to penetrate

the iron-plating in present use, almost dismissed the entire question in these words :—

“ The plan of warding off shot by protecting armour has been often resorted to; but the means of attack have continually proved the vulnerability of the armour and driven it out of use. It is to be shown whether this will be the case with our ships of war.”

There are, be it observed, two sorts of projectiles, of which not the least dangerous, the shell, can be warded off by armour as easily as a sword-cut by the cuirass on a Life Guardsman's breast. Hotspur's fop is the only case on record of a man who so doubted the efficacy of protection against “villanous saltpetre” that he would not go to the wars. But it will not do to provide merely against shells, for though it has been proved that an iron plate one inch thick will stop these projectiles, the effect of shot would be to break up the metal coating and leave the vessel's side as exposed as before.

A difficulty raised by Mr. Whitworth discloses what might be the case in a duel between two sea-hogs in armour. He observes, “Ships which are hampered by the weight of enormous plates are so overburdened that they are unfit to carry a broadside of guns heavy enough to penetrate the armour of vessels plated similarly to themselves.” Thus invulnerable, a single combat between two such paladins might come off like one between ancient knights cased in mail of proof, when, as in the fight between More, of More Hall, and the Dragon of Wantley :—

“ Though their strength it was great,
Yet their skill it was neat,
And neither got one wound.”

The “Gloire,” however, carries a heavy armament, and it must never be forgotten that a sufficiently powerful gun, charged with powder enough, and a flat-fronted projectile that will smash all before it, not merely cut a clean hole, would soon decide the battle.

Captain Halsted's summary of the experiments he witnessed on the “Trusty” gives the following results.

Seventeen shots, of from 80 lbs. to 100 lbs. weight, made of special material, of special form and temper, fired with the heaviest charges the guns would bear, as far as practicable

at right angles, within the shortest safe distance, from the two most powerful pieces of artillery ever yet produced, effected *only two* penetrations of the ship's side. The side which has exhibited this power of protection is one of the first of its description ever constructed. Its outer lining of iron is slighter than that since manufactured; the plates of which it is composed are much smaller; and, instead of being firmly bolted upon the timber beneath them, they were found to be loose, owing to the shrinkage of the wood since the ship was built. When struck near their edges, these plates were more or less injured or broken; when near their centres, more or less indented and cracked. With every advantage, therefore, on the side of the guns, to an extent which could never occur in action, these results may be safely accepted as conclusive proof that British manufacturers can produce plates of iron capable of affording such protection to the sides of British ships that the best of British guns cannot penetrate them.

We turn now to the important question, whether French ship-armour is superior to British.

Our neighbours stoutly assert their superiority, which, on the other hand, is jealously denied on our side. If it exists, the fact is not surprising, since iron and steel had their places of excellence in the days of Bilboa blades, Toledo rapiers, Swedish steel, and Ripon spurs.

On the texture of the iron plates the degree of their resistance greatly depends. The French Government are giving much attention to this important point, and an experienced French forge-master is engaged in manufacturing a peculiar sort of iron of uncommon toughness. We must take care not to be left behind in this matter. People have talked of “steel-plated” ships, but in practice steel has not been so applied. However, there is a vast difference between one sort of iron and another. In examination before the recent *Enquête*, Monsieur Petin, an experienced witness, comments on the superiority of French steel, in consequence of *the use of wood in the furnaces*, and remarks on the importance of this consideration now that warlike arms are entirely formed of steel. Several other witnesses ob-

serve an advantage to France in the fact that, while England is obliged to obtain the primary matter of steel from Sweden, it is indigenous in their country. These men, mostly iron-masters, insist that their iron plating is better than ours. It is reported to be formed of a soft, homogeneous iron, admirably adapted for resisting shot. M. Dupuy de Lome, the architect of the "Gloire," stated that plates of the same thickness as those which did not resist in England, resisted successfully in France; and further, that "the English, having sent to Vincennes some steel plates for blinding vessels, we have learnt, with pleasure, that, on trial, they have broken into a thousand pieces, and that the French plates have resisted perfectly." However, it has recently been reported that further trial of the French slabs has resulted in smashing, causing much chagrin in high quarters. The strongest armour which can be applied to a ship's side is, doubtless, incapable of resisting the impulsion of cannon-shot driven under certain conditions; so that there can be no such thing as positive impregnability. But the question as to comparative vulnerability remains.

Satisfied of having invented a vastly improved vessel for naval warfare, the French are concentrating their efforts on multiplying this description of man-of-war as fast as possible. They have ceased to build ships of the old class, and are employing the resources of their dockyards in the construction of ships adapted to the exigencies of modern warfare. It is said that before June next they can have between 400 and 500 guns afloat behind iron walls, and that before another year is over they will have fifteen sail of armour-plated steam-frigates afloat, while we shall have but four.

They have laid down six *frégates cuirassées*, and have launched two, of which one, the "Gloire," is sufficiently successful. It seems likely that they will have at least six afloat before we shall have completed our first trial vessels. Besides those, they have four floating batteries, building in a private yard at Bordeaux, of 150 horse-power, 157½ feet long, 47½ broad; height, 21; draught of water, 8½. Their names are "Palestro," "Paixhans," "Peiho," and "Saigon." These four vessels are in a

very forward state. They are pierced, apparently, for twenty-six guns; and should their engines be of great power, would assuredly prove formidable vessels. M. Arnaud has also constructed a singular style of gun-boat, seemingly about fifty feet long by fifteen wide, with an extraordinary light draught of water. This boat, lately gone to Toulon, where its rigging will be completed, is on quite a new model, and is said to have been built after designs given by the Emperor. It is made entirely of steel plate, and will be propelled by two screws driven by a fourteen horse-power engine. It is to carry only one gun. The boat is in the form of a turtle, and the muzzle of the gun is to appear just at the summit of the shell, which will present to the enemy an inclined plane, so that the balls striking it will glance off without doing any injury. The crew will be completely sheltered under this kind of roof, which is made strong enough to resist projectiles of even the largest size.

There were five floating batteries, built of wood, and cased with iron, launched in 1855, 225 horse-power—"Devastation," "Lave," "Tonnante," "Congreve," and "Foudroyante." These are the floating batteries of Russian war experience, and are no better than our own.

Two cuirassed frigates, or steam-rams, with beaks, of 1,000 horse-power, 281 feet in length, and 50 feet in breadth, are in course of construction, viz.: "La Magenta," to mount fifty-two guns, building at Brest, and said to be very forward. "Solferino," to mount fifty-two guns, building at Lorient. These two are wooden vessels, plated above water; whereas the "Couronne" is entirely of iron above water, in this possessing the advantage of freedom from rotteness. The two rams will be provided with beaks.

Prior to the launch of the "Gloire," there was almost a cessation of ship-building in the imperial dockyards, showing that the Emperor intended to cease rivalry with us in ships of the line and other vessels constructed solely of wood. But it seems that, since the success of the first iron-cased frigate is tolerably satisfactory, great exertions are making to get many similar vessels ready. Orders

were given last year to lay down three more iron-cased frigates. These, in addition to the ten now building and three launched, give a total of sixteen. It is also stated that these three are to be completed by the 1st of January, 1862.

In addition to the iron-cased gun-boats building in the imperial yards, we learn from a Rouen newspaper that it has been resolved to build 150 of these vessels by private contract, after the model of the gun-boat designed by the Emperor at Bordeaux, each to be armed with a powerful rifled gun. This report is, however, as yet unconfirmed. Besides this formidable flotilla, and in addition to the six iron-plated ships now building, ten more, on the model of the "Gloire," are ordered to be laid down with all despatch—viz., two at Toulon, two at Brest, two at Rochfort, two at Lorient, and two at Cherbourg. This report, which appears entitled to credit, shows that the Emperor has "entered," in the phraseology of the turf, a great many racers for "the Channel Stakes."

Now for what we are doing. We have on the stocks four iron-cased frigates, two of which were ordered by Lord Derby's government nearly three years ago. When these are launched we shall be a match for our neighbours in armour frigates afloat; and though they will still have the start of us in the numbers on hand, it will not strain our resources much to overtake them, considering the advantage we possess in mechanics, material, and machinery. The two of the largest size, the "Warrior," now launched, and the "Black Prince," building at Glasgow, promise to surpass "La Gloire" in every quality. The two smaller ones, the "Resistance," building in the Tyne, and the "Defence," at Millwall, are 16-gun corvettes, 100 feet less in length, and 3,668 tons measurement.

The "Black Prince," an apt name for an English man-of-war that will do battle encased in an iron panoply coloured in the usual dark hue of the Queen's service, will mount thirty-six guns, the same number as the "Warrior." The "Defence" will also carry thirty-six guns. She is building at Yarrow, and is described as having a stem of enormous strength, fortified with plating, so that she may run down any timber-built vessel. The

"Leviathan" armour ship, recently ordered to be constructed in Chatham yard, will be the most gigantic vessel of war the world has yet seen. Her length, 400 feet, is double that of most line-of-battle ships, and about two-thirds the length of the "Great Eastern." Every device to render her as shot and water-proof as possible will be adopted; and as she is to be armed exclusively with heavy Armstrong guns of great range, she will be the most formidable vessel afloat.

The "Warrior" is the largest man-of-war ever built, and more than 1,500 tons larger than the largest vessel in the world after the "Great Eastern." When in sea-going trim, her main-deck portsills will be about 8½ feet above the water, and in this respect she possesses an important advantage over the "Gloire," whose ports are only some 5 feet 8 inches, so near the water as to disable her guns in a rough sea. The size of her portholes is in process of diminution, and for the space of nearly two feet round them, the armour plates are seven inches thick, instead of four and a-half.

The resistance of her iron slabs is declared to be highly satisfactory. At the ordinary range the shot failed to penetrate them. They are 15 feet 3 inches long, 3 feet 3 inches broad, and 4½ inches thick, formed by a slow process of welding. They are fastened on a covering of teak 18 inches thick, on the broadsides of the vessel. The fighting surface of the ship extends for 210 feet in length and 27 feet in depth, reaching 5 feet below the water-load line, presenting a surface on each side of 5,670 square feet of iron, 4½ inches thick, behind which there are two tiers of teak timber, each piece 9 inches square, one laid longitudinally, and the other vertically, over the iron hull, the skin of which is ¼ of an inch in thickness, and inside this there is a teak lining. The fine lines, great length, and enormous steam power of this ship, combine to promise a speed superior to that of her rivals, and her invulnerability is undoubtedly greater than theirs. Such are her obvious merits; but her defects will not be fully seen until the future. One of these consists in the fact, that she can only stow coals enough for six days' steaming; another in the unwieldiness of her size; and another in the weight of her broadsides. This latter peculi-

arity will cause her to roll and work most destructively. To counteract such motion, she has two ridges of iron like lee-boards, on each side of her bottom, extending almost along her entire length. Each of these fins is about two feet deep, and the resistance they will offer to her rolling, the same as a fish obtains from its fins is, of course, considerable. Nevertheless, she will roll, with the slow deep motion produced by the oscillatory effect of her ponderous iron sides.

One of the main advantages of Captain Coles' plan is, that a vessel so constructed would not roll dangerously. Whenever, therefore, the Admiralty Board is sufficiently prepared to make the experiment, a corvette on this model will, no doubt, be laid down, to test the sailing qualities of this sort of vessel in those distant seas where they would be most tried.

The slope inwards, or "tumble-home," as it is termed, of the "Warrior's" sides is only two feet, on an incline little beyond a slope of fifteen degrees. But this angle is not enough. The incline proposed by Mr. Jones is fifty degrees. The butt constructed on this plan, and practised at by the "Excellent," has proved the decided success of the angular armour. What is most certainly known is, that round-shot at 200 yards, and Whitworth and Armstrong guns at greater distances, have penetrated the "Trusty's" sides, and smashed all 4½-inch plates, *except those that were placed at an angle of 45 degrees*, from which the shot glanced. So far back as the 14th September, it was announced in the *Times* that, "after trying various plates, under the direction of Captain Hewlett, of the "Excellent," the result obtained was the establishment of the success of the Jones' angulated principle." The official report was, it is understood, decidedly favourable to Mr. Jones' invention, which is further supported by the openly-expressed opinion of many principal scientific officers in the Royal Navy. The Emperor of the French is declared to have ordered a vessel to be laid down on this design. Surely, present experience of the value of the angular principle is sufficient to warrant the construction of a ship of war on this most promising model.

Three additional iron-cased frigates were ordered in October. Lately—

last month—tenders have been obtained for building, by contract, two ships of about 4,000 tons each, similar to the "Defence" and "Resistance." They are to be 280 feet long, 56 feet broad, and plated with iron slabs fore and aft. In these, neither the sloping side nor the ram principle have been adopted, although both have already won high recommendation.

The merits of the Steam Ram have been put forward prominently, and are so evident, we will not at present enter upon them.

Captain Foullooy, after quoting from Montesquieu on "Le Grandeur et Décadence des Romains" a remarkable passage, showing how the Romans, by great exertions, successfully disputed the sovereignty of the sea with the Carthaginians, observes that the parallel there drawn between the old and new navies of the rising power may be applied to those of France, since the distance between the first and last galleys of the Romans is about the same as between the sailing ship of the time of Louis XV. and the *vaisseau cuirassé* of Napoleon III. The adoption of steam rams is the conversion of the ship itself into a projectile; and if ever iron sheathing be applied to sea-going hostile ships in sufficient strength to resist shot, the best way of meeting them will be to run into them.

A few words may now be offered on the general topic of reconstruction of the royal navy, a measure which is more or less demanded by the recent wonderful improvements in gunnery. The doctrine that "the iron must enter the soul of the Admiralty" shall not be echoed by us, if it implies that this material solely is to enter into the construction of the royal navy. It may suit a mercantile ship, of which a totally different service is required, and which her owner buys at as low a price as possible. Several important pros and cons must be weighed when talking of transforming our wooden walls into iron sides. Let us refer, first, to the obvious disadvantages of iron. If, as has been urged by some, wood can be knocked into lucifer matches, the unarmed parts of the "Warrior" can be smashed like egg-shells. Repairs of heavy iron framing are difficult, costly, and if to be performed on foreign stations, impracticable. The rapid fouling of the

bottom of an iron ship is a strong objection against her. On the other hand, a timber-built ship is vulnerable from stem to stern, and combustible from her water line to her truck. When our great lexicographer objected to a ship as "a gaol, with the chance of being drowned," he might have added, "and with the risk of being burnt." An iron-built vessel, when strongly sheeted, if not positively invulnerable, is so comparatively with a wooden one; being so, this fact is combined with incombustibility, which gives the indubitable advantage of her being the only means of laying a land battery sufficiently close on board to breach it. An iron frame is said to be absolutely necessary for a vessel fitted with a screw, to enable it to bear the shaking action of this powerful propeller. The vibration caused by high speed was so great in the case of the "Gloire," as that the armour plates near her stern would all have worked loose had that speed been maintained. Metal will, of course, bear the continually shattering power of the screw better than wood will. On the entire question, Great Britain, rich as she is in iron, would, by its use, hugely augment her present naval preponderance over France, where iron industry is less developed, and over America, where wood is likely long to keep iron out of use.

Iron-built ships have found little favour in the eyes of the Board of Admiralty, for reasons about which it is not necessary to enter further into details. Certainly, the motives for dismissing any prejudice on this point are many; and it is time to adopt courses requisite for introducing iron more fully into naval architecture. The royal dockyards are six in number, and it may be a desideratum that one of them should be devoted to iron-works for ship-building. Pembroke, from its proximity to Welsh coal and iron-fields, seems the best adapted. The question, lately discussed in a distinguished contemporary, whether it would not be advisable to obtain the iron-work of ships of war by contract is, however regarded, a most important one. Objections to this mode are silenced by the fact, that all the steam machinery in use in the navy is so obtained. There would be

national economy in disusing public yards, save for docking, for slight repairs, and for fitting out; and favouring private establishments by throwing open the construction and supply of the navy to competition. At present the royal dockyards present a mystery of evil common to all works carried on by Government; and the only royal road out of it seems to lie in evading and avoiding it. By this course a great saving of taxation would be secured, and the country would soon possess, instead of half-a-dozen government yards which are costly to keep up and fortify, half a hundred private establishments, habituated to supply the navy with various articles, from a block to a line-of-battle ship.

Again, if the British fleet were chiefly composed of large iron corvettes, impelled by steam, the screws safely placed, the rigging light, and the armament some score of guns, the personnel of the navy would not need so many able seamen.

Our views are opposed to vessels the size of the "Warrior." Some people imagine that they have only to increase bulk and weight to obtain more power. This may be true of the power of resistance of an iron plate, but is not so of the strength of machinery when subjected to a strain. The atomic cohesion of metal, on which its strength depends, is not increased by addition to its bulk, and there is doubtless a limit to the size to which the construction of vessels dependent on metallic materials should be extended.

The proof of a ship in armour will be in the fighting. Yet there certainly is sufficient reason for concluding that such fabrics must hereafter enter largely into the composition of our national marine. Whether they may be found available for foreign service is an untried question, but it may fairly be presumed that, to some extent, ships of war will in future be protected by armour exactly as they have come to be propelled by steam. Iron may not entirely supersede wood, any more than steam has superseded sails, but iron may enter more largely into the framework of vessels, and be always applied to protect their sides. Entire reconstruction of our navy is by no means obligatory. Judging by the "Gloire," heavily iron-cased ships are

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AN ONLY SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN."

CHAPTER I.

"CAPITAL! But it wasn't on a live boy's head, though?"

"What odds if it had been?"

"All the odds in the world, Ned. Funk makes a fellow's hand shake."

"Stop a bit, then, and I'll try again with Tommy Wilmot. Here! Tommy! Tommy!"

But when it was explained to Tommy, the gardener's son, that he was to stand blindfold whilst Master Locksley shot a bolt at an apple on his head, he manifested an unaccountable repugnance. In vain was he shown two apples spitted in succession by the marksman's skill: in vain was he made acquainted with the story of the gallant Switzer's boy: in vain was an offer made to dispense with the brass ferule on the bolt.

Then bribes were tried, a new sixpence and a bag of marbles. Then came hard words: "he was a muff:" "he was a monkey." Lastly, I am sorry to say, came threats, whereat he threw himself upon his back on the turf, kicking and screaming for "Mammy!"

"Ugh! the little toad!" said both his tormentors, with the most ingenuous indignation.

"I have it, though," said the Earl, after a pause. "Let's get Mrs. Locksley's big china jar out of the back drawing-room, stick it on a stool with the apple atop. Its no end of funky to shoot at."

It was indeed. Even Ned's recklessness quailed.

"A nice boy you are," quoth his lordship; "risk Tommy Wilmot's life or eyes and funk the crockery! Well!"

This was more than Ned could stand. Indoors he went, and brought out the jar in one hand, a tall stool in the other. On the lidsquatted a grinning dragon with a smooth round pate. Thereon a pippin was then craftily poised, and the Earl stepped off the distance at which they had been shooting before. Their weapon was a cross-bow, their bolt of wood tipped with a brass ferule.

Ned took aim so steadily that his companion muttered, "He'll do it,

now." So, perhaps, he would, but for a saucy may-fly and a hungry swallow. The may-fly danced right in the line of aim; the swallow darted, snapped at and seized her. The gleam of the bird's glossy back dazzled Ned's eye too late to check the finger on the trigger.

Off went the head of the golden dragon of the dynasty of Ming.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, we've been and done it," was the Earl's generous exclamation.

"I've been and done it, not you, Phil!" was Ned's no less generous disclaimer.

"I put you up to it and bullied you into it, so the mischief's mine as much as yours: and that I'll stick to. But talk of sticking, Ned, couldn't we stick the vile brute's head on again?" said Philip, transferring, as we all do sometimes, a share of his annoyance to the victim of his misdeed.

"Perhaps we could," answered the marksman, ruefully. "Its a good job it wasn't Tommy's eye."

"That's the provoking part of it; the obstinate little toad will think he was right to refuse. What are you going for now, Ned?"

"Only the cement bottle in mammy's cupboard."

Very good cement it was; and, soon set hard, the Ming monster showed his grinders as well as ever. The ingenious Earl bethought him of some gold shell in Ned's paint-box, and dapping therewith the line of fracture made it almost disappear.

"Repairs neatly done gratis for parties finding their own cement. The jar's as good as ever, Ned, put it away and there's an end of it."

Not so, Ned's uncompromising honesty would not allow it. His father soon after came up the lawn, where the boys were still lounging under the cedars. At his approach, Tommy Wilmot, who was hovering about, took to speedy flight. Who could say but some vague charge of complicity might affect and endanger him? The Earl, who was peeling a willow wand, was rather startled at hearing Ned begin—

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CHAPTER II.

BARREN of its chief blessedness is the boyhood of him that has no mother. But Edward Locksley's boyhood had been blessed with almost a double mother-love. Lady Cransdale had more than half adopted him to sonship. There was hereditary bond of friendship and esteem between the house of Cranleigh and the Locksleys. The grandfathers of the two boys who played under the cedars had tightened it. They were brother soldiers in one regiment during the American War of Independence. Either had contracted close obligation to the other for life or liberty in the vicissitudes of that adventurous struggle.

John, Earl of Cransdale, then Viscount Cransmere, left the army before the outbreak of the ensuing great continental wars. His friend, Edward Locksley, followed the profession of arms until the day of Corunna. There he fell, in command of a regiment of Light Infantry, under the eyes of his noble chief, doomed to death on the selfsame day.

His brother soldier did more than a brother's part for his children. Young Robert Locksley, our Edward's father, owed, in great measure, to the Earl the completion of his school career, his entrance at the university, and his early admission to a post of confidence and wealth. He had been now for years under the elder lord, and then under his son, the late Earl Philip, manager of the Cransdale estates, intimate counsellor and friend of all at Cransdale park.

Earl Philip had been a statesman, and had filled important offices abroad.

"I could hardly have gone upon that Indian governorship," he used to say, "if I had not had Locksley to leave here in my place. But with him here, I believe the county gained by my turning absentee."

Robert Locksley made a wise choice when he chose the old Rector's daughter, Lucy Burkitt, to his wife. "Meek-hearted Lucy" was her distinctive title in her own family. She was pretty; she was gentle; she was tender; a true helpmeet for him every way. Knowing, for instance, better than he could, all the folk on the estates, among whom she was born and bred. Gently born and gently bred,

moreover; for she was county-family, too, and the dames of the loftiest county magnates need not disown her.

"What a comfort," said Lady Hebblethwaite, at the manor-house, Sir Henry's wife, to Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, "to have the old Archdeacon's grand-daughter at the Lodge, at Cransdale. The Locksleys, too, were always gentle folk, and the late Colonel a distinguished soldier. But I had my fears lest Robert, in his peculiar position, might look us out some vulgar rich woman."

"In his position, dear. How so? The Cransdale agency must be an excellent thing, I fancy."

"Excellent, indeed; but still precarious. Any day a quarrel with the Earl, you know, or with the guardians, should a life drop and a minority ensue, eh?"

"Well, to be sure, I never thought of that. And, as you say, a quarrel or a change of dynasty: but Lucy Burkitt is Lucy Locksley now. A dear good little girl she always was, and I had a vast respect for her grandfather, the late Archdeacon; and I shall drive over to the Lodge and call on Tuesday."

And Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, did call. So did Sir Henry and Lady Hebblethwaite. So did the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Ivo and his wife. So did some greater and some lesser personages than these, until the social position of the Locksleys was indisputably and most honourably defined.

Their Edward was born in the same week as Lord Cransdale's heir, and both babies were christened on the same day. The Earl, who stood godfather to little Ned, would say, laughingly, that he and Phil were twins, and often brought one on each arm to be nursed as such by his Countess. Lady Constance, in the full dignity of some two years' seniority, called them both "ickle baby brothers." She herself had first seen the light in the Government House of an Indian presidency, whence a change of Cabinet at home recalled her parents some months before the birth of Philip. Edward Locksley proved to be an only child, so the Earl insisted upon his being playmate with his own children. One governess taught the

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"Why, Con, you know we shall be very sorry to leave you, and all that, you know : but fellows must go to school. There's Hebblethwaite minor, in the 'lower fourth' at Eton, and even young Mapes, from Rugby, conceited monkeys, that try to lord it over us whenever we come across them."

"It's not so strange of Ned, perhaps, not to care for leaving me," she continued, with a slight flush, perhaps indicative of Junonian resentment after all; "but for you, Phil, my own, own, only brother," and here her voice began to tremble, and Philip to feel queer again.

"How can you talk of being left alone, Con? Won't there be Mrs. Locksley left and Mammy too, whom you pretend sometimes to love much more than I do. As if a fellow could help go-go-going to schoo-oo-ool;" he answered, with an approach to a downright whimper.

"No, indeed," exclaimed her Ladyship, brightening up in view of the adversary's faltering, "but you needn't talk so much about its being 'precious jolly' to go."

"When did you ever hear me call it precious jolly?" demanded luckless Philip, with some asperity.

"After tea, on Monday, before the lights were brought into the library," she replied at once, with that fatal female accuracy in the record of minor events. The reminiscence was too precise to be gainsaid.

"Mrs. Locksley heard it, and felt it too, I could see by her face." Here Ned's valiance began oozing out, and he quietly left the room.

"Yes," she continued, "and so did poor dear mammy too. I saw her face, by the fire-light, looking so pale and sad. You might have some feeling, Phil, for her at least."

"Oh Con, how dare you say that I don't feel for her, my own poor darling mammy!"

As he spoke he heard his mother's footfall close behind him, and turning, the boy's bravery gave way at sight of her. He ran and threw his arms around her with a sob.

Ned, meanwhile, went home, whistling, to the lodge. But Lady Constance's word had pricked his heart also. His father and mother were out and would be back late to tea, the servant said.

"Good thing, too," muttered he,

striding up stairs to his own room; "time for a think, and I want one." Ned's ways were quaint occasionally. He bolted the door, shut the shutters, and lit a pair of candles. Then he took down a slate, and tilting it up upon a Latin dictionary, proceeded to write, as if taking down the data of a problem in arithmetic, "If Philip goes to Eton; but my mother don't like me to go so far from home, why need I?"

Plunging both hands into his curly brown hair, and propping both elbows on the table, he glared at the slate, and thought.

When the tea-bell rang, he washed his hands and face with scrupulous nicety, brushed and combed his tumbled locks, returned the dictionary to its shelf, the slate to its peg, extinguished the candles carefully, and went very deliberately down stairs.

"I say, pappy dear," he began, soon after tea was done, "I've a favour to beg; important too."

"Well, Ned, what is it?"

"I want to go to school at St. Ivo."

"To school at St. Ivo, Ned!" cried his father in amazement, and his mother dropped her knitting to stare at him.

"There's a first-rate master," he said, "at the cathedral school."

"Pray, Ned, who told you that?"

"Oh, I heard the Dean say, one day, at the Park, that the new man there, Mr. Ryder, had put a new life into the whole concern."

"Well, I believe he's done wonders, but not made an Eton of St. Ivo; eh, Ned?"

"Hardly; but its a deal cheaper, you know," insinuated artful Edward.

"That's more my look out than yours, my boy. I wonder what's put this freak in your head?"

Lucy was not so strong of heart, perhaps, as Lady Cransdale; at least, she had not known the cruel need to brace it, which the Countess knew so well. The boy's freak flashed a gleam of hope upon her. St. Ivo was not ten miles off: Eton close on two hundred. At St. Ivo she might have weekly, daily sight of Ned, if she were minded. No need for mother lips to thirst so many weary months for kisses. It was a sore temptation.

With an effort to conceal her eagerness, she asked:—

"Should you, then, really like St. Ivo better, Ned?"

three at first; later, there was one tutor for the two boys.

"Kate," said the Earl, some time before his death, "Kate, let the boys grow up together. Philip will want a brother. Locksley will make a man of his own boy if any father can. And if they grow up as brothers, he will be a kind of father, of course, to poor Phil. You are a woman of women, Katty dear; but a boy wants a man's hold over him."

Her dying husband's wish became to her a sacred law. The Lodge, as the Locksley's dwelling-place was called, stood not far from the great House, and within the precincts of its park. The boys had rooms in either, where all things were ordered for them as for brothers of one blood. Their little beds, their bookshelves, their desks, all in duplicate, save in so far as individual character will stamp differences even on the very features of very twins.

But the time was come when both boys must leave home. From father to son, for many generations, all Cranleighs had been Etonians. Catherine, Countess of Cransdale, spite of the desperate hug in which her widowed heart held her boy, was not the woman to let her weakness falter from the manly educational traditions of his race. Philip must go to Eton, and Edward must go with him, of course. The boys were eager to confront the adventures of that new world. Had not each himself, and each the other, to rely upon?

But that eagerness was hard for two mothers' hearts to note. It is not only when prodigals insist on leaving home that parent hearts are wrung; dutiful and loving children wring them sometimes by their cheerful parting smiles. Poor Lady Cransdale! She wished in her secret soul she could detect, in Philip's laughing eyes, a passing trace of that feeling which it was costing herself such heroic effort to conceal. Lucy felt a touch of the same anguish, but between her noble friend and her there was a world of difference. Lady Cransdale had been a happy wife; Lucy was one. Neither, however, would betray to her son the keenness of her inward pang. It was left to Lady Constance to do this. She was indignant at what she thought their heartlessness, and did her best to punish them

both for it. She went pricking about with sharp words to find a soft spot of cowardice or of tenderness in either, but with little enough success at first. She racked her brains to think of all the cruelties she had heard or read that big bullies inflicted upon luckless youngsters. But this bugbear startled them not. They were country-bred lads, bold, active, and hardy. Moreover, they declared it would take a strapping big fellow to lick them both together, and they would fight for one another to the death. Lady Constance thought that was likely enough, to be sure.

She tried an appeal to Phil's possible fastidiousness.

"You know you're nice enough about things at home, Philip. How shall you like to boil your big boy's eggs, and bake his toast, and fry his sausages, and, may be, black his boots?"

"Prime!" he retorted, "specially the cooking. You've a taste that way yourself, Con, or had, at least. Don't you remember the row you got into with Mademoiselle, for warming veal 'croquettes' on the school-room shovel once!"

"Years ago, when I was a little girl," she said, firing up with the conscious dignity of a lady in her teens. "No Lady-bird nor Light-foot, nor Selim for you, Phil; not one gallop the whole dreary half! Oh dear!"

This was an artful and unexpected stroke. It told upon his Lordship evidently, whose face lengthened, till Ned came to the rescue with a suggestion of "capital fun in boats."

"Boats, indeed! As if either of you could row a bit. Nice blisters you'll have on both your hands!"

This was a relapse into the Cassandra vein, and was accordingly derided.

"Oh, ah! blisters. Much we should mind them, I suppose. Maybe we didn't blister our hands with pickaxes when we dug out the badger in Cransmere wood."

"Selfish creatures boys are, to be sure!" she said again, after a pause. "Neither of you seems to care a bit for leaving me here all alone. No one to ride with but old James, pounding behind! No one to go fishing with up on the moor. No one to walk with as far as the 'Long Beeches' or over to Cransmere wood, where your badger was."

heart well. He therefore told his boy far more explicitly than ever yet what were his obligations to the Cransdale family. How he had found a father in the old Earl when the Frenchman's bullet had made him fatherless; how his relations with the late Lord had but increased the debt. "I say nothing, Ned, of what his widow has ever been to you yourself."

"No need, pappy. No fear I shall forget it."

"Well, now, supposing you had set your heart on staying here at home"—

"Which I haven't, mind," interpolated Ned.

"But if you had, and we into the bargain, but Lady Cransdale wanted a friend for her boy Phil at school?"

"Why, what a father owes a son owes; I should have to go."

It was a singular saying for a boy. Locksley turned it over in his mind aloud.

"What a father owes a son owes," eh? That's not a thought with which my own life ever set me face to face. But you're right about it, Ned, quite right."

Then, after a bit, "You needn't speak again about St. Ivo to your mother."

"Wan't going to," quoth Edward.

"For better or for worse you go with Phil to Eton."

"For worse, indeed! You silly pappy! Floreat Etona!"

And up went Ned's hat, with a whoop, into the air.

CHAPTER III.

"We shall have a 'tuft' in the class-list, for a wonder, this term," said a student of Christ-church to another undergraduate of that stately house of learning.

"High up?"

"A safe 'second.'"

"What, Royston a safe second?"

"First, perhaps."

"Oh, nonsense about that."

"Will you give me two to one in half-crowns against him?"

"Willingly."

"Done with you, then."

"Done. But, I say, what makes you risk your small cash that way? Royston's too dressy to be cut out for 'a first.'"

"Well, Grymer, who 'coaches' me too, says he's lots of logic in him for a lord. And he was a bit of a 'sap' at Eton all along, they say."

This logical lord, Baron Royston, of Rookenhain, was a distant kinsman

"—of the Cransdale family, and their neighbour in the county. He was Philip, his own son, as they had lost both parents in infancy. He was undoubtedly of a sound and thoughtful turn of mind, and made the best of Eton and of himself. A parliamentary career was his ambition. The dressiness whereof his depreciatory fellow-student proached him was but an indication of a certain real indifference to personal appearance, combined

with a great horror of slovenliness in any matter. He happened to employ the best tailor in town and to have a judicious valet. Their judgment and his own methodical tidiness bestowed on him his unexceptionably fine clothing.

But the student's confidence in Grymer's "coaching" acumen was not misplaced. He pocketed his unbelieving friend's half-crowns, for when the class-list was out, there stood in the distinguished fore-front, among the few names in "the first," "Royston, Dominus de, Ex Aede Christi."

Among all the congratulations which reached him, none were more grateful than those which came from his kinswoman, Lady Cransdale. As a small indication of his gratitude, he ran down to Eton, took Phil out for the afternoon, and "tipped" him.

"A regular brick is Royston," cried that young nobleman to Ned, whom he met later, coming up from "out of bounds."

"Here's something like a tidy tip, look," and he unfolded crisp and crackling, a new bank-note.

"He's been and got a first at Oxford, Royston has. I know they'll be no end of glad at home."

But Ned did not seem sympathetic.

"We'll have such a sock," ran on Philip. "I'll ask all the fellows in the ten-oar, and all of our cricket-

He looked her full in the face, and the boy, too, was tempted by the craving tenderness which gleamed in her soft eyes. But his father's look was on him also, full of manful help.

"I didn't quite say that, dear mammy."

"What did you say, then?"

"Only that I wanted, if pappy would allow, to go to the cathedral school."

"You are not afraid of facing so many strangers as at Eton, surely," said his father.

"The more the merrier," he bounced out inadvertently; "I like a jolly lot of fellows!"

He caught the fall upon his mother's countenance, and was acute enough to see that he had betrayed once more to her the feeling which Lady Constance said had hurt her.

Lucy seemed to lose again the clue she thought to hold. The fledgling's wing was not so weak as she had almost hoped. It was ready for a long flight from the nest. She plied her knitting again, part sorrowful, part proud, to note the spirit of her boy. Presently she put the knitting by for good and all. Her head ached a little, and she was going early to bed. Ned ran after her for another parting kiss before she reached her room. It sent her to sleep happy.

"What put this notion of St. Ivo in your head?" asked Mr. Locksley once more when the boy returned.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather say no more about it," answered Ned, discomfited.

"But if I do?"

"Of course, then, I shall out with it."

"Out with it, then, my boy," said Mr. Locksley.

So he told his father how Lady Constance "went on" at him and Philip about their obdurate cheerfulness in face of approaching departure; and how her Ladyship had given them to understand, among other things, that their respective mothers were pining at the prospect.

"Then, to put the question as your mother did herself just now, you wouldn't like St. Ivo better?"

"Oh, my! Better! What? St. Ivo, with thirty fellows in the poky little close, better than Eton with hundreds, and the playing-fields, and the river, and 'Pop,' and Montem,

and all that! I should think not, just about."

"But if your mother should wish to keep you nearer home, you're ready to give it up?"

He nodded assent.

"You'll have to give up Phil, too, remember. He won't go to St. Ivo."

Ned gave a sigh; but said resolutely, "She's more to me than Phil, or half-a-dozen. I'll do what she likes, please."

"Well, sleep on it to-night, Ned; we'll talk it over again to-morrow."

Lady Constance, proud of having crushed her brother into contrition, looked anxiously the next day for signs of relenting in Master Ned. Perhaps she wished, perhaps she feared, to know whether, amongst other things, the boy would care a little for leaving her. Some say, to use a dyer's simile, that jealousy must be the mordant to fix any tint of true love, even be it only sisterly. I fancy that with women it is almost always so—much more invariably than with our less sensitive brotherhood. But Ned gave no sign. His countenance was imperturbable when, in the afternoon, as the ponies came round, his father told him that he must walk home with him, instead of riding with the others. There was a whole catechism of questionings in Lady Constance's eyes as she rode off with Philip; but Ned went, whistling and incurious, with his father.

"Don't, Ned. It worries me," said Mr. Locksley. "I want to have a reasonable talk with you."

"All right, then," and he ceased his whistling.

"One good turn deserves another, doesn't it, my boy?"

"To be sure, and more."

"Why more?"

"Because the first's the first, and done out of mere good will."

"Right, Ned. Saint John has said it: 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.' Love's nobler than gratitude. The second turn wants multiplying to come up to the first."

"Ah! just about," said Ned, relapsing into a whistle to ease the overcharge of seriousness.

"Don't, boy; but listen."

Trust begets trust, which little else has power to beget. Locksley knew this much of the secret to win a son's

bottom of an iron ship is a strong objection against her. On the other hand, a timber-built ship is vulnerable from stem to stern, and combustible from her water line to her truck. When our great lexicographer objected to a ship as "a gaol, with the chance of being drowned," he might have added, "and with the risk of being burnt." An iron-built vessel, when strongly sheeted, if not positively invulnerable, is so comparatively with a wooden one; being so, this fact is combined with incombustibility, which gives the indubitable advantage of her being the only means of laying a land battery sufficiently close on board to breach it. An iron frame is said to be absolutely necessary for a vessel fitted with a screw, to enable it to bear the shaking action of this powerful propeller. The vibration caused by high speed was so great in the case of the "Gloire," as that the armour plates near her stern would all have worked loose had that speed been maintained. Metal will, of course, bear the continually shattering power of the screw better than wood will. On the entire question, Great Britain, rich as she is in iron, would, by its use, hugely augment her present naval preponderance over France, where iron industry is less developed, and over America, where wood is likely long to keep iron out of use.

Iron-built ships have found little favour in the eyes of the Board of Admiralty, for reasons about which it is not necessary to enter further into details. Certainly, the motives for dismissing any prejudice on this point are many; and it is time to adopt courses requisite for introducing iron more fully into naval architecture. The royal dockyards are six in number, and it may be a desideratum that one of them should be devoted to iron-works for ship-building. Pembroke, from its proximity to Welsh coal and iron-fields, seems the best adapted. The question, lately discussed in a distinguished contemporary, whether it would not be advisable to obtain the iron-work of ships of war by contract is, however regarded, a most important one. Objections to this mode are silenced by the fact, that all the steam machinery in use in the navy is so obtained. There would be

national economy in disusing public yards, save for docking, for slight repairs, and for fitting out; and favouring private establishments by throwing open the construction and supply of the navy to competition. At present the royal dockyards present a mystery of evil common to all works carried on by Government; and the only royal road out of it seems to lie in evading and avoiding it. By this course a great saving of taxation would be secured, and the country would soon possess, instead of half-a-dozen government yards which are costly to keep up and fortify, half a hundred private establishments, habituated to supply the navy with various articles, from a block to a line-of-battle ship.

Again, if the British fleet were chiefly composed of large iron corvettes, impelled by steam, the screws safely placed, the rigging light, and the armament some score of guns, the personnel of the navy would not need so many able seamen.

Our views are opposed to vessels the size of the "Warrior." Some people imagine that they have only to increase bulk and weight to obtain more power. This may be true of the power of resistance of an iron plate, but is not so of the strength of machinery when subjected to a strain. The atomic cohesion of metal, on which its strength depends, is not increased by addition to its bulk, and there is doubtless a limit to the size to which the construction of vessels dependent on metallic materials should be extended.

The proof of a ship in armour will be in the fighting. Yet there certainly is sufficient reason for concluding that such fabrics must hereafter enter largely into the composition of our national marine. Whether they may be found available for foreign service is an untried question, but it may fairly be presumed that, to some extent, ships of war will in future be protected by armour exactly as they have come to be propelled by steam. Iron may not entirely supersede wood, any more than steam has superseded sails, but iron may enter more largely into the framework of vessels, and be always applied to protect their sides. Entire reconstruction of our navy is by no means obligatory. Judging by the "Gloire," heavily iron-cased ships are

ing eleven at my dame's. Come on, Ned. We'll have sausage-rolls, and raspberry puffs, and champagne! Hooray!"

Still Ned was apathetic, and excused himself. He'd a copy of verses to show up, and must go and grind at them.

"Verses be blowed! I'll tell you what, Ned; you're always rusty about Royston now-a-days. I can't conceive what ails you. It wasn't always so. I think he's an out-and-outer, and so they do at home, I know."

Ned knew it also. Perhaps "at home" the expression might have been other. Countesses and their lady-daughters don't scatter slang with the graceless ease of their noble young relatives at Eton. But the sentiment was the same; and the sweet breath of their praise of him was just, perhaps, what turned to rust upon the true steel of Edward's feeling. The boys were doing well upon the whole at Eton. They took their removes in due season regularly, and were "sent up for good" a satisfactory number of times. Ned was the steadier reader of the two; but Philip was very quick-witted, and held his own. They were never many places apart in school. They were firm friends still; indeed, almost as brotherly as ever. But in the little world of a public school, it was impossible for the old identity of taste and pursuits to live on unimpaired. Ned cricketed, Phil boated; thus one was thrown among the wet "bobs," one among the "dry." Ned was a careless dresser, Phil followed at humble distance the sartorial splendours of Lord Royston. Phil's chums were chosen from the rattlepates, Ned's from the more earnest sort in mischief or in better things. Phil's mind was set on a commission in the Guards, Ned—those were not Crimean days, good reader—would hazard a sneer at Windsor campaigners now and then.

Casual circumstances, too, began to hint at the divergence inevitable even between brothers' paths as boy-school closes. Three vacations had been spent asunder. Twice the Cransdales had been on distant visits; once the Locksleys had spent summer holidays from home. That was a memorable period in Edward's his-

tory, for it was then that he first made acquaintance with his first-cousin by the mother's side, Keane Burkitt; then also that he first fell in with Colonel Blunt.

Lucy Locksley's eldest brother, James Burkitt, had been some years dead. In his lifetime he had been a solicitor in the flourishing seaport of Freshet. He had been a successful man of business, and had known successes in other ways. For instance, he had won, to his surprise, and some said to her own, the hand of Isabella Keane, the reigning beauty of that watering-place. There was a glitter in that showy young lady's eyes, which might have portended greed and hardness, and a restless temper. She made him, on the whole, however, a better wife than many had expected; but did little towards counteracting by her influence such faults of the same character as existed naturally in her husband, and were fostered by the peculiar temptations of his calling. When he died he left his widow a reasonable provision, partly realized and partly charged upon the profits of the firm. For, of course, as I may almost say, James Burkitt, Esquire, Solicitor, was in partnership. Burkitt and Goring was the firm. A very confidential firm indeed; in whose tin boxes, and more ponderous iron safes, the title-deeds, and wills, and acts of settlement of half the families in Freshet were in safe keeping, to say nothing of documents and debentures affecting the interests of its commercial class.

It was stipulated and secured that in due course of time, his son, Keane Burkitt, should, if so inclined, claim a desk in the firm's office, and ultimately assume in its inner sanctum his father's former place of pre-eminence.

Keane Burkitt was not sent to a public school. His widowed mother had not Lady Cransdale's self-sustaining firmness, nor the help from without which Lucy's momentary weakness found. She sent her son as day-boarder to the so-called Academy-House, at Freshet. There he had few of the advantages of a public school education, none of those which strictly domestic training may afford. He had the manifest disadvantage of becoming presently head boy, without the ordeal of a sufficiently powerful antagonism to have made the

AN ONLY SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN."

CHAPTER I.

"CAPITAL! But it wasn't on a live boy's head, though?"

"What odds if it had been?"

"All the odds in the world, Ned. Funk makes a fellow's hand shake."

"Stop a bit, then, and I'll try again with Tommy Wilmot. Here! Tommy! Tommy!"

But when it was explained to Tommy, the gardener's son, that he was to stand blindfold whilst Master Locksley shot a bolt at an apple on his head, he manifested an unaccountable repugnance. In vain was he shown two apples spitted in succession by the marksman's skill: in vain was he made acquainted with the story of the gallant Switzer's boy: in vain was an offer made to dispense with the brass ferule on the bolt.

Then bribes were tried, a new sixpence and a bag of marbles. Then came hard words: "he was a muff:" "he was a monkey." Lastly, I am sorry to say, came threats, whereat he threw himself upon his back on the turf, kicking and screaming for "Mammy!"

"Ugh! the little toad!" said both his tormentors, with the most ingenuous indignation.

"I have it, though," said the Earl, after a pause. "Let's get Mrs. Locksley's big china jar out of the back drawing-room, stick it on a stool with the apple atop. Its no end of funky to shoot at."

It was indeed. Even Ned's recklessness quailed.

"A nice boy you are," quoth his lordship; "risk Tommy Wilmot's life or eyes and funk the crockery! Well!"

This was more than Ned could stand. Indoors he went, and brought out the jar in one hand, a tall stool in the other. On the lidsquatted a grinning dragon with a smooth round pate. Thereon a pippin was then craftily poised, and the Earl stepped off the distance at which they had been shooting before. Their weapon was a cross-bow, their bolt of wood tipped with a brass ferule.

Ned took aim so steadily that his companion muttered, "He'll do it,

now." So, perhaps, he would, but for a saucy may-fly and a hungry swallow. The may-fly danced right in the line of aim; the swallow darted, snapped at and seized her. The gleam of the bird's glossy back dazzled Ned's eye too late to check the finger on the trigger.

Off went the head of the golden dragon of the dynasty of Ming.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, we've been and done it," was the Earl's generous exclamation.

"I've been and done it, not you, Phil!" was Ned's no less generous disclaimer.

"I put you up to it and bullied you into it, so the mischief's mine as much as yours: and that I'll stick to. But talk of sticking, Ned, couldn't we stick the vile brute's head on again?" said Philip, transferring, as we all do sometimes, a share of his annoyance to the victim of his misdeed.

"Perhaps we could," answered the marksman, ruefully. "Its a good job it wasn't Tommy's eye."

"That's the provoking part of it; the obstinate little toad will think he was right to refuse. What are you going for now, Ned?"

"Only the cement bottle in mammy's cupboard."

Very good cement it was; and, soon set hard, the Ming monster showed his grinders as well as ever. The ingenious Earl bethought him of some gold shell in Ned's paint-box, and dapping therewith the line of fracture made it almost disappear.

"Repairs neatly done gratis for parties finding their own cement. The jar's as good as ever, Ned, put it away and there's an end of it."

Not so, Ned's uncompromising honesty would not allow it. His father soon after came up the lawn, where the boys were still lounging under the cedars. At his approach, Tommy Wilmot, who was hovering about, took to speedy flight. Who could say but some vague charge of complicity might affect and endanger him? The Earl, who was peeling a willow wand, was rather startled at hearing Ned begin—

"Ah, but we shan't have you, Robert, I am afraid. Ned won't like that any more than I shall, I know."

"But I don't know that you won't, Lucy. We're in want of timber for the new farms out by Cransmere, and there are always Norway ships at Freshet. I might combine a stroke of

business with a pleasure-trip. Then there's something in what she says about her boy, poor woman. I think I'll take you down there, and come again, perhaps, to bring you back."

And so the Locksleys, in due time, went on a sea-side trip to Freshet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sailing-boat was, indeed, a triumph of build and rig. A trimmer and tauter never swam the still waters of Freshet harbour—never skimmed the surf outside in Freshet bay. Ned was charmed with her. Yet when he read, in dainty golden letters on the stern, the name of "Lady Constance," he frowned—a slight frown only—sharp eyes were wanted to catch its momentary contraction on his forehead. But cousin Keane's eyes were sharp, and caught it. They saw the lips just tighten, as the brow relaxed, to keep in a question which they would not ask.

"She had none till we knew that you were coming. Then my mother said your mother would like this one; and you, too, perhaps."

Keane peered into his cousin's countenance, which at this warning was on its guard and imperturbable. So they stepped on board the "Lady Constance," whose owner slipped the moorings.

"Can you steer, Ned?"

The Etonian fixed the tiller, smiling.

"All right, then; I'll mind the sheets."

She was covered with white canvas in no time. There was a light breeze and a sunny ripple on the wave; the boys were soon standing out across the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Locksley, as befitted seniors, paced solemnly the Esplanade, with Mrs. Burkitt. She judiciously dispensed familiar nods or statelier courtesies to numerous acquaintances and friends whom the breeze that cooled the summer evening brought out to enjoy its freshness upon the favourite public walk. By-and-by they met a tall, thin gentleman, upright of carriage, firm of tread. He wore a single-breasted blue coat, buttoned to the throat, which was encased in a black silk stock. The quick,

sharp click of his boot-heels as he brought his feet together, and the regulated precision of his bow could scarcely be mistaken.

"Colonel Blunt," said the widow; "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Locksley."

He gave another precise bow to Lucy; and, looking hard into her husband's face, he said—

"Locksley! Why, bless me, Locksley! A thousand pardons, sir! But your features along with that name seem to come back to me so forcibly. Have I the honour of speaking to a brother officer?"

"No, not exactly," said Robert, good-humouredly; "unless you count for such an ex-lieutenant of the Cransdale Yeomanry."

"Well, excuse me, sir. I thought you hadn't quite the cut of our cloth. But—Locksley—let me see—Locksley? Had you an elder brother or relation in the service, sir, may I make bold to ask?"

"Neither, Colonel. But my poor father fell at Corunna. He commanded the Welsh Rangers, in the Light Division, all through Sir John Moore's campaign."

"Good heavens, Mr. Locksley! That explains it all; and accounts for the extraordinary impression made at once upon me by your name and face. I carried the colours of the Rangers at sixteen, sir. I stood not twenty paces from your father when he fell. A gallant soldier, sir!"

He held out his hand, which Locksley took with genuine emotion.

"How very delightful! and how very strange!" said Mrs. Burkitt. "I had no notion, Colonel, that you had served under Mr. Locksley's father. You must follow up this chance introduction, gentlemen. We dine at seven, Colonel, and shall hope to see you at dinner to-morrow at that hour."

"With greatest pleasure, madam."

CHAPTER II.

BARREN of its chief blessedness is the boyhood of him that has no mother. But Edward Locksley's boyhood had been blessed with almost a double mother-love. Lady Cransdale had more than half adopted him to sonship. There was hereditary bond of friendship and esteem between the house of Cranleigh and the Locksleys. The grandfathers of the two boys who played under the cedars had tightened it. They were brother soldiers in one regiment during the American War of Independence. Either had contracted close obligation to the other for life or liberty in the vicissitudes of that adventurous struggle.

John, Earl of Cransdale, then Viscount Cransmere, left the army before the outbreak of the ensuing great continental wars. His friend, Edward Locksley, followed the profession of arms until the day of Corunna. There he fell, in command of a regiment of Light Infantry, under the eyes of his noble chief, doomed to death on the selfsame day.

His brother soldier did more than a brother's part for his children. Young Robert Locksley, our Edward's father, owed, in great measure, to the Earl the completion of his school career, his entrance at the university, and his early admission to a post of confidence and wealth. He had been now for years under the elder lord, and then under his son, the late Earl Philip, manager of the Cransdale estates, intimate counsellor and friend of all at Cransdale park.

Earl Philip had been a statesman, and had filled important offices abroad.

"I could hardly have gone upon that Indian governorship," he used to say, "if I had not had Locksley to leave here in my place. But with him here, I believe the county gained by my turning absentee."

Robert Locksley made a wise choice when he chose the old Rector's daughter, Lucy Burkitt, to his wife. "Meek-hearted Lucy" was her distinctive title in her own family. She was pretty; she was gentle; she was tender; a true helpmeet for him every way. Knowing, for instance, better than he could, all the folk on the estates, among whom she was born and
d. Gently born and gently bred,

moreover; for she was county-family, too, and the dames of the loftiest county magnates need not disown her.

"What a comfort," said Lady Hebblethwaite, at the manor-house, Sir Henry's wife, to Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, "to have the old Archdeacon's grand-daughter at the Lodge, at Cransdale. The Locksleys, too, were always gentle folk, and the late Colonel a distinguished soldier. But I had my fears lest Robert, in his peculiar position, might look us out some vulgar rich woman."

"In his position, dear. How so? The Cransdale agency must be an excellent thing, I fancy."

"Excellent, indeed; but still precarious. Any day a quarrel with the Earl, you know, or with the guardians, should a life drop and a minority ensue, eh?"

"Well, to be sure, I never thought of that. And, as you say, a quarrel or a change of dynasty: but Lucy Burkitt is Lucy Locksley now. A dear good little girl she always was, and I had a vast respect for her grandfather, the late Archdeacon; and I shall drive over to the Lodge and call on Tuesday."

And Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, did call. So did Sir Henry and Lady Hebblethwaite. So did the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Ivo and his wife. So did some greater and some lesser personages than these, until the social position of the Locksleys was indisputably and most honourably defined.

Their Edward was born in the same week as Lord Cransdale's heir, and both babies were christened on the same day. The Earl, who stood godfather to little Ned, would say, laughingly, that he and Phil were twins, and often brought one on each arm to be nursed as such by his Countess. Lady Constance, in the full dignity of some two years' seniority, called them both "ickle baby brothers." She herself had first seen the light in the Government House of an Indian presidency, whence a change of Cabinet at home recalled her parents some months before the birth of Philip. Edward Locksley proved to be an only child, so the Earl insisted upon his being playmate with his own children. One governess taught the

swarming up into the trees. I took a couple of knapsacks for a pillow, and, stretched on my back, lighted the remnant of a part-smoked cigar. Those were not wasteful times, youngsters; we were saving of our minor luxuries. I think I said it was after dusk. Well, the season was too early for any ripe fruit; but the hard stomachs of our 'light-bobs' took kindly to the stony green plums. As the men rifled the boughs it was pleasant to hear the rustle of the leaves. Presently came the voice of Corporal Chunk, calling to a comrade in another tree.

"'Izaay, Bill! han't Vrench plooms wings?"

"'Wings, you blockhead! No; not no more nor English uns.'

"'Doan't 'ee zaay zo, Bill; now, doan't 'ee!' cried the Corporal; 'else I've a bin atin' cockchaafers more nor this 'aalf hour!'

"After that, youngsters," quoth the Colonel, "we had better go up to the ladies, if Mr. Locksley don't object."

Upstairs, the drawing-room windows were wide open—the night wind could scarcely stir the light muslin curtains. There was a little balcony where Edward carried out a chair and sat down, leaning his arms on the rail, his chin on his arms. A broad path of heaving silver, laced with dark shadow-lines, as wavelets rose and fell, led his sight out, across the bay, to sea. Whither led it his thought and fancy? The "Lady Constance" lay at her moorings, right across the silvery track. The voices of father and mother both were audible in the room behind. Once he looked back, and thought his own heart rode at moorings, fast by their love. As he looked out again a long, glassy swell came rolling in from the bay. The fairy craft courtesied with dancing grace as it slipped under her. What a shame to tie that life-like thing to moorings! Soft as the breeze was, her exquisite canvas would catch every breath, if hoisted. What dreamy delight to sail, and sail away, and yet away, beyond the sight-line, all along that heaving silver!

"Looking for the Skerry, Ned, or sentimentalizing?" broke in, unpleasantly, the voice of Keane.

"The moonlight lies just about in line for it; but it's so far off one can't

always make it out. We must sail over there and have a day's rifle-practice at the gulls."

It was not exactly to the Skerry to shoot gulls that Ned's fancy had been travelling along the shining seaward path; nevertheless he jumped at the notion—literally, off his chair, no less than figuratively. The old Colonel's ear had also caught the well-known word.

"What's that about rifles, youngster; can you handle one, pray?"

"Oh, Colonel," cried both the boys, "come with us; that would be prime. We're going to the Skerry to shoot gulls."

"What? in that gim-crack boat of Burkitt's. The next major on the purchase-list would chuckle to see me get on board."

"Indeed," exclaimed her indignant owner, "you've no notion what a sea-boat she is. Stands as stiff as the lighthouse under half a gale of wind. You needn't be afraid, Colonel. Ask any boatman in the bay."

"Impudent imp! So I needn't be afraid of going to sea in a washing-tub with two monkeys for ship's company. Thank you kindly. But as there's arms on board I think I will go, just to give you two a chance for your lives."

"Hurrah, Colonel!" cried the monkeys, tolerant of insult at the prospect of his joining them.

When he did step on board with them he was concerned to find how little stowage-room there was for his long legs.

"They've worried me many ways, these long legs of mine, and got me taken prisoner once."

"Prisoner! Colonel. One would have thought that long legs, if ever of use, would have been useful to keep one out of that scrape."

"Well, I don't know. Little, stumpy legs beat long shanks at running most times. But I didn't get a chance to run."

"Go about, Ned!" cried his cousin. "It's your head you must mind this time, Colonel, or the boom will take you overboard."

The tack successfully made, the boys begged for the story.

"'Twas on the retreat from Madrid, in 1812. We had the rearguard, and were all higgledy-piggledy with the French van. Into villages and out of

them, like 'puss in the corner.' One night a party of ours came on an old fonda. Grand old places some of those, with great vaulted ceilings to the stables and granaries overhead. The owners were gone, and all their goods with them. We ransacked cupboard and corner with no result but fleas, dust, and dead crickets. They had made clean sweep of all but the dirt."

"Luff, Ned, luff a bit," said Keane. "Go on, Colonel."

"In despair I went out to rummage the stables. I had known a muleteer in a hurry leave a crust and a garlicky sausage-end in the hay. And even a handful of horsebeans don't come amiss in starvation-soup, youngsters. It was a great big stable—fifty mules might have stood at bait in it; but rack and manger were as bare as cupboard and shelf. I had a bit of lighted candle and went searching along. At the furthest upper end of the last trough I came upon a little pile of lentils. It looked so neat and undisturbed that I thought it must have been formed after the general clearance. I looked up and saw a grain or two on the rack-beam. Looked right up to the ceiling and perceived a crack. A lentil dropped. There was, then, a store-room overhead. I climbed up on the rack-beam and went along till I saw a trap-door in the ceiling. 'I'm in luck for once,' thought I. I could reach the trap with my sword-point; so I gave a shove. Open it went and fell back, inside, with a bang. To spring up and into the gaping hole with the candle-end in my teeth was soon done; but as I was in the candle-end was out. I groped onwards in the dark. I could hear the rats squeak and scamper in amaze; but they were not as amazed as I was at hearing—there was no mistaking it—a French cavalry bugle in the court-yard. To make things worse I felt something give under my left foot. Sure enough; crack went treacherous lath and plaster. I made a blundering attempt to right myself: crack and crash, both heels went through! I was astride upon a cross-beam and both legs dangling down. Vain was the struggle to loose one lanky limb and then the other. There was a fix! Then hoofs clattered, scabbards clanked, spurs angled underneath. The French *asseurs* were in the stables."

"Beg pardon, Colonel, but we must go about again."

Having bobbed under the boom again, and seated himself to windward, he went on.

"There were only some ten or twelve of them, and the stable was very long. My best hope was they might keep down to the stalls by the door."

"'Mon sergent,' quoth a trooper, did we catch any of 'em?"

"'Catch, indeed! We couldn't boil up a trot between us. Poor Cotte here has had three handfuls of chopped straw in her stomach since yesterday, and a stone under her shoe since this morning on the Sierra. That's not the way to catch English 'Voltigeurs,' eh?"

"'Geux de pays va. They talk of chateaux in Spain: when I'm 'Marèchal Duc de N'importe quoi' I'll take care to build mine out of it.'

"'En attendant, François, as thou art only Marèchal des Logis, let's look out for the hay-loft.'

"To my discomfiture they lit a lantern and came upwards."

"'Mille Tonnerres, mon sergent!' cried François, gaping at the ceiling. 'Here's something now, for example! Here's a pair of legs dangling down like cobwebs.'

"'Ah, bah! thou art pleasanting.'

"'Pleasanting! To the contrary. Look at the boots and trousers!'

"'Drolls of legs!' cried the serjeant, holding up the light. 'Farcers of legs! Are they live, François?'

"I heard the hilt clang preparatory to 'draw swords'—I wanted neither prick nor scratch—and fell to kicking vigorously."

"'Tiens mon vieux!' said François. 'They're not only live but lively.'

"'Ah ça!' shouted the serjeant, apostrophizing my nether limbs. 'To whom are you? and what make you there? Allons donc répondez de suite.'

"There was nothing for it but to confess in such French as I might."

"'Tiens c'est un Anglishemanne!' they roared with loud laughter, and soon were up in the loft with a lantern."

"'Pardon, mon officier! C'est la chasse aux oignons qui a fait vot' petit malheur!'

"Sure enough, there was a noble string of onions swinging just over the

heap of lentils; and a capital stew the Chasseurs made of them that night, I remember."

When laughter abated, Ned asked:

"Were you prisoner long, Colonel?"

"Oh, dear, no. One of our flank companies—I told you we were all higgledy-piggledy—burst in upon the fonda just before daybreak. There was no spare nag for me, and Cocotte couldn't carry double; so they left me behind when they scuffled away."

"Keep her a point away from the lighthouse rock, Ned," said Keane, for the Skerry was full in view, looming large.

The sea-mews had a bad time of it. The Colonel, besides his old experience of the rifle, had made fur and feathers fly all round the world, from almost as many species as the cases of the British Museum boast. Ned's accuracy of eye and steadiness of hand had increased since the day when grief came to the dragon of Ming. Keane, like most seaport lads, was a practised enemy of seabirds. Tired of slaughter, and sharp-set for luncheon, they presently moored the "Lady Constance" far out enough to get off at ebb-tide, and hailing a coble sculled by the lighthouse-keeper's boy, got ashore, to the infinite relief of the Colonel's legs. The Skerry was throughout a tilted table of chalk—on top, a slanting down of thymy grass, close-cropped by sheep, whose backs, as they grazed, made steep inclines. Shade was not attainable, but the breeze was fresh, though the sun was bright. It was pleasant enough, when the mid-day meal was done, to lie upon that short crisp turf, and gaze landward. Day-dreams are dreamy enough, I allow. The shapes that haunt them are vague and ill-defined. The very coast-line of the firm land itself seemed to dance and quiver in haze as Edward looked on it. But indistinctness under broad sunbeams, looking landward, is other than vagueness under weird moonbeams, looking seaward. The sense of the indefinite and of the infinite are not one. The trickeries of the former work not the tender passionate longings of the latter. So Ned turned flat on his back, by-and-by, gazing into the unfathomable heaven. But a seabird came, poisoning herself on broad lithe wing, right

over him. Her clanging cry seemed fraught with reproach. Ned fancied he could discern a blood-spot on the snow of her downy breast. Would she arraign him of cruelty for the death of her mates under the cliff? "Pshaw, nonsense." He jumped up; the bird's wings quivered, and she went screaming out to sea. To and fro, musing, he paced some fifty yards; then forgot what had brought him to his feet, and found himself laughing at remembrance of the Colonel's long-legged misadventure.

"I'll go and get another story out of the old campaigner."

He found him stretched at full length, his face towards the ground, his head propped on both hands, his eyes on a little open book. Ned started, for staining the white margin was a rusty spot about the size of the blood-spot on the sea-mew's breast.

"Ha, youngster!" said the Colonel, without looking up, "think it odd to find an old soldier poring over a prayer-book, eh?"

"Colonel, what is that stain upon the margin?" was the answer.

"A drop of a brave man's blood, boy," said the Colonel.

He turned round, sat up, and sent a solemn searching look into the lad's countenance. It was also solemn, and he was moved to speak when otherwise he had kept strict silence.

"Sit down, and I'll tell you how I came by it."

Edward sat down.

"It's in Latin, you see," holding the book towards him; "but the name on the fly-leaf"—turning to it—"is in German."

"Gretli Steiner" was written there in a thin-pointed female hand; underneath, in strong, awkward, masculine characters, "Muss oft gelesen seyn," "Must often be read."

"I was on divisional staff, in 1815, at Quatre-bras and Waterloo. Late on the latter day, when the French game was up, I went galloping with a message to the Prussians in pursuit. None but the chiefs—and they not always—know at the time the importance of even great victories. Yet, somehow, that evening, as I rode back over the field, thick-strewn with dead and dying, I felt that I had played my little part in one of the great events of history. A desire seized on me to carry some memento from

that bloody battle-ground. I dismounted, threw the bridle over my arm, and went picking my way through piteous obstacles. I thought, at first, of taking a cross or medal for a keepsake, but could not bring myself to tear from a defenceless breast what its brave owner would have defended at cost of life itself. Presently I came upon a group of men and horses overthrown in confusion: corpses of them I mean, of course: three slain lancers of the Polish Guard, and, evidently, their slayer with them. You remember I said 'a brave man's blood?'

He nodded assent.

"His horse had fallen first: perhaps that alone lost him. He had not been killed outright, for he was sitting propped against the poor brute's carcase. By the skull and crossbones on its trappings and his uniform, I knew him for a Death's-head Brunswicker. Poor fellow! he was cold and stiff—his dying grip fast on this little book, open at this very page. He had a wound, among others, on his forehead. This drop must have fallen as he bent over the book. I took it, put it in my sabretasch, mounted, and rode fast away. For days and days I was uneasy, as if I had robbed the dead. I did not once take out or open the little book of prayers. When at last I did, the sentence on the fly-leaf read like an absolution and a pious bequest. 'Must oft be read!' Ay, boy, I have read and read, learnt and repeated these old Latin prayers, till I fancy sometimes some of their spirit has passed into mine. At war, in peace, in camp, at home, I have treasured and carried the dead Brunswicker's book. They shall put it in my shroud with me. I wish I could take it bodily with me into 'kingdom come' to return it to the Brunswicker. Pray God I may meet him there, with 'Gretli,' too, to thank them for the loan of it."

Then uprose the Colonel, and whistled "The British Grenadiers." That is not a devotional tune, nor is whistling a good vehicle for church music; nevertheless, Edward Locksley felt as if he listened to a solemn psalm.

"Now, Ned, look alive! Come along, Colonel!" cried Keane, from below. "Time to be going aboard."

They descended to the beach. The

boy with the coble was there, and his father, too.

"Neap tides this a'ternoon, gen'l-men," holloed the latter, though he stood within a yard of them. He was wont to lose one-half his words, blown down his throat, upon that windy Skerry.

"Boat's aground, seemin'ly: can't'ee wait till't turns again?"

"Not if we're to make Freshet before sundown," said the owner. "What sort of bottom is it?"

"Soft and sandy, master; yemought pole her out into deep water wi'out harmin' her keel, easily."

"Well, we'll try it, anyhow."

"Send boy back for me, to help shove, if she's very fast, master!"

"Ay, ay," cried Keane, as they put off in the coble.

Fast she was, sure enough. The boy went back, and brought his broad-shouldered sire to assist. Up to the waist in water, he applied the strength of those broad shoulders to the bow. A few strains, and a few grunts, walruswise; then she began to slide, ever so little.

"Yeo ho, heave ho!" and off she goes at last.

Keane was in the bows, pole in hand, and one foot on the sprit. A few words passed between him and his helpers, which for the flapping of the sails that the Colonel was hoisting were not heard by Ned. He was at the helm again. They were soon out of shoal water, and had all on board ship-shape. Ned called out to his cousin—

"Did you 'tip' those fellows, Keane?"

"No. Why should I?"

"They took a deal of trouble to get us off."

"Well, why shouldn't they?"

"I don't say they shouldn't; but we should have 'tipped' them."

"Bother them, they'll do well enough."

"That's more than we've done."

"Don't seem to see it," argued Keane. "The shilling's as well in our pocket as theirs. What's the use of shillings at the Skerry? The seamews don't keep shops: ha, ha, ha!"

Keane laughed at his own joke, but the laugh grated on his cousin's ear.

This was but one day of many spent in the Colonel's company. He

took as kindly to the youngsters as they admiringly to him. Keane said he thought him good fun. Ned secretly resented this off-hand expression. He relished the fun to the full as much as his cousin; but owned, in the very fibre of his heart, that some better thing than fun might be gotten out of the old soldier's company. The Colonel would laugh, himself, at camp jokes and anecdotes till his sides seemed in danger of splitting the close-buttoned military frock. But under the straining cloth, Ned's eye seemed ever to discern the squared edges of the Brunswicker's prayer-book. "Old Colonel," as the boys might call him, he was hard, and hale, and active yet. His stories came down to the most modern military times. He was home on a year's furlough from India, where his regiment was likely to remain some time. He would often say that he could bear no longer the slipshod scuffle of promenaders on the Esplanade, that his ear pined for the measured thunder of a regiment's tramp. He declared that the "Gazettes" in the *Times* put him in terror twice a-week, lest he should read his own name amongst unfortunates "shoved upon the Major-General's shelf."

"I don't want to lay-by just yet, boys. I've neither chick nor child, and can't feel at home but in camp or barrack-yard."

Ned's great delight was to get him upon Indian ground—the only true field for a soldier's energy, as it then appeared.

"Tell you what, Colonel, if I take a shilling, I shall take it from John Company sooner than from Her gracious Majesty."

The old "Queen's officer"—King's officer that had been so long—would shake his head at this, and purse up his mouth; nevertheless, Ned's reasonings were not easily gainsaid.

"Take the Company's shilling!" cried Keane, contemptuously; "what's the good? India's used up. Nothing but dry sticks come rattling down, now-a-days, for shaking the Pagoda tree. Better stop at home, and feather your nest at Cransdale, Ned, my boy."

"Stop at home I shall," Ned answered, somewhat ruffled; "but as for feathers, I'd sooner have them on my wings than in my nest."

"Well said, youngster," quoth Colonel Blunt.

The vacation drew to a close. The elder Locksley came down again to Freshet, for no timber ships had been there when he first came with his wife and son. Ned had advised him now that two Norwegians had at last appeared. They were at anchor far from the fashionable promenade, opposite a crazy old pier, whence a flight of steps, slippery with tangle, led down to a strip of beach. The shingle had long since disappeared under layers of broken bottles and fragmentary crockery, lobster claws and oyster shells, battered tea-kettles and sodden cabbage stumps. Not even daily ebb and flow could clear the melancholy "detritus" away. Thither came Robert Locksley, with his son, to hail the nearest Norwegian for a boat. But, looking downwards, Ned perceived the coble from the Skerry, with her nose on that unsavoury strip of sea-beach, and the boy asleep in her.

"Holloa, boy, put us aboard the barque there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boy, trained by his father, the old coastguardsmen, to obey at once a voice of authority; but there was a sulkiness about his deference, for all his practical obedience.

"Hold on alongside, we shan't be long aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir," with a grumble and a scowl.

But the scowl vanished in a pleasurable grin, and the grumble into the cheeriest of "Thank'ee, sirs," as the coble touched the slimy steps, and Ned handed over three half-crowns.

"You must be flush of money, Ned, to pay such wages for such work. Easy earnings, seven and sixpence for five hundred yards!" his father said.

"Do you remember Tommy Wilmot and the bag of marbles, pappy?"

"Can't say I do. Did you give him seven and sixpence for it?"

"It was a practical discourse of yours on compensation, pappy dear, that little affair of Tommy's. But never mind; it's another man's secret why the boy there got seven and six. Come along."

Away they went, arm in arm, happy father and happy son, trusting and trustworthy in a great matter or in a small.

The next day was to be their last at Freshet. Mr. Locksley and the Colonel were both to accompany the ladies in a carriage drive to some ruin on a headland, which Ned had visited, and did not care to see again. He, therefore, and Keane took a farewell cruise. They sailed westward to a rocky islet half way between the mainland and the Skerry. They had both fowling-piece and rifle aboard, though Ned said he would shoot no more at sea-mews. The rock was reached and rounded without adventure. On the return, however, they came across a large, rare, diving-bird. It kept swimming, ducking, disappearing and reappearing right in front of them, in the most persevering and tantalizing manner. Ned's vow was against purposeless murder of sea-mews; but the securing of such a specimen could not fall under its provisions. Forbid it science! to say nothing of sport. Ned was as eager as Keane to get a fair shot at it. Bang! and bang! went both barrels at last. But the saucy diver must have witnessed experiments with Eley's patent cartridges before that afternoon, so accurately did it calculate their utmost range, and keep just out of it.

"It's not a bit of use, Ned," said Keane, "shot won't touch him; you must try the rifle."

He took it in hand, and waited with patient, deliberate aim till the bird rose up once more in the water, flapping his fin-like wings in a sort of mockery. 'Crack!' "No go!" said both boys as, true to his kind, the diver dived.

"You've winged him, though!" cried Keane, breathless with excitement, as the bird, once more on the surface, took to churning the water with piteous flaps.

"Haul a bit on the mainsheet! I'll steer down on him!"

The *Lady Constance* skimmed the water as if the steersman's eagerness had quickened her very frame. The bird seemed unable to dive again but swam fast away. Not so fast, however, as the *Lady Constance*, which was soon up with and almost over it. Keane let the rudder go and made a clutch at the bird as it passed under

the stern. The *Lady Constance* broached and fell away. Keane was overboard, with an agonizing cry for help. Born by the sea-shore, and at home from boyhood on its waves, the lad, like so many of his breeding, could not swim a stroke. The Etonian was more truly amphibious. Coat and shoes were off in a twinkling, lithe as otter or seal, he was in the water to the rescue.

"All right, old fellow! Here you are! Don't catch at me! don't splash so! tread water gently and I'll keep you afloat."

He had him tight by the collar from behind. So far so good. The mischief was, that the current was not strong enough to keep the *Lady Constance* from drifting before the wind, though strong enough to make pushing Keane against it no joke. Ned saw the distance increasing with dismay. To save himself were but a sport of swimming; but this widow's only son—to think of losing him! He struck out with steady but desperate force. A great floating rack of seaweed came happily down the current, plump against the broadside of the boat, and stopped her way a little. Ned had presence of mind to note the slackening, and redoubled efforts. Thus both lads' lives were saved. But when they had hoisted themselves by main force over the gunwale on board again, he was exhausted, and for a few minutes lay on his back.

When he got breath again he sat up and took the tiller-bar in hand.

"Mind the sheets, Keane, haul the jib closer home."

He put the boat's head seaward.

"What on earth are you after, Ned? Let's make for the pier-head quick," said the other dripping lad.

"After the puffin, to be sure," he answered, imperturbably. "A little tauter: that will do."

The bird was once more overtaken, and this time secured in safety. Neither then nor thereafter did one word touching Keane's rescue cross the lips of Ned Locksley, which was characteristic of him. But not one word crossed Keane's lips either, which was also characteristic of him.

CHAPTER V.

It was after Easter the following year. New men were in office. Their first measure of importance had been carried by a narrow majority in the Commons. Upon its reception "in another place" might hang the fate of Government. An animated debate: perhaps a close division, would enliven the decorous monotony of the Upper House. To make matters worse, the noble Earl who led for Ministers was feverish and in bed. Much would depend upon a very young debater, and still younger official, Under Secretary to the department which the Bill more immediately affected.

"Nervous thing for Royston," said one junior peer to another coming in from the lobby. "Does he funk it much?"

"I don't know whether he does; but I should think Government did." They looked up at the ladies mustering in force already.

"Any thing worth looking at?" asked one hereditary legislator, who wore an eyeglass because he really was near-sighted.

"Nothing particular, except the Cransdale girl," quoth his compeer, superciliously.

"Well she is particular. And how well her mother wears."

"Ah! to my mind, she beats Lady Constance hollow."

"Hardly that; but she's a grand type certainly. There's Royston up now, isn't he? Hear, hear!"

Lord Royston was up, and, luckily for him, without suspicion that the eyes of Lady Cransdale and her daughter were upon him. His opening sentences were firm and self-possessed. He was well on in his speech when, during an interruption on a point of statistics, he first became aware of it. The discovery during an oratorical period might have thrown him off his balance; but having a blue book in hand and a string of figures in mouth to confute his noble interrupter, time was given him to recover before launching out again. His argument was precise and clear, and as he came to the wider political and moral aspects of the measure, enthusiasm roused him to eloquence. Cheers with the chill off, somewhat

rare in that senate of patricians, greeted his winding up. When he sat down he had earned a genuine and honourable success. Several distinguished elders came across and shook hands with him. The subsequent debate was lively, but the division favourable. And Lady Constance had been looking on.

Her mother's presence with her was a stronger instance of interest in their young kinsman than even he had dared to reckon upon. Lady Cransdale had not been at a debate since her own dear Philip had spoken on his return from India, those weary widowed years and years ago.

It was happy for such interests of the British Empire as the business of Lord Royston's Under-Secretaryship might affect that nothing complex or important was on hand next morning. Choice between horns of one dilemma at a time is sufficient for the mind of any budding statesman. And the noble Under-Secretary was sorely exercised by the momentous question: "Should he call or not upon the Cransdales to thank them for their presence?" To do so might savour of vanity; not to do so, of indifference. It would not do to look ungrateful, nor would it do better to look like fishing for compliments. As he docketed papers and scrawled signatures mechanically, determination went swinging to-and-fro. The question ended, as so many do, by settling itself. Riding up through St. James's after office-hours, he met the Cransdale carriage, and the Countess beckoned to him.

"Well, Royston, I congratulate you. We were in the House last night."

"Almost to my discomfiture."

"Civil! when we took so much interest in your success."

"True, though. Friends make the worst audience."

"Then why do they go to back a man up and cheer him?"

"Oh, party friends, that's quite another thing. Yet they would be nothing but for party enemies."

"Do you really mean," said Lady Constance, "that you would sooner face enemies than friends?"

"Than some friends, certainly," he answered, flushing to his hat brim.

"But last night," said her mother,

"the interest must have been too keen to let you care for individual hearers, friend or foe."

"Keen enough, but there are keener."

He was afraid of his own boldness, and did not dare to look up and sun his triumph in Constance's soft eyes, when her mother assured him that many of the first men in the House had spoken of it in the highest terms.

"Have you heard from Philip?" he asked, to turn off the conversation and escape from its delicious pain.

"Oh, yes! And the boys have whole holiday on Thursday, so I'll have up him and Ned to town. Come and dine with us to meet them."

"Delighted!" said the Under-Secretary, bringing his spurs, in unadvised ecstasy, so near his spirited horse's flanks that he started off and went plunging up Constitution-hill in wildest fashion.

"Royston's been and done it just about, Ned," cried Philip, bouncing into Locksley's room, the *Times* in one hand, and his mother's letter in the other. Unconsciously merciless, he threw down the newspaper and insisted upon inflicting Lady Cransdale's account of her visit to the House upon his friend. "I've a scrap of a note from Con, too, and she says it was 'out and out.'"

"I don't believe it," blurted out Ned, beside himself.

"Don't believe what? Not what Con says of Royston's speech? Read it in the *Times*, then, and you'll see 'twas an out and outer."

"Perhaps it was, but she never talks slang," said Ned, catching at a means of extricating himself.

"Oh, bother, Ned, we're mighty particular all of a sudden, eh? Anyhow, Constance says she thought it fine and eloquent. And we shall have an opportunity of patting him on the back for it. Mammy says we may go up to town on Thursday."

Close conflict was in Ned's heart, between delight at the thought of seeing Lady Constance, and pain at seeing Lord Royston in her company. Young "grown men" have an irritating way sometimes of making young "ungrown men" feel their distance from their immediate elders; but Lord Royston had never so dealt by Ned. He liked the lad, and respected him; and, in his own undemonstrative way,

had shown him that he did. Now, ingratitude was Ned's abhorrence, yet there is a gratitude most ungrateful to him that pays it. He owned obligation, but felt its withes cut to the bone the wrists it bound. For, as my readers have seen long since, the poor lad's heart had yielded to the mastery of that passion which makes boys men—and men, boys. He knew not—how should he?—at what precise period Constance had lost her sisterly character, and stood out robed before his eyes in all the royalties of love; but early jealousy of Royston had long since taught him how to the word "passion" the old Latin meaning clings—how truly it is "a suffering." Yet Lady Constance's manner towards himself was less reserved and more affectionate than towards the other. Ned would exult in this sometimes, and sometimes quail at it. Sometimes his own lifelong intimacy with her would be counted gain, and sometimes loss. They stood upon such different footings that nothing fairly showed her judgment as between them.

"If I, too, were a distant kinsman, or he, too, were the close companion of her childhood, perhaps I might conjecture what she feels concerning us!" As for Lord Royston's feeling concerning her, spite of his equable demeanour, Ned had with unerring instinct conjectured it by countless subtle tokens. He knew that one name lay hidden in his own heart and in her kinsman's, and the knowledge was his daily disquieting.

It never troubled him that Lady Constance was his elder. For, first, the difference was no great one at the most; and, next, man's conscious manliness carries a consciousness of headship with it which takes little account of difference in age. The feeling takes an ugly shape at times. An urchin in the nursery, who cannot reach up to the father's knee, will class himself with him, and say, "We, men," in full disdain of mother, nurse, and elder sisters. Yet purge it of its arrogance, as fire of love can purge it purest, and the feeling is manly and worthy of a man. Younger men are wont to set their heart on older, older men on younger, women than themselves. Experience of life has not yet shown me that the older man's is always, or often, the truest ideal of what is love-

worthy in woman. But, in truth, it did trouble Ned right sore that the man whose rivalry he had divined should be his elder. Such a lady's wooers must prove their worth, and Royston was proving his worthily; that could not be denied. Royston's were a man's efforts and a man's successes; his own, mere schoolboy struggles, and their meed a schoolboy's prize. His thought was ever fretting at the contrast—ever fretting, and ever devising how best to burst upon a sudden the boundary which fences boyhood off from man's estate. Oh, for one single day of battle! That would alter all! A beardless ensign carries the flaunting silk into the storm of bullets, and comes out a veteran, with the torn flag in his hand. The countless deaths that have resulted have aged him in honour and esteem. There be days of fight which count for years of service, not in the Army List alone, but in the common account of men's opinion. No soldiering was afoot in Europe; but India was a frequent field of battle. One day of Hindostan might put a badge of manhood on his breast at which old men should bow.

Such were the floating fancies in his mind, which a few chance words were soon to fix. There was no party at the Cransdales on the Thursday; only another cousin besides Royston, one Katey Kilmore, god-child and namesake of the Countess. Of course, then, the Under-Secretary gave his arm to Lady Cransdale; Philip his to cousin Katey; Ned his, with tremor of delight, to Constance. Poor boy! the dainty white hand on his arm, the hand which had clasped his a thousand times in careless, childish play, now sent a thrill to his heart's core at every touch.

"Phil tells me, Lady Constance, you went to the debate."

He could not keep himself from speaking of what it vexed him sore to think of.

What a strange contrast between "Phil," the old familiar word, and that formal "Lady Constance." Once it had been "Con," and "Phil," and "Ned," at all times; but an awe was creeping over him against which the oldest intimacy could not prevail. She did not seem to notice it.

"Oh, yes; and I liked it wonder-

fully. I wish it had been in the Commons though."

That was well; it was not all for Royston's sake she had enjoyed it.

"Why rather in the Commons!"

"Because of the more lively stir and action, to be sure. Great questions are decided there, nine times out of ten. Royston says he wishes his seat were in that House."

This dashed the cup of comfort from his lips, all the more cruelly that the young lord turned at hearing his own name, and looked his pleasure at her giving weight to words of his.

It cost Ned something to continue.

"So you like stir and action?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"What do you think of soldiering then, Lady Constance?" he next asked, nerving himself as a gambler against his nervousness by calling a higher stake.

"Come, Con," cried her brother, overhearing this, though Ned had not spoken loud, "say your say about soldiering, then we'll have Katey's."

"I don't care for red coats and gold epaulettes, Phil, anyhow; and bear-skins are my bogies."

"You're a muff, Con," he retorted. "Now, Katey, what say you?"

She had one brother in the "Coldstream," and one hoping for the "Fusiliers," so she cried, "The Guards for ever! Phil."

"Bravo, Katey; you shall be vivandière to our battalion."

Whilst they were laughing at their own fun, Ned said very gravely and quietly to Constance, "Of course I didn't mean the Guards, they only play at soldiers now-a-days; but real soldiering in camps and colonies; what do you think of that?"

"Better, at all events; but all soldiering is dangling idle work in time of peace."

"Not everywhere. Not in India, for instance."

"India, I grant you; that is a field for a man's career. It should be mine if I were one. Soldier, statesman, missionary—there are endless roads to greatness there."

She wondered, as she looked at him, what the rush of blood to his forehead should mean—what the blaze that kindled in his eyes.

"Since when have you thought over Indian careers, pray?"

"Since when have I not, Ned? Have you forgotten that I am a Hindoo girl myself—that dearest pappy's official greatness was all Indian? I have read all his despatches that are in print, and some in manuscript besides, and every book of Indian travel or adventure I can lay my hands upon."

"How strange of me to have forgotten it!" said Ned.

Thereupon he fell into dead silence. She wondered all the more at him. She little knew her sweet lips had spoken doom of exile against a playmate from the cradle. Her wonder did not outlive the day; but thenceforth dated a new manner of intercourse between herself and Ned. Down at Cransdale in the midsummer holidays, under the cedars at noon-tide, on horseback in the long soft evenings, they would hold continuous and grave conversations. Phil voted them prodigious bores. "A talk with you two is about as lively as an hour up to Hawtrey in Thucydides. I wish I'd Katey Kilmore to run wild a bit upon the moor with me."

Boys on their way to manhood will pass through certain heroic moods, such as more callous—shall I say trivial?—elders mock at. Silly scorn! The tone and colour of the finished life-picture may recal but faintly, by-and-by, the prismatic hues of the first "study" for it; the grouping may be strangely varied, the firmest outlines show "repentings," yet each worthiest work must needs retain indelible impress of that first conception.

"Heroic moods, indeed!" say some. "Walking on stilts, you mean: the lad's best friend is he that soonest brings him to his legs again." "Not if he break them in the bringing down," I say. And I would rather, when the stilts are dropped, see the boy stride, or even strut, than lounge and shuffle.

Scorn boy-heroics or not, good reader, you will agree with me that since a female figure must needs haunt them, it is huge advantage to the man that shall be when its proportions of worth and beauty are truly just and noble—are genuine realities, not figments of his fancy. Come of his green passion what may, 'tis well for him that she who kindles it be

one for whose love "a world" were indeed "well lost." And such was Lady Constance. She was nearly twenty now; her girlish grace and freshness not worn off, but ripening into womanly glories. Two seasons' experience of the great London world had left her untainted, but not undisciplined. Her conversation fed and sustained the loftiest of the lad's aspirations. Had he but counted her as truly sister as she held him brother, all had been well, and this fresh intimacy had proved to him an unalloyed advantage. As it was now, the very mind was saturated with the sweet poison wherewith the heart was sick. But he put strong constraint upon himself, and hid this from her. That would have been perhaps impossible could she but once have gained a sight of him at distance, so to speak. However, she suspected nothing. He stood as he had always stood—too near.

Those were blissful holidays. No Royston was there to be a fly in amber. His very triumph had brought him tribulation. His department had to undergo remodeling in virtue of the very Bill that he had helped to pass, and he was chained to his Under-Secretary's desk. School-days were over, too, for good and all. Neither Phil nor Ned was to return next half to Eton. The former expected his commission daily, the latter was entered at Christchurch. That troubled him, however, so there was a fly in his amber after all. His repugnance against any but a soldier's career grew daily, yet he had not imparted it to his father—a second cause of inward disquiet.

His reserve on this one point was foreign to all their life-long relation to one another, a new growth, not rooted in any strange undutifulness or new mistrust; but only in excessive tenderness and lingering self-devotion. He must not follow the promptings of a dream, pushing him out of the beaten track of duty. How could an Indian soldier—gone in quest of name and fame, to find both or neither, perhaps on a field of death—play an only son's part to such dear parents in their quiet English home? What vexed him most in brooding on his love for Lady Constance was this doublefacedness. Sometimes it seem-

ed the essence of unselfishness, it won him so far out of his inner self ; sometimes it seemed a selfishness in quintessence, so utterly did it seduce him into forgetfulness of them. And when either parent spake, as parents will, of that coming Oxford life to which he could not feel heartily resigned, he hated the half-hypocrisy which shut his lips or opened them with words of little meaning.

Robert Locksley took little if any notice of such symptoms of inner conflict as might sometimes have been perceptible in the outward bearing of his son ; nor would perception of them have set him on conjecture. Ned's confidence was certain to be given him in good time ; no fear of that. But meek-hearted Lucy had more misgivings : meek hearts look out at clear eyes oftentimes. She would not question, she could hardly

bear to watch him, and indicate or even entertain suspicion thus against his trust in her. But it is hard to keep a mother's hungry watchfulness of love from off her only one. Following with delicate acuteness the boy's dreamiest glances, her own glance found itself carried, more than once, into a corner of the sitting-room, where the grandfather's sword hung. The blue steel seemed to pierce her own heart then. She thought of last year at Freshet, how quick and close an intimacy had sprung up between her son and the old soldier, how Ned had relished his campaigning stories, grave or gay. But she could hardly bring herself to accept that interpretation of her boy's unrest. His will had ever been too steadfast, his very fancy too self-controlled to be moved lightly to some novel scheme of life.

ANTRIM CASTLE.

PART II.

THE death of the stormy petrel of Presbytery, Sir John Clotworthy, first Viscount Massareene, in the month of September, 1665, made way for his son-in-law, Sir John Skeffington, fifth Baronet, second Viscount Massareene, as owner of Antrim Castle ; and from thenceforward the family name of Clotworthy became merged in that of Skeffington. The Saxon and the Norman contend for the honour of giving birth to the founder of this ancient family. The former, appealing to philological evidence, suggests that the name is composed of the Saxon word *scaef*, a sheaf, *inge*, a meadow, and *tun*, a town—"the sheaf of the meadow town:" and until about the beginning of the present century, a sheaf on a tun—a symbol of the family—was pointed out in the window of an ancient mansion in the village of Skeffington, in Leicestershire. Another derivation is also referred to, namely, *scaev*, a sheep, and *ton*, a town, i.e., "the sheep town." But the old Saxon Chronicle interposes, and points out that *scaef*, or *scaev*, was neither a sheaf nor a sheep, but a veritable Saxon man, of very ancient lineage indeed, for ac-

cording to that recondite authority, he was the son of Noah ! an ancestral flight of fancy by no means uncommon, for the ancient Greeks, when at a loss for an ancestor to one of their heroes, wrote him down the son of Jupiter ; and more than one Hibernian of unmistakable Milesian descent has rambled over the battle-field of Hastings for a putative ancestor. But the Norman, disdaining etymological evidence, appeals with confidence to ancient usage or the common law, and shows that in the twelfth, and down to the fifteenth century—a period of three hundred years—the name was written and used with the Norman prefix "De," namely, "De Skeffington," which proved their descent to be Norman. In the General Survey, Sciftitone is noticed in Domesday Book, which was compiled in the year 1087, twenty-one years after the Conquest, and is stated there to be part of the royal manor of Rodolei ; and about a hundred years afterwards, 1188, Sir John de Skeffington made a grant of part of these lands to the Abbey of St. Mary de Protis.

John de Skeffington, living in 1421,

added considerably to the family property by his marriage with Margaret, daughter and heiress of William Ouldbief and Maude Deane, his wife, who was daughter and heiress of Brien Deane. This John de Skeffington was the first of the family that dropped the Norman prefix "De," in deference to the sturdy opinions of his father-in-law, Ouldbief, who being of Saxon descent himself, was chafed at the notion of any of his blood having a badge of the Norman conqueror about them. By this union, John Skeffington had a son, Thomas, living 1460—a very pious person, and particular friend of John Seaman, prior of the Order of Carthusians, London. By Mary, his wife, Thomas had three sons, William Skeffington, who became Lord Deputy of Ireland; Sir John Skeffington, knight, alderman of London, merchant of the staple at Calais, and lord of the manor of Fisherwick, in Staffordshire; and Thomas Skeffington, esquire. The eldest, Sir William Skeffington occupies an important page in the history of his country. He was knighted by Henry VII., and appointed, in 1529, by Henry VIII. to the high office of the King's Commissioner in Ireland to inquire into and report upon the administration of public affairs there, to suggest means to restrain the exactions of the soldiers, call a parliament, and have the possessions of the clergy made subject to their proportion of the public charge. The care and fidelity he displayed in executing the commission, obtained for him, in the following year, the appointment of Master of the Ordnance in England, which he held only a few months when he was sent back to Ireland, in 1530, in the more distinguished office of Lord Deputy, accompanied by Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, who, being jealous of his appointment, found means to thwart him in the administration of public affairs.

Hollinshed gives a graphic picture of their reception on the green of St. Mary's Abbey by the mayor and citizens of Dublin, in procession; how they hailed the Lord Deputy as their deliverer from "the insolencies of O'Neill, O'Connor, and O'More;" the "pithie oration" of the Recorder, Fitzsimons, and the Lord Deputy's speech in reply to "Master Mayor and Master Recorder."

In the following year the Lord Deputy Skeffington, accompanied by Kildare, marched an army, increased by the forces of some Irish chiefs, into Tyrone, which they burned from Dungal to Avonmore, devastated the territory of Bryan-na-Murtough O'Neill, and demolished O'Neill's castle of Kinard, now Caledon, but did not attempt to cross the Blackwater into Tyrone proper, for O'Neill stood before them with an immense force, and they retired. The Lord Deputy, in the following year, 1532, undertook another expedition into Ulster, where he was joined by O'Donnell and Maguire. Entering Tyrone, they demolished Dungannon, and spoiled the country. Skeffington and Kildare had now become open enemies, and sent letters and messengers to the Council in England, containing mutual accusations. Kildare thereupon went over to England, and succeeded not only in having Sir William Skeffington recalled, but himself appointed in his place. Returning to Dublin, in August, 1532, he received the Sword of State from Skeffington. On this occasion, the new Lord Deputy showed little magnanimity or courtesy to his predecessor; for Hollinshed states that "Kildare, having received the sword, would permit Skeffington, who was late Governour, to dance attendance among the other suiters, in his house at Dublin, named the Carbury." Sir William retired to England to his house of "Skeffington," leaving his secretary, Thomas Cannon, behind him to watch events, and he kept up a correspondence with Secretary Cromwell, which consisted chiefly of reflections on the conduct of Kildare. The latter soon got into trouble. Grave accusations were made against him by the Anglo-Irish nobles and Council, and also by Cannon, who formed one of a deputation to England to accuse him. Kildare was summoned over to answer those charges. In February, 1534, he held a council at Drogheda, and nominated his son Thomas, then only twenty years of age, and of a "hot and active temper," Vice-Deputy. On visiting King Henry's Court and Council, he was consigned to the Tower. An unfounded rumour circulated that he was beheaded; and on the morning of the 11th of June, 1534, his son Thomas, the young and haughty chief of

the Geraldines, cast from him the sword of state on the council table at St. Mary's Abbey, and rushed forth into war.

Alarmed by this formidable rebellion of the most powerful of his English subjects of the Pale in Ireland, King Henry prevailed on Sir William Skeffington, then far advanced in life, and enjoying repose at his ancient seat of Skeffington Hall, to resume his office of Lord Deputy, and suppress the rebellion. Skeffington accepted the trust, and landed in Ireland, in October, with a large and well-equipped army. His progress was marked by consummate skill. Sending his fleet towards Drogheda, he captured Brode, one of Fitzgerald's naval commanders. In return, Drogheda was besieged by Fitzgerald; but the Lord Deputy marched there, raised the siege, and proclaimed Lord Thomas a traitor at the High Cross.

In the following spring, hostilities re-commenced. Fitzgerald, depending on the strength of his six castles of Carlow, Maynooth, Rathangan, Athy, Ley, and Portlester, passed into Connaught to raise additional forces among his allies. Taking advantage of his absence, Skeffington laid siege to Maynooth. It is stated that the artillery played upon it for ten or twelve days without effect; but at last, Parese, the governor, conveyed a letter to the Lord Deputy, intimating that he would surrender on "certain conditions which imported his own profit." The offer was accepted, and Parese, after a successful sally made by the garrison, gave them a "carouse to that degree that they were all dead drunk;" and then, upon a signal from Parese, the English scaled the walls at a breach, and entering the castle, obtained "rich spoil and plunder." Parese, by order of Sir William Skeffington, was paid his reward, and instantly beheaded for his traitorous conduct to his master.

At Naas, the Lord Deputy came up with the remnant of the Geraldine's army, which was much thinned by desertion after the fall of Maynooth, and captured 140 of his gallowglasses, whom he put to death. Fitzgerald was never after able to muster any considerable force, although he continued to skirmish and ravage the English Pale. Eventually he retired

to Offaly, where he was followed by the Lord Deputy, and surrendered on promise of pardon, which was violated by Henry, who had him committed to the Tower, and executed, with his five uncles, to extirpate, as he thought, the race of the Geraldines.

Having faithfully fulfilled his mission and re-established peace, the Lord Deputy Skeffington solicited the king, by reason of his "age and infirmities," to surrender his office, and retire home to England; but Henry, after thanking him for his services, "told him he must continue in his government." Skeffington bowed to this mandate of his sovereign, and died as Lord Deputy in the following month of December, 1535, "leaving," says Playfair, "the character of a worthy governor, and among his other virtues, that of being very just of his word and promise." He was honourably interred, according to his dignity, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and a monument was erected to him in Skeffington.

Although he rendered important public services, and sacrificed his health to his sense of public duty, when he needed repose, yet he obtained no rewards of title or lands which he could transmit to his posterity, while courtiers and carpet knights, intriguers and intrigantes, alike devoid of public or personal virtues, were raised from obscurity, gilt over with the tinsel of wealth, and emblazoned with titles. Even his widow, the Lady Skeffington, had much difficulty and delay in obtaining a settlement of the arrears of his official salary, and received most opposition in her demands from subordinates about the Castle, who had been her late husband's most obsequious attendants.

Sir William Skeffington was the last Lord Lieutenant of Ireland of the Roman Catholic faith preceding the Reformation. His will, all in his own handwriting, presents a strong illustration of the tendency of the English lay aristocracy, of that communion, to make bequests for "pious purposes," and is referred to here merely as an historical fact. After bequeathing various sums to the poor, he left certain sums "to the altar for my tythes and oblacons forgotten in discharging of my conscience;" also sums to the parish church of Skeffington, to the cathedral church of

that bloody battle-ground. I dismounted, threw the bridle over my arm, and went picking my way through piteous obstacles. I thought, at first, of taking a cross or medal for a keepsake, but could not bring myself to tear from a defenceless breast what its brave owner would have defended at cost of life itself. Presently I came upon a group of men and horses overthrown in confusion: corpses of them I mean, of course: three slain lancers of the Polish Guard, and, evidently, their slayer with them. You remember I said 'a brave man's blood?'

He nodded assent.

"His horse had fallen first: perhaps that alone lost him. He had not been killed outright, for he was sitting propped against the poor brute's carcase. By the skull and crossbones on its trappings and his uniform, I knew him for a Death's-head Brunswicker. Poor fellow! he was cold and stiff—his dying grip fast on this little book, open at this very page. He had a wound, among others, on his forehead. This drop must have fallen as he bent over the book. I took it, put it in my sabretasch, mounted, and rode fast away. For days and days I was uneasy, as if I had robbed the dead. I did not once take out or open the little book of prayers. When at last I did, the sentence on the fly-leaf read like an absolution and a pious bequest. 'Must oft be read!' Ay, boy, I have read and read, learnt and repeated these old Latin prayers, till I fancy sometimes some of their spirit has passed into mine. At war, in peace, in camp, at home, I have treasured and carried the dead Brunswicker's book. They shall put it in my shroud with me. I wish I could take it bodily with me into 'kingdom come' to return it to the Brunswicker. Pray God I may meet him there, with 'Gretli,' too, to thank them for the loan of it."

Then uprose the Colonel, and whistled "The British Grenadiers." That is not a devotional tune, nor is whistling a good vehicle for church music; nevertheless, Edward Locksley felt as if he listened to a solemn psalm.

"Now, Ned, look alive! Come along, Colonel!" cried Keane, from below. "Time to be going aboard."

They descended to the beach. The

boy with the coble was there, and his father, too.

"Neap tides this a'ternoon, gentlemen," holloed the latter, though stood within a yard of them. He was wont to lose one-half his work, blown down his throat, upon the windy Skerry.

"Boat's aground, seemin'ly: can't we wait till't turns again?"

"Not if we're to make Freat before sundown," said the owner. "What sort of bottom is it?"

"Soft and sandy, master: ye mought pole her out into deep water wi' an harmin' her keel, easily."

"Well, we'll try it, anyhow."

"Send boy back for me, to help shove, if she's very fast, master."

"Ay, ay," cried Keane, as they put off in the coble.

Fast she was, sure enough. The boy went back, and brought his broad-shouldered sire to assist. Up to the waist in water, he applied the strength of those broad shoulders to the task. A few strains, and a few grunts, war-ruswise; then she began to slide, ever so little.

"Yeo ho, heave ho!" and off she goes at last.

Keane was in the bows, pole in hand, and one foot on the sprit. A few words passed between him and his helpers, which for the flapping of the sails that the Colonel was hoisting were not heard by Ned. He was at the helm again. They were soon out of shoal water, and had all aboard ship-shape. Ned called out to his cousin—

"Did you 'tip' those fellows, Keane?"

"No. Why should I?"

"They took a deal of trouble to get us off."

"Well, why shouldn't they?"

"I don't say they shouldn't; but we should have 'tipped' them."

"Bother them, they'll do well enough."

"That's more than we've done."

"Don't seem to see it," argued Keane. "The shilling's as well in our pocket as theirs. What's the use of shillings at the Skerry? The sea news don't keep shops: ha, ha, ha!"

Keane laughed at his own joke, but the laugh grated on his cousin's ear.

This was but one day of many spent in the Colonel's company. He

took as kindly to the youngsters as they admiringly to him. Keane said he thought him good fun. Ned secretly resented this off-hand expression. He relished the fun to the full as much as his cousin; but owned, in the very fibre of his heart, that some better thing than fun might be gotten out of the old soldier's company. The Colonel would laugh, himself, at camp jokes and anecdotes till his sides seemed in danger of splitting the close-buttoned military frock. But under the straining cloth, Ned's eye seemed ever to discern the squared edges of the Brunswicker's prayer-book. "Old Colonel," as the boys might call him, he was hard, and hale, and active yet. His stories came down to the most modern military times. He was home on a year's furlough from India, where his regiment was likely to remain some time. He would often say that he could bear no longer the slip-shod scuffle of promenaders on the Esplanade, that his ear pined for the measured thunder of a regiment's tramp. He declared that the "Gazettes" in the *Times* put him in terror twice a-week, lest he should read his own name amongst unfortunates "shoved upon the Major-General's shelf."

"I don't want to lay-by just yet, boys. I've neither chick nor child, and can't feel at home but in camp or barrack-yard."

Ned's great delight was to get him upon Indian ground—the only true field for a soldier's energy, as it then appeared.

"Tell you what, Colonel, if I take a shilling, I shall take it from John Company sooner than from Her gracious Majesty."

The old "Queen's officer"—King's officer that had been so long—would shake his head at this, and purse up his mouth; nevertheless, Ned's reasonings were not easily gainsaid.

"Take the Company's shilling!" cried Keane, contemptuously; "what's the good? India's used up. Nothing but dry sticks come rattling down, now-a-days, for shaking the Pagoda tree. Better stop at home, and feather your nest at Cransdale, Ned, my boy."

"Stop at home I shall," Ned answered, somewhat ruffled; "but as for feathers, I'd sooner have them on my wings than in my nest."

"Well said, youngster," quoth Colonel Blunt.

The vacation drew to a close. The elder Locksley came down again to Freshet, for no timber ships had been there when he first came with his wife and son. Ned had advised him now that two Norwegians had at last appeared. They were at anchor far from the fashionable promenade, opposite a crazy old pier, whence a flight of steps, slippery with tangle, led down to a strip of beach. The shingle had long since disappeared under layers of broken bottles and fragmentary crockery, lobster claws and oyster shells, battered tea-kettles and sodden cabbage stumps. Not even daily ebb and flow could clear the melancholy "detritus" away. Thither came Robert Locksley, with his son, to hail the nearest Norwegian for a boat. But, looking downwards, Ned perceived the coble from the Skerry, with her nose on that unsavoury strip of sea-beach, and the boy asleep in her.

"Holloa, boy, put us aboard the barque there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boy, trained by his father, the old coastguardsmen, to obey at once a voice of authority; but there was a sulkiness about his deference, for all his practical obedience.

"Hold on alongside, we shan't be long aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir," with a grumble and a scowl.

But the scowl vanished in a pleasurable grin, and the grumble into the cheeriest of "Thank'ee, sirs," as the coble touched the slimy steps, and Ned handed over three half-crowns.

"You must be flush of money, Ned, to pay such wages for such work. Easy earnings, seven and sixpence for five hundred yards!" his father said.

"Do you remember Tommy Wilmot and the bag of marbles, pappy?"

"Can't say I do. Did you give him seven and sixpence for it?"

"It was a practical discourse of yours on compensation, pappy dear, that little affair of Tommy's. But never mind; it's another man's secret why the boy there got seven and six. Come along."

Away they went, arm in arm, happy father and happy son, trusting and trustworthy in a great matter or in a small.

The next day was to be their last at Freshet. Mr. Locksley and the Colonel were both to accompany the ladies in a carriage drive to some ruin on a headland, which Ned had visited, and did not care to see again. He, therefore, and Keane took a farewell cruise. They sailed westward to a rocky islet half way between the mainland and the Skerry. They had both fowling-piece and rifle aboard, though Ned said he would shoot no more at sea-mews. The rock was reached and rounded without adventure. On the return, however, they came across a large, rare, diving-bird. It kept swimming, ducking, disappearing and reappearing right in front of them, in the most persevering and tantalizing manner. Ned's vow was against purposeless murder of sea-mews; but the securing of such a specimen could not fall under its provisions. Forbid it science! to say nothing of sport. Ned was as eager as Keane to get a fair shot at it. Bang! and bang! went both barrels at last. But the saucy diver must have witnessed experiments with Eley's patent cartridges before that afternoon, so accurately did it calculate their utmost range, and keep just out of it.

"It's not a bit of use, Ned," said Keane, "shot won't touch him; you must try the rifle."

He took it in hand, and waited with patient, deliberate aim till the bird rose up once more in the water, flapping his fin-like wings in a sort of mockery. "Crack!" "No go!" said both boys as, true to his kind, the diver dived.

"You've winged him, though!" cried Keane, breathless with excitement, as the bird, once more on the surface, took to churning the water with piteous flaps.

"Haul a bit on the mainsheet! I'll steer down on him!"

The Lady Constance skimmed the water as if the steersman's eagerness had quickened her very frame. The bird seemed unable to dive again but swam fast away. Not so fast, however, as the Lady Constance, which was soon up with and almost over it. Keane let the rudder go and made a clutch at the bird as it passed under

the stern. The Lady Constance broached and fell away. Keane went overboard, with an agonizing cry for help. Born by the sea-shore, and at home from boyhood on its waves, the lad, like so many of his breed, could not swim a stroke. The Friesian was more truly amphibious. His coat and shoes were off in a twinkling. As lithe as otter or seal, he was in the water to the rescue.

"All right, old fellow! Here I am! Don't catch at me! don't splash so! tread water gently and I'll keep you afloat."

He had him tight by the collar for a moment behind. So far so good. The mischief was, that the current was not strong enough to keep the Lady Constance from drifting before the wind, though strong enough to make pulling Keane against it no joke. Ned saw the distance increasing with dismay. To save himself were but a sport of swimming; but this widow's only son—to think of losing him. He struck out with steady but desperate force. A great floating rack of seaweed came happily down the current, plump against the bows of the boat, and stopped her way a little. Ned had presence of mind to note the slackening, and redoubled his efforts. Thus both lads' lives were saved. But when they had hoisted themselves by main force over the gunwale on board again, he was exhausted, and for a few minutes lay on his back.

When he got breath again he sat up and took the tiller-bar in hand.

"Mind the sheets, Keane, haul the jib closer home."

He put the boat's head seaward.

"What on earth are you after, Ned? Let's make for the pier-head quick," said the other dripping lad.

"After the puffin, to be sure," he answered, imperturbably. "A little tauter: that will do."

The bird was once more overtaken, and this time secured in safety. Neither then nor thereafter did one word touching Keane's rescue cross the lips of Ned Locksley, which was characteristic of him. But not one word crossed Keane's lips either, which was also characteristic of him.

CHAPTER V.

IT was after Easter the following year. New men were in office. Their first measure of importance had been carried by a narrow majority in the Commons. Upon its reception "in another place" might hang the fate of Government. An animated debate: perhaps a close division, would enliven the decorous monotony of the Upper House. To make matters worse, the noble Earl who led for Ministers was feverish and in bed. Much would depend upon a very young debater, and still younger official, Under Secretary to the department which the Bill more immediately affected.

"Nervous thing for Royston," said one junior peer to another coming in from the lobby. "Does he funk it much?"

"I don't know whether he does; but I should think Government did." They looked up at the ladies mustering in force already.

"Any thing worth looking at?" asked one hereditary legislator, who wore an eyeglass because he really was near-sighted.

"Nothing particular, except the Cransdale girl," quoth his compeer, superciliously.

"Well she is particular. And how well her mother wears."

"Ah! to my mind, she beats Lady Constance hollow."

"Hardly that; but she's a grand type certainly. There's Royston up now, isn't he? Hear, hear!"

Lord Royston was up, and, luckily for him, without suspicion that the eyes of Lady Cransdale and her daughter were upon him. His opening sentences were firm and self-possessed. He was well on in his speech when, during an interruption on a point of statistics, he first became aware of it. The discovery during an oratorical period might have thrown him off his balance; but having a blue book in hand and a string of figures in mouth to confute his noble interrupter, time was given him to recover before launching out again. His argument was precise and clear, and as he came to the wider political and moral aspects of the measure, enthusiasm roused him to eloquence. Cheers with the chill off, somewhat

rare in that senate of patricians, greeted his winding up. When he sat down he had earned a genuine and honourable success. Several distinguished elders came across and shook hands with him. The subsequent debate was lively, but the division favourable. And Lady Constance had been looking on.

Her mother's presence with her was a stronger instance of interest in their young kinsman than even he had dared to reckon upon. Lady Cransdale had not been at a debate since her own dear Philip had spoken on his return from India, those weary widowed years and years ago.

It was happy for such interests of the British Empire as the business of Lord Royston's Under-Secretaryship might affect that nothing complex or important was on hand next morning. Choice between horns of one dilemma at a time is sufficient for the mind of any budding statesman. And the noble Under-Secretary was sorely exercised by the momentous question: "Should he call or not upon the Cransdales to thank them for their presence?" To do so might savour of vanity; not to do so, of indifference. It would not do to look ungrateful, nor would it do better to look like fishing for compliments. As he docketed papers and scrawled signatures mechanically, determination went swinging to-and-fro. The question ended, as so many do, by settling itself. Riding up through St. James's after office-hours, he met the Cransdale carriage, and the Countess beckoned to him.

"Well, Royston, I congratulate you. We were in the House last night."

"Almost to my discomfiture."

"Civil! when we took so much interest in your success."

"True, though. Friends make the worst audience."

"Then why do they go to back a man up and cheer him?"

"Oh, party friends, that's quite another thing. Yet they would be nothing but for party enemies."

"Do you really mean," said Lady Constance, "that you would sooner face enemies than friends?"

"Than some friends, certainly," he answered, flushing to his hat brim.

"But last night," said her mother,

"the interest must have been too keen to let you care for individual hearers, friend or foe."

"Keen enough, but there are keener."

He was afraid of his own boldness, and did not dare to look up and see his triumph in Constance's soft eyes, when her mother assured him that many of the first men in the House had spoken of it in the highest terms.

"Have you heard from Philip?" he asked, to turn off the conversation and escape from its delicious pain.

"Oh, yes! And the boys have whole holiday on Thursday, so I'll have up him and Ned to town. Come and dine with us to meet them."

"Delighted!" said the Under-Secretary, bringing his spurs, in unadvised ecstasy, so near his spirited horse's flanks that he started off and went plunging up Constitution-hill in wildest fashion.

"Royston's been and done it just about, Ned," cried Philip, bouncing into Locksley's room, the *Times* in one hand, and his mother's letter in the other. Unconsciously merciless, he threw down the newspaper and insisted upon inflicting Lady Cransdale's account of her visit to the House upon his friend. "I've a scrap of a note from Con, too, and she says it was 'out and out.'"

"I don't believe it," blurted out Ned, beside himself.

"Don't believe what? Not what Con says of Royston's speech? Read it in the *Times*, then, and you'll see 'twas an out and outer."

"Perhaps it was, but she never talks slang," said Ned, catching at a means of extricating himself.

"Oh, bother, Ned, we're mighty particular all of a sudden, eh? Anyhow, Constance says she thought it fine and eloquent. And we shall have an opportunity of patting him on the back for it. Mammy says we may go up to town on Thursday."

Close conflict was in Ned's heart, between delight at the thought of seeing Lady Constance, and pain at seeing Lord Royston in her company. Young "grown men" have an irritating way sometimes of making young "ungrown men" feel their distance from their immediate elders; but Lord Royston had never so dealt by Ned. He liked the lad, and respected him; and, in his own undemonstrative way,

had shown him that he did. Now, ingratitude was Ned's abhorrence, yet there is a gratitude most ungrateful to him that pays it. He owned obligation, but felt its withes cut to the bone the wrists it bound. For, as my readers have seen long since, the poor lad's heart had yielded to the mastery of that passion which makes boys men—and men, boys. He knew not—how should he?—at what precise period Constance had lost her sisterly character, and stood out robed before his eyes in all the royalties of love; but early jealousy of Royston had long since taught him how to the word "passion" the old Latin meaning clings—how truly it is "a suffering." Yet Lady Constance's manner towards himself was less reserved and more affectionate than towards the other. Ned would exult in this sometimes, and sometimes quail at it. Sometimes his own lifelong intimacy with her would be counted gain, and sometimes loss. They stood upon such different footings that nothing fairly showed her judgment as between them.

"If I, too, were a distant kinsman, or he, too, were the close companion of her childhood, perhaps I might conjecture what she feels concerning us!" As for Lord Royston's feeling concerning her, spite of his equable demeanour, Ned had with unerring instinct conjectured it by countless subtle tokens. He knew that one name lay hidden in his own heart and in her kinsman's, and the knowledge was his daily disquieting.

It never troubled him that Lady Constance was his elder. For, first, the difference was no great one at the most; and, next, man's conscious manliness carries a consciousness of headship with it which takes little account of difference in age. The feeling takes an ugly shape at times. An urchin in the nursery, who cannot reach up to the father's knee, will class himself with him, and say, "We, men," in full disdain of mother, nurse, and elder sisters. Yet purge it of its arrogance, as fire of love can purge it purest, and the feeling is manly and worthy of a man. Younger men are wont to set their heart on older, older men on younger, women than themselves. Experience of life has not yet shown me that the older man's is always, or often, the truest ideal of what is love-

worthy in woman. But, in truth, it did trouble Ned right sore that the man whose rivalry he had divined should be his elder. Such a lady's wooers must prove their worth, and Royston was proving his worthily; that could not be denied. Royston's were a man's efforts and a man's successes; his own, mere schoolboy struggles, and their meed a schoolboy's prize. His thought was ever fretting at the contrast—ever fretting, and ever devising how best to burst upon a sudden the boundary which fences boyhood off from man's estate. Oh, for one single day of battle! That would alter all! A beardless ensign carries the flaunting silk into the storm of bullets, and comes out a veteran, with the torn flag in his hand. The countless deaths that have resulted have aged him in honour and esteem. There be days of fight which count for years of service, not in the Army List alone, but in the common account of men's opinion. No soldiering was afoot in Europe; but India was a frequent field of battle. One day of Hindostan might put a badge of manhood on his breast at which old men should bow.

Such were the floating fancies in his mind, which a few chance words were soon to fix. There was no party at the Cransdales on the Thursday; only another cousin besides Royston, one Katey Kilmore, god-child and namesake of the Countess. Of course, then, the Under-Secretary gave his arm to Lady Cransdale; Philip his to cousin Katey; Ned his, with tremor of delight, to Constance. Poor boy! the dainty white hand on his arm, the hand which had clasped his a thousand times in careless, childish play, now sent a thrill to his heart's core at every touch.

"Phil tell me, Lady Constance, you went to the debate."

He could not keep himself from speaking of what it vexed him sore to think of.

What a strange contrast between "Phil," the old familiar word, and that formal "Lady Constance." Once it had been "Con," and "Phil," and "Ned," at all times; but an awe was creeping over him against which the oldest intimacy could not prevail. She did not seem to notice it.

"Oh, yes; and I liked it wonder-

fully. I wish it had been in the Commons though."

That was well; it was not all for Royston's sake she had enjoyed it.

"Why rather in the Commons!"

"Because of the more lively stir and action, to be sure. Great questions are decided there, nine times out of ten. Royston says he wishes his seat were in that House."

This dashed the cup of comfort from his lips, all the more cruelly that the young lord turned at hearing his own name, and looked his pleasure at her giving weight to words of his.

It cost Ned something to continue.

"So you like stir and action?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"What do you think of soldiering then, Lady Constance?" he next asked, nerving himself as a gambler against his nervousness by calling a higher stake.

"Come, Con," cried her brother, overhearing this, though Ned had not spoken loud, "say your say about soldiering, then we'll have Katey's."

"I don't care for red coats and gold epaulettes, Phil, anyhow; and bearskins are my bogies."

"You're a muff, Con," he retorted. "Now, Katey, what say you?"

She had one brother in the "Coldstream," and one hoping for the "Fusiliers," so she cried, "The Guards for ever! Phil."

"Bravo, Katey; you shall be vivandière to our battalion."

Whilst they were laughing at their own fun, Ned said very gravely and quietly to Constance, "Of course I didn't mean the Guards, they only play at soldiers now-a-days; but real soldiering in camps and colonies; what do you think of that?"

"Better, at all events; but all soldiering is dangling idle work in time of peace."

"Not everywhere. Not in India, for instance."

"India, I grant you; that is a field for a man's career. It should be mine if I were one. Soldier, statesman, missionary—there are endless roads to greatness there."

She wondered, as she looked at him, what the rush of blood to his forehead should mean—what the blaze that kindled in his eyes.

"Since when have you thought over Indian careers, pray?"

"Since when have I not, Ned? Have you forgotten that I am a Hindoo girl myself—that dearest pappy's official greatness was all Indian? I have read all his despatches that are in print, and some in manuscript besides, and every book of Indian travel or adventure I can lay my hands upon."

"How strange of me to have forgotten it!" said Ned.

Thereupon he fell into dead silence. She wondered all the more at him. She little knew her sweet lips had spoken doom of exile against a playmate from the cradle. Her wonder did not outlive the day; but thenceforth dated a new manner of intercourse between herself and Ned. Down at Cransdale in the midsummer holidays, under the cedars at noon-tide, on horseback in the long soft evenings, they would hold continuous and grave conversations. Phil voted them prodigious bores. "A talk with you two is about as lively as an hour up to Hawtrey in Thucydides. I wish I'd Katey Kilmore to run wild a bit upon the moor with me."

Boys on their way to manhood will pass through certain heroic moods, such as more callous—shall I say trivial?—elders mock at. Silly scorn! The tone and colour of the finished life-picture may recal but faintly, by-and-by, the prismatic hues of the first "study" for it; the grouping may be strangely varied, the firmest outlines show "repentings," yet each worthiest work must needs retain indelible impress of that first conception.

"Heroic moods, indeed!" say some. "Walking on stilts, you mean: the lad's best friend is he that soonest brings him to his legs again." "Not if he break them in the bringing down," I say. And I would rather, when the stilts are dropped, see the boy stride, or even strut, than lounge and shuffle.

Scorn boy-heroics or not, good reader, you will agree with me that since a female figure must needs haunt them, it is huge advantage to the man that shall be when its proportions of worth and beauty are truly just and noble—are genuine realities, not figments of his fancy. Come of his green passion what may, 'tis well for him that she who kindles it be

one for whose love "a world" were indeed "well lost." And such was Lady Constance. She was nearly twenty now; her girlish grace and freshness not worn off, but ripening into womanly glories. Two seasons' experience of the great London world had left her untainted, but not undisciplined. Her conversation fed and sustained the loftiest of the lad's aspirations. Had he but counted her as truly sister as she held him brother, all had been well, and this fresh intimacy had proved to him an unalloyed advantage. As it was now, the very mind was saturated with the sweet poison wherewith the heart was sick. But he put strong constraint upon himself, and hid this from her. That would have been perhaps impossible could she but once have gained a sight of him at distance, so to speak. However, she suspected nothing. He stood as he had always stood—too near.

Those were blissful holidays. No Royston was there to be a fly in amber. His very triumph had brought him tribulation. His department had to undergo remodeling in virtue of the very Bill that he had helped to pass, and he was chained to his Under-Secretary's desk. School-days were over, too, for good and all. Neither Phil nor Ned was to return next half to Eton. The former expected his commission daily, the latter was entered at Christchurch. That troubled him, however, so there was a fly in his amber after all. His repugnance against any but a soldier's career grew daily, yet he had not imparted it to his father—a second cause of inward disquiet.

His reserve on this one point was foreign to all their life-long relation to one another, a new growth, not rooted in any strange undutifulness or new mistrust; but only in excessive tenderness and lingering self-devotion. He must not follow the promptings of a dream, pushing him out of the beaten track of duty. How could an Indian soldier—gone in quest of name and fame, to find both or neither, perhaps on a field of death—play an only son's part to such dear parents in their quiet English home? What vexed him most in brooding on his love for Lady Constance was this doublefacedness. Sometimes it seem-

ed the essence of unselfishness, it won him so far out of his inner self; sometimes it seemed a selfishness in quintessence, so utterly did it seduce him into forgetfulness of them. And when either parent spake, as parents will, of that coming Oxford life to which he could not feel heartily resigned, he hated the half-hypocrisy which shut his lips or opened them with words of little meaning.

Robert Locksley took little if any notice of such symptoms of inner conflict as might sometimes have been perceptible in the outward bearing of his son; nor would perception of them have set him on conjecture. Ned's confidence was certain to be given him in good time; no fear of that. But meek-hearted Lucy had more misgivings: meek hearts look out at clear eyes oftentimes. She would not question, she could hardly

bear to watch him, and indicate or even entertain suspicion thus against his trust in her. But it is hard to keep a mother's hungry watchfulness of love from off her only one. Following with delicate acuteness the boy's dreamiest glances, her own glance found itself carried, more than once, into a corner of the sitting-room, where the grandfather's sword hung. The blue steel seemed to pierce her own heart then. She thought of last year at Freshet, how quick and close an intimacy had sprung up between her son and the old soldier, how Ned had relished his campaigning stories, grave or gay. But she could hardly bring herself to accept that interpretation of her boy's unrest. His will had ever been too steadfast, his very fancy too self-controlled to be moved lightly to some novel scheme of life.

ANTRIM CASTLE.

PART II.

THE death of the stormy petrel of Presbytery, Sir John Clotworthy, first Viscount Massareene, in the month of September, 1685, made way for his son-in-law, Sir John Skeffington, fifth Baronet, second Viscount Massareene, as owner of Antrim Castle; and from thenceforward the family name of Clotworthy became merged in that of Skeffington. The Saxon and the Norman contend for the honour of giving birth to the founder of this ancient family. The former, appealing to philological evidence, suggests that the name is composed of the Saxon word *scaef*, a sheaf, *inge*, a meadow, and *tun*, a town—"the sheaf of the meadow town:" and until about the beginning of the present century, a sheaf on a tun—a symbol of the family—was pointed out in the window of an ancient mansion in the village of Skeffington, in Leicestershire. Another derivation is also referred to, namely, *scaev*, a sheep, and *ton*, a town, i.e., "the sheep town." But the old Saxon Chronicle interposes, and points out that *scaef*, or *scaev*, was neither a sheaf nor a sheep, but a veritable Saxon man, of very ancient lineage indeed, for ac-

cording to that recondite authority, he was the son of Noah! an ancestral flight of fancy by no means uncommon, for the ancient Greeks, when at a loss for an ancestor to one of their heroes, wrote him down the son of Jupiter; and more than one Hibernian of unmistakable Milesian descent has rambled over the battle-field of Hastings for a putative ancestor. But the Norman, disdaining etymological evidence, appeals with confidence to ancient usage or the common law, and shows that in the twelfth, and down to the fifteenth century—a period of three hundred years—the name was written and used with the Norman prefix "De," namely, "De Skeffington," which proved their descent to be Norman. In the General Survey, Sciftitone is noticed in Domesday Book, which was compiled in the year 1087, twenty-one years after the Conquest, and is stated there to be part of the royal manor of Rodolei; and about a hundred years afterwards, 1188, Sir John de Skeffington made a grant of part of these lands to the Abbey of St. Mary de Protis.

John de Skeffington, living in 1421,

added considerably to the family property by his marriage with Margaret, daughter and heiress of William Ouldbief and Maude Deane, his wife, who was daughter and heiress of Brien Deane. This John de Skeffington was the first of the family that dropped the Norman prefix "De," in deference to the sturdy opinions of his father-in-law, Ouldbief, who being of Saxon descent himself, was chafed at the notion of any of his blood having a badge of the Norman conqueror about them. By this union, John Skeffington had a son, Thomas, living 1460—a very pious person, and particular friend of John Seaman, prior of the Order of Carthusians, London. By Mary, his wife, Thomas had three sons, William Skeffington, who became Lord Deputy of Ireland; Sir John Skeffington, knight, alderman of London, merchant of the staple at Calais, and lord of the manor of Fisherwick, in Staffordshire; and Thomas Skeffington, esquire. The eldest, Sir William Skeffington occupies an important page in the history of his country. He was knighted by Henry VII., and appointed, in 1529, by Henry VIII. to the high office of the King's Commissioner in Ireland to inquire into and report upon the administration of public affairs there, to suggest means to restrain the exactions of the soldiers, call a parliament, and have the possessions of the clergy made subject to their proportion of the public charge. The care and fidelity he displayed in executing the commission, obtained for him, in the following year, the appointment of Master of the Ordnance in England, which he held only a few months when he was sent back to Ireland, in 1530, in the more distinguished office of Lord Deputy, accompanied by Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, who, being jealous of his appointment, found means to thwart him in the administration of public affairs.

Hollinshed gives a graphic picture of their reception on the green of St. Mary's Abbey by the mayor and citizens of Dublin, in procession; how they hailed the Lord Deputy as their deliverer from "the insolencies of O'Neill, O'Connor, and O'More;" the "pithie oration" of the Recorder, Fitzsimons, and the Lord Deputy's speech in reply to "Master Mayor and Master Recorder."

In the following year the Lord Deputy Skeffington, accompanied by Kildare, marched an army, increased by the forces of some Irish chiefs, into Tyrone, which they burned from Dungal to Avonmore, devastated the territory of Bryan-na-Murtough O'Neill, and demolished O'Neill's castle of Kinard, now Caledon, but did not attempt to cross the Blackwater into Tyrone proper, for O'Neill stood before them with an immense force, and they retired. The Lord Deputy, in the following year, 1532, undertook another expedition into Ulster, where he was joined by O'Donnell and Maguire. Entering Tyrone, they demolished Dungannon, and spoiled the country. Skeffington and Kildare had now become open enemies, and sent letters and messengers to the Council in England, containing mutual accusations. Kildare thereupon went over to England, and succeeded not only in having Sir William Skeffington recalled, but himself appointed in his place. Returning to Dublin, in August, 1532, he received the Sword of State from Skeffington. On this occasion, the new Lord Deputy showed little magnanimity or courtesy to his predecessor; for Hollinshed states that "Kildare, having received the sword, would permit Skeffington, who was late Governour, to dance attendance among the other suiters, in his house at Dublin, named the Carbry." Sir William retired to England to his house of "Skeffington," leaving his secretary, Thomas Cannon, behind him to watch events, and he kept up a correspondence with Secretary Cromwell, which consisted chiefly of reflections on the conduct of Kildare. The latter soon got into trouble. Grave accusations were made against him by the Anglo-Irish nobles and Council, and also by Cannon, who formed one of a deputation to England to accuse him. Kildare was summoned over to answer those charges. In February, 1534, he held a council at Drogheda, and nominated his son Thomas, then only twenty years of age, and of a "hot and active temper," Vice-Deputy. On visiting King Henry's Court and Council, he was consigned to the Tower. An unfounded rumour circulated that he was beheaded; and on the morning of the 11th of June, 1534, his son Thomas, the young and haughty chief of

the Geraldines, cast from him the sword of state on the council table at St. Mary's Abbey, and rushed forth into war.

Alarmed by this formidable rebellion of the most powerful of his English subjects of the Pale in Ireland, King Henry prevailed on Sir William Skeffington, then far advanced in life, and enjoying repose at his ancient seat of Skeffington Hall, to resume his office of Lord Deputy, and suppress the rebellion. Skeffington accepted the trust, and landed in Ireland, in October, with a large and well-equipped army. His progress was marked by consummate skill. Sending his fleet towards Drogheda, he captured Brode, one of Fitzgerald's naval commanders. In return, Drogheda was besieged by Fitzgerald; but the Lord Deputy marched there, raised the siege, and proclaimed Lord Thomas a traitor at the High Cross.

In the following spring, hostilities re-commenced. Fitzgerald, depending on the strength of his six castles of Carlow, Maynooth, Rathangan, Athy, Ley, and Portlester, passed into Connaught to raise additional forces among his allies. Taking advantage of his absence, Skeffington laid siege to Maynooth. It is stated that the artillery played upon it for ten or twelve days without effect; but at last, Parese, the governor, conveyed a letter to the Lord Deputy, intimating that he would surrender on "certain conditions which imported his own profit." The offer was accepted, and Parese, after a successful sally made by the garrison, gave them a "carouse to that degree that they were all dead drunk;" and then, upon a signal from Parese, the English scaled the walls at a breach, and entering the castle, obtained "rich spoil and plunder." Parese, by order of Sir William Skeffington, was paid his reward, and instantly beheaded for his traitorous conduct to his master.

At Naas, the Lord Deputy came up with the remnant of the Geraldine's army, which was much thinned by desertion after the fall of Maynooth, and captured 140 of his gallowglasses, whom he put to death. Fitzgerald was never after able to muster any considerable force, although he continued to skirmish and ravage the English Pale. Eventually he retired

to Offaly, where he was followed by the Lord Deputy, and surrendered on promise of pardon, which was violated by Henry, who had him committed to the Tower, and executed, with his five uncles, to extirpate, as he thought, the race of the Geraldines.

Having faithfully fulfilled his mission and re-established peace, the Lord Deputy Skeffington solicited the king, by reason of his "age and infirmities," to surrender his office, and retire home to England; but Henry, after thanking him for his services, "told him he must continue in his government." Skeffington bowed to this mandate of his sovereign, and died as Lord Deputy in the following month of December, 1535, "leaving," says Playfair, "the character of a worthy governor, and among his other virtues, that of being very just of his word and promise." He was honourably interred, according to his dignity, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and a monument was erected to him in Skeffington.

Although he rendered important public services, and sacrificed his health to his sense of public duty, when he needed repose, yet he obtained no rewards of title or lands which he could transmit to his posterity, while courtiers and carpet knights, intriguers and intrigantes, alike devoid of public or personal virtues, were raised from obscurity, gilt over with the tinsel of wealth, and emblazoned with titles. Even his widow, the Lady Skeffington, had much difficulty and delay in obtaining a settlement of the arrears of his official salary, and received most opposition in her demands from subordinates about the Castle, who had been her late husband's most obsequious attendants.

Sir William Skeffington was the last Lord Lieutenant of Ireland of the Roman Catholic faith preceding the Reformation. His will, all in his own handwriting, presents a strong illustration of the tendency of the English lay aristocracy, of that communion, to make bequests for "pious purposes," and is referred to here merely as an historical fact. After bequeathing various sums to the poor, he left certain sums "to the altar for my tythes and oblacons forgotten in discharging of my conscience;" also sums to the parish church of Skeffington, to the cathedral church of

Lincoln, to the church of Bylesdon, the church of Tylton, the church of Tongby, to "every of the houses of Freers in Leicester, to be paid to them so soon as it is knowne that I am departed this world, that they may sing their trentals for my soule immediately;" also to the priest of the place, and to the "autar to pray for my soule;" and "I will that a priest be found of my goods" (i.e., at his expense) "for the space of five years, to wait of my wife, and to sing at Skevington for my soule, my wife's soule, and my father's soule, and my mother's, John Skevington, and Jesse Ingwardly, my Lord Marquis' (Dorset), "and all the soules that I stand charged for and I am bound to pray for." He next provides for the priest's salary, and "black cloth for his gowne." And bequeathes certain sums to the poor people in the towns next adjoining Skevington, "to be dealt all on one Friday, about ten of the clock of the same day; and the priests of every of the said townes to have *iiii*d. to say masses of remembering of my soule the same day, and the poor people to be warned to hear the said masses." Certain specific legacies which followed are curiously illustrative of the dress of the day. His eldest son was to have his "gowne of tanney velvett furred with booge, and a black damask gowne lyned with sarsnett;" his brother Thomas his "black gowne bound with velvett and furred with bogy;" and to his cousin, William Durham, his "black prick-gowne furred with boge."

Thomas Skeffington, the grandson of the Lord Deputy, in addition to the ancient manor of Skeffington, was possessed of Datchurst, in Kent, and the manor of Arley, in Warwickshire. He married Isabella, daughter of Sir John Byron, of Newstead, ancestor of the noble poet Byron, and was sheriff of Warwick in 1588. The famous Spanish Armada having threatened the shores of England, he raised and armed 12,530 men in defence of the nation, and sent 2,000 of the choicest of them to Tilbury camp for training. He had two sons, Sir William and John, and several daughters.

In that most agreeable work, "The Family Romance," Sir Bernard Burke relates a story in his own

graceful way, about these brothers, which he calls "The Sorrow of the Skeffingtons." It is not a fanciful sketch, but founded on fact, the particulars being given at length in "Nicholl's History of Leicestershire." Sir William Skeffington, the eldest, married one of the loveliest ladies of the land, a daughter of Sir Richard Chetwode, of Warkworth; "but," says Burton, "he was so possessed with the Italian humour of jealousy, that he would not vouchsafe that she should either see or be seen, to converse or be conversed withal, though she was a lady of many worthy parts, well qualified, and of great deserts." No favourite of an Oriental despot was ever more secluded. When taking the air in the grounds and park of Skeffington, she was always preceded and followed by a body-guard of domestics, who were not themselves to approach within a prescribed distance, and were not to allow others to approach on pain of instant dismissal. Sir William died s.p., in 1605, leaving his brother John, by whom he was succeeded. After mourning her liege lord for the usual period, with all the outward accompaniments of grief, and not without some inward sorrow for one who so idolized her, Lady Skeffington again mixed with the world; and with personal charms undiminished, and pecuniary ones considerably augmented, again became "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Penelope herself had not more wooers: some of the highest names in the kingdom were in the list. They were rejected; Lady Skeffington seemed to say to all, in the words of another heroine of the long past—

"Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit, amotes
Abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque
sepulchro,"

when the astounding intelligence reached all ears that the inconsolable Lady Skeffington was married. Yes, she who had heard earls sighing at her feet, had consoled herself with her own groom, Michael Bray! Such a mésalliance, though she was not of the blood of the Skeffingtons, naturally raised their indignation, especially as Lady Skeffington had extensive power over the estates, by virtue of Sir William's will. Disputes arose, and at last a Chancery suit between Sir John Skeffington, Sir William's

brother, and Bray was entered upon. While all parties were at Westminster, in November, 1613, preparing for a hearing, some friends prevailed upon the litigants to attempt a compromise. For this purpose they met at the Hoop Tavern, in Gray's Inn. The conference began in conciliatory terms on both sides; but shortly after, Bray going down stairs, stopped at the bottom with his sword drawn, and as Sir John Skeffington was following him, gave him a mortal wound in his abdomen! On first seeing Bray's naked sword, Sir John Skeffington had drawn his own, and, in falling, mortally wounded Bray. In a few minutes both had ceased to live. His sisters became his co-heirs; and one of them, Ursula, married her third cousin Sir John Skeffington, of Fisherwicke, in Staffordshire, second Baronet, whose father, Thomas, was grandson of the Lord Deputy. Sir John, of Fisherwicke, was now representative in the male line of the ancient family of Skeffington, of Skeffington Hall, where he and his wife Ursula, Lady Skeffington, resided.

He kept up right good state, in the style of the fine old English gentleman of the olden times, in that baronial hall. The farmers of the surrounding district went regularly every day to dinner at "the Hall;" and at a certain hour the poor attended also at a close or detached house near, and were served in a circle with the remnants of the plenteous board. Sir John and the Lady Ursula Skeffington had an only son, Sir William, third baronet, who died without issue, and was succeeded in the title by his uncle, Sir Richard Skeffington, of Fisherwicke, fourth Baronet, from whom the ancient family estate and mansion of Skeffington Hall were diverted by his cousin and niece, Ursula, Lady Skeffington, who joined the other co-heirs in barring the entail and settling the estates and Skeffington Hall on the heir general, from whom it descended to an Irish gentleman, Colonel Sir William Charles Farrell, who assumed the surname of Skeffington. Sir Richard Skeffington, however, had his revenge; for if a persuasive Irishman of the ancient house of O'Farrell of Anally, wooed and won a fair English lady, and deprived him of his ancestral mansion and broad estate, Sir Richard's son

made a reprisal across the Channel, and obtained the hand of an Irish lady not less lovely, and of equal rank and fortune—the Honourable Mary Clotworthy, heiress of Antrim Castle.

Skeffington Hall, according to Playfair's description of it in 1813, was a very elegant structure, the south side castellated; beautiful pleasure-grounds surrounding it. With the naked eye might be seen, over a fertile vale, the field of Naseby and the woods of Skeffington and Ladington. The rooms of this venerable mansion were spacious and numerous, the drawing-room measuring thirty-two feet every way, floored and wainscotted from one oak that grew in Skeffington wood, no joint in any board of it. In the breakfast-room was a curious old carved chimney-piece, in the middle of which were the arms of the family of Skeffington, with no less than thirty quarterings. Sir Richard Skeffington, according to Lodge, was "a most worthy gentleman." He represented Staffordshire, and married Anne, youngest daughter of Sir John Newdegate, knight, of Axbury, in the county of Warwick. He died in the year 1647, and was interred in the church of Broxbourne, where a monument is erected to his memory, with an elaborate panegyric on his many virtues, his piety, mental accomplishments, knowledge of the liberal arts, and distress of mind at the divisions in Church and State. His wife, Anne Lady Skeffington, preceded him to the grave ten years. She lies buried in St. Michael's Church, Coventry, under a monument fixed in the south wall of Mercer's Chapel, with an elegy, in verse, of thirty-one lines, which is a curious specimen of the epitaphs of that day, and is introduced thus:

"An elegiacall epitaph, made upon the death of
that mirror of women, Anne Newdegate,
lady
Skeffington, wife to that true moaning
turtle,
Sir Richard Skeffington, kt., and con-
secrated to
her eternal memorie by the unfeigned
lover of
her virtues, Will Bulstrode, knight."

Sir Richard and Anne Lady Skeffington were the father and mother of Sir John Skeffington, of Fisherwicke, fifth Baronet, second Lord Viscount

Massareene, and Baron of Lough Neagh, the third owner of Antrim Castle.

The second Lord Massareene, in his father-in-law's lifetime, represented the county of Antrim in the Parliament which commenced its sittings in the year 1661 and was dissolved in 1666. He was also of the Privy Council of Charles the Second, was appointed Custos Rotulorum of the county of Derry, and obtained, by patents under the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, grants of lands from the Crown in the baronies of Dunluce, Massareene, Kilconway, Toome, and Antrim, in the county of Antrim, as also lands in the counties of Cavan, Clare, Louth, Monaghan, Tipperary, and Westmeath, all of which, including the family estate of Massareene, made a grand total of about 45,000 acres, statute measure—no mean appanage to a peerage, baronial castle, and wide demesne. For many years after the Restoration, Lord Massareene and his lady and family lived at Antrim Castle, in the retirement of private life, without any disturbing element to break in upon its repose save the death of the Viscountess Massareene's mother, Margaret Viscountess of Massareene, daughter of Roger, Viscount Ranelagh, in the year 1686. James II., soon after he ascended the throne, in 1685, appointed his lordship of his Privy Council and governor of the county of Derry and the town of Coleraine. In three years afterwards the Revolution commenced almost simultaneously in England and Ireland.

The gentry of the county of Antrim, of the revolutionary party, with Lord Massareene at their head, met in Antrim Castle, formed themselves into a body called the "Antrim Association," published a declaration, and appointed Montgomery, Lord Mount-Alexander, and the Honourable Clotworthy Skeffington, Lord Massareene's eldest son, commanders-in-chief of the Antrim forces. They next proceeded to raise troops, and Mr. Skeffington levied and equipped a regiment of foot, and assumed the command as colonel. In a proclamation issued soon after by the Lord Deputy Tyrconnell, ten persons were excepted from pardon, among whom were Lord Massareene and his son, Colonel Skeffington. After the "break of Dro-

more," the Jacobite general, Richard Hamilton, pushed further north, and the garrisons of Belfast and Antrim fled before his victorious arms to Coleraine, burning in their retreat the boats and cots on the Bann, to prevent him crossing into the county of Derry. Lord Massareene, who was then advanced in years, abandoned Antrim Castle, and reached Derry in safety with his family.

Joining the Bishop of Derry, Dr. Hopkins, they sold their horses there to Colonel Forward, and sailed for England. But Lord Massareene left behind him his son and representative, Colonel Clotworthy Skeffington, who distinguished himself during the war. General Hamilton having reached Antrim Castle, occupied it with some detachments of his troops, who seized Lord Massareene's plate, and other valuable property, which were pointed out by one of his lordship's own servants where concealed. A contemporary writer, in noticing this circumstance, observes, "Viscount Massareene, who, besides rich and plentiful furniture in his house, and a mighty stock of horses, mares, and cattle upon his demesne, has lost above £3,000 worth of plate in his house, and has not saved of it so much as a silver spoon." His lordship did not even escape a levy from his own friends, for, according to Lodge, the garrison of Derry seized forty tons of salmon, out of sixty tons, which he had deposited in a warehouse near the city, and the Jacobites took the remainder. His lordship was attainted, with many others, by King James's Parliament, at Dublin; but the attainder was reversed in the following reign, and Lord Massareene took his seat in the House of Peers, in William's first Parliament, which met at Dublin in the year 1692. He afterwards departed this life on the 21st of June, 1695, and was interred at Antrim. He had three sons and four daughters; two of the sons died young, and the third, Colonel Clotworthy Skeffington, became his successor. Two of his daughters were married: Mary, in 1676, to Sir Charles Houghton, of Houghton Tower, in the county of Lancaster, baronet; and Margaret, in 1681, to Sir George St. George.

John, Lord Massareene, was not remarkable for any particularly striking features of character. His dispo-

sition tended more to domesticity than public life. His conduct, however, at the beginning of the Revolution evinced much decision. He was amongst the very first that raised the revolutionary standard in Ireland, and he adhered to it unflinchingly throughout. His advanced years and domestic habits were unsuited to the active military duties which followed; but in retiring from Ireland for the protection of his family, he left behind him the strongest pledge of his devotion to the cause he espoused, in the person of his only surviving son.

Sir Clotworthy Skeffington, sixth Baronet, and third Viscount Massareene, was a man of energy and courage, and possessed considerable military knowledge for a country gentleman. He joined his father in forming the "Antrim Association," and, with Lord Mount-Alexander, held the chief command of their forces. After the break of Dromore, while Hamilton occupied Antrim Castle, and Galmoy held Tyrone, Colonel Skeffington by a skilful manœuvre, at the head of his regiment, possessed himself of Ballaghy Castle, Dawson's-bridge, now Castle-Dawson, and other passes on the Bann, above Portglenone.

One detachment of his regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Houston, was placed at Toome, but could seldom relieve guards, by reason of the floods that overspread the intervening woods of Creagh. Colonel Gordon O'Neill, son of the celebrated Sir Pheлим Roe O'Neill, of 1641, rested for a short time in Antrim Castle, in March, 1688-9, and then pushed on for Toome, and encamped on Drimislough hill, which overlooks Drumderg House, the residence of Mr. O'Neill, of the Feeva. The remains of the earthworks which he threw up there are still visible. From thence he summoned Colonel Skeffington's garrisons of Dawson's-bridge and Magherafelt to lay down their arms; but, relying on the impassable state of the roads, then flooded, Skeffington refused, and O'Neill was unable to enforce his mandate. In April a detachment of Skeffington's regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Edmondston, occupied Portglenone; but on the night of the 7th a party of Hamilton's troops, under Colonel Nugent, secured five or

six great boats, and passed Skeffington's guards on the Bann. Crossing about a mile above Portglenone, they advanced on the town, and defeated Edmondston's troops, who retreated on Coleraine. The main body of the Jacobites now advanced from Dunganannon; and at their approach the garrisons of Money more, Dawson's-bridge, Magherafelt, Bellaghy, and Toome, and the troops on the passes of the Bann, retreated, followed by Skeffington and Rawdon's regiments, over the mountains to Derry. Coleraine was shortly after deserted; and, says Mackenzie, "all the country came towards Derry as their last refuge."

The dragoons reached first, and were quartered, by orders of Governor Lundy, in the neighbouring towns; but when the foot arrived at the gates, on the 16th of April, they were kept shut out all night; but next day a captain of Colonel Skeffington's regiment, being in no very amiable mood after the night's bivouac in the open air, fired at the sentry, and threatened to burn the gate; when all the gates were thrown open, and the troops entered. Colonel Skeffington's regiment participated in the memorable siege which followed, and were relieved, with the rest of the famishing garrison, by the Mountjoy and other vessels, breaking the boom, under cover of the Dartmouth's guns.

Upon the death of his father in 1695, Colonel Clotworthy Skeffington succeeded to the title and estates. He had previously, in 1684, married Rachael, daughter of Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B., of Farley-Hungerford Castle, Somerset, a lady of beauty and accomplishments of the highest order. If we may judge from her portrait in the grand oak room at Antrim Castle, taken in youth, Rachael, Viscountess Massareene, was, indeed, a lovely woman—the face oval and peachlike—forehead, capacious and intellectual—head, well set, a profusion of dark brown hair equally divided in front, and curled at either side up to the centre division, the luxuriant curls standing out, over the small and neatly shaped ears—very full dark blue eyes—rather full and pouting lips, and beautiful aquiline nose. His lordship died in March, 1713, leaving Clotworthy his successor, and two other sons, Hale, and John of Der-vock.

The eldest daughter, Jane, married Sir Henry Hamilton, of Hamilton's-bawn, in the county of Armagh, Baronet. There is an interesting portrait of her, of the highest order of merit, in the oak-room, taken when she was a child of about ten or twelve years old. She forms the principal figure in a sylvan scene. Seated on the greensward, her left hand rests on part of the drapery of her dress, which falls in graceful folds on a sheep lying at her side, and looking up into her face; her right hand is extended to it, the forefinger pointing to its face. An arch smile plays on her beautiful features, while her lips are parted, as if addressing her silent companion. The group represents childish enjoyment, and is a type of purity and innocence.

Her sister, the Honourable Rachael Skeffington, married, first, Randall, fourth Earl of Antrim, and next, Robert Hawkins Magill, of Gill Hall, Esq., nephew and heir of Sir John Magill, Baronet. There is a portrait of her first husband's father, Alexander, third Earl of Antrim, in the dining-room in Antrim Castle, representing him in his robes as a peer of the realm, but without his coronet. The third daughter, the Honourable Mary Skeffington, married the Right Rev. Dr. Edward Smyth, Bishop of Down and Connor. Their mother, Rachael, Countess of Massareene, survived her husband eighteen years, and died in February, 1731. Her will, all in her own handwriting, is a most curious and interesting document, showing a refined and cultivated taste, particularly in her collection of *bijouterie*, knowledge of precious stones, tasteful arrangement of memorials for her relatives and friends, and the wealth in jewelry and articles of vertu of an Irish lady a century and a-half ago. For the fair reader, especially, it must possess some considerable novelty and interest. After giving certain directions as to her interment, she proceeds:—

“I give to my son Clotworthy, Lord Massareene, his father's picture, my father's and his grandfather's, Sir Edward Hungerford's picture, set in gold; my great uncle, Sir Edward Hungerford's, picture, set round with pearl, the back and cover heliotropian stone, and my grandfather, Sir John Lacy's, picture, and my uncle Roger's picture, enamelled, both set in gold. To my daughter-in-

law, Catherine Lady Massareene, a large sapphire stone, set round with little diamonds, and a large transparent diamond drop hanging to it, and my pearl necklace, and my silver tea-table, together with £50 to new make it. To my grandson, Clotworthy, £2,000, to be put out at interest, or upon the purchase of lands, or otherwise to be improved for ten years, with all the profits thereof, and a purse of gold, several pieces whereof are foreign coins and medals, with a gold seal in the said purse, the party colours of which gold is wrought with my own hand, in the said purse, and his name wrote in a paper with my own hand, affixed to the said purse, as also my large enamelled seal set with diamonds, and another seal set with rubies and diamonds; a large agate, with a Cleopatra's head cut in it, set in a collet of gold, and another agate set in gold, cut in the form of half a man and half a fish; also my ring with a large emerald, and a pair of bracelets containing twenty-three agates, cut in several fishes, set in collets of gold; also my large Bible, in two volumes, with cuts; and my cousin Hay's picture, in a shagreen case, and likewise my gold box. To my grandson Arthur, £50 and my sapphire ring. To my grandson John, £50. To my granddaughter Catherine, six dozen of half-guinea pieces, being £11 8s. sterling, with six pieces of old gold, all in a purse wherein they now are, and wherein my said granddaughter's name is wrote with my own hand in a paper affixed to the said purse, and my filigrane book, my cup of an ostrich's egg, with a ring with her two eldest brothers' hair. To my granddaughter Rachael, thirty broad Jacobus pieces of gold and a 5-guinea piece, also my filigrane case, with the knife, fork, and spoon therein, and a ring with a ruby stone, set with diamonds round the hoop thereof. To my grandson Hungerford, £50, ten Jacobus pieces, and two 5-guinea pieces. To my grandson Hugh, £50. To my dear son John, £200 and my diamond buckle and thirteen pieces of gold in a purse, a particular of which pieces are in a note wrote with my own hand, in the said purse; as also his brother, Lord Massareene's, picture, set in gold. To my dear daughter, the Countess of Antrim, a large mocus stone, with several small ones of the same kind round it, set in collets of gold, as also my mother's picture, re-set in gold. To my grandson Arthur Earl of Antrim, one 5-guinea piece and ten Jacobus pieces, as a small token to remember me by. To my granddaughter, the Lady Helena Massareene, my filigrane trunk, one 5-guinea piece and ten Jacobus pieces, as a small token to remember me by. To my daughter Smith

£100 and my Lady Northampton's picture, set in gold, the back of the picture being a lapis lazuli, and a ring, with my late sister-in-law, the Lady St. George's, hair set with diamonds, together with the little ring (for which I have a great value) given me by my aunt, Mrs. Montagu. To my grandson, Skeffington Randal Smith, £50 and a ring with Randall, late Earl of Antrim's hair, set with diamonds. To my granddaughter, Rachael Smith, six dozen of half-guinea pieces of old gold, with a purse of my own work, &c.; a parcel of lapis lazuli, set in gold, and a large topaz, set in a collet of gold, with an emerald drop hanging to it, and my largest turquoise-stone ring, with three diamonds on each side of the said stone, as also two little pictures of my son and daughter, Sir Hans Hamilton and his lady, set in gold. To my grandson, James Smith, £50. To my dear daughter, Frances Diana Skeffington, £100, with the picture of my aunt Whitepole, set in gold, the back thereof enamelled with blue, with a coronet and cypher thereon; with a ring of Lady Lexington's hair, the hair and hoop thereof set round with diamonds; my uncle Lacy's picture, with a shagreen back, hooped with gold, together with two bracelets, two lockets clasped with turquoise stones, and twelve pieces of gold in a purse, a particular account of which pieces are in a note wrote with my own hand in the purse. To my aunt, Mrs. Montague, the heliotropian seal I commonly use, as a token of the love and honour I have for her. To my niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Bleak, a cornelian seal, which I desire her to accept of and keep for my sake. To my niece, Mrs. Diana Bleak, my silver box, with a cut agate in the lid thereof, which I desire she will accept of from me. To my niece, Mrs. Lutwyche, as a token of my love, two filigrane boxes, the lids and bottoms mother of pearl. To the Rev. John Campbell my amethyst ring. To my god-daughter, Mrs. Rachel O'Neill, £40, which I desire she will lay out in some lasting token to remember me, as also a ring of Queen Mary's hair, set with rubies and diamonds, and a topaz stone, set in a locket, with a cypher cut in the stone, and a small silver perfuming pot." She then directs her executors to give "to my brother Hungerford, to my sister-in-law, the Lady Haughton, to my sister Bleak, to my brother-in-law, the Lord St. George, to my son-in-law, Robert H. Magill, Esq., to my cousin James Hayes, and to my niece, Mrs. Usher, each a ring of my hair, set with diamonds, of the value of five guineas each." Leaves legacies to all her servants. To the poor of the town and parish of

Antrim £100, to be put out at interest into the hands of such person or persons as her executors and the minister of the parish, for the time being, shall think most fit and secure, and the interest thereof yearly paid into the minister and churchwardens, to be distributed by them amongst the poor of said parish every year as the minister and churchwardens thereof shall think proper, so that due regard may be had, in such distribution, to the condition and circumstances of such poor persons as shall be deemed to stand most in need of any part or portion of said money. To the poor of the manors of Fisherwick and Scire's Court, in the counties of Stafford and Warwick, £20. 'And whereas I am possessed of some few rings, books, some few pieces of gold, some few medals, and some rarities of little value, some of which I intend to give away in my lifetime, and such of them as shall remain at my decease I intend shall be disposed of and given by my executors, in manner hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, that the person or persons whose name or names I shall affix to such thing or things, in my own handwriting, shall have the thing or things to which his, her, or their name or names shall be so affixed.' And, after appointing her two sons her executors, she concludes:—"I do earnestly desire and entreat all my dear children and grandchildren to live in amity, loving peace, and concord with one another."

Sir Clotworthy Skeffington, the seventh Baronet and fourth Viscount Massareene, represented the county of Antrim in parliament before he succeeded to the family titles. He took his seat in the House of Peers in the year 1715, and married, two years before, the Lady Catherine Chichester, eldest daughter of Arthur, third Earl of Donegal. Her father's portrait is in the dining-room at Antrim Castle; his large flowing wig and full eyes are the most striking features of the picture. There is also in the same room a portrait of Lord Massareene himself, representing him *en Cavalier*, with flowing hair, petronel in hands, slashed doublet, face oblong, and not particularly striking. He died in Antrim Castle in the year 1738, and left Clotworthy his heir, four other sons, and two daughters. Catherine, the eldest, married Arthur Viscount Doneraile.

Antrim Castle had for its next proprietor Sir Clotworthy Skeffington, eighth Baronet and fifth Viscount Massareene, a gentleman of consider-

able erudition, who took his degree as a doctor of laws in the University of Dublin, in the year 1740. In the year 1756 he was advanced to the dignity of an earl. He was twice married—first to Anne, daughter of Dean Daniel, of Down, and secondly to Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Eyre, Esq., of Router, in the county of Derby. His death occurred very suddenly, on the 11th September, 1757, under singular circumstances. He had been out shooting, along the Six-mile-Water, and, returning in health and spirits, after an excellent day's sport, paused at the ruins of the old Abbey of Massareene. After standing there for a short time, he seemed suddenly transfixed with terror, and uttering a loud exclamation, which included the name of one who had long since ceased to be a denizen of earth, he fell to the ground, and expired in the presence of his terrified gamekeeper, while his dogs moaned about him in a fearful manner. His remains were borne to Antrim Castle, and in a few days more rested with his kindred in the family vault at Antrim. His lordship left Clotworthy, his heir, and four younger sons and two daughters, three of whom, Henry, William John, and Chichester, served in parliament. The eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth, was married to Robert Clements, first Earl of Leitrim, and her sister, Lady Catherine, became the wife of Francis Mathew, first Earl of Llandaff.

Sir Clotworthy, ninth Baronet and second Earl of Massareene, passed an eventful life, chequered by romantic vicissitudes of his own seeking. Fond of continental life, he spent a large portion of his time in France. During the Reign of Terror he suffered imprisonment in the prison of Chartreuse and the Bastille. When in the latter prison, he made a daring attempt to escape, which was rendered abortive only by his chivalrous devotion in refusing to forsake his companion in flight. Once more an inmate within its loathsome walls, he witnessed, day by day, pass before his eyes to the scaffold crowds of the chivalry and beauty of France, the lovely Marie Antoinette leading the way. At length the charming daughter of the governor of his prison saw and pitied the gallant Irish peer; and 'tis an old saying—and not the less

true that it is old—that pity for a handsome cavalier in the breast of woman "is near akin to love." The old adage turned out to be true in her case. Mademoiselle Marie Annette Barcier began to feel the first throbs of awakening love in that gentle bosom of hers; and Monsieur Milord Massareene was not slow in making the discovery, from the perturbed state of his own feelings; for, somehow, the sidelong glances which stole so softly from beneath the silken lashes of Mademoiselle's peerless eyes of hazel had penetrated through those large blue orbs of his, to the exposed bosom of the inflammable Irishman. Incapable of sustaining a lengthened siege, he surrendered—perhaps it was the wisest thing he could have done, under the circumstances—at discretion. The avowal was made, the half-murmured words spoken, and the plighted troth registered in heaven. But damp cell in dreary dungeon was no fit place for hearts like theirs, nor the broken sobs and stifled cries of anguish of parting kindred, as hour by hour they went forth to glut that insatiable guillotine, fit altar for nuptial rites. They sighed for liberty and the open air, the green hills and vales and murmuring waters of the Owen View, which he told her of, and how, once within the strong walls of his castle in the Green Isle, safety and happiness would be theirs. Woman's wit laughs at locksmiths; and one morning early, Monsieur Barcier rose, to find Milord Anglais' cell empty and more than one bird flown, for Mademoiselle's sister and husband became the partners of their flight to Ireland. Honourably wedded, Lady Massareene found in the love of her lord, his embattled castle, and wide domain on Lough Neagh's banks, all that her fancy painted. Lady Massareene died childless, in the year 1800. In the year 1805, his lordship was laid to rest beside the partner of his flight from the Bastille, in the family vault at Antrim. It was during his residence at Antrim Castle that the "battle of Antrim" took place, on the 7th of June, 1798. The rebels, led by Mr. Henry Joy M'Cracken, attacked the town, which they carried after an hour's fighting; but the military, having obtained large reinforcements, returned to the charge, and dislodged the insurgents

after a stubborn resistance. On this occasion the yeomanry lined the walls of the terrace gardens of Antrim Castle, and kept up a continuous fire. For the last time the great gun of the mound, "Roaring Tatty," was brought into requisition; and a young officer, assisted by the "Meg Merrilies" of Antrim, placed it in position: he fired, and killed—nobody! for the ball went over the market-house, and tore through the roof of the church. That young officer afterwards became a clergyman, and a pillar of the church he had once all but destroyed. Towards the close of the fight, John, first Viscount O'Neill, a humane and popular nobleman, was mortally wounded in the back by a dastardly pikeman from Killead. He was carried into Antrim Castle, and after suffering intense agony for some weeks, died there, and his remains were conveyed to the family vault in the village of Shane's Castle for interment.

The late eccentric Lord Massareene was succeeded in the title and estates by his next brother, Colonel Lord Henry Skeffington, tenth Baronet, seventh Viscount, and third Earl, who was governor of the city of Cork, and died unmarried in the year 1811, and was succeeded by his only brother, Lord Henry Chichester Skeffington, the eleventh Baronet, eighth Viscount, and fourth Earl. His lordship married, in 1780, Lady Harriet Jocelyn, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Roden, by Lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of James, first Earl of Clanbrassil, and had an only child, the Lady Harriet Skeffington. There are portraits in the dining-room of Antrim Castle, by the first masters of the day, of the relatives of Anne, Viscountess of Massareene, of her father, James, Earl of Clanbrassil, in a flowing white wig and costume of the private gentleman of the period, of her grandmother, Lady Harriet Bentinck, Viscountess of Clanbrassil, daughter of William, first Earl of Portland—her mother, Anne, Lady Hamilton, Viscountess of Roden, and of her first-cousin, Robert, third Earl of Roden—an illustrious family group of highborn gentlemen and ladies. The Earl of Massareene died in February, 1816, when the ancient baronetage of the Skeffingtons and the earldom of Massareene became extinct;

but the viscountcy and baronetage continued, and devolved on the late peer's only child, Harriet, Viscountess of Massareene and Baroness of Lough Neagh, in her own right.

Antrim Castle had now, a second time, become the sole property of an heiress. The fair Baroness of Lough Neagh, high-born, lovely, and accomplished, with youth's fresh young heart, had, of course, numerous wooers. Coronets were glittering in her train, by the Six-mile-water, and at the courts of the Viceroy and Sovereign. Some of the highest names on the list of the peerage were proud to be enrolled as her suitors. One, the highest name on the ancient roll of fame in Ireland, whose lofty bearing and regal mien spoke of princely descent, it was thought, would win the prize. On journeying to enter the lists, his carriage broke down. "An ill omen," exclaimed the gallant but superstitious son of Mars, and turned back. The high-spirited and lively lady, when she heard the tale, smiled, and with playful wit spoke of the faint-hearted knight at love's tournament, who won not the fair lady; and he lost his chance, and the union of twin domains and perpetuation of his ancient race. The Right Honourable Thomas Henry Foster, only son of John, Baron Oriel, of historic fame as last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, by Margaretta Burgh, Viscountess Ferrard, in her own right, distanced all competitors, and, in November, 1810, won the hand of the fair heiress of Antrim Castle; while his sister, the Honourable Anne Dorothea Foster, married James, Lord Dufferin and Clanaboy.

In the library at Antrim Castle, over the fireplace, is an interesting picture in a massive gilt frame—a family group—of Margaretta, Viscountess Ferrard, and her daughter, Anna, Lady Dufferin and Clandeboy. Both are seated, the Viscountess of Ferrard reclining in a velvet-cushioned arm-chair—a dignified lady. She appears at the climacteric of woman's life, dressed in a loose white robe, with low embroidered bosom, lace chemisette, and ruff of several borders encircling her snow-white throat; on her head a large cap, with a single rose in the centre, the transparent lace borders coming down low on a high and intellectual forehead. A

few wandering ringlets of light brown hair have strayed out from under the borders; blue and intelligent eyes, oval face of bland and benevolent expression; full, well-formed nose, and pouting under lip, and pretty dimpled double chin. A black lace veil, embroidered, falls from the head back over the shoulders, in the Spanish style. A white robe, worn over the gown, open in front, and worked on the wrists and arms, and down the front and at each side, with shamrocks of the native hue, attests the patriotism of the much-loved wife of Speaker Foster. Inside the robe, and over the gown, a dark-coloured belt, fastened with a snake of gold having two heads, attached to two medallion heads from the antique. On the fingers of her right hand, which hold a cambric handkerchief, are two rings, one a ruby. Her daughter Anna, Lady Dufferin and Clanaboy, also seated, young, fair, and lovely, such as her mother might be supposed to have been at her age, each lineament of her parent being delicately pencilled on her fresh, animated, and expressive countenance, a closed book in her right hand, her dark and flowing hair arranged curiously in front in a circular division, diverging from each small and well-formed ear, shading her lovely, animated, and expressive face.

Such were the style and appearance of two Irish peeresses, mother and daughter, some years ago—one, the grandmother of Lord Viscount Massareene and Ferrard, Baron of Lough Neagh, and the other the wife of the grand-uncle of the noble Commissioner to Syria—Lord Dufferin and Clanaboy—whose travels in high latitudes, as chronicled by his own graceful pen, turned, not long since, half the heads of the fairest daughters of England. Harriet, Viscountess of Massareene and Ferrard, died in the year 1831, and her lord followed in the year 1843, having previously assumed, by royal licence, her ladyship's surname of Skeffington, and left John, the present peer, four younger sons, and three daughters. The Honourable Chichester Thomas, late an officer in the 27th Foot, married Amelia, second daughter of the late Arthur Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, in the county of Kerry, esquire. The Honourable William Anthony Skeffington, captain in the

8th Foot, died in the year 1842. The Honourable and Reverend Thomas Clotworthy Skeffington married his cousin, Catherine, daughter of the late Lord Dufferin; and the Honourable Henry Robert Skeffington died in the year 1846. The Honourable Harriet Margaretta Skeffington married David Ross, of Bladensburg, Esq., Rostrevor, county of Down. The Honourable Anne Skeffington married, in 1836, Robert Foster Delap, Esq., of Monasterboice, in the county of Louth; and the Honourable Mary Skeffington married, in 1854, William Thomas Poe, Esq., barrister-at-law.

The present noble owner of Antrim Castle, John, eighth Viscount Massareene, and Baron Lough Neagh, and Viscount Ferrard, and Baron Oriel of Collon, in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron Oriel of Ferrard, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, is a Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, Colonel of the Antrim Regiment of Artillery, and a gentleman of polished mind and considerable literary abilities. His lordship's published poems on sacred subjects, display deep religious feeling, and poetic merit of a high order. An unpublished work from his pen, nearly ready for the press, will be an interesting and unique addition to sacred literature. It is a new version of the "Psalms of David," each in a different metre. The improvements which he has effected, according to his own design, in the Castle and pleasure-grounds, display a rare combination of architectural taste and knowledge of landscape and horticulture. By his marriage with Olivia, the accomplished daughter of Henry Deane O'Grady, Esq., of Lodge, in Limerick, and Stillorgan Castle, Dublin, cousin of the first Lord Guilleamore, his lordship has united the old antagonistic races of the Anglo-Norman barons, De Clotworthy and De Skeffington, with the Milesian chiefs, lords of Kinell-Dun-gaill in Clare, and Killballyowen in Limerick, of the royal line of Cormac Cas.

In viewing Antrim Castle, at the end of two centuries and a-half, we are led to doubt the old legends and tales of strife between native and settler, and Roundhead and Cavalier. A wondrous change has been effected

y peace and fusion of races. The old flag is lowered, the walls of the great court-yard are razed, the moat is closed, the mound dismantled, and the barque and gunboats are gone; the old frowning keep is changed into the modern elegant mansion, and Lady Marian's "Wolf-dog" surmounts no longer the highest turret of the castle. He rests quietly behind the grand entrance-gate in a peaceful

nook. The chaste ivy-clad tower, the tasteful pleasure-grounds, arbour and terrace, grotto and cascade, library and oak-room, Speaker's chair and mace, books and paintings, French drawing-room and boudoir—all things inside and around Antrim Castle are stamped with the impress of elegance and refined taste.

CLANABOY.

THE MAORI WAR.

THOUGH New Zealand has been for twenty years a colony, and is now one of the most promising colonies of this country, very little is generally known in England of the relation between the settlers and the aborigines. Some of us, probably, look on the latter as mere savages; others see in them the very embodiment of our conceptions of the primitive church. They are, however, evidently a remarkable race. Thirty years ago cannibalism was universal; now it is unheard of. Nay! it would be an insult even to allude to the former feasts in the hearing of men who, in their youth, must have witnessed and assisted at them. Still it would be a mistake to consider the Maories as a set of peaceable villagers, in a midland county in England. Civilization cannot be the work of a single generation. If the brave are fathers to the brave, so is it with the civilized and refined. They beget sons after their own likeness. It takes time to wear out an ancient stamp. Very likely, if the New Zealander lives, he will live to present a noble type of man. But live he probably will not. The law that seems to rule the relation of the savage to his civilized neighbours is ruling with him. Though not oppressed and hunted down like the Australian of the neighbouring continent—though not, to all appearance, falling away from diseases, either of body or mind, contracted from Englishmen—yet he is fading away. The British in New Zealand increase and multiply, not only by immigration, but by the excess of

births over deaths. The Maories decrease by the opposite excess; and even the half-civilized habits which they have adopted tend, for the present at least, to cut short their natural term of life. A man that dresses like an European, and changes no more than when there was nothing that he could change, and that in a climate damper than England, can scarcely escape the catarrhs and consumptions, which every precaution will not quite ward off from us. And so it is that now the European settlers outnumber the aboriginal Maories. The latter scarcely exceed 58,000; the former number more than 71,000.

This has not escaped the notice of the Maories themselves. They see the increasing strength of their neighbours, and they have fears that it may increase too fast. They sell land to the settlers, and the settlers take possession of it and grow rich upon it. A country which, when uncleared, was their own old hunting-ground, is now full of European farms and homesteads. But the Maori does not feel himself richer, because the money which his land has brought him soon crumbles away; he only finds himself with smaller space and wealthier neighbours. The true remedy for this would be, no doubt, that the native should imitate the settler—give up the bush and take to the farm. A wild life, however, has charms for many who are not wholly savages. No habits are so difficult to abandon as habits of independent idleness. The Maori will not follow the example

of the Englishman, but looks on his wealth with jealousy and on his progress with fear.

One consequence of this feeling has been an effort on the part of a portion of the natives to prevent the further alienation of lands. Some among them still desire to sell; but others are resolved, not only never to sell property of their own, but also, by every possible means, to hinder those who would. This land-league, as it is called, was formed many years ago. It arose in the southern part of the north island, and took definite shape about the year 1853, when a general meeting of its members was held in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth. It was then determined that the natives should repossess themselves of what had formerly been sold to Europeans, and drive out the settlers. Serious consequences have sprung from this determination; consequences, in the first instance, most nearly affecting the natives themselves, but latterly threatening the peace of the whole country.

North of the town of Wellington lies a district known as the Taranaki country. Part of it was bought about twenty years ago for the New Zealand Company from fragments of a tribe scattered, dispersed, and partly enslaved by a neighbouring tribe. The purchased portion consisted of 60,000 acres. The colonists landed there, cleared the country, built houses, and laid out farms. The district seemed the fairest in the island. But the settlers' prosperity became their ruin. The scattered tribe, which durst not live in its old home for fear of its old enemies, and so had consented to the sale of its inheritance, now came back by degrees, finding security from the presence of the foreigners. Then there came back, too, a longing for the old possessions. The ancient inhabitants did not like to see strangers devouring their dwelling-place; and so, by degrees, the natives turned out the settlers from the lands which had been sold to them. The farms, the gardens, and the homesteads were left to ruin, and the thistle soon spread over their sites. The Government knew that the title of the English settlers was good. It had been fully examined and legally adjudicated on. But the Government felt either unwilling or too weak to enforce the

law; and so it was only determined that every effort should be made to induce the natives, who were dissatisfied with the former bargain, to come forward again and make bargains that would be binding. One block of land was purchased early in the day—a block of 3,500 acres—on which the town of New Plymouth is standing now; and a few other pieces of ground have been bought since. Still the greater part of the 60,000 acres remains a waste, and the natives occupy it after the fashion in which natives occupy in general.

But here has come in all the trouble with which the land-league was likely to be loaded. Some of the inhabitants of this Taranaki region are still for selling some of their lands; others are against all sale. Moreover, native tenure is of a precarious kind, and native title very vague. Feuds of the fiercest kinds arise from the efforts of some to sell, and the determination of others to prohibit selling. In 1854, a year after the great land-league meeting, and just as Sir George Grey left the colony, a man named Rawiri desired to sell some of his property to the Government. This roused the opposition of those who belonged to the party of the land-league. Doubts as to the right to alienate were started, and the upshot of it was, that Rawiri, the would-be seller, was at last cruelly murdered by Kotatore, a chief opponent of the sale.

The enforcing of English law is a difficult matter in a purely Maori district. The policy of Government, indeed, has been to persuade the Maories voluntarily to put themselves under English law, rather than to force it upon them against their will. At this particular period, too, there was no governor in New Zealand—a deputy was governor. He, Colonel Wynyard, from his doubtful position, felt it doubly difficult to act, and so no action took place. The feud went on. One faction would sell; one would forbid all selling. Blood had been shed; and all savages have a rude justice, requiring that when man's blood is shed, by man's hand shall blood be shed again. In 1858 the murderer was himself murdered, partly in revenge of his crime, partly, perhaps, in prosecution of the general quarrel about the land. The difficulty

f 1858 was greater than that of 1853. Colonel Wynyard was unwilling to put the law in force against a murderer, because the murder was committed in a Maori feud and in Maori territory, Colonel Browne could hardly hang the man who, according to Maori use and the rude justice of a rude race, had punished the murderer.

It was evidently high time, however, to do something. A fertile country, once bright with cultivation, had again become a wilderness. A flourishing European town looked over the land, and its inhabitants longed for room to spread out and find food for their families. Two million acres, to a great extent available for cultivation, were trodden down by about 3,000 native inhabitants, much of it a mere nursery of thistle-down, with thistles so thick that a horse could scarcely make his way through. There were many of these natives willing to sell ground, believing that the settlement of the Europeans among them would be a boon, and not a bane, to them. But the offer of land was made at the risk of their lives, for there was always a party ready, by fair means or foul, to interfere with the negotiations for sale.

In this posture of affairs, the Governor went to Taranaki early in 1859, and called a meeting of the natives inhabiting the disturbed district. At this meeting, he declared that had he been in the island when the first of the above noted murders was committed, he should have had the murderer arrested and tried; but that, with regard to the second murder, though it was horrible and disgraceful, yet, as it was retributive, he had not punished the murderer. He warned them, however, that in future all Maories living among Pakehas (Englishmen) should be subject to the same laws as the Pakehas, and that he would no longer allow the peace of the country to be disturbed by evil-doers. He added, that he thought the Maories would be wise to sell land which they did not use themselves, and that the rest would then be more valuable. According to the treaty of Waitangi, the Crown has the right of pre-emption in all sales of native lands; and the Governor said that he would never buy land with a doubtful title, but that he

would allow no man to prohibit the sale unless he was a part owner of the property.

After this, a native, named Teira, rose and offered to sell some land of his own. He expressed satisfaction at the Governor's declaration with regard to titles and claims, and at his assurance of protection. He minutely defined the boundaries of his land, and declared that he was the true owner. He then repeatedly asked if the Governor would buy. The Governor answered, "I will buy, if the land is clearly yours." Thereupon Teira placed a bordered mat at the Governor's feet, as indicating that he placed the land at his disposal. It is said that if any one present had disputed Teira's claim to the land and his right to sell, he would have risen and removed the mat. No one did this; but a man named Paora told the Governor that Teira could not sell without the consent of himself and another man who had an interest in a portion of it. Teira replied to this, and the proceeding seemed at an end.

Then a chief, called William King, long one of the opponents of the alienation of land, rose up, and said, "Listen, Governor, notwithstanding Teira's offer, I will not permit the sale of Waitara to the Pakeha. Waitara is in my hands. I will not give it up. Ekore, ekore, ekore (I will not, I will not, I will not). I have spoken." Then turning to his people, he said, "Arise, let us go," whereupon he and his followers abruptly withdrew.

It was difficult to tell on what ground King had forbidden the sale.

Careful inquiry was instituted by the only person armed with authority to investigate land claims. The whole remainder of the year, nearly nine months, was occupied in the investigation. Mr. M'Lean, the chief Land Commissioner, was at the head of it—a man whose knowledge was unquestionable, and whose whole life was spent in like occupation. The Governor was assured that the fullest and clearest title had been established by Teira and those joined with him in the offer of sale, that King had no right of any kind to interfere, and that his interference arose from his being a great leader of the land-league. King himself had in plain

language admitted that the land was Teira's, but that he, King, would not let it be sold. The Governor was told that the Maories had come to a resolution that no land beyond certain limits should be sold to the Europeans. On the other hand, Teira and his friends besought the Governor to make good his promise to purchase the land, and to protect the purchasers.

The Governor did as he was prayed. He ordered the ground to be surveyed, its boundaries to be marked out. When the surveyors went to their work, King's people came down in force, and stopped the survey. The Governor went there again, sent a message to King, asking him to meet him and discuss the grounds of his opposition, and promising a safe conduct to him and any number of his unarmed followers. King refused, went off into the bush, made preparation for war, and sent to other tribes, those most disaffected to the Government, asking for aid. The Governor then desired the ground to be surveyed again, and the military authorities in the neighbourhood to be ready to protect the police. King and his people erected a war-pa on the disputed territory, danced the war-dance, resisted the commanding officer's summons to evacuate. This was the beginning of hostilities. Unhappily, fighting in the bush goes ill with disciplined troops. We well know how unsuccessful the efforts of the military have been to crush the insurrection before it was full grown. It has grown with every fresh failure to stifle it. The commanding officer was enjoined at first not to attack the enemy, till the enemy had committed some overt act of violence. Since then, the Government has given *carte blanche* to the general, and yet the troops have been able to do little but stand on the defensive. New Plymouth has been almost in a state of siege, and a few half-armed savages have been able to keep at bay 1,500 men of Her Majesty's regular troops.

And now, what has been the real ground of the quarrel, and is it a just or an unjust war?

Some, whose names are weighty in New Zealand, and even weightier in England, Bishop Selwyn, Bishop Abraham, Archdeacon Hadfield, and men of scarcely less reputation,

say that the Governor has not been justified; that King's claims were real and substantial; and that they have been neglected and overlooked; that Teira had but a partial title; and that King, as a superior chief, had a right to come in and put a veto upon the sale.

It seems agreed that native title is marvellously complex. But one thing strikes us at the outset: if Teira's title was so bad, and King's right to interfere so good, why was it so long before those in authority were apprized of this? At the meeting in March, 1859, King merely declared that though Teira wanted to sell his land he would not allow him to sell. Even in December, 1859, King admitted that the land was Teira's, but said he would not let him dispose of it. It is really hard to believe that this admission meant only that Teira was a part proprietor, but that King had himself an equal or much greater claim. Great light appears to break in upon the native mind, when their own meaning is explained to them by their European advocates. But this fact is indubitable, that the Chief Land Commissioner, who has, in the last twenty years, successfully investigated the titles of more than twenty millions of acres, investigated this title with singular assiduity, and states in evidence, that all was clear, that several purchases had been conducted in the same district on the same principle, and that the validity of none of them had ever been disputed. These former sales took place under former Governors, Governor Fitzroy and Governor Grey; and the principle on which one of them was conducted received the public approbation of the Bishop of New Zealand. Could the present Governor doubt that he was bound to keep his promise to Teira, and to protect him from the violence of King and the tyranny of the land-league?

A variety of arguments has been used to show that the purchase was not a just one. Those which seem alone of any weight concern the question of *tribal title* and the mode in which the investigation was conducted.

To take the last first. The Chief Land Commissioner is an officer invested with special authority for determining questions of native title and

conducting sales of land. Owing to the great delicacy of the questions which arise between natives and settlers, and the difficulty of adjudicating on all native affairs, the ordinary courts of the colony have no power here. The Chief Justice stated in the debates in the Legislative Council that the Supreme Court, over which he presides, was altogether forbidden to judge in cases of native title to land; and so, when the Bishops of New Zealand and Wellington complained that the case of Teira and King was not submitted to this Supreme Court, or to some regular court of law, and witnesses there examined on oath, it must be replied, that if no court existed which could take cognizance of such a case, if the Chief Commissioner has ever been empowered to make these inquiries, and if, for the last twenty years, ever since New Zealand was a colony, his has been the authority always appealed to, under which near 25,000,000 of acres have been sold and bought, and that without complaint of injustice or partiality; it was clearly according to ancient usage, and consistent with equity and right, that the case should be referred to him. As to his own proceedings in the investigation, he has declared in evidence before the House of Representatives that he, first of all, made inquiries himself in the neighbourhood of Taranaki; that he then instructed the deputy Commissioner, Mr. Parris, to continue inquiries there, whilst he himself passed over to Queen Charlotte's Sound, and afterwards to Wellington, where members of the tribe having claims upon the disputed block had been long resident; that he there instituted fresh investigations, and found the persons chiefly interested ready to give consent to the sale; that, on the whole, nine months were occupied in the most careful consideration of the question; and that he was at length most fully satisfied that the land undoubtedly belonged to those who were offering it for sale, whilst the opponent, King, had no title in any way to forbid the sale, and that his opposition arose only from his attachment to the principles of the land-league.

It has been said by Archdeacon Hadfield—and his words have been echoed by others—that Mr. Parris

alone conducted the inquiry, and that his principal, Mr. M'Lean, trusted all to him. But if Mr. M'Lean's own solemn declarations before the House of Representatives be not wholly discredited, he himself took the initiative in the business; he was familiar with the question even before it was brought publicly forward; years ago he had had evidence as to King's possessions and King's rights; he had begun the inquiries on the spot; he had heard the evidence of the local Commissioners acting under his instructions; he had himself travelled to the principal places where the members of the scattered tribe were dwelling, and where he expected to find more dispassionate evidence than in the immediate scene of contention; and he had fully satisfied himself that the title of Teira and his companions was such that no valid objection could be made against it.

Here was the decision of the only authority empowered to decide. The Governor had promised to buy the land of Teira, if Teira could make his title good. The Commissioner declared that nine months' inquiry had proved the title to be unquestionable. The Governor had said that he would not permit a chief, who had himself no claim, to interfere with another, and to prohibit his sale of land. It was reported to him that King was a chief without the shadow of a claim, interfering with Teira's property on no principle but the principle of might. If the Governor did not mean to break his word and to make his power contemptible, he had no alternative but to proceed with his purchase.

To turn to the other question. Is it true that Teira's land could not be sold but by consent of all the tribe; that that consent could be given only through William King, the acknowledged head of the tribe; and that, as *he* refused consent, the title was bad. This is the view which the missionaries have taken, and which those who follow them now put forward as the true one. But did the natives take this view before the Europeans suggested it? The Chief Commissioner testifies, and his knowledge and experience are undoubted, that the practice is diverse in different tribes, and that in this tribe, the Ngatiawa, the custom has been for certain

that they did not expect so formidable a resistance. A factious chief, with a frivolous pretext, was hardly likely to set all authority at defiance. And we think abundant evidence exists to show that the resistance would not have been so protracted but for the failure of the first efforts of the military to check it, and for the encouragement given to it by Europeans.

And now, to turn from the causes of the war to the conduct of it, there is, indeed, much to deplore. Where the fault lies, or whether there be any fault, or only misfortune, it is hard to say. The disciplined English army has ever been found singularly unfitted for the bush warfare of Caffirs and New Zealanders. Even the Irish bogs and the Welsh mountains have proved more accessible to police than to military. In New Zealand, a regiment of disciplined soldiers marched out in order, is like so many bright-coloured nine-pins, safely and easily bowled down from behind bushes and in deep rifle-pits. Of course a pitched battle in an open country would decide for the English discipline against the Maori disorder. But the double-barrelled gun in the hand of the half naked Maori, dodging among the bushes, every inch of which he knows, and of which his enemy is utterly ignorant, is worth many rifles in the hands of the soldiers in scarlet and pipeclay. Probably, the first reverses of our troops in all encounters of this kind have arisen from contempt of the enemy. But our officers must have learned by this time that such feelings are misplaced. What is most wanted is a body of irregular troops. Even volunteers may be preferable to regulars; for the very regularity is ruin.

Some blame has been thrown on Colonel Browne, for having at first hampered the commanding officers with instructions not to begin the attack on the rebels till the rebels first made an assault on the troops. But it appears, from the statements made to the Houses of Assembly, that no

impediments were really placed in the way of Colonel Gold or of General Pratt, beyond the humane prohibition to shed blood, and so to make, according to Maori custom, the quarrel irremediable, until the resistance had been such that it was plain the insurgents were bent on extremities. Colonel Browne is said to be an officer who, when in command of her Majesty's 41st Regiment in India, was highly distinguished for his courage, ability and humanity. We should hardly expect him, therefore, to be guilty of timid, though we give him full credit for merciful counsels.

But though we entirely acquit the Governor, we are in no haste to condemn the commanding officers. We wait for fuller information, and are satisfied of the unusual difficulty of their task.*

Meanwhile, we earnestly hope that all needful reinforcements will be sent out. Nothing can make the war general, and raise the whole native population against us so certainly as half measures and insufficient means. It is quite hopeless to expect the settlers to volunteer in numbers sufficient to hold their own against the Maories, if the latter are determined to drive them out. Every Maori of adult age is a warrior; every settler is a farmer or a civilian. Though the native population may no longer outnumber the European, it is probable that the native adults are more numerous than the European adults. The natives are almost wholly inhabitants of the North Island; and we can hardly expect the peaceful colonists of the Middle Island to give up their cultivations and turn soldiers to defend their fellow-countrymen in the North. It is remarkable how, almost unanimously, the inhabitants of the Middle Island, separated by sea from the scene of strife, sympathize with their brethren in the North and approve the justice and the policy of the war. But we cannot expect them, any more than the people of Australia or Van Dieman's Land, to arm in de-

* The extraordinary strength of a Maori *war-pa*, which is, in fact, a first-rate fortification, may be seen by referring to Thomson's "Story of New Zealand," Part II., chapter viii. In 1845 a *pa* of this kind, defended by 250 men, armed with single and double-barrelled guns, utterly baffled the attack of our troops, mustering 630 men, with six guns and a 32-pounder, and aided by 250 native allies. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 100, viz., thirty-four killed, and sixty-six wounded.

fence when they are themselves in no danger of attack.

Convinced, as we are, of the justice of the war, and that war sooner or later was inevitable, we trust that no half measures will protract it, and no outcries against an expenditure which

is needful will entail a much larger expenditure, which would otherwise have been needless. The best and the only hope of peace is to make war in earnest, and that without delay.*

TENNYSON'S PHILOSOPHY.—IN MEMORIAM.

IN the Song of Moses, the man of God, the good land is described as flowing with milk and honey. The promise is that Israel shall suck honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock, as well as the ranker dainties of butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, with the fat of kidneys, of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape. On the tops of the rocks, from the heights of the rugged rocks, the bee should hive her honey, and the olive ripen its berry; the very hill tops of Palestine, now so barren, should then drop down with honey and oil; a basket full of red earth shaken between the crevices of the rocks should suffice for the olive to take root in; there the wild thyme should blossom, and thus the mountains should flow with honey as the valleys flowed with milk, making up that twofold blessing which is the glory of all lands.

The world of mind is broken, like the world of nature, into mountains and valleys. There are the hill tops, where the philosopher sets his spy-glass and draws his triangles, and to which the mystic climbs, in hopes of reaching heaven by rising above earth; and there are valleys which the Utilitarian turns to profit, drawing out of them the fat of the kidneys, of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape.

According as we love the hill-top

or the valley will be our estimate of the uses of science:—

“To some she is the goddess great,
To some the milch cow of the field,
Whose business 'tis to calculate
The amount of butter she can yield.”

The feud between speculative and practical science is far from settled. The Highlanders and the Lowlanders are still at war: it will be a happy day for both, when, weary of their endless maraudings, they shall begin to barter the produce of each—when the Highland honey shall be exchanged for the Lowland milk, and barrenness and war give place to abundance and peace.

The use of mountains is to sow the dust of continents yet to be, and the use of speculative science to prepare a soil on which the useful arts may grow. We have so habituated ourselves to think this, that as Hegel remarked, philosophy in England is understood to mean the construction of pumps and spy-glasses, watches, and diving-bells, while all beyond this is remanded to the barren region of metaphysics or mysticism.

Even Bacon speaks with indignation of the way in which philosophy had been degraded and perverted by being applied as a mere instrument of utility or of early education:—
“So that the great mother of the sciences is thrust down with indignity to the offices of a handmaid—is made

* Since the preceding pages were written, the news has reached us of General Pratt's victory over the Waikatos. Though this is just cause for congratulation, it by no means proves that the war is at an end. The Maoris are a determined race. The defeat of their brethren may possibly prevent other tribes from joining the insurrection, but revenge is not unlikely to make desperate those already engaged in it. We trust that both the home and colonial governments may act on the principle of vigorously chastising the rebels, and yet of showing mercy to the vanquished. The colony will for some time require strong defence, but a conciliatory policy should accompany a demonstration of power.

to minister to the labours of medicine or mathematics; or, again, to give the first preparatory tinge to the immature minds of youth."*

In this state of discord between physics and metaphysics, a noble poem has taught the world that all is not barren on the hill-tops of metaphysics. In the "In Memoriam" song has sucked sweets out of stones, and has tempted the world to climb those hills and to taste those sweets. Not only has the world put up with the metaphysics for the sake of the poetry—a dose which, to borrow Tasso's well-known metaphor, is like the medicine that we give the sick child in a cup tipped with honey; but it has even taught itself to think, in order to relish the "In Memoriam." As the Russian epicure is switched over in his bath with some aromatic broom as a preparation for the banquet, so the Laureate has forced his admirers to fortify themselves for enjoying his lark's and nightingale's tongues by a preparatory discipline of hard thinking. It is impossible to taste one of the hundred and thirty cups of distilled metaphysics which the "In Memoriam" contains without some preparation of self-reflection. This is why the poem is either the most meaningless or the most suggestive in the language. Either the reader loves those

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away,"

with all the intensity of truths often felt, but never so well expressed before, or else it is flung away as an unmeaning mystical twang, like a Jew's harp in a schoolboy's mouth trying to sing one of the songs of Zion.

Or, again, if kind reader, you are one of the disciples of the school of common sense, who hate mystery and suspect pretence in whatever is not self-evident, you had better not attempt the "In Memoriam."

"The song was made to be sung in the night,
And he who reads it in broad day light,
Will never read its mystery aright,
And yet it is childlike easy."

If there are any who have never sorrowed, or have never doubted, they should not read it. But is there to be

found one who has never felt a gap either in his affections or his belief—who has grown to man's estate with the same circle of childhood unbroken around him? The stars, it has been said, are the holes in the drop-scene through which, like children at a play, we catch a glimpse of the lights behind, and learn that the curtain soon will rise. But he is a dull child who mistakes the painted drop-scene for the play itself, and to whom the lights flashing behind, and the tuning of the orchestra do not suggest something grand coming. Just such is the easy dogmatist who has never doubted, or the satisfied worldling who wishes the curtain may never rise to dissipate his illusions. Sorrow and doubt are the two rifts made in the curtain of life, and through which we see the everlasting lights behind. To have never sorrowed, or to have never doubted, is a state of prolonged childhood, approaching very near to imbecility. Till we have looked death in the face, we cannot have felt the reality of life; till we have looked doubt in the face, we cannot be said to have faith. In both cases there must be a transition before the child, who lives and believes, can be said to *have* life and to *have* faith. "Howbeit that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural and afterwards that which is spiritual." So it is with all of us. The child has a natural or animal life, but it is in presence of death that a sense of a spiritual life, something which cannot die, steals upon it. So the child has a natural belief, the easy credence of childhood to any nursery tale it is told; but the faith which overcomes the world and removes mountains is the birth of love brooding on doubt, as the true Eros was the son, not of Zephyr and Aurora, but of Chaos and Psyche. *Mors Janua vitæ* is a sentiment so common that it is painted on undertakers' hatchments; that doubt is the doorway to faith is still a matter of dispute, because divines still nourish the fond desire to ferry men over from the faith of childhood to the faith of manhood without wetting their feet in the cold waters of doubt. The amiable wish that the natural may develop of itself

into the spiritual is as vain in the one case as in the other. "Afterward that which is spiritual" is the inevitable law of the growth both of a spiritual life and a spiritual faith.

There may be cases where the faith of childhood seems to have developed into the faith of manhood without passing through the "intervital gloom" of doubt just as there will be cases of those alive at the last day, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. But in both cases this mortal must put on immortality as a vesture from without, not as a growth from within. It may be in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye—the faith of childhood may be transfigured into spiritual faith so rapidly that none have marked the transition; but a transition has been passed through, silent and soft as that by which John Boanerges, of Galilee, became John the Divine, of Patmos; but a change there has been. Doubt must be passed through before the faith of unreason can become the faith of reason, before the leprosy of unbelief is cured, and the flesh of a man can become as the flesh of a little child.

The "In Memoriam" of Tennyson is not a theological poem. It is not like Dante's attempt to create an epic out of the theology of the Middle Ages, or Milton's out of the theology of the Reformation. It is not like Pope's versification of Bolingbroke's Deism, or like the theology of the Evangelical Revival of last century, done into blank verse by the poet of Olney. Rome, the Reformation, the Rationalist, and the Revival movements have thus created four great religious poems, in which the faith of the age has been caught in the flux, and crystallized into certain fixed shapes. Religious poems like these are as light, but as hard, as crystals. Dogmas done into verse may reflect the faith of an age, but the light that is from them is not in them. The poet is the ambassador in bonds of a higher teacher than himself, and, in the fetters of verse, he preaches the faith of the age of which he is the poet. Tennyson is not a religious poet in the sense that Dante, Milton, Pope, and Cowper are. The "In Memoriam" reflects the theology of its author only. It has nothing more in common with the age than this, that the age is averse to dog-

matic theology, and that so is the poet; that the age is seeking some concordance between reason and faith, and that the poet is also seeking the same. The charm of this poem is that it describes the experience of sorrow and doubt which a cultivated mind has passed through on his way to a higher faith and a contented submission to the ills of life. Those who are treading the same path look to the "In Memoriam" as a psalm of life, in which they read their own sorrows and doubts reflected in the heart of the poet. They prize it, not so much as a work of art, or as a gem of thought, unique as it is in this respect. It is for its deeper, its spiritual, beauties that they give it a place on the same shelf with Augustine's "Confessions," A Kempis' "Imitation," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim." All that can be said upon it as a poem has been already said, and we refer the reader to the critics for a catalogue of its beauties and defects. As a work of art it has not escaped shipwreck between the Scylla and Charybdis of prolix distinctness and concise obscurity:

"Brevis esse laboro
Obscurus fio."

It could not be otherwise. Where there are deep thoughts there must be dark sayings; it is no use complaining of this; and till we can turn Job or the Apocalypse into the lucid English of Paley or the *Times* newspaper it is idle to ask for clearness,

"For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

But to those who have thought on these things and felt that we now see through a glass darkly, the enigmatic style is itself a charm. It is felt that you are with a true man who is trying to tell you his thoughts, and who stutters and repeats himself, it may be, as children do when they really talk and not chatter. The professional seer knows all about the next world. Mahomet and Swedenborg both could paint a vision of heaven and hell so like earth that the suspicion is forced on us that they were nothing more than vulgar dreamers and ecstasies. It is so with all human descriptions of the unseen—

"Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocumque
moveris."

One person only in the Bible is said

to have been caught up to the Third Heaven, but what he saw he thought it was not lawful to utter. Exquisitely has Tennyson alluded to this same thought :—

“ When Lazarus left his charnel cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded, if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

“ “ Where wert thou, brother, these four days ?
There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.

“ From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

“ Behold a man raised up by Christ ;
The rest remaineth unrevealed ;
He told it not, or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.”

Mysticism is the vain attempt of the mind to explain a mystery, as Rationalism is the attempt to explain a miracle. Mysteries and miracles lie, the one in the future, the other in the past ; and we cannot drag them into daylight and think that by looking long at them we shall see farther into them. If we bend down all our lives over the mystery we only see ourselves in it ; till at last we take our own shadow for something new, and start back as if we had seen a ghost. It is hard to hold communion with the dead and not to think we see them. Hamlet must have his ghost. “ Let me not think on it,” he says ; “ this way madness lies ;” but he does think on it, and so the thought becomes a possession which ends in madness. The “ In Memoriam ” beats temperate music throughout ; not once does the fancy break out into open vision. On the contrary, the poet reasons with himself that if he saw his friend he should not believe the vision, but dismiss it as some canker of the brain—

“ If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain,
Or but the canker of the brain,
Yea, though it spake and made appeal

“ To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

“ Yea, though it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year,
And, though the months revolving near
Should prove the phantom warning true,

“ They might not seem thy prophesies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.”

There is nothing of the mystic in this. Sorrow for the departed has not wrought a canker in the brain, as in the mystic, who sees by the law of inverted perceptions, not from without but from within. Ghosts, like ruins, are seen best by moonlight. With true discernment of this, Tennyson invokes the spirit of his lost friend—

“ Come not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.”

There is nothing diseased, nothing selfish in sorrow like this. The poet neither shuts himself in with his lost friend nor shuts out new friends :—

“ My pulses, therefore, beat again
For other friends, that once I met ;
Nor can it suit me to forget.
The mighty hopes that make us men.

“ I woo your love : I count it crime
To mourn for any over much,
I the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered time.”

Sorrow without hope stupefies the mind ; sorrow with hope refines and exalts it. In this state of feeling the mind rises to look at things as they really are. A sorrow like this, which does not disgust us with life, but only weans us from worldly-mindedness, is a sacred sorrow, a sorrow sent by God ; and the man touched by it, and who can teach us the lesson it has taught him, should be listened to as one who has stood on the borders of the spirit world, who has looked down the deep abyss of death, and returned to tell us of the shapes that people it and of the master race that inhabit “ the land that is very far off, and see the King in his beauty.”

Life out of death, faith out of doubt : these are the two truths which the poet has spelled out for himself over the grave of his friend Arthur Hallam. How far his philosophy is sound and Christian at the core, and how far it is touched with a taint of mysticism, it is our purpose now to inquire. We will begin with the first article of the Tennysonian philosophy—*Mors jamua vita*.

The argument for existence after death from the *ad desperandum* conclusion we are driven to when we

conducting sales of land. Owing to the great delicacy of the questions which arise between natives and settlers, and the difficulty of adjudicating on all native affairs, the ordinary courts of the colony have no power here. The Chief Justice stated in the debates in the Legislative Council that the Supreme Court, over which he presides, was altogether forbidden to judge in cases of native title to land; and so, when the Bishops of New Zealand and Wellington complained that the case of Teira and King was not submitted to this Supreme Court, or to some regular court of law, and witnesses there examined on oath, it must be replied, that if no court existed which could take cognizance of such a case, if the Chief Commissioner has ever been empowered to make these inquiries, and if, for the last twenty years, ever since New Zealand was a colony, his has been the authority always appealed to, under which near 25,000,000 of acres have been sold and bought, and that without complaint of injustice or partiality; it was clearly according to ancient usage, and consistent with equity and right, that the case should be referred to him. As to his own proceedings in the investigation, he has declared in evidence before the House of Representatives that he, first of all, made inquiries himself in the neighbourhood of Taranaki; that he then instructed the deputy Commissioner, Mr. Parris, to continue inquiries there, whilst he himself passed over to Queen Charlotte's Sound, and afterwards to Wellington, where members of the tribe having claims upon the disputed block had been long resident; that he there instituted fresh investigations, and found the persons chiefly interested ready to give consent to the sale; that, on the whole, nine months were occupied in the most careful consideration of the question; and that he was at length most fully satisfied that the land undoubtedly belonged to those who were offering it for sale, whilst the opponent, King, had no title in any way to forbid the sale, and that his opposition arose only from his attachment to the principles of the land-league.

It has been said by Archdeacon Hadfield—and his words have been echoed by others—that Mr. Parris

alone conducted the inquiry, and that his principal, Mr. M'Lean, trusted all to him. But if Mr. M'Lean's own solemn declarations before the House of Representatives be not wholly discredited, he himself took the initiative in the business; he was familiar with the question even before it was brought publicly forward; years ago he had had evidence as to King's possessions and King's rights; he had begun the inquiries on the spot; he had heard the evidence of the local Commissioners acting under his instructions; he had himself travelled to the principal places where the members of the scattered tribe were dwelling, and where he expected to find more dispassionate evidence than in the immediate scene of contention; and he had fully satisfied himself that the title of Teira and his companions was such that no valid objection could be made against it.

Here was the decision of the only authority empowered to decide. The Governor had promised to buy the land of Teira, if Teira could make his title good. The Commissioner declared that nine months' inquiry had proved the title to be unquestionable. The Governor had said that he would not permit a chief, who had himself no claim, to interfere with another, and to prohibit his sale of land. It was reported to him that King was a chief without the shadow of a claim, interfering with Teira's property on no principle but the principle of might. If the Governor did not mean to break his word and to make his power contemptible, he had no alternative but to proceed with his purchase.

To turn to the other question. Is it true that Teira's land could not be sold but by consent of all the tribe; that that consent could be given only through William King, the acknowledged head of the tribe; and that, as he refused consent, the title was bad. This is the view which the missionaries have taken, and which those who follow them now put forward as the true one. But did the natives take this view before the Europeans suggested it? The Chief Commissioner testifies, and his knowledge and experience are undoubted, that the practice is diverse in different tribes, and that in this tribe, the Ngatiawa, the custom has been for certain

hapus, or subdivisions of the tribe, to sell their property without asking the consent of the tribe at large.* He states that he has himself conducted several purchases of land from members of the Ngatiawa on the principle of consulting only the *hapus* and their chiefs, and that that principle has always heretofore been admitted as just. He adds, that in former sales William King had often made a claim; but that his claim had been proved to be worthless, and so had been refused. Never before does he seem to have put in a claim to veto the sale as head or chief of the tribe.

The defenders of King's conduct say again, that though the tribe of Ngatiawa had once left their settlement, yet they returned as a tribe, that, therefore, all their tribal rights remained; and that one of those tribal rights was, that no land should be sold but by the general consent. Yet, besides what has just been said of the Commissioner's testimony, it is not true that the Ngatiawa ever returned to their old residence as a tribe. They had been wasted, scattered, enslaved, by a superior hostile tribe. A few stragglers returned and sold some of their land, including the spot in dispute, to the Europeans. Their conquerors, too, the Waikato, sold their rights over the same property to the British crown. William King himself had been a consenting party to the sale by the Ngatiawa. They never returned as a whole tribe to Taranaki. Many of them still live in the neighbourhood of Wellington and of Queen Charlotte Sound. The British Government never acknowledged their tribal authority over those lands which had once been alienated to the English; nay, Sir George Grey gave strict injunctions to Commissioner M'Lean not to acknowledge their right to those lands, though he was willing to re-purchase from them, as they had for some time been allowed to occupy them and to drive out the settlers.

But it must appear to every unprejudiced eye that King at first made

no sort of claim. His claim was an afterthought. He began, not with claim, but with defiance. When first Teira offered the land, and the Governor conditionally accepted the offer, some of the natives who were present said, "Then Waitara is gone." No one denied the right. No one took up the symbolical mat which Teira had laid down; but King rose up in anger and said the land should not be sold. He admitted to Mr. Parris afterwards (and others were present, who testified to the admission, Mr. Whiteley, a Wesleyan minister, among the rest) that the land was Teira's. He refused to meet the Governor and discuss with him the question of right. His friends have indeed said that it is mere ignorance of native usage and Maori language which made the Governor, and the ministers, and the Chief Commissioner interpret all this as it would naturally be interpreted. But King is not a simple savage. He has been taught by missionaries; he has lived much with Europeans; he has had experience of our customs, our ways, our transactions of all kinds, not least of our modes of bargain and sale. His very appeal to arms shows that his cause was a bad one. Every effort was made to bring him to fair discussion of claims and titles; but it was plain that he had long been preparing for a struggle. He and his followers were well provided with arms and ammunition; and from the very first he sent letters to the neighbouring tribe for aid—a tribe with which his own tribe had been at feud, but which, having taken a line opposed to English rule, and having set up a native king, was likely to embrace his quarrel with Government, whether it were right or wrong.

It would be the purest mockery of justice, a mere parody on true humanity, to yield to every such assertion of right, as was made by this arch-agitator. If he were head of the tribe, and no land could be sold without his leave, why did he not veto the former sales to which he was opposed, and in which his own claims

* Some writers translate *hapu* by *tribe*, and the larger divisions which we have called tribes, such as the Waikato or the Ngatiawa, they call nations. This is the wording of Dr. Thomson. He speaks of eighteen nations as inhabiting New Zealand, each divided into several tribes or *hapus*, and each *hapu* with a chief at its head. ("Story of New Zealand," Part I., chap. 8.) According to this nomenclature the question would be, whether property belonged to a nation or to a tribe.

for compensation were equally repudiated? The reason is plain. In the former case he was not ready, but now he was prepared for war. In Maori phraseology, the *pah* had not been built before. If the claim of the tribe, and of himself as head of the tribe, were so plain and patent, as his defenders tell us, why had the whole tribe been convulsed for years by factions and feuds about the sale of land? Why was one portion of the tribe resolved to sell, and another portion ever opposing the sale? If the right of the tribe were undoubted, or King's headship and authority over it undoubted, why did not the selling party yield, as governed by the acknowledged laws of the Maori race? But feuds had existed—not of a few individuals against the general will of the tribe, but among rival claimants—some proposing to sell their own inheritance, and others claiming a share and portion of that inheritance; and so murders were committed, as they have been in like quarrels in more Christian lands. Yet, when titles were made clear, when the different proprietary claims could be arranged, there never arose insuperable difficulties to the sale of lands on the ground that they were lands held by members of a tribe and therefore inalienable. On the contrary, at least five separate blocks have so been sold in this very region, and that without leave or license from the tribe or the pretended head of the tribe.

Then comes the still vaguer assertion of *mana*. *Mana* is a mysterious word, and some of our home contemporaries have used it mysteriously. It was a wicked thing in the British Government to neglect this *mana* of King's; and yet, when its value is translated into our own current coin, we are told on all sides in New Zealand that it means nothing else but usurped authority. The *mana* is that right—for which, indeed, prescription may be pleaded in most countries—a law, which once prevailed in Europe as well as Australasia—

"The ancient rule, the golden plan,

That he should take who has the power,

And he should keep who can."

Mana is, in fact, nothing else but that grasp over other people's privileges and properties which a warlike and powerful native acquired by force or

by skill. If King had had more solid ground to stand upon, we may reasonably believe that so flimsy a pretext as that of *mana* could never have been spoken of.

Suppose, however, the Governor did not commit injustice, still was he not "imprudent in the last degree?" If so, such a Governor would, indeed, be an "expensive luxury." Imprudent he has been, we believe, in the last degree—if disregard of his own personal interest be synonymous with imprudence. It would have been easy for him to patch up a peace, to eat his own words, to repudiate his promise, to quit the colony, with the reputation of having kept all quiet, and with no drawback but that of leaving his successor with all the difficulties which he had himself inherited, aggravated tenfold by the courage and confidence inspired in the minds of the disaffected natives by the evident pusillanimity of the British authorities.

When in one part of the island a movement for setting up a native king had been gaining head for years, and a king was actually enthroned and obeyed—when a still wider organization existed in support of the land-league—when the Maories (as is proved by this very instance) had armed themselves to the teeth and had made every preparation for resistance; would the exhibition of weakness have been an indication of wisdom? When the Taranaki district, close abutting on the colony of New Plymouth, was in a condition of constant turmoil, owing to the disputes between the land sellers and the anti-land sellers; when murders had been perpetrated, and more murders were to be feared, not in the deep bush, but in the very contact-points of the Europeans and Maories; when, according to all testimony, not only was the native district thus a scene of outrage, but the safety of New Plymouth itself was threatened; would the Governor have been justified, before any tribunal, in leaving things to take their course, and trusting to his own good fortune that he should be removed from his government before the mischief reached its head?

One thing, most probably, neither he nor his ministers foresaw. Indeed, it appears from their own testimony

that they did not expect so formidable a resistance. A factious chief, with a frivolous pretext, was hardly likely to set all authority at defiance. And we think abundant evidence exists to show that the resistance would not have been so protracted but for the failure of the first efforts of the military to check it, and for the encouragement given to it by Europeans.

And now, to turn from the causes of the war to the conduct of it, there is, indeed, much to deplore. Where the fault lies, or whether there be any fault, or only misfortune, it is hard to say. The disciplined English army has ever been found singularly unfitted for the bush warfare of Caffirs and New Zealanders. Even the Irish bogs and the Welsh mountains have proved more accessible to police than to military. In New Zealand, a regiment of disciplined soldiers marched out in order, is like so many bright-coloured nine-pins, safely and easily bowled down from behind bushes and in deep rifle-pits. Of course a pitched battle in an open country would decide for the English discipline against the Maori disorder. But the double-barrelled gun in the hand of the half naked Maori, dodging among the bushes, every inch of which he knows, and of which his enemy is utterly ignorant, is worth many rifles in the hands of the soldiers in scarlet and pipeclay. Probably, the first reverses of our troops in all encounters of this kind have arisen from contempt of the enemy. But our officers must have learned by this time that such feelings are misplaced. What is most wanted is a body of irregular troops. Even volunteers may be preferable to regulars; for the very regularity is ruin.

Some blame has been thrown on Colonel Browne, for having at first hampered the commanding officers with instructions not to begin the attack on the rebels till the rebels first made an assault on the troops. But it appears, from the statements made to the Houses of Assembly, that no

impediments were really placed in the way of Colonel Gold or of General Pratt, beyond the humane prohibition to shed blood, and so to make, according to Maori custom, the quarrel irremediable, until the resistance had been such that it was plain the insurgents were bent on extremities. Colonel Browne is said to be an officer who, when in command of her Majesty's 41st Regiment in India, was highly distinguished for his courage, ability and humanity. We should hardly expect him, therefore, to be guilty of timid, though we give him full credit for merciful counsels.

But though we entirely acquit the Governor, we are in no haste to condemn the commanding officers. We wait for fuller information, and are satisfied of the unusual difficulty of their task.*

Meanwhile, we earnestly hope that all needful reinforcements will be sent out. Nothing can make the war general, and raise the whole native population against us so certainly as half measures and insufficient means. It is quite hopeless to expect the settlers to volunteer in numbers sufficient to hold their own against the Maories, if the latter are determined to drive them out. Every Maori of adult age is a warrior; every settler is a farmer or a civilian. Though the native population may no longer outnumber the European, it is probable that the native adults are more numerous than the European adults. The natives are almost wholly inhabitants of the North Island; and we can hardly expect the peaceful colonists of the Middle Island to give up their cultivations and turn soldiers to defend their fellow-countrymen in the North. It is remarkable how, almost unanimously, the inhabitants of the Middle Island, separated by sea from the scene of strife, sympathize with their brethren in the North and approve the justice and the policy of the war. But we cannot expect them, any more than the people of Australia or Van Dieman's Land, to arm in de-

* The extraordinary strength of a Maori war-pa, which is, in fact, a first-rate fortification, may be seen by referring to Thomson's "Story of New Zealand," Part II., chapter viii. In 1845 a pa of this kind, defended by 250 men, armed with single and double-barrelled guns, utterly baffled the attack of our troops, mustering 630 men, with six guns and a 32-pounder, and aided by 250 native allies. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 100, viz., thirty-four killed, and sixty-six wounded.

fence when they are themselves in no danger of attack.

Convinced, as we are, of the justice of the war, and that war sooner or later was inevitable, we trust that no half measures will protract it, and no outcries against an expenditure which

is needful will entail a much larger expenditure, which would otherwise have been needless. The best and the only hope of peace is to make war in earnest, and that without delay.*

TENNYSON'S PHILOSOPHY.—IN MEMORIAM.

IN the Song of Moses, the man of God, the good land is described as flowing with milk and honey. The promise is that Israel shall suck honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock, as well as the ranker dainties of butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, with the fat of kidneys, of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape. On the tops of the rocks, from the heights of the rugged rocks, the bee should hive her honey, and the olive ripen its berry; the very hill tops of Palestine, now so barren, should then drop down with honey and oil; a basket full of red earth shaken between the crevices of the rocks should suffice for the olive to take root in; there the wild thyme should blossom, and thus the mountains should flow with honey as the valleys flowed with milk, making up that twofold blessing which is the glory of all lands.

The world of mind is broken, like the world of nature, into mountains and valleys. There are the hill tops, where the philosopher sets his spy-glass and draws his triangles, and to which the mystic climbs, in hopes of reaching heaven by rising above earth; and there are valleys which the Utilitarian turns to profit, drawing out of them the fat of the kidneys, of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape.

According as we love the hill-top

or the valley will be our estimate of the uses of science:—

“To some she is the goddess great,
To some the milch cow of the field,
Whose business 'tis to calculate
The amount of butter she can yield.”

The feud between speculative and practical science is far from settled. The Highlanders and the Lowlanders are still at war: it will be a happy day for both, when, weary of their endless maraudings, they shall begin to barter the produce of each—when the Highland honey shall be exchanged for the Lowland milk, and barrenness and war give place to abundance and peace.

The use of mountains is to sow the dust of continents yet to be, and the use of speculative science to prepare a soil on which the useful arts may grow. We have so habituated ourselves to think this, that as Hegel remarked, philosophy in England is understood to mean the construction of pumps and spy-glasses, watches, and diving-bells, while all beyond this is remanded to the barren region of metaphysics or mysticism.

Even Bacon speaks with indignation of the way in which philosophy had been degraded and perverted by being applied as a mere instrument of utility or of early education:—
“So that the great mother of the sciences is thrust down with indignity to the offices of a handmaid—is made

* Since the preceding pages were written, the news has reached us of General Pratt's victory over the Waikatos. Though this is just cause for congratulation, it by no means proves that the war is at an end. The Maoris are a determined race. The defeat of their brethren may possibly prevent other tribes from joining the insurrection, but revenge is not unlikely to make desperate those already engaged in it. We trust that both the home and colonial governments may act on the principle of vigorously chastising the rebels, and yet of showing mercy to the vanquished. The colony will for some time require strong defence, but a conciliatory policy should accompany a demonstration of power.

to minister to the labours of medicine or mathematics; or, again, to give the first preparatory tinge to the immature minds of youth."*

In this state of discord between physics and metaphysics, a noble poem has taught the world that all is not barren on the hill-tops of metaphysics. In the "In Memoriam" song has sucked sweets out of stones, and has tempted the world to climb those hills and to taste those sweets. Not only has the world put up with the metaphysics for the sake of the poetry—a dose which, to borrow Tasso's well-known metaphor, is like the medicine that we give the sick child in a cup tipped with honey; but it has even taught itself to think, in order to relish the "In Memoriam." As the Russian epicure is switched over in his bath with some aromatic broom as a preparation for the banquet, so the Laureate has forced his admirers to fortify themselves for enjoying his lark's and nightingale's tongues by a preparatory discipline of hard thinking. It is impossible to taste one of the hundred and thirty cups of distilled metaphysics which the "In Memoriam" contains without some preparation of self-reflection. This is why the poem is either the most meaningless or the most suggestive in the language. Either the reader loves those

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away,"

with all the intensity of truths often felt, but never so well expressed before, or else it is flung away as an unmeaning mystical twang, like a Jew's harp in a schoolboy's mouth trying to sing one of the songs of Zion.

Or, again, if kind reader, you are one of the disciples of the school of common sense, who hate mystery and suspect pretence in whatever is not self-evident, you had better not attempt the "In Memoriam."

"The song was made to be sung in the night,
And he who reads it in broad day light,
Will never read its mystery aright,
And yet it is childlike easy."

If there are any who have never sorrowed, or have never doubted, they should not read it. But is there to be

found one who has never felt a gap either in his affections or his belief—who has grown to man's estate with the same circle of childhood unbroken around him? The stars, it has been said, are the holes in the drop-scene through which, like children at a play, we catch a glimpse of the lights behind, and learn that the curtain soon will rise. But he is a dull child who mistakes the painted drop-scene for the play itself, and to whom the lights flashing behind, and the tuning of the orchestra do not suggest something grand coming. Just such is the easy dogmatist who has never doubted, or the satisfied worldling who wishes the curtain may never rise to dissipate his illusions. Sorrow and doubt are the two rifts made in the curtain of life, and through which we see the everlasting lights behind. To have never sorrowed, or to have never doubted, is a state of prolonged childhood, approaching very near to imbecility. Till we have looked death in the face, we cannot have felt the reality of life; till we have looked doubt in the face, we cannot be said to have faith. In both cases there must be a transition before the child, who lives and believes, can be said to *have* life and to *have* faith. "Howbeit that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural and afterwards that which is spiritual." So it is with all of us. The child has a natural or animal life, but it is in presence of death that a sense of a spiritual life, something which cannot die, steals upon it. So the child has a natural belief, the easy credence of childhood to any nursery tale it is told; but the faith which overcomes the world and removes mountains is the birth of love brooding on doubt, as the true Eros was the son, not of Zephyr and Aurora, but of Chaos and Psyche. *Mors Januaria* is a sentiment so common that it is painted on undertakers' hatchments; that doubt is the doorway to faith is still a matter of dispute, because divines still nourish the fond desire to ferry men over from the faith of childhood to the faith of manhood without wetting their feet in the cold waters of doubt. The amiable wish that the natural may develop of itself

into the spiritual is as vain in the one case as in the other. "Afterward that which is spiritual" is the inevitable law of the growth both of a spiritual life and a spiritual faith.

There may be cases where the faith of childhood seems to have developed into the faith of manhood without passing through the "intervital gloom" of doubt just as there will be cases of those alive at the last day, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. But in both cases this mortal must put on immortality as a vesture from without, not as a growth from within. It may be in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye—the faith of childhood may be transfigured into spiritual faith so rapidly that none have marked the transition; but a transition has been passed through, silent and soft as that by which John Boanerges, of Galilee, became John the Divine, of Patmos; but a change there has been. Doubt must be passed through before the faith of unreason can become the faith of reason, before the leprosy of unbelief is cured, and the flesh of a man can become as the flesh of a little child.

The "In Memoriam" of Tennyson is not a theological poem. It is not like Dante's attempt to create an epic out of the theology of the Middle Ages, or Milton's out of the theology of the Reformation. It is not like Pope's versification of Bolingbroke's Deism, or like the theology of the Evangelical Revival of last century, done into blank verse by the poet of Olney. Rome, the Reformation, the Rationalist, and the Revival movements have thus created four great religious poems, in which the faith of the age has been caught in the flux, and crystallized into certain fixed shapes. Religious poems like these are as light, but as hard, as crystals. Dogmas done into verse may reflect the faith of an age, but the light that is from them is not in them. The poet is the ambassador in bonds of a higher teacher than himself, and, in the fetters of verse, he preaches the faith of the age of which he is the poet. Tennyson is not a religious poet in the sense that Dante, Milton, Pope, and Cowper are. The "In Memoriam" reflects the theology of its author only. It has nothing more in common with the age than this, that the age is averse to dog-

matic theology, and that so is the poet; that the age is seeking some concordance between reason and faith, and that the poet is also seeking the same. The charm of this poem is that it describes the experience of sorrow and doubt which a cultivated mind has passed through on his way to a higher faith and a contented submission to the ills of life. Those who are treading the same path look to the "In Memoriam" as a psalm of life, in which they read their own sorrows and doubts reflected in the heart of the poet. They prize it, not so much as a work of art, or as a gem of thought, unique as it is in this respect. It is for its deeper, its spiritual, beauties that they give it a place on the same shelf with Augustine's "Confessions," A Kempis' "Imitation," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim." All that can be said upon it as a poem has been already said, and we refer the reader to the critics for a catalogue of its beauties and defects. As a work of art it has not escaped shipwreck between the Scylla and Charybdis of prolix distinctness and concise obscurity:

" Brevis esse laboro
Obscurus fio."

It could not be otherwise. Where there are deep thoughts there must be dark sayings; it is no use complaining of this; and till we can turn Job or the Apocalypse into the lucid English of Paley or the *Times* newspaper it is idle to ask for clearness,

" For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

But to those who have thought on these things and felt that we now see through a glass darkly, the enigmatic style is itself a charm. It is felt that you are with a true man who is trying to tell you his thoughts, and who stutters and repeats himself, it may be, as children do when they really talk and not chatter. The professional seer knows all about the next world. Mahomet and Swedenborg both could paint a vision of heaven and hell so like earth that the suspicion is forced on us that they were nothing more than vulgar dreamers and ecstasies. It is so with all human descriptions of the unseen—

"Jupiter est quodcunque vides quocunque moveris."

One person only in the Bible is said

to minister to the labours of medicine or mathematics; or, again, to give the first preparatory tinge to the immature minds of youth."*

In this state of discord between physics and metaphysics, a noble poem has taught the world that all is not barren on the hill-tops of metaphysics. In the "In Memoriam" song has sucked sweets out of stones, and has tempted the world to climb those hills and to taste those sweets. Not only has the world put up with the metaphysics for the sake of the poetry—a dose which, to borrow Tasso's well-known metaphor, is like the medicine that we give the sick child in a cup tipped with honey; but it has even taught itself to think, in order to relish the "In Memoriam." As the Russian epicure is switched over in his bath with some aromatic broom as a preparation for the banquet, so the Laureate has forced his admirers to fortify themselves for enjoying his lark's and nightingale's tongues by a preparatory discipline of hard thinking. It is impossible to taste one of the hundred and thirty cups of distilled metaphysics which the "In Memoriam" contains without some preparation of self-reflection. This is why the poem is either the most meaningless or the most suggestive in the language. Either the reader loves those

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away,"

with all the intensity of truths often felt, but never so well expressed before, or else it is flung away as an unmeaning mystical twang, like a Jew's harp in a schoolboy's mouth trying to sing one of the songs of Zion.

Or, again, if kind reader, you are one of the disciples of the school of common sense, who hate mystery and suspect pretence in whatever is not self-evident, you had better not attempt the "In Memoriam."

"The song was made to be sung in the night,
And he who reads it in broad day light,
Will never read its mystery aright,
And yet it is childlike easy."

If there are any who have never sorrowed, or have never doubted, they should not read it. But is there to be

found one who has never felt a gap either in his affections or his belief—who has grown to man's estate with the same circle of childhood unbroken around him? The stars, it has been said, are the holes in the drop-scene through which, like children at a play, we catch a glimpse of the lights behind, and learn that the curtain soon will rise. But he is a dull child who mistakes the painted drop-scene for the play itself, and to whom the lights flashing behind, and the tuning of the orchestra do not suggest something grand coming. Just such is the easy dogmatist who has never doubted, or the satisfied worldling who wishes the curtain may never rise to dissipate his illusions. Sorrow and doubt are the two rifts made in the curtain of life, and through which we see the everlasting lights behind. To have never sorrowed, or to have never doubted, is a state of prolonged childhood, approaching very near to imbecility. Till we have looked death in the face, we cannot have felt the reality of life; till we have looked doubt in the face, we cannot be said to have faith. In both cases there must be a transition before the child, who lives and believes, can be said to *have* life and to *have* faith. "Howbeit that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural and afterwards that which is spiritual." So it is with all of us. The child has a natural or animal life, but it is in presence of death that a sense of a spiritual life, something which cannot die, steals upon it. So the child has a natural belief, the easy credence of childhood to any nursery tale it is told; but the faith which overcomes the world and removes mountains is the birth of love brooding on doubt, as the true Eros was the son, not of Zephyr and Aurora, but of Chaos and Psyche. *Mors Janua vitæ* is a sentiment so common that it is painted on undertakers' hatchments; that doubt is the doorway to faith is still a matter of dispute, because divines still nourish the fond desire to ferry men over from the faith of childhood to the faith of manhood without wetting their feet in the cold waters of doubt. The amiable wish that the natural may develop of itself

doubt it, is very well put. The poet may well say :—

“ Not in vain,
Like Paul, with beasts I fought with death ;”
for it is the same alternative put by the Apostle Paul :—Either the resurrection of Christ is true, or we are of all men most miserable.

“ My own dim life should teach me this,
That life must live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is,

“ This round of green, this orb of flame ;
Fantastic beauty, such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

“ Then what were God to such as I,
’Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die.

“ ’Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.”

This argument *ad absurdum* must underlie every other for existence after death. Let me die and not live, the soul says, if life is only phenomenal. If I am here to-day and gone to-morrow, why live out even to-day ?

“ ’Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws.”

Buddhism has adopted this theory of the soul, that it is part of the universal soul divided from it for a little while, as a bottle of salt-water corked and let down into the ocean. Better at once that the cork should be forced in, than to wait till it has floated its time and is dashed at last on the rocks—a bubble rising and disappearing for ever. Either, then, a separate immortality, and personal identity, after death of every man, or none at all, either of God or man. The conclusion from no soul to no God, is inevitable ; and the Buddhist hardly shrinks from this. The poet enters a protest against this absorption doctrine :—

“ That each who seems a separate soul,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Re-emerging in the general soul,

“ Is faith as vague as all unsweet ?
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.”

Thus far the poet stands on common

ground with all who believe in a separate soul and a personal identity surviving death. But here the question starts up (and this is the point where Christian and Deist diverge)—whether the soul is a substance immortal *per se*, and, therefore, entering on a higher existence at once on dissolution from the body ; or whether, awaiting the resurrection of the body, it slumbers on during the intermediate state. Of the two alternatives, the Platonic or the Pauline, our poet inclines to the latter. The Christian doctrine, that the soul is naked until clothed upon with a spiritual body on the resurrection morning, is very exquisitely touched upon :—

“ If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom,
Through all the interval gloom,
In some long trance should slumber on,

“ Unconscious of the sliding hour ;
Bare of the body might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be of the colour of the flower.”

But the Platonic hypothesis, that death is a second birth, the opening the matrix from matter to spirit, has a fascination of its own, even for those who believe it to be “the wages of sin.” The poet gives way to Platonism in the following lines :—

“ I wage not any feud with death,
For changes wrought on form or face
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

“ Eternal process moving on ;
From state to state the spirit walks,
And these are but the shattered stalks—
The ruined chrysalis of one.”

It was a well-meant attempt of philosophy to dry the mourner's tear with the supposition, that, as all life ended in death, so all death resulted in a higher life. The one law was certain :—

“ Omnia mors possit, lex est non poena
perire.”

This was the dictum by which philosophy tried to take the sting out of death, as if, shrinking by anticipation from the Christian account of the matter, it assured its disciples that it was a law, *not* a penalty, that all must die. If by one law every birth was a prelude to a death, might there not be some other law, that every death was, in its turn, a higher birth ? Who can tell ? The wish was father to the thought ; and so, because philosophy

wished it were so, she reasoned herself into the belief that it must be so. The body certainly dies; but what of that? it was the mortal part dropping off; the spirit shedding its muddy vesture of decay, and springing up into the empyrean a disimprisoned Psyche, the skeleton being, as one of our Platonic poets compared it:—

“A cage of flesh and bone
From whence the soul, the immortal part,
has flown.”

It is clear that philosophy and religion are at issue on this question. Death is the last enemy in the one case; he is the gaol deliverer in the other. In the view of the Apostle Paul, to be unclothed is a state undesirable, except as a transition to that glorious state when mortality is swallowed up in life. Plotinus thanked God daily that his body was not immortal, and resented all inquiries after it, as a Hindu would to be asked after his wife. According to the Platonists the body is an encumbrance—a cage, at whose bars the soul beats her wings, and pants to be free—a prison-house, out of which we now look through the gratings, and which will tumble about our ears some day and allow us to escape. The poet oscillates between these two views of death. At one time the dead,

“Watch, like God, the rolling hours,
With larger, other, eyes than ours.”

At another time the spirit appears to be like a folded flower, and the intermediate state is compared to a garden in winter, with the flowers all sleeping until the resurrection spring,

“So then were nothing lost to man,
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began.”

The latter is no doubt the Christian, and the former the Platonic view of death; and yet such is the vitality of an error which flatters human pride, and veils the penal character of death, that the philosophical account of the future life is held side by side with the Scriptural. Jerusalem and Athens met mid-way in Alexandria. Plato was “Moses Atticising;” and Moses was re-invested in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, in the intellectual capital of Egypt, by Jews like Philo and Christians like Origen. This

Alexandrian amalgam of Greek philosophy and Jewish theology has passed current in our schools, and is now reputed orthodox since Bishop Butler has lent it the authority of his great name in the first chapter of the *Analogy*. We have no right, therefore, to complain of the author of “*In Memoriam*,” if he wavers between Athens and Jerusalem, the philanpheme of the immortality of the soul, and the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body. As a poet he may fairly say that doctors differ, and that till the divines are agreed between themselves, he is not to be impeached for heresy, for following the Attic Moses in his communings with the friend who lives in God:—

“My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now,
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.”

It were to be wished that there were less of the Phædo and more of the fifteenth of the Corinthians in these meditations on the state of the departed; but as it is, we accept these views as those of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, who in many cases were as schoolmasters to lead unto Christ. In Alexandria, the meeting point of East and West, Justin and Clement, like the Greeks, who, coming up to Jerusalem, desired to see Jesus, found that which sufficed for their spirits, a Father who has manifested eternal life in his Son. There are many Alexandrians likewise in our day who are passing through philosophy to religion. The experience of “*In Memoriam*” meets their case. Were it more explicit, what it gained in orthodoxy it would lose in its attractiveness for those whose faith is little more than “honest doubt.” It wins upon them by sympathy; for the poet is at their own level, and pretends to be no more than a searcher after truth. What a penitential psalm is to an Easter hymn, that the “*In Memoriam*” is to the poetry of Keble, Cowper, or James Montgomery. The sun has not yet risen, but the morning star is shining, not in its own light, but in the rosy light of dawn that is stealing on behind it, as the Messiah upon John the Baptist.

The second great lesson of the “*In Memoriam*” is faith out of doubt. The lines are now classical:—

" Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he rung his music out ;
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

" He fought his doubts; he gathered strength ;
He would not make his judgment blind :
But faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them—thus he came, at length,

" To find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

" But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud."

There was a Syro-Phœnician faith
greater than any in Israel, in the days
when the Messiah came to his own ;
and so, perhaps, on the borders of
orthodoxy, a cry as deep for deliver-
ance may come as from any within
the Land of Promise. To those, who,
like the poet,

" Stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I trust is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope,"

the heart searchings of the "In Memoriam" are deeply instructive. He is not a jesting Pilate, who asks "What is truth?" and passes on ; not a sophist of doubt, as Spinoza and Hume, who trifle with creeds as the libertine with maidens' hearts ; not an artist, like Goethe, who settles the question that earth is dust and ashes, and sits down to cook his dinner on it, as the tourist at the cone of Vesuvius. He is a doubter like Pascal, who sees that of fifty contradictions there can be but one key to solve them all, and that, as all religions cannot be equally true, that religion must be the truest which solves some mysteries now and promises to solve the rest hereafter. He sees in death,

" The shadow, cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

This is sceptical, no doubt ; but remember, it is with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness. The poet has exquisitely put this conflict between the theology of the schools, which only breeds doubt, and the theology of the heart, which breeds assurance :—

" That which we dare invoke to bless,
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All : within, without,
The Power, in darkness, whom we guess.

" I found him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing or insect's eye,
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

" If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep,

" A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

To such a degree has Christianity affected speculation that it has in many cases brought in the difficulty of which it only offers the solution. When was Pagan philosophy tortured with a doubt like this ?—

" That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one soul shall be destroyed,
Or cast, like rubbish, in the void,
When God shall make the pile complete.

" That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth, with frail desire,
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or to subserve another's gain."

The Athenian sage had no such tender feelings for worms and moths. Nature marked out, as he thought, that the Greeks were born to be free and the barbarians to be slaves. Physical evil presented few difficulties and moral evil fewer still. A Theodicee was an unfelt necessity to thinkers whose notions of the being of God were dim in the extreme. We do not hold, with the poet, that in these matters ignorance is bliss, and that so, 'tis folly to be wise ; but at least we may allow that it was merciful in God to veil the doubt until the solution was also given. Horrible, indeed, would have been the state of mankind with a Sphynx of scepticism ever presenting her riddle, and devouring the unhappy philosopher who could not solve it. But the times of this ignorance God winked at. When there was no *Cædipus* there was no Sphynx. Philosophy has had her schools as theology has had her sects ; but these were to the disputes of later times as the battles of school-boys to the battles of men. As the young Napoleon at Brienne acted a mimic *Arcole* or *Lodi* with snowballs, so the Stoics and Epicureans babbled in Athens about fate and free-will as the Gomarists and Remonstrants, or the Jansenists and Jesuits of modern times. But the strife of ages was

then in its infancy. It was a battle of snowballs in Athens : a battle for life and death, with heaven and hell in the background, in Holland. It has always been the case, that the wider the area of light the wider the horizon of darkness. We must not complain of this drawback, attendant on revelation, that it brings its doubts with it ; that, like the Roman ambassador, it offers us peace and war in the skirts of its toga. It holds out to us faith and doubt. We are tempted to close with it and embrace it as the truth from heaven ; and then, again, we are tempted to start because of the shadow in the background. The light of revelation has, therefore, been well compared to that of a lantern—a light only to our feet and a lantern only to our paths. On a dark night it only makes the darkness visible. It wraps all around us in thicker gloom than ever. Without the lantern there is the dull gleam of the sky so thickly strewn with stars that no canopy of clouds can shut out all the light ; and so to the philosopher in Pagan darkness, the night is never so dark that he cannot distinguish between earth and sky. *Ignoti nulla cupido* ; he feels no privation of light ; he can grope his way, and this is all that he wants. But put a lantern in his hand and his situation is altered. He sees, it is true, the things at his feet better than before ; he is in less danger now of dashing his foot against a stone : but he also sees the horizon of darkness, which he did not before. Now, there falls on him a horror of a great darkness, and if he is of a fearful nature, spectres dance before him, the shadows, it may be, thrown by the lantern upon the blackness of darkness around him.

Thus, there is compensation everywhere. In these ages of faith there is much unbelief ; before faith came, when mankind, Jew and Gentile, were under the schoolmaster, men doubted little because they knew little. We need not envy their case, much less should we wish to return to it. The poet advises :—

“ Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadowed hint confine
A life that leads melodious days.”

True, we would not allow the wild boar out of the forest to root up the garden where our little sister plants

her beds of daisies and cockle-shells ; but that little sister must outgrow soon that early heaven and happy views, and we must be prepared to sow riper truths to suit the ripening mind. In the transition, however, from the faith of childhood to the faith of manhood the mind sickens for awhile, it sorrows for what it has lost, and cannot rejoice for what it has not yet found. This was the disciples' sorrow between Ascension and Pentecost. It may be compared to the sickening which happens to the wheat seed after it has begun to sprout in the ground, and to put forth a tender blade. The seed, which is the old life, is dying, and the new life has not yet strength in itself. The fruit of last year's harvest is becoming the root of this year's ; but the agony of dying must be gone through. The radicles must push through the husk and bury themselves in the earth, and become suckers to convey sap to the sprout overhead. So it is with the faith of childhood : while it is the implicit submission of one will to another, it is contented and happy ; but so soon as it begins to take root for itself it sickens for awhile, until the faith which is without reason has passed into the faith which is with reason. In this stage it is that so many draw back and complain of a religion that brings us doubts with one hand and beliefs with another ; which solves some difficulties, and suggests others. The objection is plausible, but those who make it should say whether they are prepared to go back to pagan darkness, because the lantern in their hand does not clear up the whole horizon, and throw light on every dark corner of the earth. This is the problem which “In Memoriam” wrestles with, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. We should wish a more cheerful acknowledgment of the light which we have. The poet dwells on the mystery of the permission of evil, but does not admit, as he ought, that these are the eyelids of the morning, the skirts of the mantle of Him who decks himself with light as with a garment. Three noble poems wrestle with the wish,

“ The wish that of the general whole,
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not, from that we have
The likeliest God within the soul.”

But they are fain to leave it, a wish
and no more.

"Behold we know not anything.
We can but wish that good shall fall
At last, far off—at last to all,
And every winter turn to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I,
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

It is a wish that nature herself
suggests more analogies against than
for;

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,
That I, considering everywhere,
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds,
She often brings but one to bear."

Nor is this all; she is not careful
even of the type:—

"From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, a thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go."

Botany blows to the winds one
wish of universalism, Palæontology
another. Nature has no prophecies
of redemption, she can tell us no-
thing of that restitution of all things
which God, by the mouth of all his
holy prophets since the world began,
has spoken. The poet can only turn
away, as Hagar in the wilderness, not
to see her child die. No hope is
written in the desert dust, and in the
sky of brass overhead.

"Oh! life as futile, then as frail;
Oh! for thy voice to cheer and bless.
What hope of answer and redress,
Beyond the veil—beyond the veil."

Dim as this hope is, it is not yet
darkness. It is the one star, like
that of Wallenstein, seen at times
through a stormy sky, the star of
his nativity, which would not allow
him to despair. But compare this
with the Apostle Paul's vision of the
restitution of all things in the Ephe-
sians, or of St. John in the Apoca-
lypse, when a great multitude that
no man can number, all white-robed,
all waving palm branches, stand be-
fore God and the Lamb. It is like
coming out of a vault into sunshine.
The poet has tortured himself with
doubts, because he has looked on one
side of the question, and not on the
other. Instead of thanking revelation
for showing so much, he has com-
plained of its not having declared
more. He asks the same question as
Peter, "Lord, and what shall this

man do?" and must expect the same
answer, "What is that to thee, fol-
low thou me." It is curiosity about
others which produces doubt. We are
always asking the question, "Could
not this man, that opened the eyes of
the blind, have caused that even this
man should not have died?" If evil
is cured in one part why not in ano-
ther, and if in one, why not in all?
And the next demand is, why permit
it in the first instance? "Why not
God kill deevil?" as the man Friday
sagaciously put it to Robinson Cru-
soe. The poet hints that all these
doubts are devil-born,

"You tell me with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted you, whose light blue
eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me doubt is devil-born."

Suppose we courageously tell our
whole heart out, and confess, once for
all, our belief that doubt is devil-
born. It is a devil-born doubt to
suspect Him who has spared not His
own Son. It is a devil-born doubt to
see a process by which evil is being eli-
minated out of a world of good, and to
complain because it does not spread
so fast or so wide as we wish. With-
out revelation we should have no
doubts, it is true, but we should
also have no faith. Our sense of evil
would disappear, but with it also our
knowledge of the eventual triumph
of good over evil. All would be dis-
solved in one dream of Pantheism, in
which God, nature, sin, heaven, hell,
would sink out of view as stars disap-
pear in a mist. The "In Memoriam"
would have been complete if, like the
book of Job, it had called in the Eter-
nal to vindicate his own cause, and to
silence the doubter sitting amid the
ashes and scraping his sores with a
potsherd. The Faust of Goethe, and
the Festus of Bailey are imitations of
Job, in the letter only, not in the
spirit. In both these modern ver-
sions, more rightly called perversions,
the devil comes off second best, not
utterly worsted and slinking away in
silence as in the sublime original.
So in Cain and Prometheus, evil is
not overcome of good, but defies it
still; and even Milton has been be-
trayed into giving more of a Greek
than a Hebrew turn to the duel be-
tween the All-Good and the All-Evil.
Such is the case when art is called in
to heighten the effect of truth. The

devil's advocate must make out a case for his client, and if he cannot get an acquittal must enlist at least some sympathy in his favour. We would not rate the "In Memoriam" on the same level as either Cain, or Festus, or Faust. The poet has not sacrificed truth to art, nor cast the story of Job into the mould of the Prometheus of Æschylus, which is the great offence, in our judgment, of these three great poems of our modern age. But the muse of Tennyson is too Grecian to sing aright this Hebrew melody. Like Pope's Messiah, which came from Isaiah, through Virgil, or like the Hebrew Scriptures in Origen's Hexapla, written in the Greek characters, the thoughts seem uncouth in their

new dress; we fear that in our translations we have lost some of the flavour of the original. Alexandria was an unsafe school for theology, for it was one of the haunts of philosophy, the meeting point of Jew and Greek. We put down the "In Memoriam" as the early church put down Origen, puzzled whether to pronounce him a heretic or a father, a Gnostic or an anti-Gnostic. There are many sentiments in this poet of Neo-Platonism so exactly on the border line between faith and philosophy that we leave off with him, as Paul did in Corinth, in the house of a certain Greek Justus, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.

RECENT POPULAR NOVELS.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS—THE WOMAN IN WHITE—AND LAVINIA.

Who is George Eliot? was the question commonly asked by curious or puzzled readers of "Adam Bede." Why are female novelists so prone to masquerade in garments borrowed from the sterner sex? is the question likeliest to be raised by those critics who see no wisdom in the act of an ostrich hiding her head in the sand. A disguise which any reader of average shrewdness can pierce in a few minutes seems, to our simple fancy, an elaborate mistake. It is a poor compliment to male critics to suppose that the putting of a man's name in the first page of a new novel will therefore blind them to the real authorship of that novel. Their candour and their discernment are alike disparaged by an act from which the doer herself can reap, at best, a very fleeting triumph or a very doubtful advantage. Some few of them, less careful or less discerning than the rest, may possibly be tricked into saying about a man more or less than their courtesy or their contempt would have let them say about a woman. But the murder will soon out, even to

the contentment of the least discerning, while the more experienced will, from the first, have laughed to themselves at the affectation of a mystery which was neither needed nor well done. "Only a woman's book" is a phrase which no just or generous critic would think of using against writers of the stamp of "Currer Bell," "George Sand," or the author of "Adam Bede." Such women would have lost none of their present fame had they always avowed their sex as openly as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Somerville, and Mrs. Browning have done. Their place in modern literature will be determined, not by their genders but by their books; by the beautiful things they have written, rather than the beautiful things they may have seemed, in the flesh, to masculine eyes. None but shallow or one-sided dogmatists would speak of women's books with an air of conscious patronage or affected reserve. To him who remembers that

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse,"

The Mill on the Floss. By the Author of "Adam Bede." Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh. 1860.

The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins. London: Sampson, Low, Son, and Co. 1860.

Lavinia. By the Author of "Doctor Antonio." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

a true woman's book will reveal its own special charm, whether of strength or weakness; will speak to his heart in tones more or less different from those uttered by his fellow-men. Like woman herself, it is nothing unless it be "pure womanly." A good female writer, in her own way, has no rival among the brethren of her craft; only in laying aside the garb or the graces of her sex does she lay herself open to the charge of failure in a character which she had no business to undertake. Striving to copy the man's free carriage, deep tones, and hard reasonings, she can only succeed in behaving like a better sort of monkey. Had poor Charlotte Brontë trusted more to her womanly genius, Rochester would never have been allowed to test his lady-love's kindness with confidences which no Englishman, in such a case, would have thought of making either in print or in reality. Mrs. Browning herself has hardly improved in her poetry since she took to caricaturing her husband's strong but eccentric style. And so, too, it may be, that some of George Eliot's harsher peculiarities have grown out of her ambition to carry out the part implied in her literary nick-name.

At any rate her acting of that part has not been more successful than that of her predecessors. If in some passages she has shown more of the true masculine tone and culture than Curren Bell, in others the style and sentiment are just as markedly feminine. In "Adam Bede," as in "Jane Eyre," some touch of natural womanhood, some piece of overdone manliness, some word, phrase, or sentiment out of keeping with the main pretences, keeps continually turning up to prove the hollowness of the mask so gratuitously worn. None but a woman would have thought of giving us the bed-room scene in chapter xv., where Hetty, instead of going to bed, puts on some of her rustic finery and paces up and down the room, now lost in admiration of her personal charms, now revelling in dreams of a golden future, when Poyser shall cease from worrying, and a gentleman husband shall treat her with the finest ear-rings and an endless variety of new silk gowns. Only a woman's hand could have painted, with such delicate though wearisome

minuteness, the homely life of that Hall Farm in chapter vi., where Mrs. Poyser pursues her ironing, after having relieved her tongue by much needless scolding of the industrious housemaid; proceeding, after her work is over, to "speak her mind" again, but this time not quite so roughly, to the quiet Methodist niece, who sits yonder busily mending the household linen. Nor would any other than a woman's fancy have delighted in making such a hero as Adam Bede so foolishly and wilfully blind to the utter worthlessness of his beautiful, but heartless, idol, the ready dupe of the first fair-spoken tempter in fine clothes, the willing murderess of her own new-born child. A true man, too, with a man's high notions of overruling principle and instinctive knowledge of manly nature, would have turned the high-souled, tender-hearted godson of Mrs. Irwine into something better than the mean, cowardly snob who thought, under the shield of lawful marriage with another, to hide the fruits of his own deliberate wrong-doing.

In "The Mill on the Floss" the same marks of a woman's hand are visible at every turn. It is the hand, indeed, of no common writer, but it is not the hand of one who might be expected to answer to the name of "George." That a man may have thrown in a few corrective touches here and there is not unlikely. There are thoughts which seem to have sprung from another fount than the brain of the apparent writer. But the staple of the book is womanly—a fact by no means deplorable in itself. Few living poets have sung more sweetly than Mrs. Browning; few novelists of our day have written more readable books than the authors of "Jane Eyre," "John Halifax," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Who has not felt the charm of such books of travel as the "Letters from the Baltic?" Few letter-writers of any age have outshone the fame of graphic Mary Montague. Eminent in various other fields are the names of Somerville, Martineau, and Jameson. For a certain ease of expression and light play of fancy, for quick observation, unstudied warmth of tone, instinctive truth of general treatment, our literary sisters have few, if any, rivals among the men. In George Eliot's novels

there is much that only a clever woman could have drawn so well, mingled, indeed, with many things that most men, and some few women, would certainly have disdained to draw at all. Nor is the contrast in her case between so much strength and so much weakness likely to be lessened by a vein of moral coarseness not unworthy of Goethe himself, and a wealth of masculine irony suggestive now of Thackeray, anon of Mr. Charles Reade.

Few of our living writers have become so widely popular in so short a time as the author of "Adam Bede." Favoured by her personal surroundings, the graphic raciness of her style, the comparative novelty of her subject, perhaps, too, by the mystery which rumour had helped her to weave about herself, as well as by the interest which many readers took in her delicate handling of somewhat nasty details, her first novel passed through one edition after another, and drowned in the chorus of general praise the voices of those few critics who dared to question the seeming thoroughness of her success. In an age of literal renderings from the book of nature, of cynical musings over the follies of an artificial world, a work so full of the homeliest small talk and the tritest sarcasm was sure to win the largest amount of incense from those to whom its higher merits were likeliest to remain invisible, or but very dimly seen; while many who could do justice to the higher merits were naturally blind to faults which they had always been trained to regard as beauties. To those few who saw in the book a great deal of heavy reading and much waste of high intellectual power, nothing was, meanwhile, left but to hearken, with all gravity, to the remarks of young ladies enraptured with those faithful descriptions of every-day life in country farms, or to the strictures passed by old maids on the moral and religious peculiarities of a writer who seemed equally at home in the most opposite realms of vice and virtue, in the development of a gross seduction as much as in the portraiture of a pure, sweet-natured, heaven-seeking Methodist preacheress. If their principles of art forbade them to share in any loud admiration of Mrs. Poyser, their sense of justice was not better

pleased by uncharitable allusions to the inner faith and morals of George Eliot. Demurring to the fancy shown by a woman of true genius for dwelling on scenes and characters too coarse or too trivial for the needs of art or the moral gain of womanhood, they did not, therefore, class her with the author of "Tristram Shandy," or suspect her of a design to corrupt our consciences under cover of an artful attempt to play upon our religious feelings. Their objections, whether sound or otherwise, were taken, not to the woman, but to her work; not to any supposed flaw in her personal character, but to the inherent faultiness of her plan and the shortcomings evident in its execution.

The "Mill on the Floss," though perhaps less popular than "Adam Bede," is, on the whole, an improved edition of its elder sister. Of course it is built on the same faulty principles, and reproduces the same or very similar faults of detail. There is quite as much of the old wearisome twaddle, of the old photographic pettiness, mingled with a larger vein of sententious satire, and set off by a certain amount of picturesque animalism. Of unpleasant characters and superfluous scenes there is no lack. Perhaps, indeed, they abound more than ever. The greater part of the first volume is taken up with the early childhood of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, whose aunts and uncles could hardly be matched in real life, let alone fiction, for foolish notions and disagreeable ways. Mr. Riley is drawn for us in one chapter, with such tedious carefulness that we wonder the more at never seeing him again. Chapter after chapter paints the growth of a blind, earthy passion, strong enough to drown the most urgent calls of duty, honour, kind feeling—to sweep away the stoutest barriers of social decency and rational self-control. Mrs. Tulliver and her sister, Pullet, are less tolerable than Mrs. Poyser, or even Mrs. Bede. The religious flavour which helped the sale of "Adam Bede," has been left out of its successor. Instead of Dinah Morris, with her mild sermons, saintlike speeches, and apostolic yearnings, we have only a quiet, ladylike, tender-hearted Lucy Deane. Dr. Kenn is rather a faded copy of Mr. Irwine. Still, after all deductions, we own to liking the new work better. It is more

artistic, has more of sustained interest, than the other. In poor, weak, loving Maggie, the writer has given us a nobler heroine than Hetty of the rounded form and shrivelled heart. Both the Tullivers, father and son, are drawn with a firmer and bolder hand than either of the brothers Bede. Bob Jakin, farcical as he may be deemed by many, comes in as an agreeable relief to the darker aspects of the story, and keeps the last strands of our faith in human goodness from snapping in twain for ever. Philip Wakem is not badly outlined, although his latter years miss the promise of his boyhood. Instead of a downright seduction, the guilty courtship is allowed to end in Maggie's penitent refusal even to marry the selfish lover, who leaves her no choice between such a step and the scandal sure to assail her, innocent as she may be, on her return home. The interest, mild as it is throughout, keeps rising towards the close; and the catastrophe, if it were really inevitable, lacks none of that touching power and startling clearness which mark off the genuine artist from workmen of the stamp of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

The story itself is slight, spun out, and disappointing at the last. Mr. Tulliver, who owns the mill, a man of strong prejudices, severe traditions, and much self-esteem, has two children, Tom and Maggie, who are still at school, when his love of litigation ends in ruining them all, and laying himself low with paralysis, brought on by the news of his defeat at the hands of his hateful bugbear, Lawyer Wakem. The boy and girl return home to find their father senseless, and their mother—a weak, yet not all unworthy offshoot of the Dodson race—plunged in grief at the thought of selling all her treasured household goods—the choice, spotted damask of her own spinning, the fine Holland sheets, that would have served for the laying out of her husband, her best silver teapot with the straight spout, and the fair, white “chany” which none of her sisters would care to buy. After the house has been sold over his head, Tulliver, his health restored, consents to stay there as tenant of the lawyer, to whom, he fancies, all his sufferings are due; his own son Tom, however, being first bound by a promise, entered in the

family Bible, to avenge his father's wrongs, if ever the day should come. Tom being a youth of proud spirit and firm purpose, sets to work bravely in his uphill fight with poverty; while Maggie, staying at home with a father wrapt up in gloomy thoughts, and a mother with whom she could have little in common, goes through a course of self-culture, ranging through Latin, logic, and geometry, until she finds rest awhile from her disquietude, and sweet inspiration for the future, in the pages of Thomas à Kempis. With a mind braced up to the highest dreams of self-sacrifice, she comes once more across the dearest friend of her childhood, young Philip Wakem, the deformed son of her father's hated foe. Henceforth, under Philip's guidance, her dreams take quite another turn. While Tom is making money to pay off his father's remaining debts, his sister falls deeper and deeper into the mire of an unconscious love, feeding itself in those secret meetings by the Red Deeps. Of course the lovers are found out, and Philip is driven from Maggie's sight by the taunts and threatenings of her hard-hearted brother. At last comes a day when Tom hands over to his father the money that will make him clear of the world. Flushed with success and new excitement, Mr. Tulliver returns from feasting his creditors to make a furious assault on Lawyer Wakem, within sight of the mill. Maggie's arm saves the latter from the chance of a violent end, and helps her father home to die. Two years after, Maggie leaves her place of governess to take a holiday with her cousin Lucy Deane, a pretty, gentle girl, virtually betrothed to the elegant and musical Stephen Guest. This gentleman speedily conceives a strong passion for poor Lucy's tall, dark-eyed, enthusiastic friend, who herself struggles in vain against the spell of his daily presence, and finds even in retirement no door of escape from the pursuit of her headstrong lover. Her best resolutions are sure to give way at the critical moment, or be thwarted by a perverse fate, which sends the pair at last adrift by themselves in a pleasure-boat, far down the Floss, miles below their usual landing-place. For a while Maggie yields to the sweet temptation—consents to go where love and Stephen may guide her. But at length her nobler self

prevails over all the eloquence of looks and words, of endearments and reproaches, that Stephen brings to bear on the woman he would win at any cost. Returning homewards alone from York, she meets with the usual welcome awarded to innocence that wears so startling a look of guilt. Disowned by her brother Tom, accused of the worst by an envious neighbourhood, she finds a refuge, cheered by her mother's love, under the roof of her humble friend, Bob Jakin. The good old rector's persevering but fruitless efforts to set her right with the world, a loving, generous letter from poor Philip, and a visit of sisterly forgiveness from bereaved cousin Lucy, make up the few gleams of sunlight that flash over the darkness of her new lot. At length, in despair of making head against the prejudices of an uncharitable neighbourhood, she is on the point of seeking a livelihood elsewhere, when the floods sweep over the country, and a mass of timber, whirled down the raging waters, buries beneath them the boat in which poor Maggie had just rescued her newly-reconciled brother from the mill he had so long been struggling to make his own. Their bodies are found clasped in each other's arms; Philip never marries; and Lucy is eventually united to the truant Stephen.

Here was matter for a good homely tale, in one volume, large or small. In the hands of Goldsmith, Fielding, or Miss Austen, such a conception would have been carried out gracefully and quietly, with no waste of words, no heaping-up of meaningless details. In the hands of George Eliot, it begins at the beginning of all things, and stops short at the end of her third volume. Could a fourth have been added, probably Maggie and Tom would have been allowed to survive the flood. As it is, we have three volumes, one of which is wholly superfluous, while the others might have been cut down one-half. When will modern novelists learn that the half is sometimes greater than the whole? Why should we go back to Maggie's earliest years to get an insight into what she afterwards becomes? At any rate, a few explanatory touches would surely have told us all we cared to know. The author of "*Lavinia*" would have

described as clearly in a few pages what this authoress spreads over a whole volume. We ask for meat, and she gives us pap—for a history, and she gives us sermons. Maggie's childish troubles, her impulsive ways, her April temperament—the private talk she holds with her wooden Fetish—her craving for the love of her stern, unsympathetic brother—Tom's alternate fondness and contempt for her—his boyish quarrel with Bob Jakin, because that youth would not toss him fair—his efforts after Latin and Euclid, under Mr. Stelling, are drawn with great truthfulness and some telling humour. But what, after all, was the use of provoking us to confess how strongly we are reminded of our childish pleasure in the works of Miss Edgeworth? Are we children, that a whole volume should be taken up, not only with scenes of child-life, but even with moral reflections on the same? If novelists will write about children, let them write for children only, or write books in which the story shall end with the heroine's descent from the nursery to the drawing-room. In novels, as in real life, manhood must have, at least, as many claims to our respect as childhood. Whatever else may be said of him, the author of "*Tom Brown's School-days*" showed much good sense in drawing the curtain on his hero at the moment of his entrance into college life. The general reader has lately been somewhat surfeited with childish stories, but it was left for George Eliot to give him childish lectures as well.

Let any one carefully read the first volume of her last work, and then ask himself for what conceivable purpose it was written. Mr. Tulliver takes a chapter to inform his wife of his intention to ask Riley about a school for his son, Tom. In another chapter Mr. Riley gives his opinion on the subject, and the author winds up with a long statement of his motives for the advice so given. Then we have two chapters of very small description, that read like a smartened version of "*Frank*," fitly capped by two paragraphs of sentiment that seems meant to pass off with the weaker brethren for new. Another chapter continues the history of Tom's and Maggie's childhood, relieved by an introductory sketch of the Dodson

family, with whom, in the next, we form a closer acquaintance round the dinner-table of Mrs. Tulliver. For those who like Dutch painting, and are curious about the habits of a class whose vanities and meannesses reflect their own, as it were, in a cracked and tarnished mirror, the account of this meeting will offer a charm unsurpassed in any other passage from the same author. Let us, too, give whatever praise may be justly due to a masterpiece of photographic realism little less humorous and far more truth-like than aught conceived by Mr. Dickens. If the painting a party of very stupid or very unpleasant people, without curtailing a word of the conversation or slurring the smallest trifle that any one present might have felt, seen, or done, be in itself a great achievement, the author's triumph is here complete. Only we should fancy that a truer artist would have dwelt rather less fondly on Mrs. Pullet's wearisome twaddle, on Mrs. Glegg's eternal scoldings and squabbles with all about her, on Maggie's wretchedness after she has wilfully cut off her long shaggy hair. Then comes a long detailed account of Mrs. Tulliver's visit, with her children and niece, to her sister Mrs. Pullet, whose love of physic and tenderness about furniture are brought out with a tiresome faithfulness hardly improved by a varnish of funny writing about Mrs. Pullet's new bonnet or Tom's love for animals. In two more chapters, we are told of Maggie's revenge on Lucy for Tom's unkindness to herself, followed by her flight in quest of the gipsies, who only send her home again instead of making her their queen. Then follows a faithfully coarse, unpleasant, and wholly needless picture of Mr. and Mrs. Glegg quarrelling over the breakfast-table. Worse still than aught before, in its tiresome minuteness and pedantic trifling, is the long chapter devoted to Tom's "first half" under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Stelling. Here, if anywhere, the woman's hand is unmistakably shown, and the lack of true perspective becomes most palpable. A few lines would have said more than enough about Tom's broad-chested tutor, and the failure of his system when tried on such a pupil. Nor was the writer expected to de-

cide for us whether the brain be an intellectual stomach, a sheet of white paper, or a field awaiting the plough, any more than she was justified in making us hear Tom and Maggie blunder over the Latin lesson which Tom is saying aloud to his kind-hearted little helpmate. Nearly all the rest of this volume is taken up with further descriptions of Tom's school-life, his gradual intimacy with the new school-fellow, Philip Wakem, and the friendship formed by Maggie with the lawyer's pale-looking, deformed, but clever and fine-natured son.

In this way does the novel drag its heavy length along. Instead of a well-drawn, harmonious picture, we get a series of photographic studies, of which a good deal is provokingly commonplace, and a good deal more is tiresomely repellant. A life of pervading selfishness, ill-nature, stupidity, narrow culture, lit by stray and few gleams of high or holy feeling, is the poor result of this microscopic inquiry, this pretentious striving after truth. Even if this were art, is the writer of it, after all, true to her experience of mankind at large? For whose profit or entertainment does she work out effects so darkly displeasing with a brush so mercilessly fine? To give half views of life is the besetting sin of our modern realists, but here the worst side is kept turned to us of set purpose, without any of the saving pretences elsewhere offered. Mr. Thackeray, at least, is too good a workman to draw his characters mostly without a heart. But in these volumes there are few touches of that better nature which makes the whole world kin. In the first, especially, we escape from scenes of pure childishness only to breathe an air heavy with moral firedamp or intellectual fog. Throughout them all we grope our way amid broad shadows, relieved by a few flickering rays of cheap candle-light, and nothing more. In their moral effects, they seem to remind us of some faded old picture, bearing the name, but hardly sustaining the credit of Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa. If George Eliot really finds human life, for the most part, as "narrow, ugly, and grovelling" as she has drawn it here, we neither envy her experiences nor care to see them detailed

in print. Other, larger eyes than hers have usually traced out a very different kind of doctrine; and even if the mass of men had no more to recommend them than the Tullivers and Dodsons, through whose lives she coolly bids us wade, there would still remain the fact, that neither human art nor human morals can be refined or ennobled by examples taken exclusively or even frequently from the meanest, poorest, and grossest types of human character. A book of this sort tends neither to purge our passions nor to tickle us into wholesome laughter. The strongest feelings it leaves behind are those of scorn or dislike for most of the people drawn, and of wonderment at the author's taste in drawing them as she has done.

In the second volume the story moves a little faster; there is somewhat less redundancy of small details, and a little more food for human interest. Maggie's earlier attempts at self-culture are described with some power and feeling, nor are we unpleasantly surprised at Bob Jakin's kindly remembrance of olden favours rather than recent grudges. But the reaction caused in Maggie's heart by the reappearance and eloquent sophistries of Philip Wakem draws us back with her into the mire of that low animal life from which she, for one, had so nearly struggled out. Under the guise of profitable intercourse with an old friend, she indulges in frequent stolen meetings with a young man whose only aim is to beguile her into returning a love as selfish on his side as it is long unsuspected by her. One manly word from Philip would have saved Maggie from that weary struggle between a rational sense of duty and a blind yearning for fancied friendship, which ended, after a twelvemonth, as such conflicts under such conditions are always likely enough to end.

But a yet worse fall awaits the heroine in the third volume. The stolen meetings had been brought to a sudden close, but Maggie had pledged her love to Philip, and repeated that pledge to him before her angry brother, even while she promised never to see him again without her brother's leave. Yet a new admirer no sooner opens his spells upon her—an admirer already bespoken

by her cousin Lucy—than she falls slowly but surely into the snare, her eyes still open, her moral sense by no means overpowered. The course of this strange magnetic union is traced through a large part of the last volume; with what purpose, save to show George Eliot's faith in the philosophy put forth by the author of "*Elective Affinities*," we cannot say. The lengthened treatment of a mystery so full of doubt and danger, by an Englishwoman writing for readers of both sexes, speaks as poorly for her good taste as the readiness wherewith a large-hearted girl yields up all her noblest scruples, her tenderest sympathies, to the paltry fear of seeming cruel in the eyes of a weak, unworthy tempter, speaks, in our opinion, for her knowledge of human character. Surely, no woman of Maggie's sort would have let herself be wholly drawn away from her love for the deformed and suffering Philip by a mere outside fancy for the good-looking, sweet-voiced coxcomb, Stephen Guest. Nor could any moral or artistic end be furthered by a close relation of the circumstances which made her so unaccountably false both to her old lover and the cousin with whom she had been staying. We are not for picking needless holes, and do not care to cry out with prudish horror at the notion of an ardent lover rushing to kiss a handsome girl's beautiful round arm. It is not for showing up a conventional fallacy, however respectable, that George Eliot deserves our blame. But in her hatred of things conventional, she goes too often to the opposite extreme. The development of a gross passion much more akin to lust than love, takes up far too many pages of a work not specially written for students of modern French literature or the disciples of M. Comte. Englishmen have not yet come to believe in the triumph—speaking vulgarly—of matter over mind. With all due allowance for the power of circumstances, they cling the more reverently to their old faith in a sound heart and a steady will. In the love passages between Stephen and Maggie, they find only a detailed unlikely picture of animal feelings, far less suited to ordinary readers than the superficial coarseness of Joseph Andrews. A little more reticence on a

subject so perplexing to the largest minds would have saved the writer much waste of time, and satisfied the requirements of an art that has little to do with scientific problems or exceptional phases of life.

It is true that Maggie does at last regain her moral balance, but by that time the volume is nearly come to an end, while the story itself has still apparently some way to run. At the eleventh hour the heroine is allowed to put forth that firm will which was conveniently kept in the background when the right use of it would have come much more easily, and saved all concerned from much needless suffering. The two lovers having reached York together, might have been condemned to go on to Scotland, wed each other, and live unhappily ever after; but then we should have lost the neighbourly greeting that awaited our strong-minded penitent on her return to St Ogg's, while Lucy would have been driven to keep her spirits up by accepting the love which Tom Tulliver was dying to present her. On the other hand, Stephen might have been punished by the loss of both his sweethearts, and Lucy in time allowed to pair off with honest, faithful Tom; Maggie, meanwhile, being left to work out her allotted penance before returning chastened and made whole to the arms of her first and truest lover. Had George Eliot made better use of her materials, she would have found more room for a fit conclusion. As things are, the story is suddenly carried off its legs in the flood that drowns poor Maggie; and the remaining characters are hustled from the stage at one stroke, as if author and readers were alike glad to be rid of them on any terms.

We shall not imitate a certain reviewer by asking what George Eliot's religious views may be. As a novelist, she has faults enough to amend, without being unfairly hit by an utterly needless reference to her translation of Strauss. A theological novel may be a fit subject for criticism on theological grounds, but in the case of a novel like "*The Mill on the Floss*" we have no more right to challenge the author's private leanings on religious questions, than we have to charge her with all the meannesses of the Dodson family, or the heartless sensualism of Hetty Sorel. By its

own merits the work must stand or fall. Its moral bearings, however, present a fair mark for critical arrows; and some of us may honestly demur to the strong sway which outward circumstances seem, in these novels, habitually to wield over innate strength of character and clearness of moral insight. Unlike the Greek dramatists and our own Shakespeare, George Eliot seems too fond of showing fate triumphant not only against human happiness, but still more against human virtue. "The good that we would, we do not; the evil that we would not, that we do," is a text which she never tires of illustrating, to the loss of artistic contrast, and the weakening of her hold on human sympathies. In our highest moments we feel her pictures to be less and lower than the truth, and lament that one who can write with such clear force and true feeling, should have taken so much delight in drawing the meaner instead of the nobler aspects of human life; the ruined huts on the Rhone, instead of the ruined castles on the Rhine.

George Eliot has much both to learn and to unlearn before she can take the place which her friends would claim for her among the novelists of our day. Her clear, racy, nervous English, heightened by gleams of quiet humour and thrills of calm pathos, lends rather a perilous charm to passages teeming with the worst luxuriance of that petty realism which passes with careless critics for art of the first order. Even these are less intolerable than those other passages of laboured irony and didactic commonplace, which read like bits of private note-books foisted into their present places, on much the same principle that leads a clever school-boy to astonish his friends at home with easy lectures on things not generally unknown. Where Thackeray himself cannot always tread with safety, George Eliot can only succeed in falling. Her interjectional remarks are seldom very wise or very pertinent. In nine cases out of ten they only interrupt the story, without offering a fair sop to the reader's impatience. Utterly lacking the tender illustrative beauty of like halting-places in "*The Newcomes*" and "*Vanity Fair*," they often jar upon our feelings with signs of imperfect know-

ledge hidden beneath a great show of philosophic sarcasm and a sound of idle complaining. With the peevish fretfulness of a camel in the act of loading, our authoress keeps groaning out her tiresome tirades against evils for the most part of her own imagining. Only a woman or Mr. Charles Reade would have called our attention to the startling fact that a boy of thirteen really took pride in wearing a real sword, or that he had "no distinct idea how there came to be such a thing as Latin on this earth." She sneers and rails like a sort of womanly Carlyle at an unreal monster, called by her "good society," which gets all its religion and science done to order, and knows nothing of any high belief or saving enthusiasm. Sometimes another Emerson seems to be telling us, in large and poetic phrases, that boys will feel like boys, and that old associations make life pleasant. Of these tendencies some will doubtless cure themselves with the enlarged experience of the coming years, while others flow from the inherent faultiness of those art principles which George Eliot has hitherto followed. With better principles, the work done by such a writer would bring more credit to herself, and give more pleasure to thoughtful readers. When she shall have learned the difference between painting and photography, between the poetic and the prosaic sides of human life, between careful selection and careless accumulation of small details, between that larger insight and sterner self-control, which go to the making of a first-rate novel, and the microscopic cleverness that evolves a series of faithful but disjointed sketches; when her eyes shall have been opened to the truths of that highest realism which reflects the "soul of goodness in things evil," painting the bloom upon the cheek, the light in the eye of Nature, and discovering a wealth of ideal grace and music amid all the discords and deformities of life; then, indeed, but not before, will she find herself on the road to a higher and more lasting success than aught she can otherwise hope to achieve.

With all her faults, however, a writer like George Eliot may look down from a very far height on such dweller in the plains as he who wrote "*The Woman in White*." In

this novel, which claims a passing notice from the marked disproportion of its actual merits to its seeming popularity, the spirit of modern realism has woven a tissue of scenes more wildly improbable than the fancy of an average idealist would have ventured to inflict on readers beyond their teens. Mr. W. Collins has for some years been favourably known to the general reader as a painstaking manufacturer of stories, short or long, whose chief merit lies in the skilful elaboration of a startling mystery traceable to some natural cause, but baffling all attempts to solve it until the author himself has given us the right clue. Some praise is also due to him for the care with which these literary puzzles are set off by a correct if not very natural style, a pleasing purity of moral tone, and a certain knack of hitting the more superficial traits of character. When we have said all we can for him, we have said nothing that would entitle him to a higher place among English novelists, than the compiler of an average school-history would enjoy among English historians. But to a higher place he seems ambitious to rise, if his readers would only estimate his last performance as highly as he does himself. At any rate, he has tried his best to make the world a partner in his own illusions. "*The Woman in White*" opens with a grand flourish on the author's own trumpet, and echoes of the same sweet music greet us ever and anon throughout the work. That many have thus been lured to take him at his own valuing, is likely and natural enough; and the pleasure that comes to most of us in reading a story full of movement and strange surprises, will often be enhanced by contrast with the surfeiting effects of certain other tales wherewith the genius of a great living novelist has made us too familiar. But to us it seemed as if all this self-approval rendered us the more alive to the author's weakness, even in those very points where he had hitherto come out best. If he has never yet succeeded in writing a noteworthy novel, he has signally failed for once in that field of mechanical excellence which redeemed his former essays from utter neglect.

Mr. Collins ends his preface with an implied request that his critics

therein, and you find yourself, instead, wandering in a world as mythical as that portrayed on the boards of a penny theatre or in the pages of a nursery tale. A poor drawing-master, hired to spend a few months under the same roof with his future pupils, falls in love with one of them—a pretty, blonde heiress, whose heart slips out of her own keeping before she remembers that her hand, at least, has long been pledged to another. Here is the problem which the story has to solve: how shall these two ever be made one? Of all the numberless ways to that solution Mr. Collins has chosen the least probable and the most perplexed. In a tale of little or no pretension we look for interest rather than simple likelihood; even in tales of otherwise commanding merit we overlook, if we do not actually require, an occasional draft on our credulity. But here you have a book of the loudest pretension to artistic truth crammed with incidents each unlikelier than the last. As one lie is supposed to lead to twenty more, so here one unlikelihood seems to beget another, till even the interest of the story is nearly all merged in our displeasure at the many strange things we have to swallow. “The Woman in White”—a crazy half-sister of Lady Glyde’s—forms the keystone of that arch of mystery under which the lovers part, and on the ruins of which they eventually stand triumphant. Her strange likeness to her unknown kinswoman suggests the villainy which Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde carry out for a time with full success, and points out to Walter Hartright the true road to their ultimate defeat. Both the writer and the rogues of the story make of her a most convenient tool. At the right moment—or rather, for the rogues, a day too soon—she dies, and her unhappy sister takes her place and name in the madhouse from which she escaped at the opening of the story. It is barely possible that Lady Glyde should have been tortured by fear and suffering into wearing a look of her dead sister strong enough to mislead those who had nursed and prescribed for the latter; and it is just conceivable that a careless or stupid doctor might have mistaken the signs of bodily and mental pain for those of downright

craziness. Yet it is very hard to imagine that none of those who waited on the new prisoner should in time have found out the deception; and the subsequent failure of her old friends and neighbours to recognise one who, till very lately, had lived among them from a child, surpasses all rational belief either in the powers of human dulness or the range of natural possibilities. A novelist who aims at being natural, and writes seriously, should refrain from reminding us of so broad a farce as Shakespeare’s “Comedy of Errors.”

Not less absurd, to our thinking, is the manner in which Sir Percival Glyde secures the future disposal of his wife’s property. Her rights are calmly sacrificed both by her uncle and his kind-hearted lawyer, though a word from the latter would have set Miss Halcombe on her guard, and determined her, in her sister’s interests, to secure the postponement, for a few months longer, of a marriage to which neither of them looked forward with the slightest pleasure. In the circumstances, also, which lead to the removal of Lady Glyde from Blackwater, even the dull wits of Sir Percival’s housekeeper ought to have found much food for suspicion. When a gentleman, during his wife’s illness, suddenly dismisses every servant down to the cook herself—one alone, and that one the least fit of all, being left to manage the whole house under the orders of a drunken master, even Mrs. Michelson, stupid as she is, would be inclined, one thinks, to smell something queer in the wind. Any housekeeper in real life would have refused, after what she had already seen, to believe the story of Marian’s departure, or to let poor Lady Glyde travel up to London by herself. Curiously enough, too, the same old lady, who can remember the least particular about Marian’s illness—what day the nurse arrived—how long the Count was absent—how many days the fever lasted—what Fosco, Sir Percival, Lady Glyde, said or did from hour to hour—fails entirely to recall the date of Lady Glyde’s sudden journey to London under circumstances of marked mystery. And, stranger still, the clever Mr. Hartright cannot perceive the glaring discrepancy between a statement of the poor lady’s death on the 25th July

in the mechanism of her last novel, he has tried to better her teaching by a device more absurd and far-fetched than any. Instead of keeping up that seesaw between "his diary" and "her diary" which spoils the reading of "A Life for a Life," he has achieved a literary feat wonderfully like to that of the gentleman at Astley's, who surpasses all rivals by straddling over six horses at once. "The story of the book is told throughout by the characters of the book," each of them in turn taking up the wondrous tale at the point where his or her shadow falls most invitingly across the scene.

How many witnesses thus give their evidence we are afraid to reckon up; but any one who has ever floundered through all the particulars of an important trial for murder, or about a disputed will, can realize the bewildering effect of the same process carried out in the development of a three-volumed novel. The great difference against those who read the latter is, that in a court of justice witnesses are not allowed to ramble far from the point, while the judge conveniently sums up for the general behoof those results which a curious novel-reader is left to puzzle over for himself. Whatever some may think of the novelty of this arrangement, we are really at a loss to see how "the substance of the book, as well as the form, has profited by it." If abrupt changes in style and colouring, needless repetitions of facts already known, much interweaving of impertinent trifles, and many wearisome demands on our credulity, be, as we honestly declare, the mighty issue of this labouring mountain, the pretended profit must be far beyond our search. What movement the story has could have been imparted by much simpler means; and we would rather have seen the characters developed in the usual way, than by a process about as credible and straightforward as that employed by the spirits who are supposed to move our drawing-room tables, and play sweet music on accordions once attunable by mortal fingers alone. Do we get any further or more important light

to the depths of Mr. Fairlie's small d by perusing his statement of t befel himself at the time of Miss combe's illness? Would a sickly, , irritable gentleman, taking up

the parable sorely against his own will, have extended a very short story over some thirty pages, even though it was all taken down from his dictation? How is it that the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, so stupid, forgetful, and unsuspecting, should have depicted her own experiences with regard to Fosco, Glyde, and others, in language strangely akin to that of Miss Halcombe's diary and Mr. Hartright's confessions? A longish statement by Mr. Fairlie's lawyer, besides going over some old ground, illustrates nothing but the kindly nature of a gentleman with whom we never meet again, and who allows his client's niece to fall too readily into the snare devised for her by her future husband. Some parts even of Marian's diary might have been cut away without leaving her less worthy to inspire her villanous Italian lover with that exceptional tenderness which insured his ultimate defeat.

Had the story been wrought out in the old-fashioned way it could have been told far more effectively and in less space. Much of the first and nearly half the second volume might have been easily condensed into two or three chapters. A story full of movement would not have kept us waiting so long beside Marian's sick bed, or among the art treasures of her silly and selfish uncle's sitting-room at Limmeridge. A few pages on the subject of Mrs. Michelson's narrative, and a few lines about the shorter depositions that follow, would have told us all that was needful regarding the plot laid for destroying the identity of Lady Glyde. Nor will it seem bootless to remind the author that incidents alone do not necessarily help the story forward, even if it be stuffed as full of them as an omnibus is with passengers on a rainy day. If some of those in the present novel are useful to mislead, others can only tend to weary the reader, without adding a perceptible link to the circumstantial chain.

But the attempt to combine newness of form and substance with reality of treatment has led to failure of a still more glaring kind. Throughout the book circumstances grotesque or improbable meet you at every turn. You are bidden to look at scenes of real modern life, described by the very persons who figured

therein, and you find yourself, instead, wandering in a world as mythical as that portrayed on the boards of a penny theatre or in the pages of a nursery tale. A poor drawing-master, hired to spend a few months under the same roof with his future pupils, falls in love with one of them—a pretty, blonde heiress, whose heart slips out of her own keeping before she remembers that her hand, at least, has long been pledged to another. Here is the problem which the story has to solve: how shall these two ever be made one? Of all the numberless ways to that solution Mr. Collins has chosen the least probable and the most perplexed. In a tale of little or no pretension we look for interest rather than simple likelihood; even in tales of otherwise commanding merit we overlook, if we do not actually require, an occasional draft on our credulity. But here you have a book of the loudest pretension to artistic truth crammed with incidents each unlikelier than the last. As one lie is supposed to lead to twenty more, so here one unlikelihood seems to beget another, till even the interest of the story is nearly all merged in our displeasure at the many strange things we have to swallow. “The Woman in White”—a crazy half-sister of Lady Glyde’s—forms the keystone of that arch of mystery under which the lovers part, and on the ruins of which they eventually stand triumphant. Her strange likeness to her unknown kinswoman suggests the villainy which Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde carry out for a time with full success, and points out to Walter Hartright the true road to their ultimate defeat. Both the writer and the rogues of the story make of her a most convenient tool. At the right moment—or rather, for the rogues, a day too soon—she dies, and her unhappy sister takes her place and name in the madhouse from which she escaped at the opening of the story. It is barely possible that Lady Glyde should have been tortured by fear and suffering into wearing a look of her dead sister strong enough to mislead those who had nursed and prescribed for the latter; and it is just conceivable that a careless or stupid doctor might have mistaken the signs of bodily and mental pain for those of downright

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and the proofs, revealed by Mrs. Michelson's own story, of her being alive at Blackwater Park in the beginning of August. And yet on a question of dates the whole catastrophe is made to turn!

The third volume is utterly melodramatic. Sir Percival's convenient death by fire, ill-managed and poorly drawn, leaves his widow free to marry her whilom teacher, whose efforts to prove her identity are luckily furthered by Fosco's absurd tenderness for that "grand creature," Marian Halcombe. A happy fluke which places Fosco at Mr. Hartright's mercy, leads to a grand recital of impossible villanies, followed by the archvillain's final extinction in a blaze of lurid mystery, under the recollection whereof we, too, may take our leave of a work which, but for its popularity, we should never have thought of noticing in the same page with "The Mill on the Floss," still less with the novel that comes next under review.

To turn from "The Woman in White" to such a novel as "Lavinia" is like emerging from the lights and noise of a fourth-rate theatre into the fresh, sweet air of a summer evening. Pleasant enough to the reader, such a change gives double pleasure to the critic, whose sense of beauty thirsts for some worthier food than mere melodramas or even photographic pictures of vulgar life. In this natural, unpretending tale, written though it be by a foreigner, whose mastery of our tongue can only have been gained by long practice, we have a work of which any English novelist might well be proud. With few exceptions the language is thoroughly choice, graceful, and happily turned. If a foreign word or phrase sometimes fills the place of a good English equivalent, and the order of a sentence now and then looks somewhat strange to English eyes, there are yet more instances of a wide acquaintance with idioms not generally known to students of a foreign tongue, and too often, indeed, neglected by English writers. But this is, perhaps, the least charm of the book, and the author of "Doctor Antonio" needs no fresh certificate of an excellence so clearly proven some years ago. It is for the higher merits of which he gave such welcome promise before, that we would call attention to his

latest essay. At a time when George Eliot is widely read, and even "The Woman in White" runs through more than one edition in a few weeks, it seems the duty of an honest critic to say his best in favour of a writer who tells an interesting story in a natural, easy way, with no elaborate waste of words or accumulation of smart touches—no pauses of admiration at his own work, or spirts of irrelevant railing at fancied evils;—of a writer, in short, who thinks less about himself than about his subject—has a true eye for characteristic humours, telling incidents, picturesque scenes, and abounds in genial pleasantry, in tones of manly tenderness, in the spirit of a large idealism, hallowing all things, even as a landscape is glorified by the sun.

"Lavinia" is a story which no lover of natural beauty would wish unread, a story which no pure-minded English lady need blush to read, nor any business-loving gentleman of middle age scorn to take up in idle hours. Written for no special purpose, guiltless of all attempts to preach up new gospels, social or political, it carries you pleasantly and not vainly along from first to last, feeding alike your thirst for healthy emotion and your need for intellectual refreshment with a just admixture of incidents, neither beyond nor beneath the ken of a refined realism, and of characters wrought out with dramatic truth and winning from you, each in his several way, that amount of curious interest which the author meant him to inspire. It is a story of no pretension whatever, turning on that old theme of numberless stories past, present, and to come, the love of man and woman for each other. As in "The Woman in White," two persons, between whom frowns many a barrier of outward circumstance, are here depicted falling into love, and going through a course of preliminary trial which leads them, at the end of the last volume, into the wished-for haven of wedded bliss. But Lavinia and Paolo are very different beings to those conceived by Mr. Collins, and their adventures, even at the strangest, always retain that air of likelihood, which seems wholly wanting to those of Mr. Hartright and Laura Fairlie. Their characters, seen at first in dim outline, come out more and more clearly as the plot moves on,

each new situation revealing a fresh or illustrating a former trait. Natural without meanness, and self-consistent without being one-sided, they are neither monsters of virtue nor miracles of roguery; still less have they of kinship with the strong-handed giants of one novelist or the characterless heroines of another. Not being mere bundles of crude maxims or bladders filled with sentimental rhetoric, they talk, write, and behave themselves like human beings cast indeed in no ordinary mould, but weak enough to be sometimes jealous, unkind, ill-tempered; to be led by circumstances into deeds of folly or recklessness, whose fruit is bitter suffering and deep inward shame. Their career, full as it is of various incidents, and chequered with many shapes of passing evil, seems to interest us, chiefly because it is theirs, because they are living friends of ours, who come forth at last from their fiery baptism stronger, wiser, humbler-hearted, every way worthier of each other than before.

The book opens with a scene in a painter's studio at Rome. Mortimer Thornton, an English gentleman, older in suffering than actual years, looks in to see how his young friend and favourite, Paolo Mancini, gets on with his new picture. In the following dialogue their characters are well contrasted, the Italian's eager, quick-glancing, open-hearted nature, "always in extremes," against his companion's "provoking British phlegm," covering, as it often does, a depth of strong and tender feeling, unfathomable by dwellers in a sunnier clime. As they begin so they continue throughout. The burning Etna under the coat of ice bursts forth, in due time, with a power and fury the more ravaging for its long suppression, and leaves behind a broad waste of intellectual ruin which neither time nor doctor's skill can restore to its olden majesty. Paolo, on the other hand, quicker to lose is much less slow to regain his mental balance, like some ships that heel over with the slightest wind, but are steadier beyond a certain point than those which usually sail stiffer in a strong breeze. Thornton's past is not wholly revealed to us until the third volume; but Paolo's antecedents are not long shrouded in mystery. Two short but touching chapters unfold the story of his noble birth, his

parents' sufferings, and his own early struggles, before the Englishman first finds him copying a Madonna in the Vatican. Out of those two chapters a pre-Raphaelite novelist would have made, at least a volume, if not a whole book. At Mortimer's advice, and with his help, the young drawing-master sets up a studio and speedily wins renown as an original painter of historical themes. Community of toils and dangers, in the year of Rome's last effort to be free, bound yet faster the friendship which common tastes and an under current of common feeling had first begun. About this time Lavinia Jones appears on the stage as a spoilt-child of fortune and niece of a retired tradesman, whose great wealth had just failed to save him from the honour of being greeted as "Old Jones of Piccadilly," by a former customer of more birth than breeding. Recommended to take lessons of Paolo by one of his old pupils, and baffled in her first attempt to secure his services, the determined young lady storms his studio, covered, of course, by her uncle, and at one good stroke gains both an excellent teacher and the lover, to whom her own heart was, in good time, to yield itself without conditions. The silent but inevitable growth of their mutual love, the disappointments, doubts, misunderstandings, which fail to choke or weaken it, poor Paolo's fatal outburst of mad despair at Paris, Lavinia's grief at losing him, sharpened by remorse for past acts of foolish trifling with one so worthy of the best she had to give, are all traced by the same delicate yet manly pencil that drew the less happy loves of Lucy and Doctor Antonio.

In the present novel, as in the last, much is told in the fewest words, and hints go further than set phrases. A look, a word, a gesture is made to carry as much meaning as an artist less able or less conscientious would have spun out through several pages. Lavinia's gossiping letters to her dear friend, Lady Augusta, supply what links were needed to complete the chain of evidence regarding herself, her character, and her feelings towards Paolo; besides bringing out those nicer traits in Paolo's conduct which a woman would always be quickest to remark. There is no parade of her own feelings or fancies; she only

tells in a lively natural way what happened at different times, how roughly Paolo seized her wrist to keep her from climbing a dangerous part of the Colosseum, how pleased he was at the way she wore her hair, how angry at her not resenting the rude stare of the wicked Prince Rocca-Ginestra, what a fight she herself had with her uncle, about an invitation to dinner for Signor Paolo. In the same way we discover how easily Miss Jones is taken in by a sham count and led away by a giddy marchioness; we smile at her lover's rebellion against the rules of drawing-room life and his unsparing hatred of Italian nobles; and we pity the poor simple-hearted painter for pouring out his soul on a brilliant young beauty, whose love for him, unlike that of Donna Julia, seems but a small part of her daily being, too weak to lift her above a selfish fear of the world's opinion, or to draw her away for a few moments from the close pursuit of those worldly pleasures which her lover was neither willing to share nor able to tolerate. Other bits of useful information creep upon us here and there in the course of the narrative, rather, as it were, by chance than of set purpose, until we come insensibly to a fair division of our sympathies between two people outwardly so different, yet each at bottom so worthy to match the other. There is enough of fault and folly on either side to enhance our appreciation of the good that belongs to both.

A story so well told cannot fail to suggest some of those "liberal applications" which any thoughtful student may always find for himself in the fields of art as well as nature. The author is too good a judge to behave like a lecturer in a dissecting-room, explaining this peculiarity of structure, dwelling on that symptom of functional disease, or speculating on the probable uses of yonder tissue. He has left us to form our own conclusions, while taking care to leave us grounds enough for such a process. One moral in particular seems to wind about his story of these two lovers, like a delicate vein over the surface of a fair white arm. The main secret of their early quarrels and long separation lies in those trifles of outward circumstance by which one sets too much and the other too little store. Each continually expects

too much from the other, in sheer ignorance of the other's peculiar training. Paolo, well-born in fact, but brought up in poverty to love simple truth and natural beauty, taught by sad experience to despise the Romans of his own order, accustomed to think for himself and to find in hard work a strong antidote to his native indolence, takes Lavinia to task on points of behaviour, about which a lover less unsophisticated would neither have said nor, perhaps, thought a harsh thing. The lively handsome English girl, on her side, bred in elegant idleness and busy pleasure-seeking, among folks who worshipped riches only less than rank, and measured all beauty of soul or body by the costliness of its golden setting, could only laugh at her lover's furious tirades against wickedness in high places, against the manners and amusements of polite society, against other things that seemed to her either venial or comparatively blameless. From a pedestal of pride and accidental worth she looks down on the man who comes to a dinner-party in thick shoes and brown gloves. Paolo's horror of low dresses, wide-spreading crinoline, and such like freaks of modern fashion, is matched by Lavinia's wondering pity for a madman who wilfully tears to pieces the document that proves his title to a marquise. His bursts of unreasoning anger and wild despair seem almost warranted by her insolent trifling with the love of one to whose innate nobleness she herself in her higher moments delights to pay the heartiest homage. Lavinia's ignorance of a world outside the fashionable pale leads her into acts of unwitting harshness towards the most sensitive of earnest lovers, while Paolo's hatred of all conventionalism blinds him to the sacrifices which Lavinia from time to time does really make on his behalf. Both of them have to learn wisdom through much trial. In the depths of poverty and outward humiliation, the one has to learn what poor things are rank, and riches, and worldly show, beside the loveliness of a manly loyal heart. Cloyed with the frivolous excitements and sensual follies of a gay bachelor's life in Paris, the other also looks back with shame to the days of his youthful innocence, and owns at last that wealth and

illness may lead men into worse temptations than were ever yet devised by poverty and hard work. Prosperity having laid bare the weak spots in Paolo's nature, while misfortune was bringing out the nobler traits in that of Lavinia, the two lovers are at length allowed to join hands across the grave of their past illusions, and receive with humble thankfulness that crown of happy love which sometimes, even in real life, awaits those who have dared nobly and suffered much.

Nor are these two the only pair who end happily. Thornton also, the English woman-hater, whose cynical warnings failed to harden his young friend's poetic heart against one whose image had already begun to nestle there, he, too, is made whole again by the sight of her whose great love for him, cruelly as he had once wronged, and madly as he had renounced it, was still, after long years of mutual suffering, to bear rich fruit in the love which he had vainly striven to trample out of his own breast. His first meeting with long-lost Clara is naturally and touchingly told; and if his previous madness seemed hardly warranted by the apparent cause, the recovery at least is quite in keeping with average experience. Clara's appearance on the scene leads to as pleasant a chapter as any in the book—the description of "Owlscombe and its inmates." In portraying the characteristic graces of a quiet English household, the author seems no less at home than in other more humorous sketches of life at Rome and Paris. Mr. Aveling, with his fine fancies, warm heart, and passionate phrases, happy in the loving worship of a true wife and faithful sister, forms the fit centre of a group wrought out with the manly humour and rich poetic grace of Washington Irving. An excellent foil to the more tragic loves of Paolo and Lavinia is found for us in the long and faithful courtship of Paolo's lively, honest, little friend, Salvator, and his brave, hard-working, patient, little sweetheart, Clelia. Salvator's happy good sense and kindly humour, set off by abundant scraps from his favourite operas, keep Paolo's courage alive under the cooling effects of Thornton's sarcasms and Lavinia's changefulness; and his honest elo-

quence snatches Paolo himself at a very critical moment from the full stream of sensualism on which he had let himself float despairingly away.

In the by-play and other adjuncts of the story there is no lack of racy portraiture and truthful shading. From the purse-proud upstart, Mr. Jones, duped by the first impostor who puts Count before his name, and ready to insult Lavinia in the hour of her greatest helplessness, down to the reckless, light-hearted Théophile Courant, who thinks the "Promessi Sposi" far too moral, and believes in Balzac as the prophet who has exhausted all fields of fiction save that of passion alone, each of the lesser characters reveals, in a few distinctive touches, the delicate movements of the same master hand. The kind-hearted landlady with whom Lavinia finds a lodging, and who only looks in newspapers for the last "mysterious event" or "shocking suicide;" the quaint old sergeant, Benoît, and the humble friends through whose tender nursing Paolo is brought safely through a serious illness; Du Genre, the French painter, whose views of art are as realistic as those of Paolo are the reverse; the rattle-brained Spanish Princess who puts her household in mourning on the death of a lap-dog, and knocks down a faithless lover on the stage of her private theatre; all these, and yet more, play their several parts with much dramatic fitness and due regard to perspective. They seldom, if ever, say too much or harp too often on the same string. We get the cream of their talk ready skimmed. In this novel, as in "Doctor Antonio," a good deal of character is evolved in dialogue; and the dialogue, always true to the speakers in substance, if not in verbal form, very seldom runs to excess or overflows into public lecturing. Unlike George Eliot, this author knows when to have done. His tact and continence are remarkable in many ways. Paolo's downward course, under the guidance of Du Genre and the patronage of M. Du Verlat, is painted without grossness, yet without prudery—enough being shown to repel us from prying deeper. So, too, of Lavinia's trials in the great English capital enough is told to help us in realising the

utter contrast between those days of plenty and these of famine. Even his patriotism, true and deep as it evidently is, never seems to carry him, as it did somewhat in his former work, beyond the bounds of dramatic likelihood. Saved from mental ruin at Paris, the hero is certainly sent to face bodily dangers among his countrymen in the Crimea; but we are bored with no detailed accounts of his warlike doings, and listen only to a few sentences of eloquent meaning on the reasons that led Piedmont to join the Allies.

Whether derived from nature or practice, the glow of manly cheerfulness and kindly wisdom which lights up "Lavinia" reminds us pleasantly of Walter Scott. Like the works of that great novelist, it embodies in artistic forms a large amount of varied culture and condensed experience, tinged with a warmth of natural feeling more peculiarly its own. If there is hardly a line of direct preaching in the whole three volumes, pearls of large philosophy and noble sentiment keep dropping, on fit occasions, from the lips of various speakers. Amidst the group of gay, young artists in Paolo's Roman studio, or in the quiet

home circle at Owlscombe, or beneath the lowlier roof of poor Prosper, many a good thing is said with so little noise that a reader used to the screams and starts of other novelists would likely fail to hear them. The author's way of handling a sentiment is thoroughly Horatian, though his philosophy is by no means Epicurean. A vein of delicate humour and genial raillery runs through all his writing, and many passages are alive with the true spirit of high comedy, seldom, if ever, sinking into mere farce. Had he not written so good a story, we might have expected him to produce a capital play. In a work so full of beauties we have not cared, even if we had time, to point out faults which any reader may detect for himself. To us they are but traits of natural weakness in the character of one we love; of weakness all the more pardonable for not affecting the strut and show of strength. We heartily thank the author of "Lavinia" for having given us so clear a proof that the art of writing a classic novel has not wholly died out, even in an age of groping realism and frantic straining after new effects.

DIRECT TRADE BETWEEN FRANCE AND IRELAND.

WHATEVER is calculated to promote either the religious, intellectual, or material progress of this country has ever been zealously advocated in our pages. The recent Commercial Treaty with France gives an opening for increase of material wealth, if direct communication could be established between that country and some of our principal sea-port towns. The consumption of French goods in Ireland was, in past times, considerable in proportion to the wealth of this island, and the recent augmentation of our prosperity will lead to a corresponding increase of these imports. By a first principle in political economy, imports must be paid for by exports; and the reductions in the French tariff offer expectation that we may look forward to supply our neighbours across the Channel with several articles of primary necessity, and some in a manufactured state. Prospects

of reciprocity may reasonably be entertained, if the facility of direct communication should enable French articles of various sorts to reach our shores with cheapness and celerity. At present the indirect nature of the traffic deprives the trade between the two countries of much of the profits which would reward its development by falling wholly to the share of the immediately interested parties. But direct and rapid communication, by enabling demand to be quickly suited by supply, would have the effect of bringing more capital, in many hands, into the traffic, and of giving a brisk turn and general spread to this particular branch of commerce.

Up to the present time, the goods and passenger traffic between this country and the Continent has been carried on almost entirely through England. This course seems, at the first view, less objectionable than that

the traffic between Ireland and America and Australia should be conducted through the same medium, because it does not, like the latter courses, involve a retrograde movement. At the same time, several inconveniences result to the travelling public and trading community of Ireland from want of direct steam communication between this country and France. Our own knowledge enables us to say that many Irishmen and families, visiting and residing in the latter land, would gladly avail themselves of the more economic mode of transit, did it exist, instead of, as now, having to make a long and costly journey through England. If there were proper steamboats plying direct between Havre and Waterford, Cork, and Dublin, a large amount of passenger traffic might be counted on, from sources which we shall presently indicate. At present, the journey between the French and Irish capitals involves two sea voyages and two railway trips. Its expense, moreover, is such as to render a visit to the Continent a gratification beyond the reach of persons of limited means. But were such a line of steamers running as we propose, an individual might go and return for the amount of the fare he would now have to pay for going.

Travelling will soon no longer be the luxury of the upper ten thousand, but will be available for the middle classes, with the widest beneficial effects. Already, the wise Emperor of the French, recognising an influx of commercial travellers as one of the effects of the new Treaty, has abolished passports in favour of British subjects. That vast, rich, and interesting country, *La belle France*, is now intersected with railways, almost throughout its length and breadth. The delights of travelling, the cheapness of living in most parts of the Continent, the recreation, and multifarious advantages gained from visiting other countries, combine to render it probable that the age of popular travel has only just begun. Our countrymen, who have of late years made great strides, will surely not be behind in this march of improvement.

Assuming that steamers were plying between either Cork or Waterford and Havre, it might fairly be expected that the passenger traffic alone would, for about four months of the year,

suffice to recompense the larger portion of the current expenses. The fare by this line would probably not exceed £2, being about one-half the cost of travelling at the cheapest rate between Dublin and Paris. Calculations could be quoted, tending to prove that in point of expense, time, and convenience, the superiority of a direct line would be great over the present routes. With respect to the probable amount of passengers, the data are by no means accessible; but this is a point we shall return to.

The item of freight of goods which might be expected for such a line offers some obvious conclusions, although the probable development of the traffic is in general obscurity. Our imports from France are more considerable than might be imagined, but our exports to that country are extremely small. It may reasonably be anticipated that the effect of direct steam communication would be to increase our imports largely, and to raise our export trade to a respectable figure. With increase of wealth, the demand for French goods will augment.

Let us begin with considering the article of wine. The extensive consumption of French wines in this country, in times when the duty was low, proves the taste for them to have existed, and renders it likely to revive, now that the duty is moderate. The reputation Ireland acquired for importing good claret has continued to the present day. The reduction of the duty offers an opportunity of again promoting the consumption of French wines, more particularly those of Burgundy, which, except of the highest quality, and in small quantity, are unknown in Ireland. The lower qualities of Bordeaux wines, which are specially called claret, are also nearly unknown here. To insure a demand, however, it is essential that there should be direct and frequent communication between the two countries, as in consequence of the duty being levied according to the alcoholic strength of the wines, it follows that those which, like the cheaper ones, contain the smallest quantity, cannot be kept long, and must therefore be drunk soon. They would keep longer, provided a sufficient amount of alcohol were infused for their preservation. But such infusion is to some palates

insupportable; and besides, the expense of the spirit, added to the extra duty it would entail, would raise even low-class wines to a price at which they could not compete with the vintages of Spain, Portugal, and South Africa. Moreover, without immediate communication, which would enable small dealers to send for these wines in quantities suitable to their means, the trade must necessarily be confined to extensive merchants, who, for the preservation of the inferior qualities, would be compelled to order their strength to be augmented by alcohol, and thus raise their price to an almost prohibitory degree. It may, therefore, be concluded, that the facility of obtaining French wines according to demand, given by direct communication, would, combined with the diminution of freight, occasion a considerable and remunerative trade in this article.

French wheat and flour, particularly the latter, are among the articles in which, at certain times, a good trade might be done, if such communication existed; as in times when either short crops at home, or a deterioration in the quality of the produce, should afford an opening for the introduction of foreign corn. At present, American breadstuffs are more frequently made use of than French, on account of the greater facility of procuring the former in any quantity,

large or small, from the vast depots in Liverpool. It is not rash to predict that, with a direct line, a large trade in French flour would be done, even in seasons of plenty, owing to the high appreciation in which this article is held. The difficulty of obtaining it, unless when a speculator brings in a great quantity, alone prevents it from being more extensively used than at present in this country; and this difficulty would be obviated when even small dealers would be able each week to procure the requisite quantity.

Not to weary our uncommercial readers, it suffices to observe that a lively business might be given birth to in the matters of consigning to France such commodities as hams, bacon, salt pork, lard, salt butter, fish, skins, sole leather, yarns, linen, poplin, ratteens, marble, horses, wool, woollen and cotton goods, needlework, &c. No wonderful gain is to be expected to accrue from any particular article, but steady and increasing small profits and quick returns may be counted upon as sure to arise from interchange of the numberless commodities in use in both countries.

In the matter of one article, fish, for which there is great demand in France, the existing tariff still acts almost prohibitory of the import of foreign fish, by maintaining a high protective entrance duty, as the following table shows:—

	By French ships.		By foreign ships.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fish—salt-water, fresh, foreign fishery, per 2 cwt. gross,	32	6	35	10
„ foreign fishery, dried, salted, or smoked, per 2 cwt. gross,	32	6	35	10
„ pickled, from foreign countries, per 2 cwt. nett,	80	0	86	3
Oysters—fresh, foreign fishery, per 1,000,	1	3	4	2
„ pickled, per 2 cwt. gross,	20	0	22	1

The reason why this high duty is maintained is, as is well known, with the object of fostering the native fisheries, for the sake of supplying seamen to the imperial navy. No doubt, even the unvarnished eloquence of Mr. Cobden would be powerless to induce the Emperor to imperil the manning of his fleet for the present. But more peaceable times may come; and meanwhile, if salmon are admissible in the category of “fresh-water fish,” which, after duty free, a sprightly trade might be set up between Paris and Water-

ford, in a commodity now exported in large quantities from the latter city, at a price about one-half less than it fetches in the former. Oysters are also dear in France, and whenever landlords along our coasts adopt existing successful modes of ostreiculture, a considerable export of this article may be anticipated.

What would be the traffic in cattle between the two countries, is a problem not easy to make a good guess towards solving. One fact is certain, that, though butcher's meat is usually

at a higher price in Paris than in London, and Irish beef goes to the latter city, it never finds its way to the former. Until the system of *octroi* duties on the entry of provisions into French towns is abandoned, supply of foreign articles of consumption will never be very remunerative. But some of the articles above indicated promise well, such as woollen goods, which are dear in France: so that export of coarse cloths, for which Ireland has, for centuries, been famous, as friezes and ratteens, with blankets and coarse flannels, would be attended with profit.

Horse-breeding, for which our country has good qualifications, and in which she has earned European reputation, might expect to profit by the continual demand in France for cavalry and other horses. At the risk of being deemed sciolists, let us hint that the secret why our brood-mares are such good dams, consists in the fact that our pastures maintain their strength and succulence during the summer months, when the plains of central and southern France are burnt up. The inadequacy of all existing appliances, in that country and its Algerian colony, for furnishing sufficient horses for military purposes, leaves a want which our large farmers might soon help to supply. The exigencies of our neighbours in the matter of horses are great. Irish hunters fetch high prices, and we know that French counts have visited Irish fairs more than once, to carry away picked specimens of our hunting and racing breeds.

Now for the probabilities connected with French imports, if direct steam communication were set on foot. At

present, all French commodities reach us through England, and, for the most part, through that country's agents. One consequence is, that the Irish consumer pays three profits, one to the French exporter, another to the agent, and another to the home importer. Other incidents, such as the length of transit and breakages during the frequent transshipments, combine to raise the price here. The principal articles of import may be enumerated as: wines and brandies, flour, leather, silks, millinery, chocolate, and shell cocoa, cloths, jewellery, and bronze and fancy wares, besides smaller articles, the quantity of which would be constantly increasing. Upper leathers now come in largely; early fruit would be in demand if rapidly conveyed; and the consumption of French light fabrics of all kinds is steadily increasing.*

Passenger traffic is far more remunerative than freight; therefore the question, already touched on, as to what number of voyagers may be anticipated, is a main point. The constant evidence that almost everybody who can afford to pay for a passage by the shortest sea-voyage will not go by a longer route, prevents sanguine expectations as to the proposed one. Still, during the summer months, weekly boats on this line might reasonably calculate on filling. The chief support it would receive would be from the Royal Irish Transatlantic Steam Company, since many passengers to and from America might like to adopt the new cheap route. It must be recollected that facilities of travelling create travellers. The fact that the first year of the Collins' steamers brought the number of

* The following list of goods exported from France to Ireland has been obtained by Mr. Blake:—

Silk stuffs and ribbons, velvet, satin, &c.
Wines and brandy.
Muslins and gauzes.
Printed and other cloths.
Kid gloves.
China, bronzes, imitation jewellery, clocks, &c.
Merinos.
Men's and women's shoes and boots.
Ladies' bonnets, head-dresses, and all millinery.
Furniture of all kinds.
Musical instruments, pianos, organs, &c.

Letter paper and paper hangings.
Leather boot and shoe tops and fronts.
Artificial flowers, feathers, laces.
Cambrics, embroideries, woollen and fancy stuffs, trimmings, &c.
Silk gloves, silk hats and bonnets.
Perfumery of all kinds, soaps, &c.
Oil and vinegar, corks.
White, coloured, and ornamented panes of glass.
Parasols and umbrellas.*
Colours.

American voyagers up from about 5,000 to over 29,000, shows the expansion of passenger traffic. Comparing the number of persons who crossed between Ireland and England before the introduction of steam, the present increase appears extraordinary; but it is really insignificant in comparison with what the wealth of the two countries is calculated to develop. The steamers that ply between our metropolis and the opposite coast do not convey as many men as roll in omnibuses along what Dr. Johnson called the "full tide of human life," through Temple Bar. What the increase of passengers between the Old and New Worlds will be, is impossible to calculate. From the number of passports issued two years since in the United States, it appears that no fewer than 30,000 citizens of those States annually visit Europe. A large proportion, tourists, as most of them are, will, in future, be brought to Ireland by the Galway line, bent upon visiting the beautiful and interesting scenery of this island; and of these, such as have no inducement to proceed to England would be glad of the means a line of steamers from Cork or Waterford to Havre would afford to enable them to reach Paris, their usual destination, cheaply and easily. The following are understood to be correct estimates of the distances between some principal Irish and French ports.

	Miles.
Cork and Havre, . .	386
Waterford and Havre, .	378
Dublin and Havre, . .	435
Cork and Bordeaux, . .	523
Waterford and Bordeaux, .	535
Dublin and Bordeaux, . .	624
Cork and Brest, . . .	272
Waterford and Brest, . .	266
Dublin and Brest, . . .	323

Whatever steam-packet company may ever start a direct line between Ireland and France, the selection of the best adapted ports will, of course, be according to their choice; but we would remark, that the three considerations of passengers, mails, and freight, appear to combine in favour of Havre. The advantages this port offers in these three particulars for such traffic are slightly set forth in M. le Roy's *Avenir du Commerce et des Ports Français*.

There is little prospect that a

French company could establish such a line. On this point, the following remarks and statistics, derived from Mr. P. Miles' recent work on the "Advantages of direct Steam Communication" are of general interest. With a large amount of steam mail service with foreign countries, the coasting trade, tonnage, and men employed in the mercantile marine of England are largely and constantly on the increase; while with a small steam commerce, the French coasting trade is constantly on the decline. On this topic Mr. Miles gives the following statement:—

"France has very few steam mail lines to distant countries. The effects are visible in both her foreign and home trade. The coasting trade has been on the decline for the last ten years.

"TONNAGE EMPLOYED IN THE FRENCH COASTING TRADE."

	1847. Tons.	1855. Tons.
Marseilles, . . .	242,927	226,730
Bordeaux, . . .	215,745	196,335
Havre, . . .	157,290	163,957
Rouen, . . .	120,619	115,655
Nantes, . . .	139,044	110,776
Total five ports, . . .	875,625	813,453
Decrease since 1847, . . .	—	62,172
Entire tonnage in the coasting trade of France, . . .	2,627,405	2,432,813
Decrease since 1847, . . .	—	194,592

"It will be observed that the single place which exhibits an increase of tonnage in the coasting trade, is Havre, the only port in France that has an extensive steam commerce, and that commerce is almost entirely in foreign vessels."

The *Siècle*, in giving these figures, remarked that there were employed in the coasting trade of France 8,564 more men in 1847 than in 1856; whereas by the last official report (March 18, 1858), the number of men employed in the coasting trade of Great Britain, on both sailing and steam vessels, increased from 38,350, in 1854, to 43,600, in 1857; a period of only three years. This official report gives the following as the amount of tonnage and the number of men employed during the last four years, exclusive of masters, in the coasting and foreign trade of the United Kingdom, river steamers not being included:—

BRITISH COASTING AND FOREIGN TRADE, 1854-57.

Date.	Sailing Vessels.		Steam Vessels.		Total Vessels.		Total Number of Men.
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	
1854	16,869	3,516,456	538	212,637	17,407	3,729,093	162,416
1855	17,074	3,701,214	754	288,956	17,828	3,990,170	168,537
1856	18,419	3,825,022	851	331,055	19,270	4,156,077	173,918
1857	18,429	3,830,119	899	381,363	19,328	4,211,482	176,387

The *Compagnie des Messageries Impériales* might be induced to start vessels between Bordeaux and some Irish port. Hitherto the operations of this wealthy company have been confined to forming communications with the south of France. It possesses a splendid fleet of fifty-one steamships afloat, of 11,110 horse-power; and has five building, of 2,000 horse-power, as well as three hired vessels, of 837 horse-power. This enterprising company received a great impulse in consequence of the Russian and Italian wars, and more than half of the Syrian expedition was conveyed in its vessels. It has recently established a monthly line of large packets between Bordeaux and the Brazils. The subsidy it receives amounts to nearly two millions sterling annually. It does not appear to have entered as yet into competitive bidding for the establishment of a French line of transatlantic steam vessels. Inducements are now being urged by other parties on the Emperor to grant a subsidy in aid of establishing a line of packet steamers between the mouth of the Loire and New York. The amount asked is so enormous, however, this scheme will probably not work. But it would seem that another party look forward, about three years hence, to establishing a subsidized line. Meanwhile, the following judicious steps have been taken on our side.

The Royal Irish Transatlantic Steam Company is in treaty with the French Government for the conveyance of the French mails across the Atlantic by the vessels of this company. If this proposition be carried into effect it will give increased stability to the Galway line, besides producing the ancillary result of establishing a direct communication with Ireland for conveyance of mails, goods, and passengers, by some such auxiliary line of steamers as we recommend. The ne-

gotiations, on the part of the company, have been conducted by Dr. Gray, one of the directors, and Mr. L. O'Beirne, and have had the benefit of the co-operation of Mr. Blake, M.P. for Waterford. Everything looks well for success. In an interview with the Emperor, his Majesty expressed himself most favourably to the project, and the co-operation of some of the highest personages, and of numerous senators and deputies has been obtained. The great commercial centres have also shown strong desire for the carrying out of the undertaking, and Mr. Blake, on whom devolved the duty of conferring with the merchants of Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Havre, and Nantes, has obtained from the Chamber of Commerce of each resolutions in favour of the project, as well as memorials to Government soliciting encouragement for the proposal. Considering the fair and important prospects of the enterprise, much praise is due to the chairman of the company, the present head of the Malcolmson firm, for his laudable efforts to promote it. The following views, taken by one of these Chambers of Commerce, farther shows the nature and advantages of the design, declaring that—

“The project of transforming into a weekly service, with *electric transmissions*, that which is already performed by the departure, every fortnight, of a steamboat between Galway and St. John's and the United States, could not fail to obtain our complete acquiescence. The rapidity of the voyages of this line would be of the highest importance; and we sincerely hope that your efforts may obtain the protection of the continental governments, particularly that of France, and have the most complete success, in order that the considerable ameliorations which your company proposes to afford to the communications between the two continents may have as prompt an execution as possible.”

Tables comparing the commerce, manufactures, resources, and revenue

of Ireland with those of Great Britain show that, of all the items enumerated, the deficiency of Ireland is in no cases so great as in her foreign commerce, and this is justly attributed, in large measure, to the want of steam communication. The large benefit accruing to commercial and manufacturing communities from the regular arrival and departure of steam vessels is now clearly understood and appreciated. Wherever these ships have been introduced manufactures have greatly increased, trade has flourished, and agricultural labour has received a larger reward. It is a mere truism that efficient means of conveyance is the only way by which commodities can be taken to a good market, so as to command the highest price. It is also a truism that wherever commodities exist for which there is a demand, ships will go in search of them; the only question being how far communication will develop traffic to a remunerative degree. In some cases trade is raised to an unanticipatedly high ratio by certain steps, such as new postal and other facilities. Thus, it is said that letters follow commerce; but they do more, they aid and create it. Similarly, the establishment of a line of steamers not only takes the local passengers and freight, but diverts much from other channels, and also increases the local traffic. The vast increase of commerce wherever steam mail lines have been set in operation is in proof. The subsidies granted by Government to ocean steam mail companies were accorded in acknowledgment of this principle; and, regarded as a national investment, it appears that while no other item of national expenditure has brought any tangible, profitable return, the payment of some hundred thousands a year to these companies has aided to increase the revenue by many millions sterling. In fact, steam-vessel roads by sea often pay much more than railways on land.

From the premises laid down, the following inferences may be drawn.

Steam creates a market by offering a means of transport, and raises the value of articles in the hands of producers, without increasing the price to the consumer. Ireland is far behind Great Britain in the elements of a profitable commerce, and in no particular so much as in steam communication with foreign countries. The absence of direct steam communication with France operates as an almost absolute prohibition to the establishment of an export trade to that country. On the other hand, as to imports, the call for large importations of articles of food and luxury, and raw products, is increasing in an accelerated ratio every year; and is so sufficiently in the south-east and south, as to warrant the expectation that the in-freight of a weekly line of Irish and French steam-boats would be remunerative. The resources of this kingdom, almost entirely agricultural, are now in course of development in a degree promising great increase of prosperity. Hitherto, while the commerce and industrial pursuits of Ireland were behindhand in extent and prosperity, the revenue of the kingdom was far behind that of England and Scotland, looking at the comparative population and area of cultivated land. This deficiency was so great that Ireland contributed, two years since, but little more than one-third of her due proportion to the national income. While the deficiency is plainly perceptible in every branch of revenue, it is most apparent in customs, stamp duties, and those sources most immediately dependent upon foreign commerce. Want of capital on the part of the occupiers of the soil is by far the greatest cause of the general poverty of this country. All proceedings that would add to their gains would, of course, aid in supplying this want; and from what has now been set forth, the establishment of direct steam communication with France, through the medium of the most convenient ports for such purpose, is an undoubted desideratum.

ARTILLERY : PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

MANY of those who take an interest in the subject wherewith this article professes to deal will have scanned, if not perused throughout, the copious quarto tomes having a somewhat kindred title, written by the Emperor of the French. If the Imperial author, after the close writing of two thick quarto volumes, must needs leave *Le Passé et l'avenir de l'artillerie* a half-told tale, how little hope can Maga reasonably entertain that she, in the course of a few pages, will be able to throw a new light on the now engrossing subject of Artillery : past, present, and to come !

If the modesty of our intent could be fairly gauged, no critic, be he ever so bilious, would lay the charge of arrogance at our door. In recognising the past of artillery, we disclaim all notion of mingling the social and historical, with the mechanical past. The latter alone concerns us here ; and it concerns us, moreover, only to the extent of teaching, by contrast, the alterations wrought upon ordnance of to-day, and the expectations prevalent relative to ordnance for times to come.

Interpreting the "present" of artillery as being held to signify the decade ending with 1860, we shall find this distribution of time to be one enabling us to demarcate certain phases of progress. After all that during the past few years has been written, printed, and perused concerning artillery and its functions, it is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to announce that until the year 1850 very little had been done in the way of making rifled great guns either in this country or elsewhere. In Sweden, Count Wahrendorff had, indeed, tried his hand at the manufacture of rifled ordnance—breech-loading ordnance, too—so that the Exhibition of all Nations, in Hyde Park, numbered amongst its contributions a cannon of this peculiar make. Cavalli, in Sardinia, had also applied himself to the same problem, and Lancaster in England. Well aware of these facts—well aware, too, that for the last century at least certain inventors, from time to time, had turned

their attention to the rifling of ordnance—still, we say that up to the year 1850, the idea of making efficient rifled ordnance had hardly taken possession of the public mind : whereas one may almost be permitted now to say, that the idea is entertained by most minds, and seems to have taken exclusive possession of many. Well, then, we choose the decade comprised between 1850 and 1860 to stand for the present—for the "to-day" of artillery. This defines our notion of the past and the future, without farther explanation.

The definition of the term past, as Maga chooses to understand it—namely, the long vista of years anterior to 1850—necessarily comprehends the history of cannon of diverse sizes, functions, and materials. The antiquarian will linger over these specialties, pausing to touch upon many a point of interest foreign—not to our taste, indeed, but to our immediate object and aim. The mechanical history of cannon, in times gone by, resolves itself into the consideration of materials used. First of all came the built-up guns, staves of iron banded together by hoops without ; the whole resistance of the resulting ordnance being the resistance due to cohesive force of the binding rings. Next came the epoch of bronze cast guns ; which, in Europe at least, succeeded the ones just described, though in Asia it may be that bronze guns everywhere took the lead chronologically. Thirdly, and lastly, followed the manufacture of ordnance from cast iron. This much, then, concerning the material of ordnance in times gone by. Whether cannon were anciently made out of staves and hoops, or of bronze, or of cast iron, they may be said to have proved strong enough to withstand all the strain put upon them ; leaving, usually, an overplus to spare. If cannon, in times past, were occasionally made of bronze, that was not because of the cohesive strength of bronze, but because bronze happened, for certain reasons, to be the most convenient metal. Some ancient pieces of ordnance are extremely large—larger than any dimensions to be achieved at

present, consistently with the strength necessary for taking full charges of modern powder. Herein lies the explanation of something that appears strange at first, *i.e.*, why, anciently, ordnance could be made so large, and still so competent for all the uses required? In the first place, light stone balls were projected out of these great ordnance; secondly, gunpowder was extremely weak.

And this shall suffice for artillery of the past. As for the present—accepting the present in the sense already understood—tolerably well assured one may feel, that during the space of no previous ten years have so many conflicting notions been struggling for dominion over the future of artillery prospects. The rifled notion has been taken out of the category of things hoped for and placed in the category of things accomplished and brought to bear. In this, indeed, do we perceive the most marked characteristic of cannon as they are, and the chief moot-point of discussion in regard to the functions of cannon as cannon are to be. Eliminate all that concerns the rifled principle, and the scientific future of artillery would be even more scant of interest than the history of the mechanism and science of its past career. Such being the case, what we have to say chiefly resolves itself into a consideration of the rifled principle and its application to great guns.

The first inventor who seems to have turned his attention to the idea of making efficient rifled ordnance in this country was Mr. Lancaster. His experiments commenced, we believe, before the year 1850, and, by the outbreak of the Russian war, they had been prosecuted far enough to enable the British Government to employ that gentleman's system on various occasions, both in the Crimea and the Baltic. Unfortunately, the Lancaster system, at the period of the Russian war, was hardly advanced enough to fulfil the expectations it had begotten. And this is a remark no less applicable to the projectile employed than to the gun. As for the latter, a false spirit of parsimony induced the Government to remain content with boring out ordinary service guns to the necessary calibre; without, in any way, strengthening them. And then,

as concerns defective construction of the projectile, that is a matter which will most appropriately come under consideration when Mr. Lancaster's system, as applied to small-arms, has been noted, the application of which has, in the case of small-arms, assuredly enabled him to leave all competitors in background.

Seeing that rifle motion is rotation, and that a rifle barrel is a hollow screw, the questions which the practical gun-maker has to set himself are these: what shall be the exact character of the screw? How many threads shall the screw have? What shall be the pitch or divergence of these screw-threads? Shall the screw be equal in pitch, or shall its degree of pitch gain or be more abrupt at the muzzle end of the barrel than it was at the breech? Now, Lancaster abolished, in one sense, the screw-thread altogether; in another sense, he modified the two-grooved rifle in such a manner that the Lancaster bore became an oval, the screw function being retained, though the grooves had utterly disappeared. In a short article, one must take the reader's acquaintance with many points for granted, otherwise the immediate subject of regard would be drawn out to an inordinate length. We choose to take the point for granted that all who peruse this article—caring to understand it—need not be told of the most obvious characteristic of the Lancaster system of oval bore rifling. One function, however, of the Lancaster small-arm rifle is not so evident, and would be passed by unheeded were special attention not directed to it: we mean the peculiarity of what is called the *gaining twist*. We believe that all the Lancaster small-arms are rifled in such manner that the rifling increases in abruptness in the direction of breech to muzzle. For this gaining twist in small-arms—using leaden bullets—there are many advocates; but the mechanical objections against it are so strong, whenever the employment of iron shot and shell is involved, as in the case of artillery, that the subject of wonder is—not that Lancaster has ceased to construct artillery on the gaining twist system—but that he ever applied to artillery a system quite compatible with the function of a leaden shot indeed, but averse to the condi-

tions of an iron projectile. Urged by certain considerations—not necessary to be discussed, inasmuch as they have been cast aside—the earlier Lancaster ordnance were all made on the system of the gaining twist; and this we believe to have been one cause of their blowing off occasionally at the muzzle, not bursting as has often been said of them.

But the chief—there are some who aver the only—cause of the insufficiency of the Lancaster ordnance, as tested during the Russian war, was imperfect manufacture of the shells. These shells were of wrought iron, oval, to match with the oval contour of any section of the chase of the corresponding gun, *but not spirally oval*. If the gun, instead of being a rifled gun, had merely been a straight-bored gun, differing from other straight-bored guns in the matter of its ovality, then the projectiles would have fitted the bore absolutely. Not only had these projectiles to accommodate themselves to the contour of a screw, but that screw an uneven one. Thus arose an enormous strain, an enormous waste of power. That the system of oval-boring, in the presence of difficulties like these, answered in any case, argues well for the general excellence of the system. But an error of utmost gravity in the construction of these shells has yet to be pointed out. For the purposes of illustration, the Lancaster shell may be compared, for general contour, to a sugar loaf. Each shell, instead of being manufactured, as it should have been, in one single piece, was manufactured in two pieces; the base being attached to the conical part by a weld joint. Now, the welding had only to be imperfect occasionally (what welding is not occasionally imperfect) and the flame of the gun-charge could penetrate and blow up the shell: which, blowing up, the muzzle of the gun would be occasionally blown away. Just at the time when these accidents were taking place several competitors entered the field; of whom Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth are amongst the most noteworthy. We shall have a word for the Armstrong and Whitworth systems, respectively, by-and-by; but this is the fitting place to state that the Lancaster system of muzzle-loading with an oval shell—the system which failed, some

years ago, to accomplish what was anticipated of it—has been modified and seemingly divested of every point of shortcoming. Mr. Lancaster has done away with the gaining twist, and his shells are now fashioned of the fittings spiral oval contour, to accord with the oval rifle bore. Under these modifications the Lancaster shells need not be made, indeed *are not* made, of wrought iron. Cast iron answers perfectly well; and is the material now employed. To speak of the Lancaster system as still extant, and pushed on to what seems very like perfection, may fall strangely upon the ears of many. Mr. Lancaster has adopted a course of action universally approved by scientific men, but not universally followed by some candidates for honours in the line of rifled ordnance invention. He has thrown all his energy into the task of finding out shortcomings and surmounting them: instead of throwing the same, or perhaps a greater amount of energy into the task of veiling shortcomings and denying their existence. Knowing as we do the success which Mr. Lancaster has achieved with his altered rifled ordnance, we shall not be surprised to find hereafter that cannon oval-bored on the new Lancaster system are the rifled guns of the British service; and this for rifled ordnance of all dimensions. Unquestionably, the greatest desideratum now is—in the matter of rifled ordnance—to discover some efficient plan of rifling service guns. Concede that Armstrong's and Whitworth's systems are intrinsically perfect, if you like; concede this, for the sake of present argument, that is to say: still, however perfect, they are costly arms, difficult and slow to make, and liable to get out of order. Concede them perfect to the absolute—for argument's sake that is to say—still the rifling of service guns would be in many respects desirable. Neither Mr. Whitworth nor Sir William Armstrong has succeeded in effecting this. Both have tried again and again, both have failed as often. Of course, we know quite well that the genius and quality of the Armstrong gun, properly so called, involves breech-loading, and a projectile covered with lead for its envelope. Of course we know that Sir William Armstrong is far too good a mechanic to have imagined the possibility of changing an ordinary

service cannon into a rifled cannon of this kind. True, but Armstrong has tried other expedients, among these the shunting-groove principle, as it is called, i.e., the principle of making the shot or shell go down along one set of grooves and come out along another. Like other expedients tried by Sir William Armstrong to render service guns eligible, the shunting-groove system has failed; so, in like manner, has every expedient devised by Mr. Whitworth for rifling service ordnance efficiently. Lancaster's system lends itself perfectly well to the rifling of service ordnance, as recent experiments have proved. And here insensibly have we wandered away from the artillery present into the artillery future. It cannot be helped. So little is fixed, so much is changing in what concerns the functions of artillery, that one is impelled to mix up speculations as to what may be with actualities of to-day.

We were speaking of the desirableness of rifling service ordnance. To think of the thousands and tens of thousands of guns serviceable to look at, competent for all the purposes of non-rifled guns, but to be thrown out of work or rendered useless outright if one-half of what is now anticipated of rifled ordnance be hereafter made clear and perfected, no wonder the scheme of rifling ordinary service cannon should be so warmly advocated. To do this seems a simple matter at a first glance; but, if quite so simple as it looks, the problem would have been definitively solved ere this. Firstly, there is no changing the service guns into breech-loaders. Muzzle-loaders they are, and muzzle-loaders they must continue to be. It becomes, then, a question what extent and in what manner the rifle rotation can be imparted to an iron missile inserted by the muzzle. Two general means of accomplishing this are suggested: they are, firstly, the use of a mechanically-fitting projectile; secondly, the use of some sort of compound projectile, which, loading easily, shall expand under the force of gunpowder. Mr. Whitworth may be considered to take the lead in advocating the system of mechanical fit, as it has been somewhat vaguely denominated. This notion he has tried out on service guns no less than on Whitworth guns, *pur sang*; but whether in one case or the other no

good has come of it. Foremost in his advocacy of the expansion principle is Mr. Bashley Britten, whose shot and shells for muzzle-loading guns have at least been as successful as the Armstrong shot and shell used in connexion with the Armstrong breech-loading ordnance. But similar objections lie against both—objections so grave, indeed, that probably all compound shells, with lead for one of their component parts, will have to be abandoned. The Britten projectile may be described as an ordnance Enfield shot. In function both are alike, though, as to material, different, the Enfield bullet being lead and wood; the Britten projectile, iron, lead, and wood. Seeing the readiness with which the soft, yielding metal (lead) adapts itself to rifle exigencies, few suggested ideas would seem more natural than that of combining lead with iron, and thus accomplishing for great guns what lead alone accomplishes for rifled small-arms. For weal or woe Mr. Britten has committed himself to this system; so has Sir William Armstrong. It is bad—fatally bad; and for the following reasons:—Imprimis, whenever lead comes into contact with iron, and the two are kept in contact sufficiently long, the iron perishes away—is *destroyed*; and if the contact be promoted by some intermediate metal, the destructive agency is still more intensified. The Armstrong projectiles have each a lead envelope soldered on; the Britten shot and shell have each, attached to the base, a hollow cup of lead soldered. If firing with either of these projectiles be conducted soon after the lead has been soldered on, the result is usually satisfactory. Far otherwise is it when a lead-compounded shot or shell has been kept any considerable time, especially if that time has been occupied wholly or partially on ship-board at sea. Under these circumstances, the lead portion of the shot or shell gets loosened, and spins away *in transitu*; thus not only spoiling the trajectory, but scattering death and devastation amongst friendly troops, over whose heads artillery shot have often to be fired. As we stated in last month's number, the Armstrong projectiles have, in the course of the Chinese campaign, given rise to many casualties in this way. On one occasion, the 44th Regiment

had more troops struck down by lead splinters spun away from Armstrong shells than by the whole Tartar force ranged against them—cavalry, infantry, artillery. Though the rifling of service guns be desirable, as a matter of expediency, even if the power and range should not quite equal rifled ordnance of similar calibre, specially made, yet the proposition of constructing efficient muzzle-loading rifled artillery is one which has a much higher aim than that of mere temporary expediency. The opinion is fast gaining ground that, whatever may be finality as to small ordnance—field-pieces for example—breech-loading in the case of heavy ordnance will have to be abandoned. All the larger Armstrongs are not only difficult to make, and expensive, but no certain means have yet been devised for cutting off the escape of gas at the breech juncture. The last expedient is a sort of wad made of tin, and placed behind the powder. That an expedient of this sort has been deemed necessary shows the gravity of difficulties under which Sir William Armstrong has laboured. Independently of this breech leakage, the breech pieces of Armstrong guns are not unfrequently blown out. In the late Chinese campaign this happened whilst a battery of Armstrong guns was engaged against the Tartars. The two guns to which the casualty happened were put *hors de combat* for the day. Not a shot could be fired from them until they had been put in order by the corps of skilled artificers who accompany the Armstrong guns. Connect these difficulties and dangers with the spinning away of the leaden envelope from time to time—regard them altogether and in relation to the future of the Armstrong guns—then that future will not seem very cheering. But even when Armstrong guns and projectiles are doing their best, the advantages of this system do not seem well made out, even for field pieces. They take longer to charge than muzzle-loaders; and, when compared with the best muzzle-loading rifle ordnance, their accuracy is not at all superior. Inasmuch as breech-loading small-arms are much quicker to charge than muzzle-loaders, it was inferred that breech-loading artillery would be quicker to charge than artillery

loaded by the muzzle. With one exception (the system known, *but improperly known*, as Clay's), the result has been otherwise; hence one of the presumed advantages of breech-loaders over muzzle-loaders has not been made apparent. It is necessary to advert to one series of conditions under which, supposing breech-loading ordnance equal in every respect to muzzle-loading ordnance, save in rapidity of charging, the breech-loaders would, though slower of manipulation, present clear advantages. We advert to the conditions imposed by casemated batteries and the port-holes of ships. Undoubtedly the act of charging a breech-loading cannon does not involve so much exposure of human life as the act of charging a muzzle-loader. If, then, breech-loaders of heavy calibre could be made efficient in all respects, the balance of advantages in favour of them, for the purposes indicated, might be on their side, even though they might be more slow to handle. Unfortunately, however, it is in very large ordnance that breech-loading systems signally and utterly break down. Seeing that the use of muzzle-loading rifled ordnance imposes on an artillerist the alternative of employing a mechanically fitting projectile of hard material, or a projectile that expands somewhat after the fashion of a Minie or Enfield bullet, and seeing that the system of a mechanical fit, *pur et simple*, has not been successful hitherto, the Prussians have given attention to *papier maché*, as a soft material substitute for lead. It would answer very well if one of two results, as a constant, could be always depended upon. If the papier maché appendage would always stay on, or if it would always come away, the result would be satisfactory. Hitherto neither the one nor the other has constantly happened; wherefore, though fragments of papier maché are not heavy enough to do much harm to outlying troops, the trajectory has been made wild and uncertain by the projectile's ever varying weight.

In speculating on future artillery resources, it is necessary to speak with much reservation concerning the built-up system, in contradistinction to the employment of one metal. Justly or unjustly, we in this country have taken the point for granted that

bronze, i.e., gun-metal, is a material unadapted to the exigencies of rifled ordnance. The French have thought otherwise, and have justified their opinion by the construction of very efficient rifled bronze field-pieces. If bronze be not eligible, then it appears to be still an open question whether ordinary cast iron guns, or the same fortified externally, may either or both of them prove strong enough to withstand the strain imposed by the discharge of rifled ordnance. If not, the only seeming alternative would appear to be found in the construction of built-up guns. Armstrong, Whitworth, Mallet, and Blakely have all advocated the built-up system; but of these, Blakely alone has formed his ordnance of metallic layers, shrunk on concentrically with defined and pre-calculated contractile power, in such manner that each layer should press in the ratio necessary for giving adequate strength to layers within. The guns of Armstrong and the larger guns of Whitworth are built up of various pieces, indeed, but the layers are not superimposed according to any calculated degree of strength required.

Since the project of fortifying the sides of ships of war with iron plates has been put into execution on the *Gloire*, in France, and on the *Warrior*, in this country, the difficulty of deciding on the best sort of naval heavy guns is much increased. Some artillerymen would deal with these iron-clad monsters by punching holes in their protective armour, a scheme which would necessarily involve the employment of rifled ordnance throwing solid shot. Other authorities maintain that though shells of dimensions now known and employed would be of no avail against iron plates four or five inches thick, yet by shells of much larger size—shells holding each a bursting charge of 25 or 30 lbs. of powder, the demolition of iron-clad ships is to be accomplished. This, of course, begs the assumption that it will be possible to manufacture artillery big enough to take such shells, and fire them with effect. Not a few authorities—good practical authorities, too—express their belief that naval battles will have to be finished by round unrifled shot and shell, as heretofore; and all practical men utterly smile at the idea of utilizing the enormously long range, so much

vaunted by Mr. Whitworth. The fact is not generally known, that the long range achieved by Whitworth's guns is achieved under circumstances rendering them totally unavailable. Perhaps the Whitworth ordnance are the wildest shooting cannon extant. At Southport, in July last, near 100 shot were fired by some Whitworth guns, at a target 1,000 yards distant. The target was not once hit; and worse still, a muzzle-loading Whitworth being tried at Woolwich, not six weeks ago, missed a target 12 feet square, at 500 yards, eight times out of thirteen. Mr. Whitworth is a good mechanic; but he has, up to the time being, utterly failed to make a rifled cannon worthy of adoption in any service. The public does not quite understand this. Mr. Whitworth has had some powerful advocacy. The leading journal for a time was very favourable to Mr. Whitworth's pretensions; and, of course, the *Army and Navy Gazette* (which, like our facetious contemporary, *Punch*, never differed from the leading journal in any thing), followed suit. But the *Times* has ceased to laud a system of artillery which from the first might be seen to be defective in principle, and the utter incompetence of which every succeeding experiment has tended to demonstrate. It is remarkable to notice to how small an extent British journalism has furnished to the public a reasoned statement of the points and merits of this artillery question, expounding systems, not persons. Articles, indeed, there have been enough; but, for the most part, articles penned by totally incompetent persons, as some very glaring mistakes have evidenced. The organization of a popular journal is a political organization, and that necessarily. The political staff employed on even the most humble of daily papers is always respectable, though all the staff, and the editor too, may do scant justice to a scientific topic—say gunnery, for example, or, it may be, the determination of a point on archæology. Unfortunately, however, the notion of universal talent prevails in the editorial rooms of some newspapers, *hinc ille lachrymæ*. But what shall be said of the *Quarterly Review*, in depreciation of the strictures of which Sir Howard Douglas, the veteran, has published a rejoinder in

the form of a pamphlet now lying before us. The author of "Naval Gunnery" speculates amusingly enough on the question, "What manner of man is my antagonist?"

"The writer of the article is evidently not a sailor, for he knows nothing of ships. He cannot be a soldier, or he would scarcely have indulged in unfeeling sarcasm against Peninsular officers, in an article which named one of them. He is not a military engineer, or he would have reviewed my work on 'Modern Systems of Fortification,' in which he would have found an interesting account of Ferguson's system of fortification formed entirely of earthworks, to the exclusion of all works of masonry or rigid materials, and by its perusal he would have been fortified against any admission of masonry defences, for the covering of which with iron plates he must be deemed an advocate, as a corollary to his advocacy of applying iron defences to land-batteries instead of constructing them wholly of earth. He cannot be a practical artilleryman, seeing the strange mess he has made in treating of fuses. Having shown what he is not, I must leave it to the reader to find out what he is."

Assuredly, the *Quarterly* reviewer has laid himself open to this amount of criticism, and something more. The article, "Iron Sides and Wooden Walls," however cleverly written in one sense, bears within itself conclusive evidence that it was not written by one practically conversant with the subject. To have mentioned Norton's liquid fire (wrongly so called), as one of the substances used at this time, or indeed ever used, for charging naval shells, is sufficient evidence that the writer was a sciolist, and nothing more, in all that relates to the subject of naval shells. With two solitary exceptions, the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Morning Post*, it is at once remarkable and lamentable to reflect on the oblivion of public interests which has come over the London newspapers, in reference to the great artillery question. Not one of the metropolitan journals—the *Morning Chronicle* excepted—stated the fact, that an 80-pounder of Mr. Whitworth's make, purchased by the government, blew up after a few discharges. Not one London newspaper, except the *Morning Chronicle*, proclaimed the absolute and utter failure of Mr. Whitworth's Ordnance at Southport, in July last. Nay, even

the *Army and Navy Gazette* pronounced the experiments a success. This was not creditable. Simply amusing is the ignorance of a weekly contemporary, who says the British troops in China were snatched from destruction, as from a fire, by the terrible efficiency of the Armstrong guns.

That some efficient means of rifling heavy ordnance will be discovered, or rather perhaps that the best amongst several efficient means will be determined, there seems little room to doubt. Far more open to doubt is the question whether, supposing the difficulties of manufacturing rifled ordnance of large calibre all surmounted, the rifle principle possesses inherent advantages so numerous that the ability to fire round unrifled shot upon certain occasions would be no longer desirable. Professional opinion seems drifting to the belief that for certain purposes round shot would be more efficient than elongated rifled balls. Not only is the initial velocity of round shot greater, but they ricochet straight, which rifled projectiles do not, and cannot. Owing to the greater initial velocity of round shot, their battering effect at short or battering distances, would be more considerable, and the ability to ricochet without lateral divergence, is a power so considerable that the artilleryman cannot afford to throw it away. We believe, then, that the rifled cannon of times to come—heavy cannon, at least—will be constructed on some sort of model enabling them to be loaded at the muzzle, and upon occasion to discharge round shot. We believe that lead in any form of arrangement as an appendage to ordnance shot and shell will have to be abandoned; and the circumstance would not surprise us much, if some modification of the papier maché arrangement, brought to bear in Prussia up to a certain point, may not be carried out to absolute perfection in the artillery service of this country. And now to conclude, we will ask a question:—England is manufacturing great guns for all the world; manufacturing for Italy, for America, for Russia, for any body—imperial, kingly, presidential, any body, every body who cares to pay the fitting equivalent of bullion for great guns—well, now suppose the Chancellor of the

Exchequer were to tax great guns on export. People who fight ought to pay for the luxury. Sorrow the day when fighting is made too easy; and what a protection it would be to emperors, kings, princes, presidents, filibusters, *id genus omne*, to receive their great guns properly tested and warranted safe; ay, and grand dukes too, for that matter. Now we have something to tell about a cannon and a grand duke—it is absolutely true, we have it on high authority. A while ago the Russian Government ordered a cannon of the Mersey Iron

and Steel Company (Mr. Clay, Manager), . . . let our informant tell the rest. "The cannon was rifled like Armstrong's, and breech loading on Clay's plan. The Grand Duke Michael went in person to see practice from it on its arrival at St. Petersburg (or rather Cronstadt), believing it to have been thoroughly tested; it burst at the third round, killing one man and the Duke's two carriage horses. This should be known, but I do not like to write it in my own name, though I can vouch for the truth of it."

SIR HENRY MARSH, BART., M.D., T.C.D., F.R. & Q.C.P.

ALTHOUGH the *Dublin University Magazine* has not failed, during the lifetime of the eminent physician whose name heads the present article, to afford a place in its pages to his history,* yet we cannot forbear, now that his career has been closed, and the bond which connected him with the profession which he loved, and with society which loved him, has been severed, to devote a further space to the same subject—not alone for the purpose of exhibiting to our present readers a biographical sketch of this remarkable man, but also for the sake of recording our well-deserved respect for his memory.

As the space at our disposal is limited, we must, without further preface, enter upon the duty which we have undertaken.

The family whence Sir Henry Marsh sprung, originally resided in Gloucestershire, and through the intermarriage of one of its members, Francis Marsh, with a sister of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, father of Lady Hyde, Countess of Clarendon, and grandfather of Anne, wife of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., became connected with the then reigning families of England. The first of this family who resided in Ireland was Dr. Francis Marsh, grandson of

the above-named Francis, who, towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, was transferred from the see of Kilmore to that of Dublin, having previously held some of the highest ecclesiastical dignities. The father of Sir Henry was great grandson of the Archbishop; and in tracing back his genealogy it is not unworthy of remark, that not only he himself, but his father and grandfather, son of the Archbishop, were members and ministers of the Church of England, a membership which was not disturbed until the late baronet separated from her communion, a step which seemed by no means probable; for not alone on his father's side, in an uninterrupted line, as we have seen, but also on his mother's, who was a daughter of the Rev. Wm. Wolseley, his hereditary religious tendencies would naturally have inclined him to have adhered to the form of worship observed by his forefathers.† Into the minute history of his paternal ancestry it is not our desire to enter, otherwise we might furnish particulars whereby it could be seen that, through matrimonial alliances, influential connexions were formed, as, for instance, with the noble house of Kildare. And so as relates to his maternal ancestry, we shall content ourselves

* See an excellent memoir of Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., in our number for December, 1841. From this article we shall have occasion to quote freely.

† Since the foregoing was written we have learned that Marsh's retirement from church membership was effected through the instrumentality of a female relative of his mother—who died before her son Henry had completed his first year.

by observing that a connexion existed between the families of Molyneux and Marsh, through the marriage of the late baronet's maternal grandfather, Sir Richard Wolseley, with a daughter of Sir Thomas Molyneux, the first Irish physician who was raised to the rank of baronet, and who, like his descendant, now occupying our attention, was allowed by universal consent to hold the high position of that of leading physician of Dublin. Through the alliance just mentioned with the family of Sir Thomas Molyneux, who married a daughter of Dr. Howard, the families of Molyneux and Marsh became connected with the noble house of Wicklow.

Sir Henry was born at Loughrea, county Galway, in 1790, and at the age of nine years was sent to a classical school in his native town, which was distinguished for the number of celebrated scholars it produced.

It would appear, however, that it was not the intention of his father, the Rev. Robert Marsh, to provide his son with an extensive classical education; for at the age of twelve he was removed to Killinane, of which parish his father was rector, where he was apparently destined to pursue an agricultural life. From this intention, however, he was diverted, in consequence of an accidental meeting which took place between him, while engaged in watering one of his father's horses, and a stranger, who happened to have been a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and an intimate friend of Marsh's uncle—the Rev. Digby Marsh, a Fellow and distinguished member of the University. This stranger having expatiated on the advantages of a university career, and the eminence to which, if successful, it is sure to lead, had the effect of completely changing Marsh's destiny; and so eagerly and determinedly did he resolve to give up agricultural pursuits, that within a year he was enabled to enter college under his cousin, Mr. (now the Right Hon.) Philip Cecil Crampton, who has lately retired from the Bench, full of years and of honours.

In 1812 Marsh graduated in Arts, having previously received premiums in his undergraduate course; but it does not appear that he devoted himself exclusively to classical or scientific study. On the contrary, paint-

ing, poetry, and works of fiction, occupied some portion of his time. Upon leaving college it was proposed by his father that the profession of the Church, which claimed so many of his kindred, should in like manner claim him. To this proposal Marsh, on conscientious grounds, objected; and although a temporary alienation of paternal affection was the consequence, yet we have no reason to regret his determination; for otherwise medicine would not have gained such an acquisition.

The denomination to which Marsh joined himself was that founded by John Walker, a Fellow of Trinity College, after whom his followers were called. It is not our province to enter upon a consideration of Marsh's objections to Church principles. We only know that he never, in ordinary conversation, expressed objection to Church doctrines; and also that during the time he had a country residence at Knockmaroon, he not unfrequently attended Castleknock church, and since 1856 he occasionally attended St. Matthias's, in this city.

Having declined to take upon himself the ministerial office, he resolved to join the Army Medical Department, which, at the time (the period of the Peninsular campaign), required a very limited course of study. His resolution on this occasion was not of that determined stamp which, both before and subsequently, characterized him; for, instead of preparing for the army, he was, by the advice of his cousin, Dr. John Crampton, apprenticed to the late Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., a man who, like his distinguished pupil, occupied the first place in his own professional department. Sir Philip—who was, at this period, one of the surgeons of the Meath Hospital, having for his colleagues Drs. Egan and Cheyne as physicians, and Messrs. Richards, Dease, Roneys, and Hewson as surgeons, finding that the means for prosecuting anatomical studies were of a very limited nature, provided a loft at the rear of his then residence in Dawson-street, in order to supply this deficiency. Marsh did not wholly pursue his anatomical investigations in this locality, but was a student at the medical school in Peter-street, founded by the late Mr. Kirby, in 1810, and now called the

Ledwich School, in commemoration of one of its able proprietors, a distinguished anatomist and experienced physiologist, the late Mr. Thomas Hawkesworth Ledwich. We have not been able to learn that Marsh, as a student, applied himself with great energy to the attainment of surgical knowledge, and therefore lean to the belief that medicine, rather than surgery—an incorrect form of expression, as if the former did not include the latter—attracted his attention. If this opinion, which we put forward as a mere conjecture, be not incorrect, it turned out to his advantage; for, in consequence of having received a dissecting wound, whereby he lost a portion of the forefinger of his right hand, he was necessarily obliged, unless he gave up his profession altogether, to confine himself to the theory and practice of medicine.

Be this as it may, we do not thence infer that the surgical education which he received specially from his renowned master, and generally from his able colleagues, had no influence on his subsequent career. It tended in no small measure to make his mind more comprehensive, and helped to form that extraordinary ability which he possessed of reviewing, almost instantaneously, the combinations and complications of diseases, and, quick as thought, to penetrate their mysteries. If there be such a gift as medical inspiration the subject of our sketch enjoyed it. It was the fruit of study, however, in its legitimate and wide sense, of close and vigilant observation, both of disease itself and its modifications, as influenced by treatment and by epidemical, constitutional, and physiological causes. These, and such like, acting upon a mind consecrated to his profession, not unaccountably raised him to the elevation which he enjoyed. After having graduated in medicine at Trinity College, and obtained the licence of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in 1818, he resided on the Continent for two years, and attended chiefly the Hospital La Charité, at Paris, where he particularly applied himself to the study of the physical signs of thoracic disease. In 1820, Dr. John Crampton having been appointed physician to Dr. Steevens' Hospital, Marsh was elected junior physician to the same institution;

where, with unfailing vigour, he added to his reflective mind fresh supplies of medical facts, and by the facility and adaptedness with which he dispensed the resources which he acquired, and the happiness of the method with which he imparted knowledge in his clinical lectures, he received no small celebrity, an earnest or foretaste, as it were, of that which afterwards became so fully developed. From this office he was subsequently, on the death of Dr. John Crampton, in 1840, raised to that of senior physician, the duties of which he did not cease to execute until he was obliged to surrender his charge, when the multiplicity of his private engagements left even him, whose activity never flagged, no option. He retained, however, the title of its visiting physician, just as that most respected and able surgeon, Mr. Cusack, retains that of visiting surgeon.

Shortly after his first appointment to Dr. Steevens's, upon finding that Dublin contained no institution for the management of the diseases of children, Marsh, in conjunction with our highly esteemed friend and most experienced physician, Dr. Johnson, late Master of the Rotundo Hospital, provided against this deficiency by establishing an institution of the kind, now situate in Pitt-street, but at first placed at the rear of his then residence, in Molesworth-street. Marsh was, no doubt, interested in this undertaking, not only for the sake of improving the knowledge of the diseases of children, and their treatment, but also on account of his well marked love for children—a characteristic which never failed him.

In 1822 he assisted to form the Park-street School of Medicine, now St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital, as established by Mr. Wilde. As a school of medicine it has been discontinued, and its valuable museum, which was so ably tended by the indefatigable Houston, is at present the property of the Queen's College, Belfast. The part which Sir Henry took in the formation of this school, in conjunction with Drs. Cusack, Graves, Wilmot, and Jacob, must be regarded as an unmistakable evidence of his anxiety to facilitate the means of medical education, of which the circumstance just quoted is not a solitary example; for in 1857 he inaugurated

the opening of the medical school at that time erected, and still continued in connexion with Dr. Steevens's Hospital. For five years Marsh lectured on the practice of physic at Park-street with such ability, credit to himself, and advantage to his hearers, that at the expiration of this term, he was appointed Professor of Physic at the College of Surgeons, in succession to Dr. Whitley Stokes, Fellow of Trinity College, father and immediate predecessor in the office of Regius Professor of Dr. William Stokes, Senior Physician to the Meath Hospital, who has shed such lustre upon the Dublin school, and whose eminent services and skill have been so fitly recognised by the Government in appointing him Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, in succession to Sir Henry Marsh. This chair he likewise held for a similar period of five years, and terminated his connexion with this institution, to which he ascribed much of his subsequent success.

In five years after his retirement from the last-named professorial chair, he was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, and in 1839 created a baronet, contemporaneously with Sir Philip Crampton, during the Viceroyalty of the Marquis of Normanby. Public honours, however, did not flow upon him through the favour of the Government alone. Those who were pre-eminently qualified to judge of his professional status, evinced their high opinion of his worth by electing him to the presidential chair of the King and Queen's College of Physicians; while those who had the charge of many of the public medical institutions of Dublin, as the Rotundo, City of Dublin, St. Vincent's Hospital, &c., named him to the office of consulting physician.

Having thus seen that Marsh reached the highest elevation open to him, it may not be amiss to inquire what was the chief element of his success. In reply, we answer—The unyielding determination which he formed to pursue, with undeviating fidelity, the line of conduct which he selected, coupled with an invincible energy in furtherance of the object in view, despite all hindrances. It is not easy—perhaps we might say possible—for those who are unacquainted with the nature,

the vast extent, and variety of information which the thoroughly educated physician must have acquired, and must continue to acquire, in order to qualify him to aspire to, and keep firm hold of, such eminence as did Sir Henry, to realize the special necessity for these qualities as applied to medicine; for not only must its great and leading fundamentals, and a knowledge of its advances be understood and acquired, but the same rule must be applied to its collateral branches. To take a subordinate example, and not one of the higher branches of medicine, medical formulæ and new remedies are from day to day presented to the notice of the medical public. How unbecoming on the part of one who had the amplest opportunities of testing them, not only to neglect to do so when practicable, but to allow the occasion to pass by through ignorance of their existence, or of their mode of administration. Such a man was not Sir Henry; and well do we remember an observation of one of the most skilful apothecaries of this city, who, when talking on the subject of pharmaceutical chemistry, said, "How wonderful is Sir Henry's knowledge of the art of compounding."

We are far from wishing to be understood as pronouncing that the acquisition of the qualities above referred to is to be taken for more than its worth; it is only valuable when directed and governed aright. And hence, in forming an estimate of its value as conducive to Marsh's fame, we must not omit to take into account that he enjoyed a liberal education, and had the advantage of the advice and experience of his cousin and subsequent colleague, Dr. John Crampton, and of his great master, Sir Philip Crampton, to guide and instruct him. That he profited by such rare advantages cannot, as we think, be questioned; but yet we are free to admit, that in order to qualify him for the distinctions which he reaped, he must have inherited, acquired, and cultivated other requisites. And what were these? We cannot better furnish a reply than by enumerating, as briefly as may be, the characteristics which belong, or should belong, to the physician, as laid down by the Father of Physic himself, in his treatises, *Περί*

bound to express our belief, that had his life been prolonged, and his physical energy so gradually been diminished as to oblige him to attend only to consultation practice, he would most probably have repaired this deficiency. We are led to this conclusion:—First, from a knowledge of his life of toil through his constant and unremitting application to the practice of his profession, which left him no time at his disposal; and secondly, from the facts of the present publication of his clinical lectures, and the request made to Dr. Banks, as above adverted to.

Our limits remind us that we must now terminate our brief sketch by the simple relation of the close of his eventful life.

On the 1st day of December, 1860, when Sir H. Marsh had just exceeded the allotted span of man's existence, and when he was all but ready to commence his daily avocations, he was seized with mortal illness, from which he never rallied.

Strange that his death should have occurred suddenly, as he desired (see *Medical Times*, 8th December, 1860, and Dr. Adams' opening address as President of the College of Surgeons, at the Surgical Society); and strange, too, that it should have corroborated the truth of an observation of his, which we quote on the authority of Dr. Burke, that the affection of which he died, when not followed by certain results, which were absent in his case, is its most fatal form.

Sir Henry was twice married—first, in 1820, to Mrs. Arthur, daughter of Thomas Crowe, Esq., by whom he had one son, the present Sir Henry, major in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, but who, we hear, is about to leave the army, and to become, as we hope, one of our permanent and resident landlords. The first Lady Marsh died in 1846. Secondly, in 1856, to the present Lady Marsh, daughter of the Rev. Robert Jelly, and relict of Thomas Kemmis, Esq., of Shane, in the Queen's County. By this lady,

who survives him, Sir Henry had no issue.

Shortly after the demise of Sir Henry a committee was formed for the purpose of considering the propriety, or rather the necessity, of taking measures to perpetuate his name and memory; and, as might be supposed, such a proceeding met with a most hearty response. Various proposals have been made as to the mode of carrying into effect the objects above mentioned, and have formed the subject of newspaper remarks. However desirable may be these proposals, we trust that the committee will bear in mind the necessity of founding an Exhibition in connexion either with Steevens' Hospital, where he laboured so assiduously, and where he so successfully imparted instruction; or with the Meath Hospital, where he was educated, and where he laid the foundation of his fame; or with either in rotation, or both conjointly, to be called the "Marsh Clinical Prize," tenable for a year. Such an arrangement would not only perpetuate his name as a clinical teacher and observer, but serve also to display the importance which he attached, and which all who are true members of the profession of medicine must attach, to the preponderating importance of clinical medicine. Should the amount of subscriptions exceed, as we have no doubt it will, the sum required for this purpose, it will then be time to take its application into consideration, which must, of course, depend upon its extent. Meanwhile, we would venture to suggest that, as benevolence was strongly exemplified in Sir Henry's character, this feature, too, might be, as it were, photographed, by vesting a proportion of the surplus in the hands of the Trustees of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Society of Ireland, to be called the "Marsh Testimonial Fund," the interest to be applied to the objects of this most praiseworthy charity.

LEGEND LAYS OF IRELAND.

NO. I.—A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

I.

O! SAW you the spectre this moon-paling night,
How stately he glides, on a charger of white,
Where the large wavy circles recedingly break,
As the silver hoof pitches a foam o'er the lake.*

II.

'Tis the Chief of the Glens, whose untiring career
Is viewed on the loveliest morn of the year,
With his courtiers of air, and his fays of the rath,
Strewing garlands and flowers round his watery path.

III.

And as legends relate, the same sight shall be seen
When the May month comes round, with its young buds of green ;
When the violets spring in the thorn-tangled dales,
And the hare-bells and primroses blossom the vales.

IV.

And the cliffs of Glenane shall their echoes prolong,†
That arise from the revels and sweet elfin song ;
The course be unchequered and flowing the rein,
Till the steed his bright plates shall have worn on Lane.

V.

Then the currach‡ and boatman shall rock on the flow
Of those waves that roll over a palace below ;
And the minstrel of air shall attune the lyre's strings
To those strains he once sung at the banquet of kings.

* Amongst the many accounts current of O'Donoghue, the fabled Chieftain of the Lakes, is that of his charger having the hoofs shod with silver plates. When the latter become entirely worn by their action on wave and shore, as the boatmen believe or assert, the chieftain, with his steed and attendants, will for ever disappear from mortal vision.

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VI.

Then the snowy arbutus shall blossom that brow
Where the plume-waving helmet encircles it now;
And those dances, the fairy band thoughtlessly whirls
On the crest of the lake, shall be tripped on its pearls.*

VII.

No more shall O'Donoghue visit the steeps
That were guarded by grey, frowning, ancestral keeps:
No more shall the May morn dawning discover
The airy career of the water-sprite rover.

VIII.

Long, long, shall he revel in fairy halls bright,
Nor once ply a spur through the motionless night,
Nor dash with his courser, nor sport with his train,
On the blue, mirrored surface of reek-crested Lane.

LAGENIENSIS.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE extensive combinations of working men which flourish in this country—combinations of men with secret signs and rules—are unknown to the law in France. These English combinations are made for the avowed purpose of regulating the conditions and the wages of labour. On the other hand, English masters combine to impose conditions upon their men. The case of the late strike in the London building trade is one that illustrates all the bearings of the British law upon masters and men.† The men combined, and their combination was attacked; and the masters combined to impose a document upon the men that should hand them over, bound hand and foot, to the masters. Giving an opinion on this famous document, Mr. Edwin James said:—"I am not at all surprised that any English artisan, who has the right to carry his labour to market, unshackled by any restrictions, should resist the imposition of terms, by masters, which are most arbitrary and most unjust." The masters were as un-

willing to accede to the demands of the combined operatives. "Break up your societies," cried the masters; "higher wages and shorter time," cried the men. The masters were rich men and could afford to wait; the men could depend only upon the subscriptions of their fellow-workers. The calmness and order with which this battle was fought redound to the honour of British workmen and prove their right to the ample freedom they enjoy. They had grievances that called loudly for redress, yet they were calm and dignified in demanding this redress.

We have carefully examined Mr. Marsh Nelson's admirable statement‡ of the grievances of the London working builders, and we have scrutinized his extracts from the books of the Bricklayers' Society, and have seen how strangely conciliating the decisions of the society are; that, in point of fact, their delegates to settle disputes are neither more nor less than Councils of Conciliation, and that the skill and temperance with

* The Lakes of Killarney are known to abound in beautiful pearls. They are found in great numbers, especially in the River Laune, which conducts the waters of Lough Lane towards Dingle Bay, and thence to the ocean.

† See Lord St. Leonard's masterly exposition of this law.

‡ "Marsh Nelson's Reply to the Master Builders." F. Bowering, Blackfriars-London.

which these delegates deal with difficult cases, prove, beyond question, their fitness for the functions of judges. The result of Mr. Nelson's inquiry into the regulations of the Bricklayers' Society was the conviction that "the managing committee has been the means of settling, and even preventing, many disputes between men and masters." Had properly constituted Councils of Conciliation (such as we described in our last chapter) existed in London, none of the grievances which produced the great building trade strike could have existed. If proof were wanted that working men can rationally govern large communities, it exists in the Report of the Amalgamated Society of 17,000 Engineers. The admirable clearness and order with which the accounts of this combination of skilled mechanics are kept are above all praise, and they might be copied with advantage by very dignified companies indeed.

The object of the Act 6 Geo. IV., c. 129, was to secure the master and the workman each in the free exercise of his own individual will. He was not to be compelled to act from without. Intimidation, by threats or by violence, is punishable with imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for not more than three months. This law permits any persons who may be of a common opinion, or wish to discuss their mutual interests, to meet together for the purpose of consulting and determining upon the rate of wages which they shall demand or the hours of work; and these persons may make agreements among themselves for the purpose of fixing such wages or work-hours. Employers are as free as the employed to fix wages. But agreements among employers or employed to raise or lower wages, are not held to be instruments that can subject any person who may fail in carrying out the provisions thereof, to punishment. For instance, should mill-owners agree to give a certain wage, and agree also to forfeit a certain sum, in case of infraction of the agreement, this fine is not recoverable by law. These are the main provisions of the British law affecting masters and men. Let us now glance at the laws which govern the employers and the employed of France. The law of 1849, which is now in force in France, punishes with imprison-

ment and fine, masters who combine to lower wages or operatives who combine to raise them or to shorten the hours of labour. The leaders of a combination are liable to an imprisonment of from two to five years. This law is very severely interpreted. Should a number of French workmen appear at their common workshop on a certain day, and successively declare to their master that they did not intend to remain with him unless their wages were raised, they would be liable to fine and imprisonment if the master could prove that the men had agreed in common to make this demand individually. Judge Morlot specially cites this bearing of the law for the guidance of employers and employed.

The supporters of this obnoxious law, which interferes directly with individual liberty, ask its enemies to study the effect of freedom to combine, as apparent in England. The effect is characterized as disastrous, and as leading invariably to the ruin and discomfiture of the working-classes. This is untrue. A strike is a calamity always; since it leaves the men on strike without wages, and the masters who are at a stand-still, without profit. But combination among the Lancashire operatives enables them to demand just wages, justly measured work; in short, to hold their rights against the encroachments of their masters. Take a town like Preston, for instance. Here the masters have a combined society that confers with the heads of the men's combination. The result of the meeting of these two powers may be a strike; but the probability is, that it will lead to a fair adjustment of differences. The freedom both masters and men enjoy to regulate their own quarrels in England would, in short, be hailed as a boon in France, where a few reapers may not talk over their wages, and resolve to demand more, without subjecting themselves to fine and imprisonment. But rural labourers are not treated as severely as operatives; for this reason, viz., that the operatives are conglomerated in vast masses, and their meetings might trouble public order. There is not, it must be confessed, that respect for the law among the French working-classes which the twenty thousand building operatives lately exhibited

in London. Why the English workman, combining to obtain a just wage, limits his agitation to the obtaining the object he has in view; and why the French workman diverges from his original object, and dreams, and threatens the powers that be, are questions beyond the limits of these papers.

But to understand the character of the French workman, and the exhalations to which he is liable, the curious reader cannot do better than consult the "*Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux*" of Emile Thomas, and the "*Associations Ouvrières*" of André Cochut. Throughout the Restorations and the Monarchy of July, industrial Utopias had fascinated, by turns, the warm imaginations of Frenchmen. The seductive pictures of Fourier had brought him passionate disciples. Louis Blanc had given order to, and clothed in his brilliant language, the Socialist doctrines of many serious professors. When the Revolution came, and found misery in the homes of Paris workmen, the Republic was hailed as the beneficent power that was to realize all the social happiness that the great preachers had promised. In 1844 M. de Lamartine had written in the *Presse* to warn his fellow-countrymen of the dangers they were courting when they permitted themselves to be led by young and ardent dreamers; to be persuaded that tyranny, when exercised from above, is odious, but that it is perfect social happiness when administered from below. The poet historian is very severe on the advocates of State employ for all under a democratic government. This system would be servitude, we are told, and justly told. These young builders of theories would fly from their own work when they found that they had raised a gigantic government monopoly. M. de Lamartine vigorously attacks that organization of labour. He declares that wages must rise or fall with the prices of products; and that these prices depend exclusively upon supply and demand. To fix wages by law, law must first fix the seasons; insure the exact measure of raw material; take the cotton crop under its paternal care; keep the disease from the vine; and enforce other equally feasible orders. Then, the triumphant logician asks, What is labour? Is all labour to be organized

by the State, or only certain qualities of labour? Will the State guarantee the physician his fee; the author the price of his manuscript; the barrister his fair proportion of briefs?

Here is a question of preparing a sliding-scale of wages for the world. The absurdity of the deducible consequences proves the absurdity of the principle. The only organization of industry, says M. de Lamartine, of 1844, is its liberty. Again, the best governments are those which never touch labour. "Every occasion on which the State has interfered with the free course of industry"—these are M. de Lamartine's own words—"has brought about a catastrophe that has affected government, capitalists, and workmen." That four years before the downfall of Louis Philippe, the first chief of the Revolutionary Government of 1848 should have occasion to write these emphatic words on the relations of the State to industry, is remarkable. He recognised the workman's right to work, in extreme cases, and in well-defined limits; but his entire argument, and all the eloquence with which he set it forth, were given in favour of the non-intervention of the State between capital and labour.

In February, 1848, Lamartine's Provisional Government guaranteed work to all citizens who desired it, at wages that would suffice to maintain the workman. This same Government's first proclamation was, "No more legitimacy, no more Bonapartism, no more Regencies." As weak were they when they endeavoured to create labour for all, as when the day came for them to resist the sallow gentleman with a great name, who had reached Paris from London. It is evidence of lamentable weakness in Lamartine, that he gave his sanction to that which he disapproved; and against which, only four years earlier, he had hurled his thunderbolts. A strong hand appeared presently, and swept away the dreams of the Luxembourg, and the decrees of February, 1848. Labour should not only not be guaranteed by the State to every citizen, but no meetings of citizens should be permitted, even to discuss their wrongs.

There is a pleasanter phase to the workman's question, as it was handled in 1848. The associations of working men, to which the Revolution gave rise, were among the brighter pro-

mises of that struggle; but despotic governments are inimical to congregations of labourers, and so, as we noticed at Lille, these promises have been stung to death by the Imperial bees. It is interesting, however, to record that which was done, both by the Provisional Government, in pursuance of its wild decree, and what the free workmen of France did for themselves.

After the promulgation of the Government's Quixotic resolve to give work to every citizen, the first duty of the men charged with the business, was to discover how strong were the unemployed. They discovered that even before the 24th of February, there were about thirteen thousand forcibly idle men in Paris. These were thrown upon the public works; but these works were insufficient. The army of hungry workers was a vast, serried army that would have its will—that willed to eat, and that at once. All manner of expedients were adopted; and early in March the crowd was so vast that the Government resolved to brigade and drill their unemployed friends. Every unemployed man, who had lived six months in Paris, or in the *Banlieue*, might be enrolled, on demand. A plan for workshops was drawn out by the authorities, and then the workmen were left to choose their own chiefs, or masters. Eleven men made a squad, and out of their number they chose their chief. Five squads made a brigade, with an elected brigadier; four brigades made a lieutenancy; four lieutenancies, a company; three companies, a service—which, including the chiefs, was 2,703 strong. All the services of an arrondissement (there were four arrondissements in Paris) were under a superior chief, who had sometimes 20,000 men under his command. M. André Cochut tells us that the plan spread like an ulcer. On the 7th of June, 119,000 men had been enrolled, the majority of them being heads of families. Calculations were made, showing that at one time the national workshops fed 400,000 persons, or half of the population of Paris. Originally wages were fixed at two francs daily, but they were reduced successively to one franc and a-half, and eight francs a week. M. Cochut describes the result; and it is the result that reasonable men would

have anticipated, and which M. de Lamartine had himself anticipated in 1844.

Abuses and frauds, salaried idleness—real, earnest workmen degraded by the receipt of an ill-disguised charity—these were of the minor abuses of the famous organization. The mortal danger was in the method of enrolment. Any man who had recruited five squads, that is to say, fifty-five men, might present himself, as fifty-sixth, as brigadier. He had a high salary, and the sweets of command. A large class of Parisians took very kindly to this means of living. Half-educated men of the population that floats between the drawing-room and the attic, or between the warehouse and the workman's bench: clerks, bookkeepers, commercial travellers, literary men out of work, hopeless artists. This cunning class furnished, it is conjectured, 15,000 persons to the national workshops. The evil influence of men of this class elevated to power over honest workmen, was inevitable. Politics grew in these brigades and services. Anger grew also; and the public looked with grave mistrust; and, in the end, brigades and squads were sent to the right about. They were not the creation of the French working-classes: they were the result of the foolish, we might almost say a wicked promise, made by a government to secure wages to every Frenchman.

The Paris workmen had faith, not in government work under scheming brigadiers, but in the power of association. If the Luxembourg sittings developed no perfect system of regulating capital and labour, they, at least, discovered a wide-spread faith in the power of association. If the principle of association be not now in flourishing operation throughout France, Bonapartism is to blame. Any principle that calls masses of men to great private meetings is obnoxious to the man who cannot suffer free discussion under his rule.

We have considered the French workman as he stands before the law, we now return to him at his work.

Between the range of the Vosges and the eastern frontier of France we find a strange race, half German and half French, the workmen of Alsace. On the western slopes and in the western valleys of the Vosges we have the

workmen of Lorraine and of Champagne. Let us first pay a visit to the Rhine population that lies between France and Germany. This population is curiously mixed: two religions, two characters, two tongues are in it; yet it is a vigorous and spirited population. Not well situated for the development of manufactures, it has still become a great manufacturing centre. Far removed from the great markets of France on the one hand, the people of Alsace have the customs' ramparts of Germany at their doors. They fetch their raw materials from Marseilles or Havre. It is, then, to the vigorous character of the people, who are hemmed in by mountains on one side, and by custom-houses on the other, that we must attribute the great prosperity which they enjoy as manufacturers.

Mulhausen is the remarkable monument of this energy: Mulhausen, the manufactures of which are exported in considerable quantities. Here the artistic cotton fabrics of France are chiefly made. From this upper Rhine province 100,000 workmen send cotton prints to all the great foreign markets.

M. Audiganne represents the native of Alsace as a man who is patriotic, but who hates the law, because the law generally approaches him in the shape of a sheriff's officer. Money-lenders are the curse of this district, the ant-eaters of this ant's nest. They lend, and ruin the borrower. A man has been known to be a slave for life, having contracted, in an unguarded or difficult moment, a loan of ten francs. In the train of the money-lender are the lawyer and the sheriff's officer. These, to the majority of the people of this district, represent the law; the law is, therefore, hateful. In 1848, lawyers and money-lenders were attacked with fork and spade. The Alsatians have another legal enemy in the forest guard (*gardes forestiers*). The severe laws which have curtailed their ancient forest rights have rankled in their hearts; and, in 1848, the houses of the forest-guards suffered the treatment to which the residences of the usurers were subjected. In 1852, the Alsatians went to the poll, crying that the forest rights which they had enjoyed under the old Empire should be restored to them under the new. They were pleased

even with the relaxation of the law that permitted them to gather the dead leaves in the forests, twice a week, instead of twice a month. Other concessions, trivial as the foregoing, have sufficed to calm the anger of this population, against government authority. The great majority with which the Alsatians—although separated into two nearly equal religious divisions—voted for the ten years' presidency, and afterwards for the Empire, proves that their old antagonism to the law had been met by satisfactory concessions.

In the valley of the Zorn we first approach the peculiar habits and characteristics of the people of Lower Alsace—a people vigorous and industrious, but often so miserably poor that way to a new home is sought through the American emigration vessels of Havre. The iron-works of Zornoff, on the Zorn torrent, with their dark walls, offer a good picture of life hereabouts. Hither, from villages miles away, men come every morning to work, leaving children, too young to labour iron, to gather dead wood in the forests, or to tend cows or goats on the mountain slopes. Cows, goats, and sheep are the workman's safest guard against hunger. By the aid of these he may contrive to live through slack times. Manufacturers have, therefore, found it to their profit to aid the sober and steady workman with loans bearing no interest, in order to enable him to have beasts of some kind. The workmen of the Zornoff manufactory have also their mutual benefit society; the education of their children is cared for; a system of gratuitous medical attendance has been organized; in times of scarcity articles of food are sold at cost price. The Zornoff workmen (who are a clan, as our Highlanders were in clans, apart, and with a common sympathy) are devoted to the reduction of iron to human uses.

The Munster clan of this same district—in the valley of St. Gregory—numbers three thousand individuals, who are engaged in the fabrication and printing of cotton fabrics. The factory, situated on the site of an old abbey, is firmly built and well regulated. Magnificently situated, nothing has been spared to make this great workshop of a clan as agreeable as factory work can be made: by the

help of artificial waters, well-arranged gardens, and hot-houses in which choice plants are reared. Here generations have succeeded generations. Men may be found who have sate twenty-five years at the same loom. Sons who have been called to serve in the army are certain of a welcome and a place on their return hither. Task-work is the system adopted. The Munster workman has, as a rule, a scrap of mountain land, which he cultivates, and which is a help to him. His family is thus divided between the fields and the factory. He has also his mutual benefit society, one rule of which is worth notice. This rule provides that any member who has declared on the sick fund, who is seen in a wine-shop while on the fund, shall cease to be on it. The spinning-mill, which is in a solitary position, is excellently managed. As the workmen found it impossible to return home to their meals, an immense refectory was constructed, where there are servants paid by the owners, who prepare the food the workmen bring, in immense ovens. Here may be seen a thousand artizans at dinner-time. On another part of the works three hundred litres of soup are daily distributed under cost-price—those who have many children, or support infirm relations, having the preference. Bread, in the same way, is baked, and cheaply distributed, in times of scarcity. Opposite the spinning-mill is a vast house, built in compartments, spacious and well-ventilated, for artizans' families. These compartments are let at from five to seven francs a-month. They are not barracks, where little or no privacy can be had, but are built with many staircases, so that one staircase is used by only two families. Education has made considerable progress hereabouts; the majority of the artizans can read and write. There is even a professor of music in the neighbourhood. We have here, then, an industrial population where family ties are respected. Children give their wages to their parents while under seventeen or eighteen years old, and afterwards pay them a pension until they marry. There must be a remarkable tolerance among these Munster people. Two-thirds of them are Protestants; still these and the Roman Catholics have but one church,

which the followers of Luther occupy at one hour on Sundays, and the spiritual subjects of the Pope use at another hour.

In contrast with Munster, we may put the industrial colony of Guebwiller, that passes its busy life at the foot of the Vosges, close by amphitheatres of the generous vines that produce its heady *Ketterlen*. Here 2,000 men of a clan, work, cotton-spinning and machine-making. Here the men, unlike those of Munster, themselves conduct the institutions established in their favour. This is, undoubtedly, the better plan; since it gives self-dependence, reflection, and dignity to the working-man. At Guebwiller every workman has a certain deduction made from his wages. These accumulated deductions remain in his master's hands, at five per cent. interest. This fund serves as a guarantee for the workman, when he desires credit from the society that distributes food at cost price. The great bakery, founded by the masters, but left to the management of the artizans, is supported by nearly all the population; but no man is compelled to draw his bread from it. The higher artizans, that is, the highly-skilled, who receive large wages, foolishly affect to despise the economy this common bakery offers them; but to the mass it is a blessing. Every enrolled member of the bakery carries a book, in which is inscribed, every three weeks, the bread for which he has paid. The bakery distributes wood and flour also (bought wholesale) at cost price, and purchases dried vegetables and rice, at favourable moments, for distribution among its members. The little profits of the bakery are used to help the unfortunate. The Guebwiller artizans are also their own pawnbrokers, or rather their own lenders. To their honour be it said, that the loans they make to their fellow-workmen bear no interest. The mass serves for guarantee for the recovery of the borrowed money. We have spoken of the per centage levied at the factory, on the artizan's wages; for this he is entitled, when he is ill, to half his ordinary wages and to medical attendance, and all necessary medicaments. Fines go also to the sick fund. The workman who absents himself on a Monday—the French workman's fatal day—not only loses his idle day's salary, but is

also compelled to pay the value of a day's work to the sick-fund box. Education is well spread. Children are compelled to attend school to the age of sixteen, and their wages are not reduced for the hours they spend in study. Instruction is gratuitous, and even paper and books are given, and supernumeraries are employed, from time to time, to replace the children who are attending to their lessons. On Sundays a drawing class is held for the workmen employed in the machine manufactory. The education of girls is excellently adapted to make them useful wives. They are taught to sew and darn, and are instructed in useful arts, that will tend to make their husbands' homes comfortable, and therefore, attractive.

We have not touched upon the drunkenness or sobriety of this curious population. The cheapness of their strong wine, that grows within sight of their homes, naturally led them, in the old time, when they were ignorant and neglected, to drunkenness. But it may be said that the workmen of Guebwiller are now, as a rule, frugal men.

We pass to a third clan, planted amid these Vosges mountains, and walled in, apart from Munster and Guebwiller. Wesserling holds a group of 3,000 industrious men, who live by the manufacture of textile fabrics—cotton being the staple. Here we find a population wedded to the soil, as at Guebwiller, and working under institutions peculiar to itself. There is a savings' bank in the factory, that has existed since the year 1821, and that gives five per cent. to depositors. Some artizans are compelled to be depositors. Girls, for example, are compelled to save a twelfth part of their wages, which they receive when they leave the factory, that is, usually, when they marry. The Wesserling population has no bakery of its own; but it has a society, which guarantees the payment for bread sold on credit, and watches the quality, price, and weight of it among the bakers. Gratuitous medical advice and medicines are also at the disposal of this industrial colony. The colony is moral, when compared with other centres of industry. Early marriages are frequent, and concubinage is held to be scandalous:—yet drunkenness is frequent. But, patience, and the

mulberry leaf will become satin. These industrious children of the mountain are not so intemperate as they were.

These groups of Alsatian workmen, set apart among the Vosges, have, it will be seen, peculiar characteristics. They are ancient clans, now turned from the rude culture of the soil, to spinning and weaving. The clanship remains, and appears to attach the artizans to their mills and masters. An intelligent, vivacious and energetic race, they live and thrive in harmony, enjoying institutions of their own culture, that are wise and Christian in spirit.

The chief Alsatian towns are not centres of industry. Strasburg, for instance, the famous beer which refreshes the loungers of the Paris Boulevards, and is a Sunday luxury to the Paris workman, is the great commodity sent forth from this German French city. The Alsatian manufacturers have converted villages into manufacturing towns. The loom has made cities like Mulhausen. Since Mulhausen has been a part of France, it has steadily and rapidly risen, thanks to the intelligent energy of its manufacturers. Within the last sixty years a little insignificant place has become a great industrial city, where vast factories and mills, and the prodigious activity of some 35,000 or 40,000 people astonish the visitor. Mulhausen cottons and woollens are famous. Many Mulhausen men, Kœchlin, for instance, have achieved a world-wide reputation. Its population enjoys a high character for energy and for liberal dealings. This population is mixed. Germany and Switzerland send their children who are out of work, to its capacious mills. This unfixed population has an evil effect upon the morals of the city (it being a matter of difficulty, for instance, for a German to legalize his marriage with a Frenchwoman); but this half-German, half-French manufacturing centre is by no means conspicuous as an immoral place. Sundays are spent in wine-shops too often; Monday is often sacrificed to Bacchus; but, as a rule, the mass are steady, and are taking advantage of the improvements in lodgings, &c., which the manufacturers have made in their behalf. The Industrial Society of Mulhausen has long watched over the well-being of

the workmen. Its periodical, in which we find, as contributor, the name of Dollfus, the enlightened French free-trader, is filled with speculations and suggestions on questions affecting the advancement of industry and the happiness of the working-classes. The manufacturers have striven, with most commendable spirit, to improve the dwellings of their employed. Here the evil of constructing great houses, in which hundreds of families are grouped, has been seen; and small cottages with gardens have been substituted. There is more than enough intermingling of families in great workshops, and the best way to mitigate the evil of this commingling is to assure to workmen privacy in their homes. At Mulhausen a workman may, with a little economy, become proprietor of his own cottage on easy terms. Premiums are given to him, to tempt him to economize, and to be a contributor to a savings' bank. Help in sickness and a refuge in old age, are offered to him. Here also he may buy his food, not expensively on credit, but by the aid of a society, at cost price. Through the instrumentality of this society a workman may have three meals a day for threepence-halfpenny. The fare is light, consisting of soup, vegetables, and bread;

but for sixpence-halfpenny he has wine, meat twice daily, soup, vegetables, and bread. Another society finds work for, and lends furniture to necessitous families. Then there are public reading-rooms, separated for the sexes; also baths for the use of the operatives. There is, indeed, something touching in the many forms the generosity of manufacturers has taken in this great cotton town. He must have been a tender-hearted man who thought of distributing hot soup among his working children in the winter months. Even a gratuitous lawyer is at the service of the operatives. This intimate examination of the wants of the employed appears to have had the best effect in Mulhausen. The operatives are a heavy, not easily impressed race, but they are also a solid race. If they are slow in adopting new ideas, or in reconciling themselves to new processes, they are steadfast when they have seen the wisdom of one or the economy or advantage of the other.

At Sainte Marie aux Mines we find all the evil effects of an overstocked industry: the operatives are miserable and immoral. In Biswiller, the third manufacturing town of Alsace, we mark once more the main features of the vigorous industry of Mulhausen.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF SIR CHARLES BELL, K.G.H., &C.—HELEN DUNDAS, OR THE PASTOR'S WIFE.—GOYGER'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN BURMAH.—THOM'S ALMANAC AND OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

AMONG the men who have done honour to our country's science, and may be reckoned as benefactors of mankind, none, in modern times, has claim to a nobler place than Sir Charles Bell. It is much to our discredit that a foreigner, M. Pichot, should have done that which Bell's own countrymen neglected.* Much as Sir Charles's fame is appreciated amongst ourselves, we doubt if in France it is not held at a higher rate. This biography has the singular interest, that it relates to one who, though he did great things, failed, in his own estimation, to realize the objects to which he was devoted. Fortune herself smiled but coldly upon him. Few lives have been more

profitable to humanity and, in popular estimation at least, received less honour. A popular writer or artist, however, vanishes with the generation he delights, while here is a genuinely great man whose biographer tells us that he found the glory of future success the only illusion of his existence.

Charles Bell was born in 1774, the youngest of four brothers, all of whom distinguished themselves. His father was a minister of the episcopal denomination of Scotland, living on an annual stipend of £25. This sufficed to procure a sufficient education for his three elder children. Robert, the eldest, became a writer to the Signet. John, the second, was the celebrated

* *The Life and Labours of Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S.S., L. & E.* By Amédée Pichot, M.D. London: Bentley. 1860.

surgeon of Edinburgh. The third, George Joseph, rose to be an advocate, and ultimately obtained the chair of Scottish law. Charles, the fourth, born too short a time before his father's death to gain much education from him, was primarily the pupil of an excellent mother, and ultimately of his brother John. Between these admirable teachers another intervened in the potent and prolific High School of Edinburgh—a seminary which, about that time, held the names of Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, Cockburn, and Horner on its books. Under the guidance of his brother John, Charles chose medicine for his profession, and became a member of the class which afterwards produced so many distinguished physiologists and anatomists. The teachings of Dugald Stewart, were invaluable to the future physiologist, not alone for the noble and thoughtfully spiritual direction thus given to his studies, but also through the imparted feeling for elegance of diction which distinguished the pupil and made his disquisitions so eloquent, simple, and logical.

Dr. Pichot dwells upon the advantages of the instruction thus given to Bell, one of which was in maintaining the worship of a moral system unconnected with the great questions of social policy, which the drama of the French Revolution, at that precise time, excited in Scotland. The advantages of the system of teaching that led the best of his pupils so to devote themselves, in their leisure time, to a wider than mere academic course of study were best demonstrated when, "at length, a day arrived when five or six followers of the illustrious master were found equal to the establishment of a Review which embraces nearly the entire range of human knowledge"—the great *Edinburgh*.

Drs. Black and James Gregory, his own brother's antagonists, were amongst the professors of the faculty at Edinburgh in Bell's early pupilage. Dr. Alexander Munro was not less distinguished, and had more influence upon him, for it appears that he attended the lectures of the last at the same time with those of his brother John. An early association with David Allan, the elder, seems to have added strength to a natural taste for the

arts, and probably led to Bell's becoming what he emphatically was, the most serviceable writer on practical art the English language can show. He alone contrived to unite a knowledge of science with a genuine feeling for art; and we may say that he alone was able to combine them to a useful purpose. It is the highest testimony to his merit in this matter, and is that, indeed, upon which his popular fame greatly rests, that artists study advantageously his succinct "Essay on the Anatomy of Expression," and that few studios are without a copy of this book.

Charles Bell was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons, August 1, 1799, and soon distinguished himself as an operator in the hospitals of the city.

Among the associates of Bell in Edinburgh at this period of life was such a group of men as are sure to centre upon each other and exercise mutual influence. They seem to have been the following:—John Allan, John Thompson, Thomas Brown, the metaphysician; Cockburn, Brougham, Murray, Horner, Richardson, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, J. Graham, and Sydney Smith. For nearly ten years he had associated with these and the like, and they had given and taken many a good thing and thought from each other.

Even such splendid associates could not compensate Bell for his disappointment in not obtaining hospital practice nor professional advancement. Therefore, in 1804, at thirty years of age, he determined to seek his fortune in London. Although favourably introduced, he found, in the metropolis, at first, little success, but suffered greatly from the then powerful prejudice against Scotchmen. Occupying himself in completing the plates for his essay on the "Anatomy of Expression," which he had brought with him in manuscript, he passed a year of frugal expenditure. At last he found a publisher for the work, and commenced a private course of lectures and demonstrations on anatomy, strongly hoping that his book would draw to his lectures not only students in anatomy but in Art also. "In Edinburgh," our author says, "he numbered as many as eighty-six, in London it took him an entire year to exceed three pupils."

The "Anatomy of Expression" appeared shortly after this—a quarto of 186 pages. The *Edinburgh Review*, through the hands of Jeffrey, noticed it; and it is amusing to read the guarded and rather pedantic laudation which the famous Aristarchus of literature vouchsafed to this admirable work. We call it admirable, because it contains the germ of the author's discoveries in the wide realms of science.

The book gave Charles Bell a professional, if not a popular position in London, and brought him into closer communion with Cline, Cooper, and Abernethy. Amongst the artists, David Wilkie determined to take lessons from him, and Bell became soon afterwards a competitor for the Chair of Anatomy, in the Royal Academy. We may here express our astonishment that he never attained a position, for which, of all men in this age, he was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the best qualified. Three times he contended—in the intervals having risen into fame, and what fortune was destined for him—and three times he failed, to the lasting disgrace of those who had the election in their hands. What motive could have influenced these marked successive rejections may not now be known. Their repetition, however, takes the fact from the chapter of accidents, and reveals either a lamentable want of knowledge of the requirements of art, or motives of a culpable nature.

"Here were grounds for despairing of the future, and assuredly desponding ideas might sometimes cross the mind of Charles Bell in the strange mansion chance had given him for his school and residence. It was an old dilapidated house in Leicester-street, which disappeared in 1844, with the greater number of those lately forming in that quarter such a curious labyrinth of passages and lanes. The first night he slept in it, while stepping into bed, the floor gave way under the weight of his body, and he thought himself fortunate when, on awaking the next morning, he found himself still on the first floor. 'I would rather have nine children laid to my charge,' said a surveyor whom he consulted, in a coarse, familiar manner, 'than this house over my head.' On examining the planks, they discovered a mysterious kind of tube or conduit, the use of which the architect was unable to divine. A neighbour informed them that the dwelling had recently been inhabited

by the 'Invisible Girl,' a species of phenomenon who had enriched herself at the expense of the credulous Cockneys. Charles Bell accommodated himself as well as he could in this ruin. It will readily be believed that the subjects introduced by the professor for his anatomical demonstrations soon gave an additional notoriety to the house, where the 'Invisible Girl' became transformed into the apparition of a beautiful young lady who had suffered dissection under the surgeon's scalpel before life was extinct. To the real history of Charles Bell's house, an American physician, William Gibson, in his 'Rambles in Europe,' adds a veritable tale, which he pretends to have received from the pupils of Leicester-street (amongst whom he was included) as an authentic tradition. 'Bell's servants,' says he, 'left him, one by one, almost as soon as they came; his house-pupils dreaded sleeping in single rooms, or near the amphitheatre; and Bell himself, one night, while tossing about half asleep, felt his foot seized by an ice-cold hand.'

"The body-snatchers, they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
'Tis very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.

"The cock it crows—I must be gone—
My William, we must part;
But I'll be yours in death, although
Sir Astley has my heart."

Here we have the first complete hint given respecting the system of his great discovery, in a letter to his brother:—

"My new anatomy of the brain is a thing that occupies my brain almost exclusively. I hinted to you formerly that I was *burning*, or on the eve of a grand discovery. I consider the organs of the outward senses as a distinct class of nerves from the others. I trace them to corresponding parts of the brain, totally distinct from the origin of the others. I take five tubercles within the brain, as the internal senses; I trace the nerves of the nose, eye, ear, and tongue to these, and there I see established connexions; then, the great mass of the brain receives 'processes' from the central tubercles. Again, the great mass of the cerebrum sends down processes, or crura, which give off all the common nerves of voluntary motion; and I establish, as it were, a kind of circulation. In this inquiry I describe many new connexions; the whole opens up in a new and simple light; the nerves take a simple arrangement, and the parts have appropriate names—the whole according with the phenomena, with pathology, and supported by interesting views."

In 1811 he published his "Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain,"—timidly confining its distribution to his friends and the profession. The thing fell dead upon an inert race of practitioners, who thought more of a brilliant operation than of a grand, philosophical discovery. At this time he married a Scottish lady, and, investing her dowry in purchasing a share in the Hunterian School of Medicine, became the principal professor there, and encouraging emolument fell to his share, as well as an elevated professional position. In 1814 he writes to his brother, that he had ninety pupils of this class, being highly successful as a teacher, and elected surgeon to Middlesex Hospital—no small honour to a man who had come to London almost without a friend, a few years before. Cooper, Abernethy, and men of that stamp were now his equals;—but still the great theory slumbered.

In 1815, the Battle of Waterloo offered an opening for our enthusiastic professor to study military surgery. To that field of blood he went; and we find fragments of his journal that are of great interest. As a specimen of his picturesque power of writing, take the following:—

"I have just returned from seeing the French wounded received in their hospital, and could you see them laid out naked, or nearly so, a hundred in a row of low beds on the ground—though wounded, exhausted, beaten—you would still conclude with me that these were men capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. Strong, thickset, hardy veterans, brave spirits, and unsubdued as they cast their wild glances upon you—their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with the fresh sheets—you would much admire their capacity of adaptation. These fellows are brought from the field after lying many days on the ground; many dying—many in the agony—many miserably racked with pain and spasms; and the next mimics his fellow, and gives it a tune.—*Aha, vous chantez bien!* How they are wounded you will see in my notes; but I must not have you to lose the present impression on me of the formidable nature of these fellows as exemplars of the breed in France. It is a forced praise; for from all I have seen, and all I have heard of their fierceness, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, I cannot convey to you my detestation of this race of trained banditti. By what means

they are to be kept in subjection and other habits come upon them, I know not; but I am convinced that these are cannot be left to the bent of their propensities."

His "Essay on the Nervous System" was read to the Royal Society shortly after, and had far better fortune than either of the preceding works. It made a sensation, as it, indeed, well merits to have done, being, even for this time, one of the most lucid, novel, and elaborate scientific papers that have yet appeared. It may be said to have put its author on that pinnacle of success which was to be his fortune. Scarpa himself sent a patient from Pavia for his advice; and what Bell said in a private letter to his brother, though it may seem a little egotistical, is no more than the allowable truth, and first expression of proud success. Thus:—"I have made a greater discovery than ever was made by any one man in anatomy, and I have not yet done." It is needless to enter here upon the history or details of this great discovery. M. Pichot gives a succinct and popularly condensed account of it.

Bell's discovery that the respiratory nerves were identical to those of expression, was an invaluable one for artists, and, as all great ideas are, fruitful of thought and knowledge for others. Dr. Marshall Hall was led to his discovery of the reflex, or reflective functions, by Bell's Theory of the Nervous Circle; and the theory of the sixth, or muscular sense to which he attributed our consciousness of distance, form, texture, and the resistance of objects—contains, at least, the result of many experiments made since his time, on the principle of the moderating powers of motion. Even Fame, much less Fortune, was not to be Bell's without a struggle, for up started Magendie, and claimed the whole merit of the matter for himself. M. Pichot settles his claims in a very satisfactory and candid manner, showing that his great countryman had only performed an experiment, the results of which had been already anticipated by the Scotchman's theory. "I repeat, with a safe conscience," says he, "to Charles Bell belongs the original idea, and the system also, no matter what additional developments have been made to it while he was alive, or since his

death." The testimony of the German, Valentin, who gave the name *Lex Belliana* to the distinct functions of the two roots of a nerve, commemorates the leading claims of Bell as a physiologist. In 1819 he published his "Essay on the Forces which Circulate the Blood." The theory developed in this little work cannot be called so exclusively his own as that of the Nervous System. Not only, however, were the laws which he laid down for the former characterized by the same breadth of judgment and keenness of insight as in the last case, but they were expressed in similar terms of reverent admiration for the great Maker of all things, and professed to be but lights cast upon the tracts of His wonderful schemes for the good of man. This reverential quality and faculty of Bell's mind was one of the striking points in all his systems and writings.

Bell was included in the list of distinguished *savans* who wrote the famous Bridgewater Treatises. Popularly, it is upon his contribution to this series that Bell's fame with the world rests. The "Treatise on the Hand" is even now one of the most excellent monographs in the language; and, as a popular exposition, may be taken as a model essay. In it, we may say, he epitomized more than one of his earlier discoveries, or rather the theories founded upon them. About the time of the publication of this book he attained one of the highest honours of his profession, in receiving the senior chair of anatomy and surgery in the Royal College of Surgeons, London. In the course of delivering the official lectures he had for an audience no less men than David Wilkie, Francis Chantrey, Professor Abernethy, Sir James Macgrigor, and Oline, the preceptor of Sir Astley Cooper. He was also chosen Professor of Physiology in the then new University of London. This post was soon resigned. On the accession of William IV. he was created a Knight of the Guelphic Order at the same time with Herschell, Ivory, Leslie, and Brewster. "The batch made it respectable," he said, on receiving this queer compliment. The University of Edinburgh offered him the inheritance of his brother John's Chair of Physiology, whereupon he decided to leave London, greatly influenced, it

appears, by poetical reminiscences of the old friends of his youth, many of whom were still resident in the Scottish capital. He was soon disenchanted, and found that Time had wrought changes even in the ancient city. A journey to Rome brought him more happiness, and, may be, more recognition from his fellows than any other portion of his life had given. He was received with *éclat* in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Genoa, and Bologna—places where his name was well known, and his merit admitted. There is something peculiarly French in the compliment related below, but nothing new in the manner of its administration:—

"When he was desirous of hearing M. Roux, the celebrated son-in-law of the illustrious Boyer, the French professor dismissed his class without a lecture, saying, 'Gentlemen, enough for to-day; you have seen Charles Bell!'"

The principal motive for this journey was, that he might complete a new edition of the "Anatomy of Expression;" and it afforded him an opportunity of making the studies, if we may so speak, for those splendid criticisms upon Michel Angelo and Raffaele, which have done not a little to induce critics to use their own eyes and judgment instead of abandoning themselves to blind admiration for great names. The trenchant and unanswerable criticisms upon the *Demoniacs* of Raffaele and Dominechino are extracted in this biography. To their absolute truth, we, as every one else whose judgment is unbiassed, heartily agree.

Bell returned to Edinburgh after this Roman excursion. At the close of his first session, he paid a visit to Mr. Holland's seat, at Hallow Park, near Worcester, sketching the picturesque church, and expressed a wish to be buried there. The very next morning found him dead of disease of the heart. The previous evening had been partially spent in devotional exercises. "After a few hours sleep, he awoke with a frightful spasm, and asked his faithful companion to raise him in her arms, and immediately expired." Such was the singular fate of this great anatomical discoverer; a man who treated his science as a service under God; who introduced new knowledge to men, and, by so doing, ameliorated the agonies of myriads of

his fellow-creatures, saved countless lives, and has left a name posterity will not fail to honour.

We have been greatly pleased with a little work, to which a fair friend has directed our attention. It is a record of the help given to a parish minister by a model wife.* Their daily life at the Rectory conveys the mode in which the various plans for the benefit of their humbler parishioners were organized. At home she had her village room or poor man's shop, where small groceries and common wearing apparel were sold at a low rate. There also she conducted the "Mother's Meetings," which were attended by the mothers of the village, and managed on the plan recommended by Mrs. Bayley, in her "Ragged Homes and how to mend them." At these meetings the mothers learned how to work and to cut out, while the pastor's wife led the conversation to practical subjects: cooking, dress, training their children, taking care of their husbands, cleanliness, neighbourly kindness, and such like topics. In her village schools and visiting she bore her full share of the parish work, and effectually aided her husband. The pastor himself was not idle. He established a Band of Hope Total Abstinence Society, which was attended with excellent results. At its first meeting he delivered a lecture on the evil effects of habitual drinking, and adduced from Mr. Ram's valuable work, "The Great Evil of the Present Day," some startling facts and calculations, well adapted to impress his rustic audience. Some of these will be new to our readers. It is hardly credible that over £70,000,000 sterling a-year are spent in intoxicating drinks in Great Britain and Ireland, and more than half that sum is spent by operatives. From an account of the lecture we make the following extract:

"Many thought that men worked hard all day absolutely required spirits, or porter, or strong drink of some kind, to strengthen them. There never was a greater mistake. Dr. Gordon, of the London Hospital, after a careful examination of many thousands of cases, asserts, that the diseases distinctly referable to the use of ardent spirits alone

amount to seventy-five cases out of every 100! and it is a well-known fact, that in cholera the deaths of the intemperate and abstainers are nearly in the proportion of eight to two! Then, as to the nourishment of ale, which is so much talked about now-a-days, it has been proved that there is only the same amount of nourishment in a gallon of good ale, price 2s., as there is in a penny loaf! Now, which would be the best dinner for a hungry, hard-working man, a gallon of ale, or a pound of beef, pie of bread and a glass of water? and the cost of these would be decidedly less.

"Then, again, people who had been long accustomed to strong drink, when they were afraid to leave it off, their health should suffer. He had the answers to that—first, the statement of two thousand doctors, with Sir Benjamin Brodie at their head, that 'the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages'—'that persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them at once, or gradually, after a short time'—and 'that total abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.' So much for the doctors. Now, he would read them the testimony of some working men, who had tried the experiment, and found it successful. Twelve sawyers, of Preston, say:—'We, the undersigned, beg to give the following testimony before the world. A few of us drank malt liquor in moderation, but most of us to excess, for many years. We have all become teetotallers, and have stood firm to our principles. Many of us had materially injured our health, were embarrassed in our circumstances, and our families reduced to a state of destitution. We now find ourselves very much improved. We are stronger in body, clearer in understanding, and better able to do our work than ever we were when taking malt liquor. We are also now able to get decent clothing, and our families are well provided for.

"A labouring man says:—'I have been a faithful servant to the landlord for fourteen years, and a rascal to my wife. Now I am as happy as any man alive for these thirteen months. I have enjoyed more pleasure than I did all my life before. My house, which was hell, is turned (as it were) into heaven with the teetotal. I thank God we have plenty of beef and puddings. I like coffee and beef; it is capital to travel on.'"

* "Helen Dundas, or the Pastor's Wife." By Zaida. Edited by the Author of "Haste to the Rescue." London: James Nisbett and Co., 1861.

From this quotation it will be seen that the work is of a practical nature. It is a cheering picture of a quiet, English rectory. The secret of the success of the pastor in his parish-work is that his wife proved to be the link between him and his flock. In their respective departments, they co-operated for the advancement, religiously and socially, of their humbler parishioners.

We have often wondered why all this labour should be confined to the very poor. Surely our pastors and their helpmeets might well introduce amongst the gentry of their congregations a better system of social visitings, instead of the idle gossip and petty small talk which characterize them.

This little sketch has the prevailing fault of our religious literature. It depicts characters and occurrences in too glowing colours, and has, in parts, a tendency to sentiment. The fault of the character of the pastor's wife is that she is faultless. The work would gain in effectiveness, if it did not aim at perfection. Still, we cordially commend it to our readers.

At the conclusion of the Burmese War of 1824, incredible rumours reached this country of the sufferings of certain Englishmen and Americans who, failing to escape from Burmah before the declaration of war, were subjected to imprisonment and torture during its continuance. One of these prisoners, after the lapse of thirty-seven years, publishes the narrative of his personal adventures, now in our hands.*

In the summer of 1822 he landed at Rangoon, at that time the principal seaport of the Burmese dominions, with a cargo of assorted goods of the value of £3,000, with which he intended to make the experiment of opening up a trade with that unknown territory.

On his arrival he soon learned that bribery was the great talisman, by which alone he could avoid the tyrannical exactions of a despotic government, or succeed in his commercial enterprise. By this means he avoided the humiliating harbour regulation of

unshipping the rudder of his ship and sending it ashore, by which he would have placed the vessel completely at the mercy of the natives.

Having paid the royal duties, consisting of a tenth, in kind, of each article, he procured boats and crews for his voyage up the Irrawaddy to the capital. In six weeks he reached Amerapoorah, where the news of the arrival of a white foreigner with an immense quantity of foreign goods, caused intense excitement and raised great expectations of a golden harvest. Ere venturing even to show his treasures to the natives, Mr. Gouger obtained audiences of the king and queen, and presented their majesties with selections from the best of his finery, which were graciously received. He succeeded in establishing himself on a footing of intimacy with the crowned heads and nobles.

After his presentation at court, Mr. Gouger gave notice that his goods, which consisted of a variety of the cotton manufactures of Manchester and Glasgow, were on sale. Purchasers flocked in and fought with one another for liberty to buy. He realized in a few days the fabulous sum of £8,000, and ascertained that by a more judicious selection of articles, suited for the natives, still greater profit could be calculated upon, as for some articles he realized seven times their cost.

A splendid market appeared thus opened to our sanguine adventurer, who indulged in visions of a gigantic fortune, calculating that with £50,000 capital he could supply all Burmah, and clear £100,000 per annum!

Elated with this prospect, Mr. Gouger proceeded to Calcutta for a larger investment, and returned to Ava within a year of his first visit. He found, as before, a quick sale for all his goods, and at enormous profit. But this time his anticipations of realizing a colossal fortune were dissipated in the manner he least expected.

Towards the end of 1823 rumours of war between Burmah and the British Government began to be bruited in the capital. The Burmese were ignorant of the power of the English, or the resources at their command,

* "A Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah, 1824-26." By Henry Gouger. London: Murray, 1860.

and were blinded by the delusion that they were as easily conquered as the savage nations with whom alone they had previously contended. As the probability of hostilities increased, Mr. Gouger's position became more and more precarious. At first he was scowled upon by the native population, then slighted by the great officers of state, and forced to pay a heavy bribe to avoid the imposition of an unjust demand.

The American missionaries, Drs. Judson and Price, who had arrived in Burmah not long previously, were also treated with suspicion, and, at last, they were all obliged to shut themselves in their houses to avoid exasperating the natives by appearing amongst them.

By all their precautions they could, however, but stave off the evil day. Opportunities for ill-using them were readily devised; and, on various pretexts, Mr. Gouger and the missionaries were imprisoned in the *Let-ma-yoon-toung*, the Death Prison!—where our author well knew scenes of unmitigated cruelty were practised, justifying its name, *Let-ma-yoon*, which signifies, “hand, shrink not.” The gaolers were condemned malefactors, who had purchased their lives on condition of their becoming public executioners.

Mr. Gouger was received by the chief gaoler, or “father,” as he was called, with a grin of welcome, and dragged to a large block of granite in the centre of the prison yard. His ankles were placed on the block and shackled with three pair of fetters. He was then desired to *walk* to the prison-house, a few yards distant, which he with difficulty accomplished, “as the shortness of the chains barely permitted him to advance the heel of one foot to the toe of the other.” But we deem our author's picture of the Burmese *Let-ma-yoon*, deserving of quotation:

“Although it was between four and five o'clock on a bright, sunny afternoon, the rays of light only penetrated through the chinks and cracks of the walls sufficiently to disclose the utter wretchedness of all within. Some time elapsed before I could clearly distinguish the objects by which I was surrounded. As my eyes gradually adapted themselves to the dim light, I ascertained it to be a room about forty feet long by thirty feet wide, the floor and sides made of strong teak-wood

planks, the former being raised two feet from the earth on posts, which, according to the usual style of Burmese architecture, ran through the body of the building, and supported the tiled roof as well as the rafters for the floor and the planking of the walls. The height of the walls from the floor was five or six feet, but the roof being a sloping one, the centre might be double that height. It had no window or aperture to admit light or air, except a closely-woven bamboo wicket, used as a door, and this was always kept closed. Fortunately the builders had not expended much labour on the walls, the planks of which here and there were not very closely united, affording through the chinks the only ventilation the apartment possessed, if we except a hole near the roof, where, either by accident or design, nearly a foot in length of decayed plank had been torn off. This formed a safety-valve for the escape of foul air to a certain extent, and, but for this fortuitous circumstance, it is difficult to see how life could have been long sustained.

“The only articles of furniture the place contained were these: first, and most prominent, was a gigantic row of stocks, similar in its construction to that formerly used in England, but now nearly extinct; though dilapidated specimens may still be seen in some of the market-places of our country towns. It was capable of accommodating more than a dozen occupants, and, like a huge alligator, opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey. Several smaller reptiles, interesting varieties of the same species, lay basking around this monster, each holding by the leg a pair of hapless victims consigned to its custody. These were heavy logs of timber, bored with holes to admit the feet, and fitted with wooden pins to hold them fast. In the centre of the apartment was placed a tripod, holding a large earthen cup filled with earth-oil, to be used as a lamp during the night-watches; and, lastly, a simple but suspicious looking piece of machinery, whose painful uses it was my fate to test before many hours had elapsed. It was merely a long bamboo suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by blocks or pulleys to raise or depress it at pleasure.

“Before me, stretched on the floor, lay forty or fifty hapless wretches, whose crimes or misfortunes had brought them into this place of torment. They were all nearly naked, and the half-famished features and skeleton frames of many of them too plainly told the story of their protracted sufferings. Very few were without chains, and some had one or both feet in the stocks besides. A sight of such squalid wretchedness can hardly

be imagined. Silence seemed to be the order of the day; perhaps the poor creatures were so engrossed with their own misery that they hardly cared to make many remarks on the intrusion of so unusual an inmate as myself."

Amongst his fellow-companions in this den, Mr. Gouger found Mr. John Laird, a Scotchman, Mr. Rogers, an Englishman, the American missionaries, Drs. Judson and Price, and a Greek and Armenian; but they were not permitted to speak in the English language. At night they ascertained the use of the bamboo:—

"It was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had threaded our number—seven in all—a man at each end hoisted it up, by the blocks, to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground, while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters. The adjustment of the height was left to the judgment of our kind-hearted parent, who stood by to see that it was not high enough to endanger life nor low enough to exempt from pain. Having settled this point to his satisfaction, the venerable chief proceeded with a staff to count the number of captives, bestowing a smart rap on the head to those he disliked, whom he made over to the savage, with a significant hint of what he might expect if the agreed tally were not forthcoming when the wicket opened the next morning. He then took his leave, kindly wishing us a good night's rest—for the old wretch could be facetious. The young savage trimmed his lamp, lighted his pipe, did the same act of courtesy to all who wished to smoke, and the anxious community, one by one, sought a short oblivion to their griefs in sleep."

But for the charity of their friends starvation would speedily have terminated the misery of the prisoners, as no food was provided for them by the king, and Mr. Gouger was supported by the charity of his Mahometan baker. Their painful condition was greatly aggravated by being obliged to witness the most cruel and diabolical tortures inflicted on their fellow-prisoners from time to time. But the greatest torture they had to undergo was the uncertainty they felt whether or not each day was to be their last in this life; for, as the gong sounded three o'clock each day, the prison door opened, and a spotted gaoler entered, and in silence approached an unfortunate victim, and led him out to execution. No one

knew when his turn would come, as no previous intimation whatever was vouchsafed of his fate. This was, indeed, a terrible mystery; and, being renewed day by day, became agonizing in the extreme.

Mr. Gouger's volume chronicles his daily life in this frightful cell. At times the severities of their position were slightly alleviated, at others rigorously enhanced. Of their ultimate fate they had no knowledge, but remained in daily expectation of a violent death. After nine weary months of this frightful captivity they were cast into a deeper despair by preparations being made which augured their speedy despatch. Two additional pair of fetters were fastened on their worn-out limbs, and they were cast together into an inner dungeon by themselves, to spend the night in hourly expectation of secret assassination. They were spared, however, by the Governor, who had, on three different occasions, received orders for their private execution, but whose sympathies had been engaged on their behalf by Mrs. Judson.

After some time, their irons were knocked off, and they were marched off to a country prison, where they were chained together in couples. Here a new horror attended them. A huge lioness, confined in a large cage, was placed in the prison enclosure, close beside them. They were now in hourly dread of being thrown to the savage beast, to be torn in pieces. The lioness was kept without food, as they thought to whet her appetite; but days passed and no orders were received by the gaoler. For a fortnight they listened to the fearful howlings of the noble animal, when death released it from its sufferings. The mystery of the lioness was never explained to the terrified prisoners, whose relief from the apprehension of being devoured was quickly succeeded by another anticipated horror, the rumour that they were to be buried alive at the head of the army. The death of the general averted this sacrifice, and the signing of a treaty between the English and Burmese caused their release on the 16th of February, 1826.

Such is a rapid sketch of the interesting narrative of Mr. Gouger's imprisonment. It is a curious revelation after the lapse of so many

years; but it is told in nervous language and with all the appearance of truthfulness.

LIKE every other species of literature, the Almanac has progressed from rude and defective beginnings to its present perfection. A singular contrast exists between the chap-books of the olden time, with the startling prognostications which constituted their principal feature, and the sober, solid, official Red Volume at present before us, comprising seventeen hundred pages of the smallest type, cramful of diversified and valuable information.* The astrology of the Almanac compilers of the seventeenth century figures to-day in Zadkiel only. In England we have got far beyond these budgets of superstition, which would scarcely be now purchased even at our country fairs; but in France the Prophets still obtain an audience, and take eager advantage of the opening of each year to add to the stock of their profligate publications. The French Government, however, have for some time been endeavouring to suppress these "Annals," and the grosser specimens must, in consequence, be published by stealth. In 1852, the then Minister of Police, M. Maupas, appointed a number of Commissioners, who found that between seven and eight thousand so-called Almanacs were put into circulation among the peasantry every January; and as a measure ostensibly in the interest of morals, a stop was at once put to their appearance. This would scarcely have been done, however, had the seers not been over-fond of vaticinating upon politics.

Since the commencement of the present century, and especially within the last thirty years, the national importance of a good Almanac has become recognised equally by the bustling community who require its aid for purposes of business, and the historian and statist, who look upon it as a summary record of the data upon which their philosophy or science is constructed. Few books are more frequently appealed to than

the great French directory, the "Almanach Impérial"—a book steadily increasing in size and importance, which, being established in the latter part of the last century, speedily became the parent of the Belgian Royal Almanac, then of the Prussian, and finally of the American. Next to it in character stands the "Almanach de Gotha," which was begun only a few years later, in 1763, and which now possesses an European reputation, especially for its biographical and political exactitude.

We shall not be accused of exaggerating, if we say that, after these leading Continental publications, rank our Irish Almanac—our "Thom," which is ever at hand, an authority upon so profuse a variety of subjects. It takes a place, indeed, above every other work of the same class in certain particulars; for example, in the fulness and accuracy of its statistical department. It is no small pride to us that such a book is produced in Dublin, and that its reputation has increased every year since it was started. The more so as this reputation is entirely due to the enterprise of an individual, whereas in the case of the other great Almanacs which have been mentioned, the purse of government has been extensively drawn upon for the cost of editing and printing. It is not difficult to render a work of this kind comprehensive and complete, when the consideration how it may be made to pay does not rise as a grim spectre to trouble the mind of the compiler. The merit is vastly greater where a publisher creates, out of his own resources, and at his own risk, a volume which well deserves the title of National.

When Mr. Thom first published his Directory eighteen years ago, he had the outline in contemplation of what it might become, and every January since has seen him advance more nearly to his high standard. He started by confining himself almost exclusively to Ireland; but the necessity to include English information grew with the more thorough identification of the countries, until the work has now also an Imperial

* *Thom's Almanac and Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the Year 1861.* Eighteenth Annual Publication. Dublin: Alex. Thom & Sons.

aspect. The nature of this growth is not a little remarkable, illustrating as it may fairly be held to do the gradual and steady assimilation of Ireland with England, and the development of commerce between the countries. This book is now almost as necessary to the English merchant or public official as to the Irish, since Ireland has at last, really and fully, become part and parcel of the United Kingdom. A vast amount of what it contains is common to the London and Dublin directories; and, in a large proportion of the occasions upon which reference to such a production is necessary, either volume may be indifferently consulted. It is only due to Mr. Thom to state, that his aim has been to elevate and extend his work beyond its local or insular value, and that in this he has proved eminently successful. In addition to every particle of special Irish information of any importance, he supplies the public with a careful parliamentary and peerage, a naval and military, and a colonial directory, brought down to the latest moment. In conveying these facts and records he does not cringe space, or impair any thing by editorial parsimony.

The portion of the volume more generally interesting is that devoted to statistics, which manifestly receives all the scrupulous care that such a branch demands. Extreme condensation is necessary here, and it might be thought that this would prove fatal to the numerous statements of figures in which the editor is obliged to engage. That, however, is not the case. We have frequently had occasion to scrutinize Mr. Thom's Statistics, and have never found them inaccurate in any serious particular, or even confusing. The tabular arrangements are, in many instances, admirably managed. This is true both of the Irish and British statistics, but especially of the

former, which enter minutely into every circumstance of our production, trade, and manufactures, often, at the same time, instituting such comparisons with former years as lend to the new figures point and interest. The carefulness with which this portion of the Directory is treated has frequently been attested during critical discussions in the Legislature, when appeal to its pages has been considered sufficient to determine disputes as to fact.

The close and intelligent attention bestowed upon the revision of the volume is evidenced by the paucity of the errors which occur in it. To produce such a book absolutely free from defects would simply be impossible; the most that can be expected is a near approximation to unvarying accuracy; and that this is accomplished the public are well aware. The amount of labour which this entails upon the compiler, however, may not be so readily appreciated, or the special and remarkable order of talent demanded from the editor. The faculty of methodical vigilance, not a very common one, is here put to a severe test. We feel that we are therefore bound, even in such a literary journal as this Magazine, to notice with approval Mr. Thom's intelligent labours, which are the more grateful to the Irish public, because publishing enterprise is as yet feeble in this country, and requires the stimulus of such a success as the high merit of the Directory has secured.

The number before us has swelled to a larger size than that of 1860, which again had dwarfed all previous volumes. This is proof that the editor, not content with deserving well, is determined to satisfy the most exacting; and we are convinced that this policy will increase the respect in which the firm of Messrs. Thom and Sons is held by the public.

PROSPECTIVE POLITICS.

HUMAN events, like the winds, often travel in a circle, and much prognostication may be reasonably founded on this theory alone. Coleridge owed his surprising success as a journalist to careful study of political phenomena, as they appeared on the horizon, when he instantly compared them with similar occurrences in history, and, in a few cases, formed opinions and views, the wonderful accuracy of which became evidenced by the course of events. We have not attempted any such elaborate diagnostic process, nor do we fancy we possess any uncommon power of looking into the milestones which are about to mark that course. At the same time, if our readers will follow us in some speculations on prospective politics, foreign and domestic, we think they will not be led very far astray.

There is reason to believe that, in spite of the apparent obstacles to a settlement of the questions which are perplexing the diplomatists of Europe, the Great Powers are determined to do all that in them lies to prevent a general war. The menaced power, Austria, is perhaps, of all others, most in need of peace. Her positions in the past, present, and future combine to demand that England shall do all that is justifiable to insure her breathing time. The liberal course into which she has entered at home ought gradually to quiet her domestic concerns. Any foreign interference of a military nature in those concerns would not be justified either by the recent or present conduct of her government. Its object, undisguised, would be the dismemberment of her empire. The history of the present century appeals too forcibly to Englishmen to permit them to be blind to the consequences of such an event.

Before foreshadowing these consequences, let us assert that, if Austria needs peace, Italy hardly needs it less. The new kingdom now forming in the Latin peninsula has many a Herculean labour to perform before it should hazard what it has gained on any field of battle. The old government in Naples has left a state of things behind that may well be compared to

the Augean stable, while the ex-king still holds ground, like a Hyrcanian boar at bay, and the question, when Rome can become the metropolis of the new kingdom, remains for solution. Garibaldi is a host in himself, and Victor Emmanuel is a royal hunter: yet, even if the two together are equal to Hercules, let them remember that this hero performed his twelve labours one at a time.

Whatever may be their prospect of success, in some future attempt to annex Venetia to the new sovereignty, their present chance seems small. Moreover, every day is increasing the conviction that it would not be for the interests of the Teutonic and Protestant people of Europe that Austria should be deprived of Venice. Possession of Venice, if in the hands of the Emperor of the French, as Victor Emmanuel's ally, would become the sea and land key to French aggrandizement in the Mediterranean and in Turkey. Military engineers, taking a bird's eye view of the Quadrilateral, pronounce it to be the southern glacis of the Alps, and that possession of it would furnish the means of an easy attack on South Germany, and give command of the Adriatic. A dozen weighty reasons combine to render Austria extremely tenacious of her Venetian province. She is a huge inland country, with no sea-board save at a corner of her territory, and without ports save Venice and Trieste. Deprive her of these, and she will be stifled, without either an inlet or an outlet. She is strong in her right of possession. Should the most zealous among the Italians attempt to weaken her power by exciting insurrection in Hungary, she will be strengthened by their act, since Russia will, in such case, doubtless, interpose. Should the Emperor of the French throw "the sword of Brennus" into the scale, the eyes of the world will be more widely opened as to his ambitious designs in having interfered in the Italian question.

France is urged by the perpetual goad of jealousy of England's growing greatness to attempt to rival by land a preponderance she cannot rival

by sea. Austria has ever been the Continental bulwark to the aggrandizement of France; and now that every day is proving how essential the Quadrilateral is to Austria's military safety, the most important considerations combine to render England engaged to prevent that safety from being jeopardized.

For the present year, at least, the Italians might well confine themselves to establishing and solidifying their new institutions.

It is in no vainglorious spirit that we refer to the triumph of the English policy over the French in the affairs of Italy. The struggle whether the terms of the treaty of Villafranca should be observed, or whether the Italians should be left free to form a united, constitutional, monarchical government has been decided in favour of freedom. The gratitude due by the new nation to the French for having burst the bonds which tied the Latin Peninsula to Austria should not be held out of view, yet we believe there is even more due to the English for the part they have taken during the development of events. Of a certainty the conduct of England has been devoid of the self-seeking character of the interference bestowed by France. If we take a retrospective glance at the unravelling of the Italian difficulty, from the memorable day when the Emperor of the French made a virtual declaration of war, we see that his objects were—to expel the Austrian influence from the peninsula, and to substitute his own, by establishing his new ally, the King of Piedmont, in a kingdom extending from “the Alps to the Adriatic,” at the price of ceding Piedmontese territory west of these mountains; and we also observe that the authority acquired by France in Rome some dozen years ago has not been relinquished. Venetia remained in Austrian hands, partly because its power was inexpugnable, and partly because Prince Napoleon, son-in-law of the Piedmontese King, was not accepted as a ruler by the people of Tuscany. Hence came the peace of Villafranca, the terms of which would have left the governments of Italy much as they were found, save that the Pope was to be elevated into the headship of the proposed Confederation of Italian States. But the fires

of liberty having been lighted on the northern hills, the flame spread first to the adjacent cities of Tuscany and Modena, then to the Romagna, passed over to Palermo, and thence to Naples, and now would fain illuminate the Seven Hills and the Gulf of Venice.

The Emperor of the French is said to have told Prince Metternich, before the latter left Paris, that the best thing Austria can do is to resign herself to the idea of selling Venetia. An expectation is consequently entertained that propositions to that effect will soon be made. The Austrian Government, however, is understood to be more than ever resolved to defend Venetia; in fact, no one in the official circle in Vienna thinks of a spontaneous cession on any terms. Preparations for the impending struggle have been largely made, by increasing the defences of the redoubtable Quadrilateral. At Venice, an artificial island, covered with cannon, has risen mid-channel in the principal entrance. The great strength of Verona has received additional fortification, by crowning the hills with forts and commanding the passes with artillery; and on the plain towards Mantua, near the Garda Lake, new fortresses have been created, so that Verona could, probably, insure protection to an army of 100,000 men. Peschiera has, in a single year, become another Verona; her girdle of detached forts has been doubled. The defences of the Po seem to have been equally attended to as those of the Mincio. Italy, single-handed, could hardly break this formidable chain of stone and iron which bars the passage of the two rivers; so let us hope conviction of this truth will render her prudent.

The memorable semi-official article in the *Constitutionnel* was a complete explanation to the Italians that the French Emperor could not give them his active assistance without breaking with Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and also was an intimation to those Powers that he is resolved to guard the Italian people from interference while they perfect their own revolution.

The position of affairs as to Rome is this:—If the French had evacuated the city, the Austrians would very probably have marched in, and there-

by greatly complicated the Italian question. Therefore, the French occupation, if not prolonged after a reasonable settlement has been offered to the Pontiff, and after fear no longer exists of Austrian intervention in Italian affairs, is the best guarantee for the future independence of Italy. The Emperor of the French has certainly merited well in initiating the movement towards Italian independence, assisting its growth, and ushering it into the world. With two such sponsors as France and England, the new-born nation enters upon life with high prospects of success. But these sponsors are somewhat responsible for its infantile conduct.

An extract from a notable letter in the *Revue Contemporaine* (dated from Turin) on the political situation of Italy, will show how the growth of the new kingdom is viewed by some French eyes, and how her relations with France are openly written of in a publication devoted to the imperial government. The writer's objects evidently are to deprecate the consummation of Italian union; but, in case it becomes successful, to show where his country should seek for gain:—

“This new kingdom will become the fifth continental power and the third maritime power. With such an extensive coast and a numerous and excellent maritime population, what will she want? The material of a fleet! This will be furnished by France, or, to speak plainly, France, possessing vast, well-stored arsenals, and accumulating a fleet which wants a soul, that is to say, crews, France could, at a given day, borrow fifty thousand seamen from Italy, put them on board her squadrons, and show every where, particularly in the Mediterranean, a redoubtable and victorious flag. England would no longer be mistress of the ocean, for France would be able to maintain a superior force. Thus the Italian question would recoil against the nation which has of late most favoured its development.”

So, according to this writer, Italy is to become a new Spain to France—a docile ally—easily led to follow her in warring on England. But the idea that the French would find what they want most—half a hundred thousand sailors—in the Latin peninsula, is a mere *chateau en Espagne*. The newly formed nation is likely to prefer the

English alliance to the proposed one; but if induced to coalesce against us, our fleet could readily be sufficiently manned to meet them, and our merchantmen would always be pretty sure of the services of American and other sailors.

In the eyes of the French Imperialists the new kingdom of Italy is a pack of cards, that would tumble before the advance of the Austrian army. They ask, would a French force march to the rescue? And they answer, that as France would not have strong motives to lead her to sustain the new cause, she would, doubtless, require to be paid well for a second act of intervention. If the blood of her soldiers and her treasure are to be again poured forth on Latin soil, say they, she is not to suffer these losses without compensation. Without doubt, they observe, the army does not command, but obeys; but the sovereign who conducted it to victory would not impose an unpopular war on it. What, then, should the consideration be? This is the question, and let us hear their answer:—“The sure means to give such a war some popularity would be to make it brilliant in the eyes of France, by opening the perspective of new glory—that of an aggrandizement of territory; and this time Genoa and the island of Sardinia must be the guerdon.”

This is a plain demand for wages, the value of which is thus succinctly set forth:—“The island of Sardinia, joined to Corsica, would make us a better road to Algeria; and Genoa would complete for us possession of a gulf which belongs to us already; while both would give us an increase of naval force which seems indispensable in the face of the new kingdom of Italy, which has not less than 750 leagues of coast.” This is the pilot balloon, let up to see which way the wind blows, prior to sending a squadron of transports to take possession of the coveted places. When, recently, statements appeared that the Emperor of the French was intriguing for this concession, they were attempted to be refuted on the grounds that he had demanded a European congress. Yet he made the same demand before he annexed Nice and Savoy.

In the ensuing paragraph that letter-writer does not disguise the light

in which France regards her new-born ally :—

“ I have said that Genoa, as well as the island of Sardinia, would be the lawful price of a second war for the support of Italian unity : I add that the possession of this town will be the necessary instrument of our influence in the Peninsula, and the only efficacious means of preventing the maritime forces that we have contributed to form from one day escaping from our alliance to contract new ones. *It is only with the knee upon her throat that one can be assured of the fidelity of Italy.* Austria, who is at home here, knows this well : we will press less and better than Austria, that is all.”

If ever French troops hold the quadrilateral they may thrust their leg down the whole “ boot.”

Certainly, to the warning, “ Put not your trust in princes,” may be added a companion warning to princes not to put their trust in mercenaries. The “ Sovereign Pontiff,” insecurely seated on his throne, vainly endeavoured to obtain support for it by factitious means, even, in 1848, to throwing off the old alliance with Austria, and assuming the leadership of the democratic, republican parties in Europe. This being to seek, in shifting sand, a foundation for a power which is essentially monarchic, the fallacy of allying the Papacy with Democracy was soon apparent. Nothing indeed can be more visible than the several and opposite tendencies of the two great sects, Protestant and Roman Catholic, into which Christendom is divided, to establish opposite forms of government, Protestantism running, in extreme, into republicanism, while Catholicity leads to oligarchism and despotism. Rome is the seat of a special and most odious form of oligarchic tyranny, a government by celibate priests. The evils of this form of rule are referred to in the common complaint of the shopkeepers of that city : “ All is falling to pieces. But who can wonder at it ? *We are governed by men who have no children.*” That is to say, by men who care only for themselves, and have no interest in the welfare of posterity. These are men for whom not only has posterity done nothing, but who will do nothing for posterity, their position being the evil contrast to that of British peers, who, more than any other order of men in the

world, are bound to transmit the rights, liberties, and prosperity they enjoy to successors to their titles, rank, and duties. The conclave of Cardinals gave offence abroad as well as at home, continually interfering in politics to whatever extent the temper of Roman Catholic authorities would suffer. Ever playing, as of old, a desperate game, the lever by which Rome would move the world resting upon another world, she is now resisted by far different, far less submissive feelings than she encountered in old times.

What is there in prospect for the Pope ? A severe fate, if we may judge both by the bitter terms in which he has lately been invoking the vengeance of heaven upon this man and the other, and by the proverb, that curses recoil on their author. But whatever be the future fate of his Holiness, nothing is plainer than that he is suffering a taste of the dire calamities he would call down on others. Far be it from us to judge him ; yet, on his own doctrine, that calamities are sent as divine vengeance, let him ask his conscience what has he done to have incurred what he now suffers. For ourselves, we see nothing but simple cause and effect in the fact that he, a despotic sovereign, having failed to govern well, is incurring loss of his government.

His temporal power has slipped away from him, and, if his statements as to his spiritual dominion are true, it will soon follow the temporal sovereignty. He announces that “ the principles of the disastrous Reformation have acquired almost the force of public law.” His fiercest anger is excited by the Paris pamphlet which discusses the question whether Napoleon III. shall follow the example of our Henry VIII. in freeing his country from the sovereignty of a Roman conclave in ecclesiastical questions, and particularly from dictation in the matter of patronage. As the historic precedent of Henry VIII. is coming into fashion, and several of the sovereigns of Europe are trying on the separated crowns of the Papal tiara, this emblem is likely soon to lose its significance.

The character of the present Czar of Russia does not yet seem sufficiently appreciated by the French, who ascribe to him some of the old, despotic,

ambitious attributes of his progenitors. Thus, in "*Alexandre II., et l'entrevue de Varsovie*," written by the editor of the ci-devant *Courier de Paris*, the Czar is represented as troubled at beholding the downfall of ancient dynasties in Italy and the erection of a constitutional kingdom. This idea, however, is probably rather suggested by French fears of a Russo-Austrian alliance, than warranted by the real sentiments of the Czar. There surely can be little apprehension of an offensive treaty between these Powers. Russia would be alone if she backed Austria in recommencing a struggle in which France, England, and Italy would be ranged against her.

Liberalism in government is progressing everywhere. Austria has given proof of her intention to enter on a self-governing course, and there is reason to believe that Russia, now under a liberal-minded sovereign, and deeply engaged in the noble work of enfranchising her serfs, is well-disposed towards the new-born European nation. At any rate, her financial condition is almost as bankrupt as that of Austria; so that, in the event of hostilities, she will doubtless confine herself to her old function of maintaining peace in her neighbour's outlying provinces, so long as this ally is engaged with enemies in front.

The promulgation of a liberal constitution for the Austrian empire is a glorious fact, and the members of the Reichsrath, or Kingdom's Council, must see that this charter shall not suffer the fate of its predecessors. The Reichsrath has obtained a certain hold of the strings of the national purse, and by keeping them firmly in their grasp, reasonable liberties may be secured for their country. The principle of the new form of government is two-fold, in substituting self-government for despotic centralization. All matters specially relating to the provinces are to be determined by the provincial diets, and all imperial concerns regulated by the Reichsrath at Vienna, which is to be augmented by 100 new members, to be elected by the provinces in their Diets, in proportion to the amount of their taxation, extent, and population. This most seasonable act of the Emperor caused extreme gratification at home, and general satisfaction to his friends abroad.

Count Cavour's famous speech, in the Turin Parliament, well illustrated the value of representative institutions. The difficulty created by Garibaldi's threats had to be remedied, on which the Piedmontese premier made a speech which gave much reassurance at home and abroad. This necessary explanation was given, through the medium of a representative assembly, in a manner such as is not admitted of by any despotic form of government. Cavour was able to vindicate his own conduct, and venture into the large responsibility of sketching out a future path. This last was done, not by an ordinance or an ukase, which, indeed, are usually *ex post facto* documents, but by appealing, in the service of the Crown, to the representatives of the nation. Here we see a huge advantage over a despotic government, which may employ a mere clerk or delegate as its tool: while, in the presence of a parliament, it is impossible to put any but an able statesman at the head of affairs. The best wish that could be expressed for the well-doing of the future Italian Parliament would be, that its members should show as much good will, diligence, tact, docility, and sense, and, on the whole, ability, as may be said to have distinguished the last Chamber. The unanimity of the vote on the annexation bill was hailed throughout Europe as a strong evidence of Italian political wisdom, and the sober judgment and moderation evinced, during the last twelve years, by Sardinian statesmen of all parties, in any question of vital national importance, offers the soundest warranty for the future welfare of Italy. No doubt, the country contains the elements of a powerful opposition; but we believe the Sardinians understand with our politicians that opposition is valuable, and even indispensable, for insuring good government. Yet, though this maxim is accepted as a political principle among ourselves, it is not admitted in foreign countries, where despotism cannot bear to be brought to account.

Our prospect of an alliance with Prussia is lessening, and this is unfortunate, since the interests of that country and England are more alike than those of England and any other country on the Continent. First and foremost, her army acts on land, as

our navy does by sea, in checking French ambition. Whenever any French menace threatened us, an advance of Prussian troops on Luxembourg might have the effect of bringing the Tuileries to reason. No single nation would venture to try issues against Great Britain and Prussia together, and assuredly the alliance is a natural one, commencing in some community of race and religion, proceeding in similarity in constitutional government, and culminating in the kinsmanship of the two courts. But, far more fortunately, a hundred unforeseen circumstances always occur to prevent any two of the great European Powers from maintaining a lasting coalition. And this is obviously well, being far preferable, because insuring the durable peace of the world, since continual shifting of alliances preserves the balance of power, by preventing the equilibrium from being destroyed by preponderance in any one scale.

Exactly the same reasoning applies in proof of the value of the system of governing the British Empire by party.

Most people, attached to one side or the other, are apt to see the evils of party, and to overlook the enormous advantages of this form of government and administration. Yet, as Mr. Disraeli, one of the most thoughtful statesmen of our days, has observed, the alternate accession of parties to power forms the very life-blood of Parliamentary government. One of the advantages it possesses over the French style is, in giving place to the legitimate ambition of all men, of whatever class, who aspire to enter upon political life.

It is now confidently understood in Paris, that the Emperor is anxious, above all things, that the condition of domestic affairs should be such as to enable his ministers, for the time being, to depend, not upon his will, as at present, but upon being supported by a majority in the Legislative Chamber. The perhaps insuperable difficulty is the existence of universal suffrage, that unwieldy political Frankenstein, created by the Emperor, and liable to be highly dangerous, unless it can be kept in its present shackles. For the present, little prospect appears of alteration in the two greatest hindrances to material and political pro-

gress in France, viz., the laws of equal partition of property and universal suffrage.

Let us turn to the prognostication that Lord John Russell will resuscitate his Reform Bill, and lay a measure, differing little from the last, before the House this session. If promise of bringing forward an extension of the suffrage is used merely by way of hoisting a political flag to produce popularity, the sooner the opposition can haul down such an enemy's deceptive colours the better, and plant a statesmanlike standard of representative reform in its place. The Conservative party have it in their power to produce a measure that will go far to satisfy reasonable wishes in the matter of enlarging the representation, by placing it upon a wide basis, of so comprehensive a character as to include all men who may fairly claim the franchise. A measure such as we refer to would admit very many thousands more than the bill of last session proposed to include, for, though not descending so low in the social scale, it would embrace the many thousands who are theoretically entitled to the franchise but are practically unadmitted. Let neither party have the monopoly of Reform, and that party which shall bring forward the soundest measure will deserve best of the country.

Some recent speeches—as of Lords Brougham, Enfield, Mr. Milnes, and others—have, in dealing with the topic of the inefficiency of Parliament in preparation of legislative measures, advanced the serious and important question, whether the time is come for establishing a legislative department. One point is generally admitted, that it would often be well if a bill that has undergone much alteration during its passage through the House of Commons could be subjected to judicial revision before it passes into law.

The House of Commons has become the great central spring of action which regulates the entire body politic, holding a direct potential influence on foreign policy, and not merely creating and amending statutes but taking into its cognizance that far more onerous and difficult matter, the levying and disbursement of a revenue of unparalleled magnitude. These functions bring every branch of administration, every public institu-

tion, within the control of the House; and it is no exaggeration to say that this body holds in its hands the destinies of the British empire, and sometimes those of the civilized world. For the execution of these weighty and responsible duties we have, very fortunately, upon the whole, to rely much on eleemosynary care and attention, and mainly upon men who, by birth and fortune independent, are, at the same time, in stations of life which, to the ordinary view, might disincline them to exert themselves. We have to rely upon the zeal, intelligence, industry, and patriotism of some 650 gentlemen, who cheerfully devote time, health, and intellect to those duties, seeking their reward in the approbation of their fellow-citizens. But the question is, whether some things are required of them, which, as a body, they are not adapted to do in the best possible way, and for which professional and paid services should be obtained. If measures of primary importance were prepared by the machinery of an express legislative department, they would be less liable to the cavillings of party opponents.

Party is, nevertheless, a good thing in the main, if not carried to excess. On all great occasions, as when the country has to face an imminent danger, party differences are merged in zeal for the commonweal; and it would be well if this spirit of compromise could be occasionally extended to some other matters in the Parliament of a nation whose chief rule of life is mutual consideration—a term which is the social expression for the religious one of charity. Yet, whether the Liberal-Conservative party or the Liberal-Whig is at the head of affairs—and valuable as it is that Government should be strong—it is also indispensable that there should be a strong Opposition. With every respect for “the Queen’s Government,” we also entertain sincere respect for “Her Majesty’s Opposition.” Faith cannot be reposed in coalition of parties. A plain line of party demarcation maintained between conflicting claims to power is the best security for the healthful working of our Parliamentary constitution. Each party represents certain principles, and its endeavour to obtain power for carrying out these principles is

the earnest of its sincerity. Parties are sure to be pretty evenly balanced, for certain reasons not necessary to refer to. And it is clear that obliteration of party distinctions would be fatal to that opposition which is the spur of good government. If liberty could be suppressed in England, fusion of parties would be the means. Coalition cabinets were the dream of George III. during the forty years he endeavoured to raise a “King’s party” to supremacy, and when, to do so, he paltered with the honour and independence of the aristocracy. Louis Philippe was also a lover of hotch-pot administrations; and if those he formed were not corrupt, they certainly were inefficient. In the eyes of discerning men a coalition wears the aspect of joint-stock fraud. It is enough condemnation to define a coalition as founded upon neutralization of that lively Parliamentary responsibility which is the touchstone of public conduct, and without which no set of men is fit to be trusted with taxation and expenditure, and the guidance of affairs.

Let us take up some of the brochures which illustrate the progress of opinion in France, as called forth by the recent advances made there towards liberty. Of these, Count d’Haussonville’s letter to the Senate exposes the shortcomings of these steps and the unsatisfactory condition of the country in the following paragraph:—

“When the present administration was inaugurated under this justly celebrated device, *L’Empire, c’est la Paix!* one of the principal hopes held out to the public was to see the Government securities mount to par. The habitual difference between the English and French funds is not less than thirty per cent. The English national debt, although we have borrowed more than two milliards in five years, is heavier than ours; our resources of every kind equal, if they do not surpass, those of our neighbours. Why, then, this difference in the credit of the two Governments? Does it proceed from the vices of our financial system? Could it be possible to attribute it to the absence of an efficacious control? Lastly, might it not be suspected that a certain want of confidence in our political stability is the cause of this difference?”

That the latter cause is the main one is beyond suspicion. Besides

this, there is the inferiority of the national wealth, on which the huge burden of imposts is raised. Taxation seems to be pushed to its limit, and presses so heavily upon cultivation of the soil as to have ground down millions of small proprietors to poverty. Nothing proves this oppression more clearly than the startling fact to which the Count refers in the ensuing passage:—

“The French population, which, since 1814, had always been upon the increase, is suddenly diminishing. The number of deaths exceeds in this country the number of births. Could we not justly impute this fact, so grave and so new, in part to the growing development of our armies, which necessitates the calling under arms, and the retaining so long from their families, the *élite* of our children, in part to the depopulation of the country? The agricultural population desert the fields for the manufactures; our departments pour into Paris, which has been immensely enlarged, upset in every sense, foolishly embellished, where the most unrestrained luxury elbows, at every step, the deepest misery—where masses of workmen accumulate, who must, perhaps, some day, be left without work, if we do not prefer to provide them with national workshops.”

Further on, the Count invokes the Senate to prevent their country from being plunged hastily into war, at the will of the army. Conceiving that this august body has the special function of guarding France from precipitate steps, whether in war or peace, he would have it exercise salutary control over the movements of the Emperor, who may, like any other mortal, be occasionally influenced more by personal, family, and dynastic motives than by considerations which should guide the counsels of France. On this delicate point he writes, viewing the onward course pursued by Victor Emmanuel:—

“Her greatness, her interests, the opinion entertained of her, impels her forcibly to the first rank. It is her honour, it is also her danger; for it is equally her destiny to excite the liveliest sympathy and the most implacable jealousy. Why, then, should we not be in some degree troubled at seeing our country's fortunes perhaps irrevocably engaged in events which escape so completely from her control, and in the same perils which an ally may run who so openly despises our counsels.”

Part of the national press might act as a powerful engine on the side of peace, were this machine not clogged by certain trammels, and by fear of official vengeance. The Senate would seem to be the only tolerably free body in the Empire; and the Count thus adjures them:—

“The French Press, even after the decree of the 24th November, is still unfortunately divided into some rare independent journals, which hesitate to give warnings for fear of receiving them, and submissive sheets, or those maintained at a high price by rich capitalists. Heirs of the prerogatives formerly shared amongst the ministers, the Corps Legislatif, and the Press, you are at this moment the only counsellors of a Sovereign who is loudly declared, in the Preamble of the Constitution, the only person responsible to the nation.”

This pamphleteer might have clearly pointed out that, although the general Press of his country is compelled to weaken the fire of its political compositions, there occasionally breaks forth an eruption that reveals the inner working of armed, volcanic France. An article, he observes, from the pen of an authorized writer, sometimes has the effect of a *tremblement de terre* throughout Europe. Does M. de la Guéronnière enunciate some mystic sentences importing prospective war. Instantly, aides-de-camp gallop about, orders fly by telegraph, cannons take the place of travellers on railways, and English arsenals emit thicker volumes of smoke. Such, therefore, is still the magic power of French journalists. But, were each writer free to indite what he pleases, subject only to such a law as controls our Press, no such tremendous import would attach to what now has the quality of semi-official announcement. Under the present awful régime, the law, whatever freedom it confers on the Press, is overborne by the severe jealousy of government officials. In England, the grandest security for individual liberty has ever been, that men could fly, not as the poet says, from petty tyrants to the throne, but from any tyrants to the law. In France, the law does not protect men from official tyranny. Until the freedom of her Press is assured by trial by jury it remains without a practical guarantee.

From the highest minister of state

to the hundreds of sub-prefects of departments, every official is sheltered from public responsibility. The Comte d'Haussonville inquires whether an instance can be adduced in which a public functionary has been punished for having so acted as to have lowered the exercise of universal suffrage by men under his influence to the rank of wretched comedy. Yet, observes he, cases of such gross perversion of power have occurred on all sides. This being the actual practice with regard to universal suffrage, what shall we say of it as an instrument for representing public opinion in France? The political mirror for serving this great end has been shattered into a million pieces, and Frenchmen cannot see themselves in the fragments, while many of them, or their means, become the prey of artful fellows, who use those fragments much as their sporting countrymen do when forming the dazzling whirligig which attracts flocks of little birds.

Would that the concessions the Emperor is gradually making to liberty were more freely doled out! On several occasions we have called our readers' attention to the progress—slow as it is—that is making, and we think they will concur in our view, that these advances will, for the future, be more rapid and valuable. The new liberties given to the Corps Legislatif are the best guarantee that France will not break the peace of Europe. By decree of the 24th November the Emperor has awakened this body to a sense both of their privileges and of their duty to exercise them. Hitherto, fear of offending Jupiter Tonans has paralyzed this obsequious corps; but now that he himself has signified his disgust at servility, and his sense of the advantage to be derived by the State from freedom of debate, it is highly probable that some satisfactory freedom will be exhibited. The tone of speech is no longer to be the bondsman's key, or bated breath and whispering humbleness. French legislators are enfranchised. They may, for the future, speak out; and the only fear is, that they will speak as often and as lengthily as British metropolitan members of parliament do.

There is, however, little real hope to be placed in the Corps Legislatif

until it shall have been rendered less servile to the Court by two or three tolerably free general elections. When ever the Tuileries will cease to control its creation—universal suffrage—the world may learn something of what public opinion in France really is. In the meanwhile, we are entitled to doubt whether there is widespread, vital public spirit in that country. It has long been a received maxim in England, that the most elaborate machinery of representation is no security for liberty, unless it be vivified and supported by a healthy public spirit. Before reforms can come from below in France we must look for the spread of educations that have not yet begun, and of a pure, enlightened public spirit that has not yet pervaded the electoral mass. Despotism has hitherto bent its force to put the French in a state of disciplined pupillage, from which it will take more than a generation to emerge into political manhood. Among the salient differences between them and us is the way in which the governments of the two countries are severally regarded by either people. They regard their government as their master; we regard ours as the servant of the State. The word has a different signification with them, where the chief magistrate is an autocrat, and his ministers mere officials nominated at his will. On our side the Chancellor no ministry could maintain office a week unless supported by a majority in the Lower House, and it assuredly is to the adoption of this system the Emperor is looking. Much remains to be done and gone through before this consummation can be accomplished. Among other alterations the present system of setting up, in French political slang, *le candidat de l'Administration*, viz., a nominee of the Emperor's partizans, will have to be relinquished. M. de Persigny has placed himself so prominently in front of the movement towards better political liberties among our neighbours, he is well entitled to the warm recognitions with which his services have been received. Let the English Press continue to cheer him on, and we may, in a few years, see him at the head of a great representative party administration, governing France on the principles of peace and progress.

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COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL.

MILITARY engineers have an axiom, that the fire of the smallest piece of artillery on the head of a sap will effectually stop its progress during daylight. By the construction of Cherbourg, a score of iron-cased frigates, and some other means of offence about to be noticed, the Emperor of the French may be said to have commenced besieging the great island of which the British Channel is the natural rampart. So long as the fire of the British printing-press is thrown on his Imperial Majesty's sapping operations, these are sure to be considerably impeded, and we, therefore, shoot off our light piece in the defensive cannonade. To say accurately what advances the French have made in their grand, gradual siege of England, is beyond the reach of our observation. In such a comparison; the danger to the besieged is, of course, in proportion to their weakness and the strength of the enemy. In this calculation, the peculiarities of the combatants must also be taken into account. Referring to the allied attack at Alma, a French marshal remarked: "*Les Français couront, les Anglais marchent.*" On the field, *sang froid* is preferable to the enthusiasm which is quickly disheartened, but in the matter of provid-

ing for defence of fatherland, Anglo-Saxons have the proverbial slowness derived from ancestors like Athelstan the Unready.

A thorough-paced Englishman, Arthur Young, travelling in France prior to the Revolution, after a prolonged inspection of the innumerable ramparts, fosses, scarps, and counterscarps presented to his view by the fortifications of Gravelines, made the following entry in his diary: "I like this part of the art military: it occupies itself only with defence, and leaves the odium of attack to the neighbour." The French have taken the initiative in providing new and powerful engines of destruction, in which, as these appear to be improvements on our wooden walls, we must keep pace, at least, with our formidable neighbour in their adoption, however costly.

To repeat an observation from the *Army and Navy Gazette*, the momentousness of which is becoming generally recognised: "If iron-cased ships are formidable only in the Channel, that may be enough for our destruction."

Supremacy of the sea, command of the Channel, this is the question, the "to be or not to be" of British existence. There must be no flinching;

The Command of the Channel. By Lt.-Col. Alexander. London, 1860.

A Letter on Manning the Navy. By Captain Coles, R.N. London, 1860.

Military Topics. By General Sir John Burgoyne. London, 1859.

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for though we may shrink from taking arms against the French, there must be no question of our power to meet, not only their maritime force, but any combination they might effect with other naval powers, lest our national honour and security lie at their mercy. In the words of Lord Palmerston, in the debate on the fortifications: "If ever we lose the command of the sea, what would become of the country?" This seems a somewhat weak-minded way of putting a question of a character which a nation of such strong-minded men as Britons can hardly admit of, since the inevitable answer is: "Twenty-four hours command of the Channel is invasion; twenty-four days' loss of the command of the sea is ruin to our credit, our commerce, and our manufactures." If we would be the strong man armed, who keepeth his castle, we may depend that we shall only keep it by being stronger than those who would come to take it. Steam has rendered invasion of our shores possible. Our duty is to render an attempt highly improbable.

It is certainly desirable that strict watch should be kept by the Admiralty upon the construction in France of all vessels calculated for Channel service. On this important point, the Board has more than one eye, and this precaution combined with the vigilance of the press, forms a vidette sufficiently assuring to the British public. In our amateur capacity, we have endeavoured to act as one of the eyes of the *Britannic Argus*. For instance, it was asserted last month in the journals that several gunboats, some said seventeen, had recently been constructed at the station of St. Ouen, near Paris, these boats being armed with a beak, and powerful enough to split a ship of the line in two. Our own inquiries on the spot satisfy us there is no truth in this report. Others spoke of another peculiar sort of gunboat, building on the Seine. What could this mysterious craft be? Can the informant mean the Roman galley now constructing for the Emperor at Asnières? When we have inspected this model of the antique in naval architecture, as we propose to do, we shall be better able to inform our readers whether there is anything in it more formidable than a notion the

modern Gauls may have, that this Roman engine is to carry another Caesar to the coasts of the modern Carthage. There is no doubt, however, that seven *frégates blindées*, similar to the *Gloire*, have been ordered to be built in the northern ports, and that three on the same model are to be constructed at Toulon. The preparations made and making are nominally defensive; but could be applied to offence. Thus, the Emperor is encouraging volunteer artillery corps along the coasts, allowing such service to count as regular service. This system may soon give him a disposable artillery force, especially along the northern shore, where there lives a vivid 'traditional dread of invasion, and where, in some principal seaport towns, there are loopholes in the front walls of private houses, for firing upon *les maudits Anglais*.

The obvious truth, that steam navigation necessitates a greater amount of protection to coasts than was required in former wars, may be illustrated by some practical details. By employment of steam transports, an invasive descent is a much more simple affair than with sailing vessels. The destination of the expedition, being dependent on the will of the director, may be altered to a dozen points of the compass in as many hours, without difficulty; for the ocean is the base of operations, and these are, by means of steam, under guiding control. The principal disadvantageous effects of steam navigation will be to render it far more difficult to keep close blockades, for we shall not be able to maintain a squadron off each port strong enough to oppose the resources temporarily taken up for occasional sallies from those ports. Moreover, Cherbourg, which has been called the French Sebastopol, has the great advantage over other ports in that country, that it cannot be under continual blockade, on account of currents and prevailing winds.

We should underestimate the resources of the French were we to doubt that the means of transport could be found for conveying a very large force across the Channel from the several ports, large and small, that are not more than from twelve to twenty-four hours sail of our shore.

The means that exist, with others that could be extemporized, could, under a good system of organization, with the help of steam, have their movements perfectly combined. What the existing means are would take some inquiry to ascertain with exactitude. How many fishing-vessels are there along the north coast of France which might be collected in various ports, and towed across the Channel in the course of a calm night, transporting a considerable French force to some point on the English shore? These vessels are larger than ours, and are very numerous. They form a portion of the navy, since government funds are applied to aid their *matériel*, and to pension their *personnel*. State bounties like these support the forced-service system, by giving some compensation in various shapes. The most experienced men in France connected with the mercantile marine acknowledge that the system of *inscription* is a great State necessity, as it would be impossible to man the navy with volunteers. In point of fact, the *matériel* of the French navy has outgrown the available personnel. No fact could evidence the ambition of the Emperor more plainly, and at the same time reveal his maritime weakness. Despotic, and therefore ruling by a marvellous system of centralization, the organization of his maritime force far excels that of ours. In 1849, his commissioners on naval affairs described the first desideratum to be, the training of the whole maritime population to the duties of ships of war, by actual service in the fleet; thus to make the navy in peace a grand training school for war. They observe in their report, truly enough, that, *at sea, nothing can be extemporized*; and they also observe, with, we fear, too much truth, that, in England, *nothing is organized*.

The system by which recruits for the French navy, taken by conscription, not from the *inscription* maritime, are trained, is reported good in every point, save in the essential particular of giving the men sea legs, and making them handy on board ship by practice in sea-going vessels. These recruits for *les équipages de la flotte*, of crews of the fleet, are formed into companies of 100 men each, and are drilled in the same manner as

regiments of the line. Their destination is to do the duty that marines in the English navy perform. It is obvious that, if the government of France enrolled a great number of such men, say 50,000, and trained them in floating ships, such a corps would become admirable marine artillerymen, and when placed on board line-of-battle ships, on the commencement of war with England, would fill up in great measure the normal deficiency of sailors. Those marine conscripts now drilling at most of the ports, are a fine body of men, and go through their exercises with admirable precision. They are dressed as seamen, armed with rifles and sword bayonets, live in barracks, and are exercised at great guns and aloft in sailing ships fitted for the purpose. The system on which they are organized has been in operation about three years, and is declared to give general satisfaction. In effect, it differs little from that principle of establishing a Marine Militia, to which we shall presently turn, and which seems to offer England the preferable means of maintaining a reserve for her navy that shall be sufficient in point of numbers, training, and efficiency.

Henceforth, the advantage of seamanship will not be so great as formerly in conflicts at sea; gunnery and steam will now bear a very important part. The quality of good seamanship being less predominant, we lose a portion of a great national superiority. In gunnery, the French are likely to be our equals, since they attach much importance to it. With regard to manning their ships, they could have their fleet at sea long before ours, by means of their *inscription*. Nor must we be blind to the fact that, if a descent on our shores were decided on, France, now well supplied with railroads and electric telegraphs, would merely require to collect all her means of transport, from line-of-battle ships to fishing luggers, and by selecting calm weather, could quickly ship 200,000 men, and send them across. On this point, the French commission of 1848 observed: "Steam navigation, and the employment of heavy shell guns on board ship are the most important, and will give a great advantage to France, as well as to other maritime

powers which have but a small comparative number of seamen." Sir John Burgoyne's explanation and conclusions drawn forth by that paragraph, and given in his recent "Military Topics," demand attention. From Dunkirk to Cherbourg, he says, forming about 200 miles of coast, the ports are only from three to ten or twelve hours' reach of our opposite coast by fair wind and steam. Every vessel, down to the large French fishing boats would make a transport; each steamer could carry and tow some thousands of troops; and a concentration of their forces could be brought to bear on any chosen point on our coast. "It is not necessary," explains this experienced military officer, "that 100,000 men should be landed at once; a very far less number would suffice for a first firm footing, which being once obtained, and possession taken of some of our small ports, reinforcements would follow as fast as each single vessel, acting independently, could convey them; and finally, having possession of both shores, the communication between the two countries could not be intercepted, even although we should then be able to obtain or resume a naval superiority."

One hundred thousand French soldiers encamped within a small Torres Vedras of lines, extemporized on the southern coast, at, say, Dungeness, would take some time to be dislodged.

Sir John Burgoyne considers that a month or two would be sufficient for the French to make the necessary preparations for such a descent, which need not be at all manifest; and that a week's command of the Channel would afford ample time for the accomplishment of the enterprise;—adding this pregnant remark, that it has often been maintained by Frenchmen of influence, that France would be justified in making such an attempt, even before a declaration of war, but at all events, it might immediately follow it. Other observations of the same nature follow in Sir John's important publication, to which we must refer our readers, merely quoting the ensuing passage in his review of Sir Howard Douglas's *Treatise on Naval Gunnery*:—

"Confining ourselves in this article to the naval service, to which the book

before us is chiefly devoted, let us see how the case stands.

"For ages we have been pre-eminent in the numbers and skill of our seafaring population, and have turned that excellence to the most important account on occasion of every war.

"We had only to establish a superior force of men-of-war in a state of readiness in our ports as machines, and the manning with practised and efficient seamen was speedily effected from the merchant service and fishermen, who were in a short time given every instruction and organization that was required, in those times, to make perfect men-of-war's men.

"Seamanship was, in fact, the all in all to gain a superiority in a naval action against any thing except an overwhelming amount of numbers.

"Since 1815, however, some important changes have been made, that greatly tend to lessen our advantages.

"1. The raising of men by impressment has been so vehemently denounced, that it is doubtful whether it could be readily resorted to even in the utmost emergency, while a voluntary recruiting would be far too slow for such a case; and the most precious time will be lost before we shall even have decided what course to pursue.

"Our opponents, on the other hand, by their naval conscription, have men in sufficient numbers, trained in the most important elements, and ready at a moment's warning to man a considerable fleet.

"2. The general adoption of steam-power in navigation will have vast influence in naval warfare; our aggregate strength in this particular will no doubt greatly exceed that of any other nation; but even in the hands of the inferior power, it will be very effective in checking the means of annoyance of the superior.

"Being most available when nearest to its resources, it is less favourable for prolonged cruises than for short bursts and operations.

"It will render the blockade of an enemy's ports a matter of great difficulty, and it will enable the weaker power to combine measures of aggression, with a degree of certainty unknown in former times, when so many well-devised plans were notoriously defeated by untoward circumstances of wind and weather; and when even under the most favourable, it was almost impossible to combine simultaneous operations from different ports."

"3. The vast improvements made in naval gunnery since the last war, by making practised gunners of more value in action than able seamen, take from us

a leading advantage that we have hitherto possessed, and render it a work of time to convert the best of seamen into a good man-of-war's man."

Thus far we have cursorily examined the force of France for attack, and will now turn to consider the power of England for defence, confining our attention to that theatre, the narrow seas, in which the first acts of the stupendous tragedy would take place. We cannot attempt to pass all the British actors in such a drama under review, nor do more than, in a solicitous spirit, notice recent suggestions made towards organizing the means of defence, and offer a few comments on particular points. These may be divided into men, batteries, ships in armour, and fortifications.

Colonel Alexander, a distinguished officer in the Royal Marine Artillery, advocates the maritime defence of England in preference to any other, under the conviction that the command of the sea is the only secure basis upon which the safety of the British Islands can be made to rest. In this advocacy, he has not emancipated himself from ordinary professional prepossessions, which induce military engineers and artillerymen to confine faith in ramparts, officers of the line to deem a large standing army the best bulwark, volunteers to think that an unorganized levy is fit to encounter an organized force, and naval captains to cry out for a larger Channel Fleet. For ourselves, exempt from any such prejudices, we hold the doctrine that, if England were fortified throughout as strongly as the Venetian quadrilateral, if every man were in arms, and if the existence of a foe upon her shores were impossible, yet, if her fleet failed her, she would hardly be less ruined than if the enemy had gained a decisive victory before London, and held possession of the capital. Her vast commerce, of which she is the heart, and which courses to and from her like the blood in human arteries, would be annihilated. Our colonel of Marine Artillery's suggestions seem to us most deserving attention. His principal proposition is the embodiment of a corps of Marine Militia.

Premising that the requisite defensive force is intended for operations within the narrow seas and not entailing any protracted absence from a

home port, our author shows that the class of vessels suitable for this purpose should be propelled by steam only, manned by able-bodied gunners, with sea-legs, well trained in gunnery, and accompanied by a very small number of able seamen for the performance of a few functions. The force proposed should, therefore, be a steam flotilla, manned by a maritime militia. On the question of the preferable mode of constructing the vessels of which the steam flotilla would be composed, he advises that they combine a very high degree of speed with the capability of carrying a very powerful armament; and that they be rendered shot-proof so far as possible. They should be of two classes. The first class to be corvettes, armed with a few guns of the largest calibre, and, in short, possessed, in an eminent degree, of the qualities of supreme celerity and immense powers both of destruction and resistance. From the nature of the service, they need never be overburdened with coal. The admirable principle of eluding the impact of shot should be adopted, either by giving an angular form to the iron-sheathed sides, or a curvilinear side might be substituted, with good effect, for rectilinear. The second class of vessels, intended to carry a single gun of the largest size, would not, on account of their inferior size, admit of being rendered shot-proof in the same manner, by built-up iron sides protecting the whole deck; but having provided for the safety of the hull, the gun and gun's crew might be protected by a circular shot-proof screen, on the plan of those proposed by Captain Coles.

Supposing the construction of twenty vessels of the first class, and one hundred of the second, decided on, Colonel Alexander proposes the following distribution of this flotilla:—In order, he says, to man them easily in the way about to be described, let them be distributed over a considerable line of coast, at twenty different stations, so that, in the event of war, they might be manned by the proposed maritime militia, and sent to sea instantly. In such case, the mass of the force would be concentrated, for the defence of the Channel, in Portland Roads, with two divisions stationed at Plymouth and in the Downs.

On the organization of the force by which the flotilla should be manned our author proposes to man it with a volunteer force, bearing somewhat the same relation to our navy as is borne by the militia to soldiers of the line. In the event of war, he observes, every man of the regular force, including the reserves, whether of seamen or marines, would be required for our sea-going fleets. His object is, therefore, to point out a method by which a defensive coast steam flotilla could be manned without encroaching upon our ordinary resources, or diminishing our present insufficient powers of defence. Although the services of the marine artillery, of which he is colonel, might be applied to man such a flotilla with a very great advantage, he does not propose such a diversion of this valuable force from its sea-going destination. We, however, will suggest what the worthy colonel has hesitated to do, viz., that it is highly desirable to augment this force considerably, since it is the nucleus on which to form a large, though less trained one, of marine gunners, and, in event of war, the reserve of this force might be employed in training a marine militia.

The idea of a maritime militia is not a new one. Its principal value is, that it offers the means most in unison with British precedents and analogies for manning the navy of the State. Impressment will hardly ever be resorted to unless the country be *in extremis*. But the principle, that every man who can is bound to fight in defence of his native land, may righteously be applied towards forming such a militia. Invoking history for precedents, our author shows that, in former ages, the duties now performed by the royal navy were carried on by private ships, which were either contributed by various seaport towns, such as the Cinque Ports, towards carrying out some particular object, or were fitted out for the service of the State by wealthy and patriotic merchants. To this retrospect it might have been added that the impost called ship money, a rate for the support of the navy, was levied off certain maritime districts. It was Hampden's resistance to the imposition of this tax upon rural districts, hitherto exempt, without the fiat of parliament, that led, as every schoolboy knows, to the Civil

War. But the principle seems to have been recognised of old, that commercial towns might be separately taxed to maintain a fleet to protect their trade; and it has always been customary to consider the maritime population as much obliged to serve the State by sea as the rural is by land. Such being the inevitable principle on which defence of our shores must rest, it is strange that no measure has been adopted for rapidly augmenting our naval strength in the event of war, by enabling men to be raised for the special duty of home defence in a manner corresponding to that which enables us to add so considerably to our military resources by the establishment of militia regiments. In short, why should we not have a maritime militia corps in every seaport town? The great problem is that of successfully augmenting the navy in case of emergency. The augmentation could be made in a dozen different ways, from sending 20,000 convicts to man the fleet, to having 100,000 trained seamen-militia gunners. Without training, when the emergency arrives, the levy of merchant-men will not be what they ought to be in discipline and efficiency. Even our mercantile navy is deteriorating. The repeal of the law compelling merchant-ships to carry apprentices, the desertion to gold-fields and foreign flags, and the abolition of the Merchant Seamen's Fund, have combined to produce a scarcity of good sailors. Much of this is owing to our being governed on the Whig principle of doing as little as possible. Such a doctrine may be carried too far, to the abolition of a State Church and a State army, and the substitution of clerical and martial volunteers, until the voluntary principle is pushed so far that we are suddenly and involuntarily subjugated.

If our best seamen prefer the merchant to the Queen's service, it is because the pay, prospects, and other advantages of the former are superior. In the merchant service, with a very moderate knowledge of navigation and seamanship, a steady youth passes his examination and becomes a mate at a very early age; and in a short time, by good conduct, finds himself in command of a merchant ship. The same man in the navy may, after some years' service, become a petty officer;

but his chances of promotion to a warrant are small indeed. If these valuable men are to be obtained for the navy, promotion to the rank of master should be placed within their reach, not as a circular in the *Navy List*, but as an actual fact of not uncommon occurrence. In these days openings for legitimate ambition should be real, not illusory, nor, above all, impossible. Want of them has been the bane of the Civil Service, and still depresses the energies of the middle and lower ranks of the navy.

Public opinion has been running in the seaman's favour, and every claim urged on his behalf has, as soon as it could be established, been satisfied. Nevertheless, it is admitted that the best organization of the navy continues a problem still. One thing, however, seems to us sufficient to show what should be done; it is this: the best existing class of sailors are those who, as boys, were trained expressly for the service of the navy. We must rear boys and train men for the navy in numbers sufficient, if not to man a large fleet, to give a leaven to each squadron. People know little what an A. B. is, if they fancy he can be extemporized. According to the *Essay on Admiralty Administration*, there are 327,000 men engaged in British maritime pursuits; but how many of these would receive the A. B. rating? They are the maritime resources of the country; but if left without any special instruction for war requirements, will fail in war time. At such a time, a reserve of able seamen will be as indispensable for the navy as of disciplined recruits for the army, and, as militia regiments feed the line, so should a marine militia, combining coast-guard, training ships for boys, and trained men, feed the Royal Navy.

Captain Coles, R.N., to whom the public is indebted for an admirable adaptation of the sloping-side, or iron glacis principle, in the construction of armour ships, appears in the tract before us as suggestor of a plan for manning the navy, consisting of establishing training ships at certain numerous ports for boys, who would be especially taught gunnery. If this plan could be combined with the scheme of a maritime militia, it might be worked more cheaply and

usefully. The out-pensioners of the navy might, in some cases, act as instructors, conjointly with the coast-guard. Proficiency in gunnery is undoubtedly a chief desideratum, and as our naval captain asks, what are ships of war without effective crews? It is certainly of paramount importance that our sailors should, by sufficient gun-practice, have confidence in the use of the fearful weapons which science and experiment together have forged for the maintenance of our power and prestige throughout the world.

The course of the recent discussion upon iron-cased ships has confirmed into a truism the discovery that iron is a better material than wood for defending a vessel of war from shot and shells. This truth compels considerable change in ship-building. But a radical revolution is now proposed, the not merely protecting a ship against shot, but converting her into a projectile. This would be the real effect of the use of a steam-ram, which would impinge with the weight of 3,000 or 4,000 tons, moving at a rapid rate, against the side of the enemy's vessel. The projectile ship would act by her mass and velocity, as well as merely by her artillery. Our officers are declared to be more able manoeuvrers than the French are; and if so, have the double advantage of being capable of either running the enemy down or evading his headlong charge. The fifteen *frégates cuirassées*, of which the *Gloire* is one, are intended for this mode of attack; and it is impossible to think what destruction they could effect among our wooden channel fleet without a shudder, since many of our fine ships might suffer the fate of the "Royal George" and her crew:—

"Eight hundred of the brave,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Hard by their native shore!"

Go to the First Lord of the Admiralty's office, and tell him, let him plate our ships as thick as he will, to this fate they must come, if run into by a steam sea-ram. Hosier's ghost need not appear to tell us this, and let us hope that no such catastrophe will ever be announced by the shrieks of English sailors as bold as they who perished before the bastimentos of Porto Bello.

Yet though nothing could save a

man-of-war run down by a projectile vessel at top speed, invention has been active to enable our ships to turn off the impact of the heaviest shot against their sides. The only inertness is on the part of the Admiralty Board, in not having already laid down a vessel on some plan combining Mr. Jones' and Captain Coles' application of the iron glacis, or sheeted sloping-side principle. Mr. Jones' patent consists in applying steel and iron plates $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick respectively, in combination with ribs or framings of timber, to a ship constructed with inclined sides, the ship being formed with an angular bend or projection in an outward direction at the line of flotation, so that a shot will glance off either upward or downward, according as she may be struck above or below the line of flotation. Sir H. Douglas details the results of trial of the sloping-side principle fully, as in this paragraph :—

“The plate manufactured by the Mersey Ironworks lasted 17 blows in a space of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet to $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet before any piece of it was removed, and then the iron was not effectually penetrated, nor the woodwork behind it much injured.

The firing took place from a 68 pounder gun of 95 cwt., with a charge of 16 lbs. and cast-iron shot, at 200 yards from the butt. The result was that the shot on striking broke in numerous fragments; these were deflected up the inclined plane over the ship, and fell into the sea at a distance of 200 yards, the spread of the fragments extending over a considerable surface of the water. The same result was obtained throughout the experiments. The angulated side was not penetrated, nor the timber work by which the plates were backed up injured, for the horizontal force of the shot being resolved into the component forces, one perpendicular and the other parallel to the oblique plane, shows how much the penetrating power of the shot in a direction perpendicular to the plane was reduced.”

On the decided advantage of the angulated sides from their strength and invulnerability, this is most valuable testimony.

Mr. Whitworth admits, that through five-inch iron plates, backed by twenty inches of solid teak, it would be almost impossible to send a shot. But if it be quite impossible to send

a shot through a sloping-sided vessel, why not construct one? The sides might be so much thinner than in the *Warrior*, as to warrant expectation of speed superior to hers; and speed is the supreme desideratum for our foreign cruisers. In the Channel, also, never has a floating defence been seen that would be a match for Coles' sloping-sider.

It has been inferred with a high degree of probability that iron-plated ships will not do for long cruises, distant expeditions, or stormy seas; but it has also been shown that for the immediate work of a naval engagement, their powers will be so formidable as to crush those of any old-fashioned antagonists.

The problem of combining great speed with metallic protection, has by no means been solved either by the *Gloire* or the *Warrior*. The first vessel cannot maintain extreme speed unless at the risk of loosening her iron plates, and, if in a heavy sea, of taking in water over her bows. The second has not capacity for sufficient fuel, notwithstanding her enormous size; and the unprotected state of her stem and stern ends renders her liable to be quickly disabled in action. It is also probable that both will roll so much in a sea as to be unable to open their ports. These defects leave it unlikely that armour-ships will be good for anything but floating batteries, fit for defending ports and roadsteads. This purpose is exactly what the form of fabric called the sloping-sided, or angular, is best adapted to. To find weak spots in the *Warrior* is rather a foeman's business than ours; yet, since the defence of our homes may depend on the value of our iron-cased ships, every eye looks sharp at them. The strength of a fortified place is equal to no more than its weakest point. The power of resistance of the weakest parts of the ship in question is nought. When, some years ago, the Admiralty built a few iron frigates, it was supposed that iron would supersede wood in the construction of ships of war. The iron used was of the ordinary thickness; but it was found, when tested by shot, that these vessels would be instantly sunk in action, for the shot-holes could not be plugged, as occasionally a whole plate was shot away. The same defect occurs in the *War-*

rior, for, though the middle of her broadside is shot proof, and her centre, thus protected, is separated by bulkheads from the remainder, both her stem and stern are so lightly built as to be liable to fill, when struck, in a few minutes. Then, if the bow is depressed, the screw will be out of water; if the stern, it will be too deep; and in either case the vessel will be unmanageable. This extreme defect renders her much more likely to be a failure than the *Gloire*; and that the latter is not one is proved by the fact that the French government has stopped the construction of the old class of ships, and that every dockyard in France is hard at work building more *frégates blindées* on an improved plan. The builders of the *Warrior* talk of means, such as pumps and other appliances, for relieving her when her stem and stern are shot through. But whenever this occurs, the riddling she is likely to receive would render any remedy useless.

Turning to the topic of floating batteries, let us remark, that if the country were possessed of regiments of local trained maritime militia, this force would be able to man and fight iron-cased batteries with confidence. Sir J. Burgoyne's recommendation, that the floating batteries should be separate from its moving power, is sound, beyond all doubt, since steam-tugs are numerous enough for moving such vessels along shore to points of danger. A few of these tremendous weapons in each principal port might suffice to defend it. The mere effect of dense smoke discharged from them would, perhaps, deter the enemy from venturing into shallow channels, such being the hazard as almost to justify the saying, that the entrance to Portsmouth harbour could be defended with blank cartridges.

The advantages of shore batteries over ships are great, and may be frequently increased by position and other circumstances. Few of the shot or shell that hit the ship, especially if the former be red hot, can fail to do serious injury, even to the chance of sinking or burning her, or of damaging her machinery; while the shot from the ship that hit the battery, will be innocuous, unless they enter an embrasure.

There are hundreds of cannon lying in our arsenals which might be

mounted in earth batteries at points of the coast where the landing of troops is easiest. Our coast-guard and volunteers might learn at these spots how to serve a gun. A few guns, moderately well served, would make great havoc and confusion among boats crowded with soldiers. Another defensive arm, too much neglected, ought, we conceive, to be brought into play, the "wall-piece," the importance of which is set forth by Sir J. Burgoyne. A *fusil de rempart*, fired from a rest, and carrying a half-pound rifle-ball, would far exceed the shoulder-rifle in range, accuracy, and penetrating force. Regular fortifications are the last on our list. The absolute necessity of fortifying our principal dockyards has been affirmed, to strengthen our inner defences, which, if compared with the fortifications of continental countries, are extraordinarily weak. But it must ever be borne in mind that, unless the country is prepared to keep her outer line of defence in the shape of a fleet, sufficiently strong, all the millions expended on the new fortifications may be wasted.

All the other questions, therefore, are trifles compared with the grave one, how long will the British people submit to being the only maritime nation without a permanent navy? Ships do not constitute a navy, any more than barracks make an army. Compare the continuousness of service in a man-of-war and a regiment. After three or four years, the ties between a crew of officers and men are broken, while the relationship and discipline of a regiment are continuous and traditional. The present system of paying off a ship, sending her *personnel* to the right about, and wasting her *matériel*, is destructive. What is wanted is, *Conservative Organization*, commencing with training-ships, and carried on by continuous service, which should be rendered attractive in every reasonable way, such as by adequate pay, admission to the higher grades, and a prospect, on certain conditions, of a pension. Under the existing system, discipline, which is the soul, the particular separate organization, of each ship, has not sufficient time for its establishment and strengthening to the required degree of perfection. The order to pay a crew off after three years, acts, by separating the

men and officers, pretty much on the navy as dissolution of matrimony every three years would on married life, since, the tie being short, the bond for good behaviour is weak. Entry for continuous service is, however, gaining ground among the men, and whatever will farther advance this system, such as better pay and prospects of promotion and pension, more leave or liberty, and barracks to live in when not at sea, or employment in training-ships, would soon place the *personnel* of our navy on a satisfactory footing. At all events, the number of British seamen by profession is more than double that of French. This relation might, therefore, be very properly maintained in *matériel*. Equilibrium of the naval strength of France and England was made the subject of discussion in a late article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the writer justly remarks:—

“Money, after all, is the essential term of the problem of naval superiority; since a first-class ship costs £200,000, and iron-sheeted frigate £240,000, and that these machines of war cannot move under a cost of from £120 to £200 per diem, the part to be played on the seas is according to the sums expended. The riches and credit of a state have much to say to it. It is a financial as well as a military duel: *does it suit us to fight it out?*”

This question is, we take it, the real question between the two countries. Is France able and willing to continue her present *lutte sourde*, or deaf,

sullen, dead struggle with us, in her endeavour to raise her naval armament to equality with ours? The writer in the *Revue* makes this sensible answer:

“It would be temerity to strive by force of money to assume the empire of the seas over a people who, by their industry and commerce, levy contributions from every country of the globe. Do what we will it is always in England's power to be ahead of us. The proportion may vary; but it will remain what England deems it prudent and useful that it should be.”

Our seamen are double theirs; our fleet is double theirs; our resources are more than double theirs. In the matter of iron-cased ships alone, we could multiply these vessels three times faster than the French could: so rivalry on the sea on this point promises no gain to them. Good organization of our navy would cost nothing: and the expense of training-ships, and the germ of a marine militia, would not be costly. Let us look also to our ships in armour, and see that we have at least as many, and of as efficient a quality, as those of our neighbours. But do not let the Channel Fleet be put down for the present. It is the sheet-anchor of the nation. Nothing behoves to be more borne in the national mind, than that a single great battle lost by England at sea would be sufficient to destroy her preponderance, and to throw her open to invasion.

ONE O'CLOCK.

A SONNET.

ANOTHER stroke upon Time's anvil struck!
 Another hour drawn hot from out the heart
 Of silence; that within lone aisles, apart,
 And hollow belfries, homesteads of the rook,
 And this my cloister of the lamp and book,
 Upwards the same dim Cyclop arm might dart,
 Swing the same shadowy sledge, and mortals start
 With the same brazen blow!—Sure man mistook
 His own endurance, when he tongued the bells
 To prophesy against him from their towers!
 The high sun speaks not. Ocean's ebbs and swells
 Rock through a silent calendar. All powers
 Of Life and Death muffle their peals and knells:—
 Why arm with thunder the avenging hours?

ADVENA.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER VI.

PASSING years bring growth and development to sons of peasants as of peers. Tommy Wilmot also was bordering upon man's estate. He, likewise, had his ambitions and aspirations after a dreamy future. His good father hoped, I doubt not, that he would succeed himself as gardener at the Lodge, just as at the Lodge, Mr. Locksley looked to Ned's succeeding him in the agency of the estate. But Tommy's mind was gone afield like Ned's, only there was in his case, neither reluctance nor inward struggle.

"I wun't have nuffin to do wi' spades and rakes, veyther, no longer nor I can help, mind." Such had been his early and loud determination. "Vur and vethers vor I, veyther, none o' yer cabbige and lattices!"

To be a "kipper," even undermost of "underkippers," was his practical desire. In its trickiest moments fancy would conjure up a long green vista of over-arching trees, a barn-door studded with clenched carcasses of stoats and weasels, hawks and pies; a comfortable house, with kennels appurtenant, hencoops upon a green-sward, with clucking hens and pheasant poults by dozens pecking ant-eggs; and, moving about among them, a sturdy figure in velveteens and leather leggings—no longer "Tommy," but "Muster" Wilmot, "head-kipper" of Cransdale-park! And, oh, John Wilmot, gardener, progenitor of Tom, to think all that should come—all those wild aspirations, and their lawless venting—from an honest innocent desire of thine, that Lucy Locksley, thy meek mistress, should fill jam-pots by the dozen with currant-jelly!

"Them blackbirds and thrushes wun't lave us narra mossel o' vruit to year! There, Tommy, buoy, couldn't 'ee manage to vire thic roosty gun?"

Fire it, indeed! There was a pie baked soon in the gardener's oven, wherein the "four-and-twenty black-birds" of the nursery rhyme might have been counted when it "was opened;" but if they "began to sing," it was in Tommy's ears only; siren songs, for all they were no water-

birds, decoying Tommy's youthful yearnings into woody coverts where birds breed. Not blackbirds only; nor missel-thrushes; but long-tailed pheasants and plump partridges. Rabbits burrow there likewise, and hares crouch in form.

Dread Nemesis of the blackbirds!

Oh, John Wilmot, gardener! Was there not wilfulness, like unto Tommy's, rife in thee? Zeal for "Missus's" jampots might have been very well, had not the murderous manifestation of it against the sweet-throated pilferers been made in flagrant disobedience to her will.

"A pound of currants more or less, John, cannot signify. I never grudge them to the blackbirds. Don't scare the pretty creatures, banging at them."

So said meek-hearted Lucy; but John shook his head—and all the answer that he gave was that suggestion to Tommy, when she was out of hearing:

"Couldn't 'ee manage to vire thic roosty gun?"

It became his fetish, that rusty fire-arm—soon no longer rusty. With affectionate pride and care, with tow and train oil, and rottenstone, he worked up its old steel at last to brighter than silvery polish. "Muster Watson," the present incumbent of the "head-kipper's" benefice, was not a man to favour or to wink at any boy's possession of fire-arms on the estate.

"I can't abide to see them 'crow kippers' wi' guns, my lord," he often said to Philip. "Scarecrows is too much neglected; then there's clappers as makes a wery pretty noise, my lord, and is safer than guns for little chaps now, as I allays tells them farmers."

But the precincts of the Lodge garden were sacred, and Tommy's possession, within those limits, undisturbed. Nay, there were Saturnalia rook-shooting, for instance, or when great flights of "questies" or wood pigeons, were blazed at in the woods; when Tommy, bold, but with

misgiving, would risk his all, and venture, gun in hand, within eyeshot of Muster Watson. In those early days, he himself eyed that great man with veneration rather than defiance. It really went against his grain to elude his observation; he could have wished to carry gun and shot-belt in his presence openly, with that proud submission wherewith worthy subalterns wait on the bidding of a truly noble chief. Upon underkeepers, even upon occasional watchers, he still looked as a spirited cadet might upon tried lieutenants of his corps. He was fraternal even with mere beaters when the coverts were shot in later autumn, and had carried an ash stick, not without distinction, in their ranks. All minor sporting servitudes were reckoned offices of honour and of love. It was no mean pleasure to bear the bag of ferrets when my lord and Master Ned went rabbiting; supreme felicity to follow with the landing-net, and to officiate at the securing of a two-pound trout. Oh, foolish father, John! Why thwart so pronounced and so promising a call?

"There, I bees a gardener, and the son of a gardener, and I wants to be veyther to a gardener too."

But Tommy shook his head, and reiterated his declaration:

"None o' yer cabbage and lattices for I."

Jane Wilmot, his mother, was for a compromise, of which the terms were wide; all but one article, which was close and stringent. Imbued with the wisdom of that folk lore, which tells that horses led to ponds, cannot, therefore, be made to drink, she was urgent with her John, that their Tommy should not be forced to follow the horticultural career of his sire. He was a smart lad, and could "turn his hand a'most to anythin'; let him try it on any other callin' as he can gi' his mind to." Any other, that is, save one.

Jane was a "kipper's" daughter, and a "kipper's" sister; and was so far from having her good man's love of caste, as to dread above all things becoming a kipper's mother. Well she might, poor woman! She was not from the Cransdale county at all. She had been born and bred in one where society was split into two hostile factions, of gamekeepers and gamestealers. There, in every

grassy field, staked thorn bushes gave token of defence against the sweep of poaching nets. There mastiffs and blood-hounds fetched high prices as savage and sagacious helpers to such as must track or encounter nightly depredators. There one magistrate after another was continually "retiring from the bench during the hearing of this case," to let his impartial brethren condemn! "a trespasser in pursuit of game" on his grounds, returning to sit in judgment on the next case, committed on the grounds of his brother magistrate, who, in his turn, "retired."

There, the lower class of public-houses in the purlieus of county towns saw formidable conspiracies against the game on this or that estate, knit among groups of dissolute, and often desperate, men. There, not seldom, whole bands of these associated plunderers would sweep the country-side, and grimly defy the protective forces of the squires. Jane Wilmot well remembered the sickening anxiety which locked ever and anon out of her own mother's haggard eyes. She well remembered how often, wakened by the souging of the wind upon nights when murky clouds went scudding across the moon, she had lain in her childish crib, gazing at the white figure which sat with folded arms by the hearthstone, starting at the cry of every night-bird, jumping up and crossing the room a-tiptoe—lest she should waken the waking child—peering out through the lattice into the half darkness, venturing even sometimes to unbolt the door and raise the latch, and put out her head, and make sure that no sound of terror was borne upon the night-wind.

But Jane remembered worse than this. The events of one fatal night were stamped with minute and terrible distinctness upon the tablets of her brain. That was the night when her sleep was broken suddenly, not by the long moan of the wind in the cottage chimney, nor by its hurtling rush among the tree-tops; but by the loud and sharp report of fire-arms in the thicket hard by. Angry bark of dogs, and angrier shouts of men mingled in wild confusion. Then came an agonising scream, distinct and piercing, above all the mingled noise. The mother, who was standing upright in her night-gown—he

heavy black hair, streaked with gray, hanging loose upon her shoulders—changed her look of racking eagerness to one of blank dismay, clasped her hands together bitterly, and sank into the arm-chair by the hearth :

“O Jenny, Jenny ! yon scream was our Bill’s !”

The mother-heart’s foreboding was too true. Four men soon brought in a ghastly corpse, whose whole left side seemed to have been torn away by the heavy charge of shot poured into it at close quarters from the muzzle of the poacher’s gun. The agony upon the white face of the murdered man was a fearful thing to look upon ; but not so fearful, Jane thought even then—and thought continually in after years—as the horror and the hate, the misery and the vengeance, which could be read plainer than printed words upon her father’s face, as he came in behind his dead son. Since then Jane had lived for years in the quiet Cransdale district, where such tragedies were happily unknown—where poaching offences were peccadilloes, never crimes—where Muster Watson and his subordinates were in no danger of losing life in game preserving, otherwise than by having it “worritted out o’ them by them poachin’ chaps,” as that functionary would often lament that his hard case was. But the haunting impressions of early childhood were not weakened by succeeding years. “Keeperin’ and poacherin’” were equally her dread and her aversion. She went along with John in forbidding her son to indulge his sporting propensities in the legitimate way, and was as blind as he to the danger of throwing the lad back upon the unlawful alternative for their indulgence. I do not plead this opposition of his parents in excuse for Tommy, but state the facts ; for upon that unlawful alternative, it must be confessed, he did fall back. His offences were tenderly dealt with by Watson, when occasionally detected, partly from consideration for his parents, partly from the known good-will towards the lad of my lord and Master Ned. Yet the head keeper would purse his mouth and shake his head, and say how much he feared John Wilmot’s lad wouldn’t “come to no good neither arter all.”

Intricate is the woof of human life. All Mr. Watson’s indulgence to Tommy’s infractions of statutes for protection to game and fish, did not avail to save him from a serious scrape. Old school rivalries, and the institution of a county police, brought the thing about. Jim Hutchins was Tommy’s schoolmate at the “National” in the old days, when he got the bag of marbles from Master Ned in satisfaction for his wounded feelings in the matter of William Tell. There was a close contest between the two boys in school and out, for mental and for physical mastery. It was a fair match mentally, and they took each other “down” in class turn and turn about. Physically the advantage lay at first with Hutchins, who was a full year older than his adversary ; but he was a spindle-shanked youth, and as he shot upwards lost his superiority over Tommy Wilmot, whose active, sturdy build gained strength as surely as the other’s lost it year by year. Presently their fights degenerated into simple threshings administered by Tommy as occasion arose, and Jim was driven to call in his “big brother” to redress the balance of power. He certainly did turn the tables upon the aggressor, but at cost of so much effort that Wilmot conceived the hope of being “square wi’ ’un” at some future day. Before that day dawned the great institution of rural police had found its way into the secluded neighbourhood of Cransdale. Jim’s big brother donned the blue coat with lead buttons, and girt his wrist with the striped cuff of authority. Thenceforth he figured in the local journal as that efficient and active officer, P. C. Hutchins, and regarded Tommy—whose delinquencies by flood and field were but too well known to him—with official reprehension, spiced by personal antipathy.

It was no wonder, therefore, that upon a certain morning, during the course of that memorable last vacation, the Earl should appear in the breakfast-parlour at the Lodge, and thus accost young Locksley :—

“I say, Ned, Tommy Wilmot’s been at it again. He’s in the Cranston lock-up, and likely to go to gaol at St. Ivo’s, unless matters can be mended.”

“What matters, Phil ?”

"Peeler Hutchins's head, among the foremost; that's the most material object broken."

"What's he broken Hutchins's head for?"

"Can't exactly say; but I heard what he broke it with, and you may guess by that."

"Well, what was the weapon?"

"The butt-end of a fishing rod."

"The old story—'Fur, feather, and scales'—will bring Tommy to permanent grief some fine morning. Why don't you make an underkeeper of him, Phil, and give him his swing in a lawful way?"

"Why don't I, indeed! All along of your turnip-headed old John and his Jane, that won't hear of it, else we'd have had him under Watson years ago. Tell you what, Mr. Locksley, I hope you'll take warning yourself, and not thwart Ned's inclinations here if he takes to gibbing, and starting from a regular professional line after all."

"Ned won't play pranks, never fear!" said his father, smiling.

He knew not what a bounding pang went through the lad's heart as he lightly uttered the words.

"Well, we must ride over, I suppose, and see about plaistering the peeler's head with a five-pound note, and bailing out Tommy, or something; for his mother's been up to mine as tearful as Niobe, and I promised to do what I could for him. Come along, Ned; I ordered horses round."

"The worst of those perpetual poaching scrapes," said Mr. Locksley, "is, that one never knows how far astray they mayn't lead a lad. Tommy's a good fellow at bottom, I believe; but I'm afraid of his going to the bad at last. Can't you 'list him in your battalion when you join, my lord, and take him out of harm's way down here altogether?"

"He's three inches under our standard," answered Philip, as they went out; "and not likely to grow much more, I fear."

Tommy they found sulky, if sorrowful, in endurance vile. The inspector and the head keeper had both visited him, endeavouring, in vain, to persuade him into repentance and submission. As to the cracked crown of P. C. Hutchins, it was worse than useless to dilate upon that feature in

the case. Mention of it served only to spirit up the culprit.

"I've a paaid off that 'ere 'Utchins any 'ows!"

He was somewhat softened, when my lord himself and Master Ned were ushered into his place of confinement, announcing themselves as having ridden over to try and effect a compromise. The fact that the pilfered trout were my lord's, put on an uglier aspect in the eye of conscience.

But when Philip suggested that an ample apology to the policeman was an indispensable preliminary to negotiations, he relapsed into savage sulkiness.

"That is a good 'un. That 'ere 'Utchins spiles my fishin', puts I in quod; and now I'se to pologise to be! No, my lord, not if I know it; there now!"

"For shame, Tommy! The man did his duty, as you would in his place, or you're not the man I take you for."

"Policeman!" said the Earl, "I am ashamed to think an old acquaintance of mine, whose father and mother I have known ever since I can remember, isn't man enough to own he's in the wrong when he knows it. As Wilmot won't apologise himself to you, I hope you'll take an apology from me for him."

"Now don't 'ee, my lord; don't 'ee, now!" almost whimpered Tommy, whom this unexpected move of Philip's confounded utterly; "I beant a going to stand that 'ere, I beant. Tell 'ee what, perleeceman, I 'umbly ax your pardin, so as my lord wun't and if five shillin' 'ood goo fur a 'pology' now"—

"There now, Thomas, there now; that will do," quoth Hutchins, in whose breast pocket was crackling a crisp new bank-note of the Earl's. "We won't take no further notice of it, not for this once; but don't you let us see you here again, no more, Thomas, like a good lad now."

It must be owned that P. C. Hutchins was kickably pompous as he uttered this exhortation. Tommy winced, but contained himself.

"That's good advice of the Peeler's notwithstanding, Tommy," said Philip to him outside, as the liberated captive held his stirrup at mounting.

"Better to give nor take, my lord

There, them live critters is like bird-lime to I ; I'se always at 'em, though I 'aint no right to be. And I'm sure I don't mean no offence to 'ee a killin' of them wot's yourn, my lord."

"Well, I wish we could let you stick to them in the way of business, Tommy, to keep you out of harm ; but your father won't hear of it, nor your mother either."

"No ! wuss luck, my lord !" said Tommy.

"Mr. Locksley said this morning, I had better take you soldiering along with me ; but you're not tall enough for the Guards, you know."

"I've thought o' takin' a sergeant's shillin' scores o' times, I has ;" and he touched his hat as Philip and Locksley rode away.

"Fine stroke that, Phil," said the latter, "bringing him to his knees by apologising for him."

"True for you, Ned ; but it's only a copy. Her ladyship brought me round out of a towering tantrum that way once."

"I say, Phil ; we've had just about a brace of mothers, eh ?"

"Just about, indeed ! Fellows talk of being tied to mammy's apron-strings. There's one more of mine's to be cut when I join. Well, the snip of the scissors will make my heart bleed. Whoop !"

In went the spurs. Both boys were glad of the long smooth stretch of turf which gave excuse for a furious gallop.

"What a thundering shame ! Such weather as this !" cried Ned, when they pulled up, after "taking" the sunk fence into the park. They rode home at a foot's pace, under the shady trees.

"Shall you dine with us ?" said Philip, as the other was presently turning down towards the Lodge.

"No ; they expect me home this afternoon to dine early."

"Well, walk up later in the evening. You haven't seen her ladyship or 'Con' to-day ?"

CHAPTER VII.

ON the western side of Cransdale House was a slope of ground never subjected to the tyranny of terrace-makers. In that unkempt corner their childish gardens had been made, in the moss and among bushes. Such flower-beds as Constance had occasionally laid out had been cut by cabbage plots, and variegated by young cucumbers, grown under cracked tumblers. Whole tracts had been given up at times to the cultivation of milk thistles for the rabbits. So-called cavalry charges from the romping boys had periodically trampled all into a wilder confusion, and certain spots had been charred and blackened by bivouac-fires, lighted to roast birds' eggs. Varied styles of savage architecture had been attempted there ; African huts, when they first read Mungo Park—Huron wigwams, when presently they made acquaintance with Fenimore Cooper.

By and by the long absences of the boys at school brought lengthened periods of sole occupation, and a title began to grow to exclusive possession. "Our" garden became "mine ;" and change of name confirmed restricted

ownership in "Constance's corner." As its fair owner grew, not only in grace and beauty, but in the sense of them, so grew her corner in the expression of both. Trees and shrubs, ferns and flowers, all there were choicest of the choice, some for exquisite rarity, some for loveliest simplicity.

At the summit of the slope was a carpeting of softest moss, on which showed the chiselled lip of a smooth white marble basin. A jet of water shooting skywards against the west seemed to Ned to fall back in a spray of living gems, as he came up the sward, and caught, far off in the stillness, the plash of its murmurous music. As he walked and watched the dancing crystal, a figure came across the sky-line. It stood between him and the sunset, looking out upon it. Intercepting thus the light it seemed carved in dark porphyry ; but for an iridescence, as of gleaming opal, made by the slanting sunbeams along its faultless outline. She stood, with one foot on the mossy carpet, the other poised on the marble rim. At that distance he

could not tell exactly what was the motion of her hands ; but it seemed to him that from time to time she dropped something into the water. In simple truth, her taper fingers, as those of thoughtful, or of thoughtless maidens will, were rifling a gathered rosebud and showering down its leaves. Soon she went forward, and over the slope, away. Ned, quick as thought, pressed upward from the other side. He reached the spot. Her footprint was yet fresh upon the moss. He knelt down and kissed it passionately twice or thrice, gathered a few shreds of the moss where his lips had touched her footmark ; picked a few floating rose-leaves from the water, and put both tenderly into his breast.

"Ned !"

He turned at the dear voice of one who was almost his mother too. Lady Cransdale sat on a marble seat close by, where she had been in conversation with her daughter.

"Ned ! dear Ned ! Come here, and let me know at once what meaning there is in what I have just seen you do ?"

So he sat down beside her, and forced himself to speak, and told her what it meant, in the simplest, strongest words that he could find. He was so frank and manly, in his genuine and deep emotion, that it cut her to the quick ; for she dearly loved the lad. Her long-lost Philip's early tenderness for him, her own obedient adoption of it, all her indulgent motherliness in proof—to think that all should end in having toiled him thus ! The meshes were self-wrought, perhaps ; but what of that ? She felt that they were wrought in with living fibres of a true loving heart. No unravelling was possible ; they must be rent. Her mournful firmness was the only consolation she could give him. She put on no idle affectation that his hurt was slight : she was no fool to think nor hypocrite to feign it. She had known and loved him all his life long as a boy, and had held him, up to that hour, for no more. But when he had opened out his heart in its honesty, she saw and owned him for a man—with a man's capacity to suffer, she prayed it might be with a man's strength to bear.

"You have been dreaming, Ned. Indeed, have I ; dreaming or blind.

But open your eyes, as mine are open now, and see for yourself that you have dreamt what cannot be."

"What cannot be ? You say so, too ! I have said it myself a thousand times, but would not—could not, keep to it."

It was moonlight by this time, and Lady Cransdale saw the figure of Constance returning in search of her. She took her determination in an instant.

"I say, dear Ned, you have dreamt what cannot be. You may mistrust me, for I too was blind. But here comes Constance. I will leave you face to face with her. I trust you to speak out as manfully to her as you have done to me ; and I trust her for the answer she will give."

She was gone before Constance reached them.

"You here, Ned !" She held out her hand and clasped his, so sisterly, that he foreknew his fate.

He held her's firm, and turned her gently, that the moonlight might come full upon her features ; then he looked her in the face, and said :

"Tell me, dear Lady Constance, can you think of ever loving me ?"

"Loving you, Ned ? Of course I can. I do love you with all my heart. You know I do—as I have always done."

The calm of her voice convinced him. He dropped her hand, and covered his face with both his own, lest she should see the anguish on it. Then the shock went through her that something was strangely wrong with him.

"Ned—brother Ned ! Mine and Phil's ! What ails you ? Speak to me !"

"Oh, Constance ! you will think me mad. It is that word 'brother' hurts me. I have no sister but yourself ; yet it is not brother's love with which I love you—heart and soul, out of all speech, sweet Constance !"

Ah ! she understood him now ; and her heart, as her mother's, was pierced through with pity ; because, in very truth, she did love him as a brother.

"Lady Cransdale says that I have dreamt a dream ; and that you will tell me true whether or not it is a dream of what cannot be. I know it cannot. But let me hear it from your own lips, Constance. Say, it cannot !"

Her's was a strong soul too, though

very tender. Every syllable thrilled clear.

"No, dear brother Ned, it cannot."

"Then forgive me. But before I go, seal the grave of my dead hope, in token of forgiveness, with a kiss."

She knew his nobleness, and trusted him to know her own. He would understand, once and forever, that only upon a grave could she consent to put such seal so freely. So, as he knelt before her, she stooped and put a kiss upon his forehead. He spoke not another word; but rose, and walked rapidly down from the slope over the moonlit sward; and she watched him as he went.

All that sultry summer's night his own mother that bare him, Lucy Locksley, lay awake. It was late when he came in. Prayers were over, and she had gone to her own room. He opened the door as he passed, and kissed her hurriedly, and said "good night." And she had only said, "God bless you, dearest!" but she had noted upon his features a handwriting of some strange grief to be spelt out on the morrow: so she lay sleepless, guessing at sadnesses. The nightingale sang all night. Lucy wondered whether it were a mere conceit of poets that the melodious complaint was for a nest left empty. But when the morning birds began to pipe—the thrush and ouzel—their very joyousness was wearisome, she fell into a short sleep, whence she awoke unrefreshed and anxious.

Ned was not at breakfast. The servants said he must be gone fishing. No one had seen him go, but his rod and basket were missing in the hall.

Presently was heard a man's footstep craunching the gravel outside the open windows of the breakfast-parlour.

"Ned back again," said Locksley, without looking up from his *Times*; "I thought it was nonsense fishing such a sunshiny morning."

The mother smiled to think her husband's ear should be so dull.

"That's not the dear boy's footstep, Robert. How can you think so?"

It was not. Through the window, which opened to the ground, Philip marched in, followed by a long-bodied terrier, whose tangled hair hid all his legs, and moving as he went, gave him the look of a monster centipede.

"'Morning, Mrs. Locksley. How nice and cool you are in here. It's grilling hot outside already. 'Morning, Mr. Locksley. Where's Ned?"

"Gone fishing early."

"Early! He'd better; unless he went before sunrise he might as well have stayed to fish in the teacups. What a nuisance! It's now or never with those rats."

"Rats?" cried Lucy.

"Yes, they are taking up the barn flooring at the Home-Farm to-day. It's full of them. And my new Skye, here, is to show his talents for the first time on the 'varmint.' Isn't he charming, Mrs. Locksley? He only came last night. Macphail, a fellow in our form at Eton, sent him down from the island direct. Ned hasn't seen him yet. Why didn't he come up to the house last night? he said he would."

"Why, surely he was up there till long past ten," said Lucy.

"I never set eyes on him, at all events. No, sir," to Skye, begging with a bit of dry toast upon his nose; "how dare you? There now, good dog—catch! Ned grown mysterious, Mrs. Locksley?" She made no answer. After a few more dry-toast exercises, Philip and Skye marched out again at the same open window. Locksley soon went off to his daily duties, and Lucy was left to brood over her undefined apprehensions.

Her household orders given and arrangements made, she was again in the cool breakfast parlour, working at a piece of embroidered muslin, when she heard another lighter step on the gravel. Her quick ear knew it at once for Lady Cransdale's. Something on the face of the countess told of a weighty matter on her mind, and, the first trivial salutation over, she asked, in obedience to an irresistible impulse:

"Did you see Ned last night, Lady Cransdale?"

"I did, indeed, my dear, dear, Mrs. Locksley."

As they sat down together on the sofa, the countess took both Mrs. Locksley's hands in hers; and meek-hearted Lucy, seeing more plainly some grave sorrow in her friend's eyes, trembled and grew faint.

"Tell me, dear Lady Cransdale, what has happened? Philip was

here just now, and said that Ned was not up at the house last night. He came in late, and only spoke a word with me. This morning he was out before any one was up."

"Dear Mrs. Locksley, dear Lucy, my old friend, that has happened which I should, yet scarcely could, have foreseen. Last night the poor boy confided to me that he has set his heart, not boyishly, but with a great love, upon Constance. A sad thing, indeed!"

Lucy's meek heart was human, and had, as other human hearts, its own mysterious inconsistencies. It gave a bound within, which sent the red blood angry to her forehead. She drew her hands with quick motion from between those of the countess, and fixed on her a look of almost startling fierceness.

"A sad thing? Pray, for whom?"

"For Ned," said Lady Cransdale, firmly, though sympathising fully with the roused heart of a mother.

"Lady Constance is very nobly born, my lady; she is very beautiful; she will be very rich—at least"—and there was a tremulous scorn in Lucy's voice—"at least, compared with such folk as we. But our Ned, Lady Cransdale"—

"Is worthy—that is, he will be—of any girl, however noble, fair, or good. I count the wealth for nothing," broke in the countess. Fine mother-soul! She would not take offence at Lucy's sudden loftiness; but loved her all the more for her passionate pride in the boy.

"Why do you say he will be? What is wanting to his worth?" said Lucy, not yet disarmed.

"Years only, my dear friend! Ah, do not be unjust to me by thinking I would be unjust to our Ned. For he is ours. You let me love him from his cradle. I cannot forget it, nor be ungrateful for it, trust me."

The power of a soft answer to turn away wrath wrought upon Lucy; the anger died in part out of her eyes.

"If Constance had a younger sister," continued Lady Cransdale, "on whom he should have set his heart, it might have been otherwise."

"Age does not always go by almanac," the other answered.

"No! but Constance is a full ripe woman, mind and body. Ned will

be a true man, I would pledge my life. But he himself asks time and scope to prove his manhood."

"What time? What scope?" cried Lucy, with a new flush of increased excitement. "What has he told you that he has never breathed to me? I saw the unquiet of his heart, and dreaded a confidence to come. But I am robbed, it seems, of the first place in his trust as in his love." She said it with returning bitterness.

"No, Lucy, no. He did well to keep his secret, in generous delicacy, even from yourself. I surprised it, and forced from his honesty what I shall tell you now."

Then she told her how the lad had dreamt, among other things, of snatching premature distinction upon a military field.

"Then is my doom sealed," said Lucy; "I have lost my son."

She folded her hands upon her lap, and fixed her gaze as if to look out into the far years to come.

Lady Cransdale still sat beside her; but for a space neither woman ventured upon a word. Little by little the widowed lady's eyes began to fill with tears. The strange quiet of Lucy, and the strong constraint she put upon herself, seemed to weaken the governance of her friend's will over her own emotions. She gave a sob at last; and when the other heard it, she turned round and said:

"Leave me, dear Lady Cransdale; I shall have to beg your pardon for that and for my former abruptness—but I cannot just now."

So she kissed Lucy, and went out.

And then the wounded mother rose up from her seat, and went walking to and fro, her arms folded on her breast; but ever and anon unfolding to let her hands twitch, with convulsive motion at her throat. She did not cry. She could not; but the passionate heat that flushed her to the forehead, seemed to gather and glow round the orbits of her so gentle eyes.

"They have robbed him of his brave heart's love; and now they say, 'how sad for him!' Sad for me, too! But what of that? Oh, my poor boy. My Ned! Yes, mine. 'Ours,' she said; but I say mine, my Ned; not ours!"

"Not ours! not ours! What are you saying, darling wife? What moves you?" asked that only one voice dearer than even her dear boy's.

"Ah, my own Robert! Yes, with you I will say 'ours;' our own poor Ned!"

She threw her arms about the father's neck, and laid her head upon his breast, and clung there, and gave way, and shook, as the tears rained down.

He would not break her grief with any question or foolish exclamation of surprise, but let this strange storm sweep across the unaccustomed sky of his Lucy's even temper. Presently he drew her towards the sofa, where they both sat down, his arm around her, her hands in his, and the dear head upon his shoulder still.

Then, of her own accord, she told him, almost word for word, what had been said between the countess and herself.

"And now, my own dear husband, promise me this one thing. By all the love which knits us, either to other, and both to our only child, promise me not to thwart him!"

"Not to thwart him, my sweet wife! What power have you or I to thwart or humour him in this? We cannot give him Lady Constance. His heart, poor boy, must wean itself from her. There is no help for it."

"Yes, I suppose—that is, I know—well, yes! Ah, my poor Ned!—it must. But do not let us make the weaning harder, Robert, dear."

"The Lord forbid! I don't quite understand you, Lucy."

"Yes, yes, you surely must. This is a double secret, and we hold both threads now."

"How so, a double secret?"

"Yes, a double longing. One for this Lady Constance who thinks light of him. It will be long before she finds another such to love her, Robert!"

"Well, Lucy; but the second?"

"For the life of a soldier."

"No, dearest, surely not. He has done very well at Eton. He will do well at Oxford. This soldiering was but a means to an impossible end, which he would not own for such, poor fellow!"

"Robert, do not deceive yourself; but look there, in the corner: what do you see there?"

"See? Nothing but my father's regulation sword."

"And that is every thing. I could not tell what ailed the boy these many days. And yet I caught his looks upon the sword a dozen times."

"It was a chisel only," said her husband, smiling sadly, "with which to carve a pedestal for his fair idol. The idol broken, no more need of pedestal."

Lucy gave back the sad smile, yet with a woman's archness who smiles at a man's clumsiness in guessing heart-riddles.

"Idols are easier broken than the hope of them. Empty pedestals seem to promise that they shall stand upon them yet. But you spoke of weaning. One must wean upon some kind of food. Such a spirit as Ned's will hunger ten times more for action and adventure now."

"I had not thought of that, dearest: perhaps it may. But Ned's is a dutiful and loving spirit. He will not leave us lightly."

The sad smile was still upon her countenance; but a subtle change came over it. Through its sadness gleamed a strange exultation: its sorrow irradiated by some mystic joy. The father loved his boy well—loved him better than life. But Lucy was his mother. The self-sacrificing mystery of motherlove was hers. Initiation in it, pangs of motherhood alone can purchase. Her sad smile was not arrogant, and yet it was a smile of conscious triumph; for the sense was on her of that supremacy in love, which it is a woman's joy to find so real, seeing how dear her weaker nature buys it.

"Yes, Robert, we have a dutiful and loving son. Love and duty might teach him to make a costly sacrifice. But it is anticipated. We have made it. For you will make it with me, dearest Robert. Perhaps he would not leave us of himself;—but we will bid him go."

Meekness is not one with weakness: who thinks so greatly errs. The man's manliness reeled at the shock which came so mighty from the meek heart of his wife.

"Bid the boy go, dear Lucy: bid him go! Send him away? Send Ned away, and with him all the fond hopes we have had of him?"

Great beads of tears stood in his

eyes, and then came rolling down; and then his great sobs shook him. She put her gentle hands upon his shoulders and seemed to steady the strong frame that quivered.

"Just so, dear Robert, we will forego the fond hopes *we* have had of him. Remember, they were not his but ours. Why clutch them selfishly? We had our own hopes of ourselves, and have found them true in one another. Let him seek his, and pray God he may find them no more false than we have done!"

He folded her to his breast, and pressed her to his heart, as on the first day they were wed.

"We will make his hopes ours, my own Robert. We will not let him know but what ours are his."

Oh, mighty motherlove, and mighty consciousness of might!

She forbore to ask a promise, to entreat or plead. But in the silence made full conquest of her husband's will.

He pressed her once more to his breast, and kissed her tenderly, and said:

"You are his mother, Lucy. I can have but one heart with yourself in this as in all else on earth. Do as you think best, love, and the good Lord comfort us."

CHAPTER VIII.

NED meanwhile was up upon the moorland. Waking from feverish and broken sleep to heaviness of heart, the thought of the fresh wilderness had beckoned him out. Mindful of his mother's possible anxiety, he had taken with him his fishing-rod and basket, that their absence might account for his. It was so early, and he went so fast, that the whin bushes had not yet caught a single gilding beam when he had reached the higher levels.

"Ex oriente lux," he said, as the bright sun-rim came up on the horizon. "After sunset one looks eastward for another sunrise. So must I."

Then his heart smote him to think that facing eastwards he had put his home behind him. So he turned to look back on it; but his treacherous eyes shot swerved and struck—not upon the eaves under which his mother's head was pillowed; but upon the pinacles of Cransdale House.

"A man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall"—No, boy, no. Not even if they reckoned thee a man. Art thou not even yet awake from that dream of what cannot be?

A flush of anger heated him. Without looking upon the house where he was born, he turned right round again, and walked over the moor, scanning eagerly its blue-brown ridges. That is no longer one of them on which his eye rests at last. Yon long level line is surely not a line of straggling moorland bushes? Those are the tree-tops of some long formal avenue—the great avenue at Rookenhams.

He set his teeth, and looked about him. Amidst the big boulders, between which the moorland stream came foaming, he spied a large, flat stone, so massive that he had much ado to raise it at arms' length above his head. And yet he hurled it with such force against one of those smooth-pated boulders that it shivered into fragments, one of which struck and cut him on the rebound. His excitement was too fierce to let him feel the cut. When blood began to trickle on his forehead he thought it water, splashed up in his face by the shivered stone. He went striding upstream moodily, making savage cuts with his fishing-rod at tall thistles, or other lusty weeds.

Was this the same lad that had borne himself so gently with Lady Cransdale and her daughter overnight?

The very same. A young man's heart is fitful in its waywardness. And he was in a wilderness alone. He that is so may often encounter with a fiend. So on he went: the hot sun baking into clots the blood upon his angry forehead. He saw a trout basking in a quiet basin, shut out from the brawling stream by two big stones. He hurled his rod, in wanton wrath, at it so violently, that as the creature turned its side it showed a murderous rent among the flashing scales.

Butcherly done, not soldierly, Ned! In outrage of the laws of sport—the mimic war!

But his anger burnt fiercely; and

still he struck out savagely with the rod at every tall weed or flower as he went along.

He that will not wrestle with the tempter in the wilderness is driven of him. It was going ill with Edward until he encountered an angel and minister of grace in the strangest and most unlikely form.

He had reached a spot upon the course of the stream where the ground made an abrupt rise, above which the water was swollen by the inflow of two lesser burns, and so came tumbling in a miniature cataract over the fall. Beneath it rose, in front, a solitary shaft of stone, squared as if by human hands, and set up in mid-stream. It was known as the Pixie's pillar to the folk of the country-side. To reach it required the nicest equilibrium; for the neighbouring stones stood at a steeper dip, showing only thinnest edges, or tooth-like points above the water which eddied wildly round, or formed deep pools on either side. The capital of this strange natural pillar was a platform some three feet square, at such a sharp incline that it required the sure foot of a goat to stand on it; over all waved a little rowan ash rooted in the fissures of the stone. About its slender trunk a child had twined its left arm, and was grasping with the right hand at green berries on the outer boughs hung over the basin into which the tumbling waters fell. Ned fairly sickened to see the sapling bend with the child's weight, and sway to and fro with its eager outstretch. Its face was from him, and he did not dare to call, lest the rash little one, startled by the sudden cry, should lose its hold. Putting together two joints of his fishing rod, he advanced with its help as far along the chancy stepping stones as he could make his footing good; there he waited till the child's face should turn his way. But the outmost bunch of berries seemed to have fascinated the urchin. Loosing the left hand from the trunk, he kept sliding it ever further along a projecting branch, edging his eager feet nearer and nearer to the brink of the steep stone. His fingertips just touched the dangling prize once, and then caught at it again, till the foothold slipped; and the right hand clutching the same branch with the left, the

child hung for a moment at arm's length over the pool.

Ned dashed in. The water was low; so he found footing under the Pixie's pillar, and caught the urchin in his arms as it fell. It was an impish creature, and made hideous faces at him as he set it down safe upon the bank. Then it burst into fits of hysterical laughter.

"What's your name, little one?" he asked, when this at last subsided.

A vacant stare was the only answer.

"How do they call you boy, then?"

The child opened its mouth wide, and gaped upon him.

"Can't you speak, little boy? Whose child are you?"

"Mammy's."

This was more hopeful; but it soon appeared to be the whole extent of information to be gained. No questioning, coaxing, wheedling, or threat, could discover mammy's whereabouts. The more trouble Ned took to extract an answer, the more resolute grew the urchin to give none; indeed he soon ceased to listen to his questioner, or look at him, absorbed in the process of weaving rushes with the right hand between the outspread fingers of the left.

"Here's a pretty fix," thought Ned, as he threw himself also down upon the grass in the full blaze of the sunshine, to dry his clothes dripping from his dash into the pool. "Is the brat sulky or idiotic? And what on earth am I to do with it, anyhow?"

The moorland was wide and wild. He could not think of any village for miles whence the child might have come. He unslung his fishing basket, and threw it carelessly down between himself and his impracticable charge. By and by he remembered the lower joints of his rod which he had thrown away to plunge into the water. He got up and went out upon the steppingstones to look for it. The child, who had eyed him with stolen glances all along, pounced upon the basket the instant that his back was turned. It held a fly-book and a spare winch. The former was at once tossed aside; the latter, new and bright, excited curiosity and desire. The child began to pull at the end of the coiled line: crrr— whrr— went the winch. What a wondrous and delightful toy!

Having some hazy notion of owner-

ship, and vague apprehension of the dangers of theft, he looked round for Ned, whose back was turned and bent over the stream, out of which he was trying to fish the joints of his rod. The boy started up, hid the reel in his shirt breast, and scampered off.

When Ned turned again, he saw the urchin many hundred yards ahead, running as if for life.

"Cutting home again, I suppose; but there's no knowing, I'd better follow the monkey." So he slung his basket, without missing the winch, and set off at a trot in pursuit.

They ran half a mile at least, the child scudding on before wild and swift as a moorland hare. Presently, in a sudden fold of the ground, appeared a solitary human dwelling, into which it ran.

It was a long low cottage, built of stone-work as rough as if the builders had piled up stones and boulders off the moor without attempt to sort or face, or dress them. The thatch was a mass of ling and heather kept down by heavy stones. There was no upper storey; the two rooms, with a sort of barn or cow-shed, being on the ground floor. A plot of stunted cabbages, and of potatoes with weak haulms, were the only signs of cultivation.

When Ned came up, the door of rude oakslabs, stood ajar. No voice answered his knocking; so he went in.

The furniture of the kitchen, or keeping-room, was scanty, but very clean. It was, however, in complete disorder, as if the wayward underwitted child had been suffered to work his will upon it. There was a wide open chimney, and a big black iron cooking-pot hung over the white ashes of a dead fire. A small wooden Dutch clock hung in one corner; but its pendulum was still, and its click hushed. On a dresser were the fragments of a loaf apparently broken by the child. A kitten, not given to bread-eating, was sniffing at them, mewling starveling mews. There was an air of desolation over all.

"Holloa here! Any one at home?" cried Ned. Though he could not feel quite sure of it, he thought he heard a feeble answer to his hail.

"Where are you, then?" he cried

again; "sing out a bit, if there's any one there!"

"Here, i' bed-room," the voice rejoined, a little louder, though very feeble still.

He pushed open the bed-room door. There was a poor tent bedstead without curtains, whose counterpane, though tossed and tumbled, was scrupulously clean. On the pillow lay the feverish head of a woman, with large dark eyes. In a corner stood a smaller truckle-bed, still more disordered; and down beside it crouched the child, pulling the line again to hear the 'crrr—whrr' of the reel.

"Thank God sum 'un be coom at last!" the woman said, as Ned went up to the bedside and asked what ailed her. "I thought I should a died afore any one 'ud coom anighst me: and then what 'ud a coom o' Benjy?"

"So that little fellow is yours, is he? I couldn't make out from him who his 'mammy' was."

"There, sir, I knows he ain't ezackly not as other folk's children; but kind o' lost most times. But there aint no harm in my poor Benjy no how, neither."

"Well, I found him on the Pixie's pillar, off of which he tumbled, and I caught him; and when he cut away, I ran after him, for fear he should get into mischief again."

"God bless 'ee, sir; He must a sent'ee, sure enough, to save poor Benjy's life, and, maybe, his mother's. I've a lain here three days wi' a sort o' chill. I wur out a hay makin' a Saturday and wur cotched in thic starm as coom on arternoon, ye mind."

"What, were you out in that thunderstorm? I can't remember such a downpour this long time."

"'Ees sure, sir; an' it's a main step up here from Rookenhams; t'wur in the park we wur haying. I wur that wet and coold afore I gotten our bit o' supper, and gotten Benjy to bed; there, I wur fit to bite my tongue off wi' my teeth a chatterin'."

"And then, I suppose, it turned to fever heat?"

"Coom all over wi' flushes and hets, till I feelled liker a coal; I wur sort o' wanderin' and light by night."

"And have none of the neighbours been near you?"

"Naighbours! why, bless 'ee, sir, there aint none lives nigher nor the kipper at Rookenhams-gate."

"What! have you laid here without medicine, or food, or drink, these three days! Couldn't you send the child down to let some one know how ill you were?"

"That's where 'tis, sir; Benjy's quite sensible-like by times, and 'ull run arrands as well as other children a'most; leastways when he's a mind to 't. But fust he took on a cryin' to see mammy abed so long. Then he wur offended like as she 'udn't bile 'un no 'taters; then he tuk an' started out on the moor, and left I all alone."

"Is there any thing in the house that I can give you," said Ned, in great concern, "before I go down to Rookenhams to fetch the doctor? Whom I shall tell about you down there, who'll see to you and the child whilst you're so ill?"

"Well, if you could mak' me a drop o' tea now; but its troublin' you."

"Oh, confound the trouble; but there's no fire, you know, and the water will take no end of time to boil; and its a good step down into Rookenhams. I'll tell you what, I'll light a fire, and put the kettle on, and cut down after the doctor whilst it's boiling, eh?"

"Well do 'ee now; and God bless 'ee for being kind to a poor widder 'ooman."

Assisted by Master Benjy, who brightened up at what he conceived to be preliminaries for boiling "taters," Ned soon had a blazing fire on the kitchen hearth. He was under some apprehension at leaving the idiot boy in charge, lest he should set fire to the cottage, and bring about a more hideous calamity for his sick mother. But she assured her new-found friend that Benjy might be trusted to tend the fire without danger to himself or her.

"And when ye've warned the doctor, good genelman, do 'ee call in at Park coming back, and tell Mrs. White, the housekeeper, how 'tis wi' I. She's been biggest o' friends to me and my Benjy ever since I wur left a widder."

"Benjy," said Ned, as he went out, "do you know what peppermints are?"

"'Ees, goodies," quoth he, licking

his lips with unmistakable intelligence.

"Well then, you mind the fire and take care of mammy, and don't run out upon the moor till I come back, you know, and I'll bring you some peppermints; do you hear Benjy?"

"'Ees, goodies," he repeated, and licked his lips again.

So Ned went hurrying down towards Rookenhams, forgetful of his own troubles, having gained a precious respite in his conflict with the fiercer spirit that had urged him on before this unexpected visit to the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

He chanced upon the doctor a mile before reaching the village, close by one of the Park lodges. He promised to go up at once to the sick woman; but would drive Ned up the Park avenue, to convey her message to the friendly housekeeper. Mrs. White, a motherly kind of woman, was much concerned at hearing of Rizpah Cottle's trouble. She would go to her at once; but must put up a little parcel of comforts whilst the Shetland ponies were being harnessed. She would give Mr. Locksley a lift over the moor on his way back. My lord's little study was the only room where the things were uncovered, as no one was at Rookenhams just now; perhaps Mr. Locksley would step in there and sit down.

He sat down at a writing-table in the centre of the room, and looked round. It was plainly furnished, and but for the blue books and official papers, presented the appearance of a studious man's sitting-room in College. By the fire-side was an arm-chair, whose shape and cover seemed to announce that it had strayed from a lady's boudoir; and on the mantelpiece, between two very common spill-holders, was an exquisite vase of old Dresden. Both were cherished souvenirs of Lord Royston's mother. That never came into Ned's mind; which fastening at once upon their presence, and perceiving their incongruity with all else in the study, looked forward for an explanation, instead of backward; setting down to anticipation what was indeed a retrospect. Hot and bitter came back the flush of jealousy.

"What? Is he so sure of her?"

Shall she sit there, and snip his red tape for him, as he docketts his papers and fingers his blue books?"

He went striding up and down the room, his fingers twitching nervously with the play of an impulse, which almost mastered him, spite of his shame, to seize the Dresden vase and dash it into splinters, as he had done by the big stone on the moor.

"He counts already on seeing her dainty fingers coax the flowers into perfect grouping of form and colour. I've half a mind to smash the"—

"Please Master Ned, the ponies is to, and I've put up Rispah's parcel. We'd better be going before it's any later. But bless me, what have I been thinking about! I do believe the rheumatics affect my head at times. You've come over all the way from Cransdale, this forenoon, and I'll be bound to say you've never had a morsel of lunch. I beg a thousand pardons; you shall have a tray in five minutes."

"Not a bit—not a morsel!" cried Ned, with savage emphasis.

"Oh, deary, deary me! I beg your pardon humbly. It's more than my lord would easily forgive me, being so unhospitable; it's not Rookenhams ways, by no means," quoth Mrs. White, much distressed.

"We can't have nothing hot in so short a time, Master Ned—that is, Mr. Locksley; but if a cold fowl with a cut of ham and a grouse-pie, and"—

"Not a single morsel—I mean no thank you—I really beg your pardon. I am very sorry—that is, I didn't mean—in fact, I don't feel hungry. Thank you very kindly all the same, Mrs. White; but, as you said, it's late, and a long drive over the moor,"

stuttered out Ned. In his wrath he bite nor sup under the eaves out of his rival's mouth. It was a terrible and ridiculous having let that unhospitable Mrs. White slip up his hat and the spite of her entreaties, when they met the young man, whom she, with her own mind, despatched suits; but before he could be provoked into the discomfiture into the pony-

chaise, and with an unjustifiable cut at either Shetlander, had set them galloping down the avenue towards the lodge.

There was a trifle of asthma about the good stout lady sometimes no less than a touch of those "rheumatics" at which she had glanced in her apologies. So the Long Avenue was passed, and the stretch of high road beyond the lodge; and it was the ponies' turn to be shortish of breath, tugging up the hill side, before she had recovered her's sufficiently to enter upon conversation. Ned had been silently grinding his teeth, partly to confine his fury—partly, perhaps, to curb involuntary remonstrances of certain inward feelings against his sentimental refusal to satisfy their imperious and legitimate cravings.

"I'm so sorry my lord wasn't down at Rookenhams, Mr. Locksley—Master Ned I was a-goin' to say. Then this sad business, may be, wouldn't have happened."

"How could Lord Royston have kept poor Rispah—that's her name I think you said—from getting a sun-stroke?"

"La, Master Ned. I beg pardon, Mr. Locksley, I wasn't a thinking of that poor creature, but of your going without your lunch now."

"Not another word about it, pray, Mrs. White. It's my own doing. No one who knows your heartiness could doubt it."

"Ah, Master Ned—it will come more natural than Mr. Locksley—I mind the time when you'd have made something like a luncheon. Mussy on me! how fast time goes. It seems like yesterday, yet it's some years now, since I seen you three come tearing down the hill side and up the avenue a horseback; you, and the young Earl, and Lady Constance, with her beautiful hair all fleering in the wind a head of both of you. How she did gallop, to be sure! It's often made my blood run cold to see such a lovely child as she was running wild with you boys! I don't know when you've all three been over at Rookenhams. Last time she came here you wasn't with her, not the Earl nor you. She came with Lady Cransdale and my lord in the barouche."

Ned ground his teeth the harder; but Mrs. White, who rather liked to

have the conversation to herself, went on—

"She's altered very much, is Lady Constance, more grandlike and stately to look at; but just as beautiful as ever, I think; and quite as kind-spoken. She took one hand of mine in both of her's, she did, and says she—'You dear old Mrs. White, it's an age since I set eyes on you.' I'll tell you what it is, Master Ned, now," persisted the good housekeeper, edging nearer to the luckless driver and sinking her voice to a confidential whisper, "you should just a seen 'em standing side by side, my lord and Lady Constance, and you'd a thought as I did—'Well, there wouldn't be such another couple to be found in England, if so be, as ever they were to be a couple,' as I'm sure I wish they might."

"Too steep for the ponies," was all Ned's answer, jumping down from his seat beside her as if she scorched him.

When the tug uphill was over, he jumped in again, and began at once, determined not to let Mrs. White select the topic of conversation—

"Who's this Rizpah Cottle, Mrs. White? What on earth brought her up there on the moor?"

"Well, she's a poor lone widow, Master Ned, and it's her Benjy brought her up upon the moor."

"Lone widow, sure enough; but she must have an extra turn for loneliness, spite of having Benjy to keep her company, if she lives up there of her own accord."

"Ah, Master Ned, you don't know what a mother's heart is! How should you?"

"Don't I, Mrs. White? You forget what a mother of my own I have."

"Not I, neither. I known her afore you were thought of, as they say. I lived housekeeper at her grandfather, the Archdeacon's, years afore he got me my present place, in old Lord Rookenhams's time. She were a sweet young lady, were Miss Lucy, so gentle and loving-like; there was the makins of a mother in her long before she had ever a child."

"Well, but what has Rizpah's motherly heart to do with living up all alone upon the moor with Benjy? I should have thought it safer for the child to have been down with other little 'uns at Rookenhams. Is he mischievous? Would he bite 'em?"

"Lor, Master Ned, how can you? No, poor little fellow; he's mischievous by times, but not spiteful that ever I hear tell. I'd better begin at the beginning, perhaps, and then you'll understand all about it."

"All right, Mrs. White, fire away then."

"You know the quarries at Garlige, the other side of Rookenhams village?"

"To be sure I do."

"Ralph Cottle—that was Rizpah's husband—was one of the quarrymen. Fine men they are mostly; but given to drink, which I never heard say as Ralph was, neither, Master Ned. But he was very careless and masterful about keeping in harm's way, as them quarrymen always have been, that I can mind."

"Careless about the powder-bags, eh?" threw in Ned considerably, for the conflict between the short wind of the asthmatic patient and the long wind of the story-teller, seemed to demand the occasional intervention of the listener. "I suppose he came to grief in blasting, quarryman fashion, too?"

"Just so, Master Ned, dear, just so. He was a walking unconcerned-like, with both hands in his pockets, when he should have been running; which, indeed, it was said at the coroner's inquest, he ought to have been out of harm's way two minutes afore the blast came at all—when off it goes, like any thing, and a sharp piece cut like a skull-cap right off his head, poor fellow, and scattered his brains, as it was awful to see, though they did tie it up with a handkerchief afore they carried the corpse right in to poor Rizpah, that was expecting him home to dinner, poor thing, a-sitting by the fire, to watch a bit of fresh pork she had roasting, as she's told me scores of times since."

"What a ghastly sight for the poor woman! I wonder it did not turn her brain to look on it."

"No, she never gave so much as a screech they say; but sat stony-like, and said, quite quiet and composed: 'Please lay 'un out on the bed, poor fellow!' 'But there, Mrs. White,'—she've a told me scores o' times—'I feelled jist so as if my heart had given two turns wrong, and then bid still, you know.' Her baby was born not six weeks after, and though *her* brain wasn't turned, *his* was; for

that was her Benjy. I've heard tell that she wanted to call him 'Benoni, the son of sorrow,' when he was christened, like Rachel a-dying; but our Rector down at Rookenhampersuaded her to alter it, like Jacob, you know, sir."

"Was the child an idiot from its birth, then?"

"I thought so myself, so soon as ever I set eyes on it; not as I said so to Rizpah, poor thing, for 'twas plain to see she didn't think so for a long time."

"Poor creature! I dare say she found it hard to face the fact."

"Hard! Bless you, it was heartless to see her watch for any sign of sense like in her baby. I have seen her sit with it upon her knees and nurse it, and sing, and talk to it, and look, look, look, into its restless eyes as if to fix the sense into them."

"Well, but Mrs. White, all this don't tell me what brought her and her Benjy up here upon the moor."

"Don't it though? Wait a bit, sir, and you'll find it does. She gave her life up to Benjy from the first. How she ever managed it, I've never rightly understood. Many were kind to her; but Rizpah had a proud spirit of her own, and never would beg while she could work. Work! I believe ye. She's done wonders to find time for work and to wait upon her child as well. She never neglected him for one half hour, seemingly;

and yet she'd earn enough to keep herself and him."

"But living up upon the moor—and so far off, must have increased her difficulties tenfold. They didn't do here in the father's time, did they?"

"No, Master Ned; no more than didn't in the first years of little Benjy's life. It was along of a foreign doctor that came once to my lord's, that Rizpah left the village and took the cottage here."

"A foreign doctor?"

"Yes. He was a Swish, I think, leastways a German sort of gentleman with spectacles, as smelt of smoke. And he saw Benjy; and told his mother that pure air up on hilltops, was likeliest for such a poor child to thrive in. He said there was a plenty such where he lived, and they put them up in hospitals a-top of mountains. Christians, I think, he called 'em; though it's poor sort of Christians such as Benjy's like to make—not but what some persons do call them *Innocents*."

"Oh crétins! Yes, I see the whole thing now. I've heard of those mountain hospitals. So Rizpah came up into the wild, to give her idiot boy the best chance of thriving! Brave heart, indeed!"

"Only a mother's, Master Ned," said Mrs. White.

"Only a mother's!" Ned kept repeating the words to himself about long after he had parted at the cottage-door from Mrs. White.

ANON, ANON, SIR!

It was a rule of the British Press, till the other day, that contributions to periodical literature should be anonymous. In former times, when literature was less a profession than now, a Chesterfield seldom stepped into the dirty purlieus of Grub-street without casing his name and fame in a pseudonym. Even when Johnson had made literature respectable, and a literary club had brought authorship into fashion, professional men wisely wrote books "under the rose." A Templar caught in the act of coying with the Muses would have been turned out of Paper Buildings, and in passing Pump-court might have been

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that was her Benjy. I've heard tell that she wanted to call him 'Benoni, the son of sorrow,' when he was christened, like Rachel a-dying; but our Rector down at Rookenhampersuaded her to alter it, like Jacob, you know, sir."

"Was the child an idiot from its birth, then?"

"I thought so myself, so soon as ever I set eyes on it; not as I said so to Rizpah, poor thing, for 'twas plain to see she didn't think so for a long time."

"Poor creature! I dare say she found it hard to face the fact."

"Hard! Bless you, it was heartless to see her watch for any sign of sense like in her baby. I have seen her sit with it upon her knees and nurse it, and sing, and talk to it, and look, look, look, into its restless eyes as if to fix the sense into them."

"Well, but Mrs. White, all this don't tell me what brought her and her Benjy up here upon the moor."

"Don't it though? Wait a bit, sir, and you'll find it does. She gave her life up to Benjy from the first. How she ever managed it, I've never rightly understood. Many were kind to her; but Rizpah had a proud spirit of her own, and never would beg while she could work. Work! I believe ye. She's done wonders to find time for work and to wait upon her child as well. She never neglected him for one half hour, seemingly;

and yet she'd earn enough to keep herself and him."

"But living up upon the moorland, so far off, must have increased her difficulties tenfold. They didn't live here in the father's time, did they?"

"No, Master Ned; no more they didn't in the first years of little Benjy's life. It was along of a foreign doctor, that came once to my lord's, that Rizpah left the village and took the cottage here."

"A foreign doctor?"

"Yes. He was a Swish, I think, leastways a German sort of gentleman with spectacles, as smelt of smoke. And he saw Benjy; and told his mother that pure air up on hilltops, was likeliest for such as that poor child to thrive in. He said there was a plenty such where he lived, and they put them up in hospitals a-top of mountains. Christians, I think, he called 'em; though its poor sort of Christians such as Benjy's like to make—not but what some persons *do* call them *Innocents*."

"Oh crétins! Yes, I see the whole thing now. I've heard of those mountain hospitals. So Rizpah came up into the wild, to give her idiot boy the best chance of thriving? Brave heart, indeed!"

"Only a mother's, Master Ned!" said Mrs. White.

"Only a mother's!" Ned kept repeating the words to himself aloud, long after he had parted at the cottage-door from Mrs. White.

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names, and to sell off a large impression on the fame of those forced fruits of literature, is a piece of Bar-num that had better return to the land of its birth. Those editors wrong themselves and the public who think to carry off their wares by the weight of great names. Presumptuous as it is, the public will call poetry twaddle, though Tennyson write it, and reasoning shallow, though John Stuart Mill's name figure at the bottom of the page. In the long run, things are taken for what they are worth, not, as at first, for what they appear. The reel of cotton engaged to be 300 yards long, sells at the price of 100 when it becomes well known that the figure is false on the head of the reel. And so with authorship, anonymous or not, an article is judged by itself, and so much the worse for its author if it belies his former fame. It is the last degradation of genius to sell the right to trade in its name; and the author who consents to this, commits little short of *felo de se*. Half the pleasure of periodical reading consists in decyphering the style, and detecting the hidden author under the editorial We. But to come forward with Hegel to assert the Egoity of the Ego, to deny the public the right of private judgment from the authority of a great name, is to deal unfairly with it, and abuse the purpose for which periodicals were set up. An experienced judge can detect the Dean of Saint Paul's in a *Quarterly* article on Church History. Is it necessary that Dean Milman should tell the world when and how often he turns his learned leisure to account? Why should Lord Macaulay be teased to confess whether he has had a brush or not with Mr. Carlyle in a late *Edinburgh*? It is mere impertinence to pry into these things. There are reasons for anonymous, and reasons for avowed authorships, and a periodical is the proper place for the one, and a book for the other. The only frontispiece to a magazine article should be that of Southey's Doctor: the back of his curly head is seen, and the reader is left to guess who it is. But when contributors drag their names with them into the magazines, it is difficult to keep out personalities. So it was when Mr. Buckle reviewed Mr. Mill's book on Liberty in *Fraser* two years ago. The

review was little more than an intemperate attack on Sir John Coleridge, involving a controversy between Mr. Buckle and the ex-Judge's son, which would have been better discussed any where else than in the pages of a monthly magazine. That Mr. Buckle was the offender, there can be no manner of doubt; and that Mr. Coleridge was justified in replying is equally certain; but it was the editor's mistake in not suppressing the reviewer's name, and then tempering down Mr. Buckle's strictures. If Mr. Buckle is too great a writer to submit to a little editorial pruning, let him print his charges against Sir John Coleridge elsewhere. But what is an editor for, except to drive the coach, and keep the leaders from kicking over the traces. If he abdicates these duties, he becomes little more than an editor's box—a *bocca di leone*—to print whatever is dropped in.

By all means, let us adhere, then, to the good old plan of anonymous authorship. We should be sorry to see our genial clerical friend of *Fraser*, whose "Recreations of a Country Parson" we have read with such enjoyment, driven, like the Abbe Bautain, to print his name in full at the bottom of his monthly droppings. Home was censured by the Presbytery for writing a tragedy; and Carey had to botanise, *sub-rosa*, at Calcutta. There are fierce utilitarians who would show up one or two wise and witty essayists in this magazine if the veil of the anonymous were torn off; for it is a rooted prejudice in professional men of narrow minds, that a literary man is a ne'er-do-weel at any thing else. Cicero, and Bacon, and Brougham, and Campbell, to be sure are exceptions; but they cling to their rule, and love to plead it as a bar to any advance of men of wider literary taste than their own.

This French fashion, for such it is, of subscribing the author's name to his article, was a cunning device to break down the power of the Press, and such it is with us, although we do not see its effects as yet. Mr. John Stuart Mill's few words on "Intervention," in the *Fraser* of December, would have carried weight with or without his name appended—the thoughts were so true, the reasoning so just; and, for the present occasion, the addition of his name added weight

to the opinions expressed in the article. But how long would this continue? We should soon get accustomed to be Milled once a month in *Fraser*; all that would happen would be that we should call the old opinions by a new name. Instead of praising or dispraising *Fraser*, we should praise or dispraise Mill—and what's in a name? We should take the opinion *quantum valeat* still, and question a Mill as audaciously as we were accustomed to do a *Fraser*. The loss would not be ours, but the author's. He would have given us a standard by which to judge his earlier performances. If there was a falling off, we should extend to him a contemptuous pity, as a disabled author; if he ripened and improved on his published works, we should cast these aside. Besides, he thus cuts himself off from all right to republish them as collected essays; they were never fugitive pieces, they always went out as his own, and have no right to return to the author's ark to have their plumage re-glossed, and the ruffled feathers dressed in their place. The *obiter dictum* of an anonymous writer may be re-cast and re-considered; not so when it has gravely gone forth with a great name appended. There the *litera scripta manet*—to re-say his say he must first unsay it; and as this cannot be done, he is tied to a first and hasty view of a subject. Such are some of the inconveniences to authors of this new French fashion; but the worst evil lies in those more remote political consequences which will follow this new badge of servitude. We are all proud of the freedom of the Press—none, no doubt, more than those who put their names to the foot of their contributions to the new monthlies. But in what does the liberty of the Press consist more than in its independence of the tyranny of opinion? Tyranny is the same, whether of mobs or monarchs. Burke said he hated a tyranny most where most were concerned; and that the tyranny of a multitude was only multiplied tyranny. The life of liberty consists in the independence of minorities; the minority who cannot think, and say what they think, is tyrannized and trampled on—whether in Paris or South Carolina, it makes no matter. The Press is the great—ay the only organ by which the mi-

nority can make their voice to be heard. At a public meeting they would be hooted down or outvoted; on the hustings the show of hands is against them—to whom can they appeal, if not to the reader in quiet moments, in his newspaper or review over the fire? Here Philip drunk has become Philip sober, and the most unpopular views win their way through the sober medium of black ink and white paper. But take away the anonymous, and the whole force of the appeal is gone. Personalities arise with the author's name, and it is no longer truth—the eternal impersonal thing truth—but what every man troweth that craves admission and is at once rejected.

It is not necessary to suppose that the subscription of authors' names will lead to any tyranny over the Press, like that which prevails in France; but there are tyrannies of other kinds quite as galling and grinding. It is tyranny if a man may not write, because it is unprofessional he should do so; but if the writer's personality is to haunt him like a shadow on all occasions, it is clearly impossible for him to appear in print with his name dangling after certain discussions or sentiments a little out of the beaten path of his profession. It is not every one who will take the trouble to reconcile one course of study with another, or to see the hidden harmony which the writer himself sees. Again, it is tyranny to chain a certain number of men together who have perhaps nothing more in common than that they contribute to some one periodical. Though the men do not think alike on any one subject, they will be set down as forming a certain school; and thus men are knotted together in the most false and fantastic connections—a bundle of list tied round with pack-thread.

The fault of the age is its prying curiosity into personal details. Like the French Marquis, it likes to know how Newton ate, drank, and slept. Authors have caught the cue of the public, and before they tell us what they have to say, always begin with an account of who it is who says it. This mannerism has become quite offensive. Christopher North set the fashion; but what was natural in him has become affectation in his imitators.

If I want a book reviewed, is it necessary to tell me how many tumblers of toddy the reviewer took before he was primed to his work? I do not want to know about the grassy bank, and the salmon, and the slang of the gamekeeper. "I want you to talk about the three poets, O Posthumus, not about the Marcii and Mucii, the Punic and Mithridatic War." These critics should be lashed with Martial's epigram—

"Jam die Posthume de tribus capellis,"

to remind them that this Nimrod stuff is all irrelevant. If these jovial authors must be filled with old Bacchus and fat venison, let them dine at home, and not turn the editor's room into a tap-room or eating-house. "Good wine needs no bush," and a good article needs no wine. To spill wine as an excuse for scattering salt on it is a tavern trick so common now that it ought to be put a stop to—its novelty is quite gone. There is as much mannerism in our excessive personality as in the frigid impersonality of a former age. Cato in a full-bottomed wig sat down of old to censure the age. Now he flings his wig in our face, and appears in public as untidy

as possible. Formerly the public cared to know nothing of its instructors—now they must know if they dye their hair, or wear false teeth. Almost the whole of Mr. Dickens' school of writers begin by taking the reader under the arm, and like the fellow in Horace, "quid agis dulcissime rerum," will not let you go till you are fain to hear them out. A grave reserve is our national manner; why only are authors to fling themselves into the arms of the public, and tell out all about who they are and why they write, before ever the public has thought of asking them? We desire, then, a little less personality in contributors, and a return to the editorial "we." Anonymous writing is then safest and best both for author and reader. It guards the liberty of the Press, and the dignity and independence of authors; it teaches the public to think, and not take opinions on the authority of great names only; and it allows minorities to say their say, without which our vaunted liberty would soon degenerate into tyranny. On all accounts we conclude then with the drawer of East Cheap—"Anon, anon, sir."

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

WITH so large an instalment of Mr. Froude's work as the public now possess, it may be advisable for us, before entering upon a detailed examination of the present volumes, to give some answer to the question, which has lately been captiously asked, and not over candidly answered, viz., is Mr. Froude a great historian, or, at least, high in the rank of those who nearly approach that distinction? And in making this attempt, we shall refer more than once to the notices of Mr. Froude's last two volumes which appeared in the *Times* of August 31 and September 1, 1860. The writer of those notices endeavours, as we think, in an unworthy spirit, and with insufficient knowledge, to damn Mr.

Froude with faint praise. His own brilliant but superficial sentences have derived all their lustre from the pages at which he sneers. He runs on, column after column, with words and thoughts which recall the history so exactly, that one is often inclined to wonder that the reviewer should have omitted to insert the usual formula of quotation. We have been unable to discover more than *one fact* (the price of wheat per quarter in 1556) which has not been borrowed from Mr. Froude's copious treasury. And if the susceptibilities of the historian be wounded by the criticisms of the writer in the *Times*, we would remind him of the brilliant lines in which Byron expands the thought

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. v. and vi. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1860.

[March,

roducing naturally, gh which the reader lie of the position, as . praised a painter for n of a window into a lace, through which oods into the distance to the eye. But this ic purpose in the nar- d, in all essentials, by urate summaries, en- chosen citations from documents, in many unpublished. Let it lso, that inferiority in e sequence of events is ble a drawback in a t period, if it be sup- ed superiority in the character. The Lives en in the reigns of ary are history in a lives of the notables ia can never be. How the real history of the rs would be covered lineation of its most n. Lord Palmerston in politics; Spurgeon, Pusey, in theology; lamilton; in engineer- ; in science, Airey and amilton; in political and Ricardo; in mili- tram and Clyde—are l names. Yet all these ll portion of the field. few waves of a vast ith crests somewhat : rest, yet almost lost inous billows that are nd them. But at the eformation the whole i history is well-nigh few portentous sha- ude to the other figure ed, the fountains of f English life are just up, and he who can aint the first great n something like an e of the crisis. jection which the re- to Mr. Froude is con- style and manner, ai- contradicts himself so t would seem as if he n to run at random. sentences forgot the hich he started. The *Times* speaks almost f "the charm of Mr.

Froude's manner," and informs us that "his style is graceful, often *picturesque*, and generally interesting." Yet after a brief interval it is asserted that Mr. Froude has, with the death of Henry VIII., got over a factitious theory, the polemical interest of whose logical development has diverted attention from his artistic deficiencies; so that "the duty of criticism is limited to a question of style. Unhappily for Mr. Froude this is a question which, in his interest, ought to be deferred as long as possible. He has *no talent for the picturesque*; and, after Prescott's highly-coloured narrative, his page seems poor and tame." Now, we never defended Mr. Froude's style from the charge of occasional haste and awkwardness. In a former article we pointed out a few blemishes which disfigured his earlier volumes. As we write, our eye rests upon a vigorous and dramatic chapter, headed "Calais," in which the word *said* occurs thirteen times within seven pages, in taking up the turns of certain dialogues between conspirators against Queen Mary, in 1556. We must remonstrate once more against the clumsy pivot for bringing us from one place to another, "The scene changes;" and we dislike such questionable expressions as "bad patriotism" (vol. vi., 460), which is simply a barbarism. Yet we should be ashamed if we did not feel the noble and careless charms of a style which is at once so tender and so manly, so picturesque without mawkish affectation of colouring, and so strong without the ostentation of strength. The cobbler in the old story set a great master right: but it was on the fit of a shoe. The Turk, to whom was exhibited the great picture of the Decollation of the Baptist, dwelt with severity of animadversion on the fact that the skin did not shrink from the wounded part of the neck. From the shoemaker's and butcher's point of view the criticisms were, no doubt, unexceptionable. But after all they were the petty remarks of a cobbler and a headsman. If genius has been rightly defined as the faculty of adding to the existing stock of knowledge by new views and new combinations, as originality in intellectual construction, Mr. Froude's style is the vehicle of genius. The shoes in his picture may not fit with irreproachable accuracy; the skin of

his sentences may not always wrinkle precisely at the orthodox line; yet the critic who is displaying the extent of his acquirements by disparaging remarks may be exhibiting at the same time the depth of his littleness. We do not think that the epithet *picturesque* conveys the very highest order of praise. In some respects painted are superior to written or spoken signs; in a thousand other, they are inferior—inferior in precision, in pliancy, in delicacy of association. The writer who is *picturesque*, and nothing more, may be deficient in all the highest mental capacities. Women, who are more subtly observant than men, can almost always write picturesquely when they have the slightest technical mastery over language. To be picturesque, and nothing more, is to paint with words and not with colours; and, therefore, to draw with an inferior pencil. But, in truth, we know few historians who in this department can compete with Mr. Froude. We need only quote a few sentences almost at random. In the history of Wyatt's rising, Wyatt examines London Bridge on a dark February night in 1554. His survey is described in these words:

"On Sunday or Monday night Wyatt scaled the leads of the gatehouse, climbed into a window, and descended the stairs into the lodge. The porter and his wife were nodding over the fire. The rebel leader bade them on their lives be still, and stole along in the darkness to the chain, from which the drawbridge had been cut away. There, looking across the black gulf, where the river was rolling below, he saw the dusky mouths of four gaping cannon, and beyond them, in the torch-light, Lord Howard himself, keeping watch with the guard."

When the supposed symptoms of Mary's pregnancy pass away, the processions, in which the priests kept up the farce, are hit off with a few racy touches, happily tinted with a laughing light of rough old English humour—

"Mary assured her attendants that all was well, and that she felt the motion of her child. The physicians professed to be satisfied, and the priests were kept at work at the litanies. Up and down the streets they marched, through city and suburb, park and square; torches flared along Cheapside at midnight behind the Holy Sacrament, and 500 poor men and women from the almshouse walked two and two, telling their beads

The bestowal of the epithet *picturesque* must, in the long run, be left to the adjudication of taste. But the standard of literary taste is not quite as capricious as that of the taste for claret or *Dindon-aux-truffes*. The critic who should read Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes" with that shuddering concentration of cold—

"The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold,"
with those lines descriptive of the casement and the diamonded pane that literally seem to blush with deep damasked tints—with that matchless Alexandrine,

"And the long carpets rose along the guest floor,"

or who should turn to "Hyperion, and unconverted by

"Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud;"

or,

"Where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest

should maintain that this varied power of colouring, this capacity of seizing salient points and compressing the essence of whole descriptions into a touch or two, was accidental, and that "Mr. Keats had no talent for the picturesque;"—such a critic might be an accomplished gentleman, but he would preach to us in vain. And similar in Mr. Froude's case: his pencil is equally at home, and his lights and shadows equally natural, however varied the subject may be. The conspirator grimly peering over the black gulf of night, the river rolling below, the dusky culverins on the far side, and the plumed and booted figure in the light beyond; the priests marching with their mummeries in the procession; the hysterical queen, the brave old martyr, the fierce knight, with his gashed face—each is struck out from musty parchment and dry volume, like a photograph, by the sunbeam of his poetic genius; and to say that "Mr. Froude has no talent for the picturesque," is to maintain a silly and spiteful paradox.

The reviewer has a third and more "architectonic" objection to Mr. Froude.

"We at once leap," he says, "to the conclusion that there were people of simple faith and noble aspiration in those days, who were raised high above the petty concerns which trouble nations now. They thought more of the remission of sins than of the reduction of

taxes. The Bible supplied the place of consols in public regard. The rate of wages and the price of mutton were matters of indifference; but the sermon preached at Paul's Cross and the last Bull from the Pope were affairs of the greatest moment. Whether the revenue of the year was short and the expenditure of the country was excessive were inquiries completely overshadowed by questions relating to the religious nurture of the boy-king, or the religious sentiments of the queen's betrothed. We observe that the whole nation is intent on mighty speculations as to faith and free-will, the real presence, the pope's authority, and justification by faith; and it is only when we come to the appendix that we find huddled together a few scraps of information as to the state of the currency, the price of wheat, and the amount of the public income. That 300 years ago a nation which now grovels in pursuit of gain, and aims at physical perfection, was all for romances and spiritual profit, is a fallacy which we leave to the poet, but deny to the historian. With regard to our own history, a purifying criticism is required similar to that which the German scholars have applied to the early legends of Greece and Rome."

In the same smart, but we venture to think, superficial strain, Mr. Froude's censor deals with the whole reign of Mary. He reminds us of the long list of material evils that darkened those unhappy years. In the year 1555 the crops failed, and there was a famine, during which the queen gave up a fifth part of her revenue to the Church. In 1556, there was another dearth; the commonalty in some counties were grouting like hogs for acorns, and in London mothers were leaving their infants at the doors of wealthier neighbours. In 1557 there was, indeed, a golden harvest; but prices were deranged and capital disturbed. On the back of this fell a heavy war. Then we read of lists of landed and moneyed men being made out for the purpose of a compulsory loan, and of an income-tax of 20 per cent. The reviewer's logic from these premises is singular. "These were the real troubles," he triumphantly exclaims, "that gave a bad name to Mary and her rule. She entered upon her rule with an exhausted treasury. She had to encounter two years of famine. *Therefore* it is that the blood of the martyrs has left an indelible stain upon her memory. *Therefore* it

is that the fires of Smithfield have burned black upon the page of history the record of her short, disastrous reign." A notable discovery!—it was not persecution but political economy which has given Mary so unfortunate a character. The epithet which attaches undying infamy to her name, and which can never be washed white short of the Judgment-seat, should be commuted for some appellative which might indicate a dear loaf, or famine prices, or a 20 per cent. income-tax.

We are not of those who would affect to despise political economy. But we cannot consent that the fundamental moral and spiritual laws which hold society together, should be sneered away by plausible Sciolists. Let us remind the clever writer of the extracts which we have cited, of some very old-fashioned, but, as we fancy, most undeniable truths.

In the first place, then, a consideration of the nature of man, may render it not so perfectly mythical, as he appears to think, that "the remission of sins" should, at least for a season, occupy as much of the popular attention as "the reduction of taxes," and that "the Bible" should be quoted as well as "Consols." The question has not to be decided here of the true character and permanent utility of the movements called Revivals; but it is a simple fact, of which Mr. Froude's critic may convince himself, that so lately as four years ago, hundreds and thousands of American merchants were literally in the condition which he seems to consider an impossibility. For a time, at least, the Bible, the sermon, and the prayer-meeting, were as prominent subjects as cotton and consols. If, then, he will apply his lively imagination, on the one hand, to the principles of human nature which underlie such phenomena as Revivals, and will, on the other hand, remember, that in the reigns of Edward and Mary the most profound questions which can agitate the breasts of men had been flung broadcast among the English people, he may be led to suspect that it is not quite so clear that there is nothing in Mr. Froude's view.

In truth, it is all very well for a historian like Gibbon, to reduce all the springs of human conduct to two—the love of pleasure and the love of action. It follows, smoothly enough,

to say that to one of these may be ascribed the agreeable, and to the other the useful qualifications. And if it be so, the consequence appears plausible enough, that the primitive Christians, to whom pleasure was a peril and action an impertinence, were of an inactive and insensible disposition, incapable of producing either private happiness or public benefit. But this "half-stoic, half-Epicurean homily," as it has been well called, is founded upon an imperfect draught of our nature. It takes no account of conscience, of the moral and religious sentiments. "We know," says Burke, "and it is our pride to know, that man is, by his constitution, a religious animal." The progress of natural history gives these words a meaning beyond that which was attached to them even by their illustrious author. What is the argument on this subject of one of the first philosophers of Europe, who may be well taken as the representative of Natural History? It is substantially this: man forms a reign by himself, the human kingdom. What, then, are the special *differential* phenomena which entitle him to this distinction? They do not exist in the organization which he has in common with the *mammiferæ*, and especially the ape, muscle by muscle and nerve by nerve. Experiments upon dogs, rabbits, and frogs, are ever reflecting light upon the human organism. Nor can the *os sublime cælumquætucri* of Ovid constitute this *differentia*, since ducks and other birds possess this qualification. Even the mental faculties can scarcely be considered the special attribute of humanity, since some faint and rudimental images, at least, of these can be found in other tribes. "Articulately speaking men," is the beautiful and profound epithet of Homer. Yet some animals have a voice. The patient watchers in fields and forests have learned to speak of the *language* of birds and beasts. Agassiz goes so far as to affirm that the growls of some species of bears might be derived from those of other species, by the same process which a linguist like Max Müller would employ to trace the affiliation of Greek to Sanscrit. And as this differential peculiarity cannot be found in organization, in mental capacity, or in language, neither is it to be traced

in the sentiments and emotions, such as love, hatred, and jealousy, which exist among animals in a wild and rudimental shape. These distinct facts are consequently and exclusively to be found in the moral region, the notions of deity and immortality in morality and religion. This great religious and theistic argument cannot be overthrown by the allegation of languages in which no moral terms occur, as is said to be the case with some Australian dialects, any more than from the absence of certain general terms, such as *tree*, *fish*, *bird*, we can conclude that the Australian knew no such things. The supposed atheism of the Hottentots and Caffres has vanished upon a closer acquaintance, and Dr. Livingstone vouches for the momentous fact, that the existence of God, and a future life, are universally recognised among the most ungraded populations of Africa. A strictly philosophical definition of man, after the fashion of Linnæus, will therefore bring us round to the sentence of Burke. Linnæus characterises vegetables as "living, non-sentient, organized bodies." He terms animals "living, organized bodies, sentient, and moving themselves spontaneously." On the same principle the zoological characteristic of man in Linnæan language, ought to be "organized being, living, sentient, endowed with spontaneous movement, with morality and religion." Thus we come round again with deeper insight to Burke's words, "Man is by his constitution a religious animal," and see more scientifically the inadequacy of Gibbon's analysis. The mind of Mr. Froude's reviewer must be saturated with that analysis, or would not seem to him a thing utterly incredible that at certain crises the moral and religious sentiments which are actually man's *differential* should manifest their existence above those economical and secretive qualities which he possesses in common with the ant and magpie. Mr. Froude believes, that "man shall not live of bread alone," and his censor attacks him for so old a prejudice.

We would further remind the viewer, that one feeling strongly at work among the English in the reign was, that all the miseries which darkened over the throne and kingdom were the shadow of God's

ger. Not all the processions of priests in London; nor the gaudy symbolism of the restored rites; nor the half-simulated, half-hysterical emotion which ran round the Houses of Parliament at the ceremonial of the reconciliation to Rome, and national absolution, pronounced by Pole, could persuade the people that the conduct of Mary was not under a curse. From a false creed, and from the ashes of the martyrs, rose a blight which blackened the golden fields, and visited the Queen with the dry breast and miscarrying womb. Possibly this feeling may seem superstitious to the reviewer; and the ways of God in history are to be traced with reverence. Yet, if we read the Apocalypse, not as a compendium of European history by anticipation with the dreamers of the day, but as a magnificent symbolical representation of the principles of universal history, we may be fain to excuse the impression. He who sits on the white horse with the bow and crown, conquering and to conquer, is not Trajan; but One whose name is not to be lightly spoken. The opening of the first seal is not past and gone, but continuous. The red horse of battle tramples ever and anon upon our hills. The black horse sweeps from century to century through the blighted corn and mildewed wheat; and the voice is heard in every famine year, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny." Possibly, in the eyes of him who saw the vision at Patmos, the peasants and artisans of Mary's reign might be better philosophers than even a writer in the *Times*.

But it is time for us to pass on to a more direct examination of Mr. Froude's volumes; and we will refer to those points which seem to us most worthy of study.

First, then, there is much important truth in the statement, which is brought out with such consistency and clearness, that the English people, on the whole, were discontented with the progress of the Reformation so far, and entertained hopes of Mary. A trail of corruption had followed its pathway over England. A reaction set in upon the extreme Puritanic views, which then were agreeable to an influential and noisy minority, but distasteful to the strong, quiet, common-sense in-

stincts of the most powerful portion of the people. Some of the best men in England occupied the same theological position which we have been assured is now occupied by Garibaldi himself. They had no very strong objection to the ancient ceremonial. They were willing to be Catholics, even Roman Catholics—so far as a moderate theoretical recognition of the primacy of the Roman See—but not Papists by a single inch. One of the great merits of the volume is the strong way in which this is put; and then the stern, chorus-like indignation with which the historian places before us the divine Atè that drove the guilty church and her miserable tools to lose the great game which lay in their hands. Every section which treats of the Papal legate, of Philip and Mary, and of Paul IV., seems to be haunted by a voice chanting *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. In so ardent a Protestant, and with the key to Mr. Froude's words, the reader will not misinterpret this bitter summary:—

"The deliverers of England from the Egyptian bondage of the Papacy had led the people out into a wilderness, where the manna had been stolen by the leaders, and there were no tokens of a promised land. To the universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation; to the people of England it had brought misery and want. The once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened; the ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the scuffling of selfishness; the change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The prisons were crowded, as before, with sufferers for opinion, and the creed of a thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday; monks and nuns wandered by hedge and highway, as missionaries of discontent; and pointed, with bitter effect, to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of English peasants. The English people were not yet so much in love with wretchedness that they would set aside, for the sake of it, a princess whose injuries pleaded for her, whose title was affirmed by Act of Parliament. In the tyranny under which the nation was groaning, the moderate men of all creeds looked to the accession of Mary as to the rolling away of some bad black nightmare."—Vol. vi. page 28.

And here we may indicate what

seems to us a change in Mr. Froude's point of view. It is not the first in his restless intellectual career. The day was, when his brother's memory hung about him—when a dim, sweet blinding spell came over him—when a pomp of ritual attracted him, with its charm of chants and intoxicating incense. This was succeeded by the disenchantment described in the *Nemesis*. After a season of doubt, he began once more to wrestle his way to belief. But his convictions were weak and hesitating. A passionate hatred of priestcraft and dogmatism was the strongest article of his creed. In this mood the first volumes of his history were written. Anglicanism, with its moderate and compromising spirit, was then his abhorrence. But thought, and a deeper acquaintance with the life and writings of Cranmer and Ridley especially, have altered the position of the glass once more. He now sees that compromise is not cowardice, and that the mean, abhorred of youth and passion, is the quiet road by which Truth and Wisdom are wont to walk, scared by the crowd and gabble to the right hand and to the left. This beautiful passage on the Prayer-book could not have stood in the earlier volumes. It expresses a conviction which has been slowly arrived at:—

“As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndal, so while the Church of England remains the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Litany. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary; yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like church bells in the ears of the English child. The translations and the addresses which are original have the same silvery melody of language, and breathe the same simplicity of spirit. So long as Cranmer trusted himself, and would not let himself be dragged beyond his convictions, he was the representative of the feelings of the best among his countrymen. With the reverend love for the past which could appropriate its excellence, he could feel, at the same time, the necessity for change. While he could no longer regard the sacraments with a superstitious idolatry, he saw in them ordinances divinely appointed, and therefore especially if inexplicably sacred. In this temper, for the most part, the English Church Services had now, after patient labour, been at length com-

pleted by him, and were about to be laid before Parliament. They had grown slowly. First had come the *Primers* of Henry VIII., then the Litany was added, and then the first Communion book. The next step was the Prayer-book of 1549; and now at last the complete Liturgy, which survives after three hundred years. In a few sentences, only inserted, apparently, under the influence of Ridley, doctrinal theories were pressed beyond the point to which opinion was legitimately gravitating. The priest was converted absolutely into a minister, the altar into a table, the eucharist into a commemoration, and a commemoration only. But these peculiarities were uncongenial with the rest of the Liturgy, with which they refused to harmonize, and on the final establishment of the Church of England were dropped or modified. They were, in fact, the seed of vital alterations for which the nation was unprepared—which, had Edward lived two years longer, would have produced first the destruction of the church as a body politic, and then an after-fruit of reaction more inveterate than even the terrible one under Mary. But Edward died before the Liturgy could be further tampered with; and, from amidst the foul weeds in which its roots were buried, it stands up beautiful—the one admirable thing which the unhappy reign produced. Prematurely born, and too violently forced upon the country, it was nevertheless the right thing—the thing which essentially answered to the spiritual demands of the nation. They rebelled against it, because it was precipitately thrust upon them; but services which have overlived so many storms speak for their own excellence, and speak for the merit of the workman. As the Liturgy was prepared for Parliament and people, so for the convocation and the clergy, there were drawn up a body of articles of religion—forty-two of them, as they were first devised—thirty-nine, as they are now known to the theological student. These also have survived, and, like other things in this country, have survived their utility and the causes which gave them birth.”

But the central figure of this portion of the history is of course Mary herself. It has been drawn by Mr. Froude with care as well as genius; and his notes, brief and unostentatious as they are, sufficiently attest the assiduity with which contemporary manuscripts have been examined. She is exhibited to us as she was: a woman not naturally or disinterestedly cruel; but with that peculiar mental

and moral constitution which seems capable of being saturated with the spirit of Roman superstition. What she became she was made by Pope, cardinal, and priests. There is a mixture of irony, pity, and indignation in the delineation of the middle-aged devotee, chanting *Veni Creator* before the Host for a young and royal husband; tricking out her wan face to catch his fancy; waiting for the loiterer with hysterical longing; then protruding her lean and ghastly figure to make peers, parliament, and people sensible of the hope with which she was pregnant; and finally, her love withered by Philip's profligacy, and her proud expectation of royal and Catholic issue changed into the sober certainty of disease and sterility, waiting for death, not without patience and firmness. Two sermons were preached at her obsequies, one by White, Bishop of Winchester, the other by Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster. White, who had a florid style, and whom Camden admits to have been a "tolerable poet," chose the curious text, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." It was drily remarked, that "one not present at the place might easily tell whom he made the lion and whom the dog." Yet, while "he strewed all the flowers of his rhetoric on Queen Mary deceased, leaving not so much as the stalks to scatter on her surviving sister," it must be admitted that some of the flowers were not wholly undeserved. "Take Queen Mary in herself," writes Fuller, "abstracted from her opinions, and secluded from her bloody counsellors, and her memory will justly come under commendation. Indeed, she knew not the art of being popular, and never cared to learn it; and generally (being given more to her beads than her book) had less of learning (or parts to get it) than any of her father's children. She hated to equivocate in her own religion; and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or practice for fear or flattery; little beloved of her subjects, to whom though once she remitted an entire subsidy, yet it little moved their affections; because, though liberal in this act, she had been unjust in another—her breach of promise to the gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk. However, she had been a worthy princess, had as

little cruelty been done under her as was done by her. Her devotion always commended her profit, and oftentimes did fill the church with the emptying of her own exchequer." We will only add another personal touch from Fuller: "Queen Mary's person was no gainer (scarce a saver) of affection, having her father's features—a face broad and big, with her mother's colour—a somewhat swarthy complexion." We may now hang up Mr. Froude's portrait beside that of the quaint old historian.

"No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries, and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamations which welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in that horrid epithet which will cling to it for ever; and yet from the passions which generally tempt sovereigns into crime she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and in many respects, a noble life, and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing. Philip's conduct, which could not extinguish her passion for him, and the collapse of the inflated imaginations which had surrounded her supposed pregnancy, it can hardly be doubted, affected her sanity. Those forlorn hours, when she would sit on the ground with her knees drawn to her face; those restless days and nights when like a ghost she would wander about the palace, rousing herself only to write tear-blotted letters to her husband; those bursts of fury over the libels dropped in her way, or the marchings in procession behind the Host in the London streets—these are all symptoms of hysterical derangement, and leave little room, as we think of her, for other feelings than pity. But if Mary was insane, the madness was of a kind which placed her absolutely under her spiritual directors; and the responsibility for her cruelties, if responsibility be any thing but a name, rests first with Gardiner, who commenced them; and secondly, and in a higher degree, with Reginald Pole. The revenge of the clergy for their past humiliations, and the too natural tendency of an oppressed party to abuse suddenly recovered power, combined to originate the Ma-

rian persecution. The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the Reformers; the Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinions; and when the Reforming preachers themselves denounced so loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there was little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics. But neither these, nor any other feeling of English growth, would have produced the scenes which have stamped this unhappy reign with a character so frightful. Archbishop Parker, who knew Pole and Pole's doings well, called him *Carnifex et flagellum ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*—the hangman, and the scourge of the Church of England. His character was irreproachable; in all the virtues of the Catholic Church he walked without spot or stain, and the system to which he had surrendered himself had left to him of the common selfishness of mankind his enormous vanity alone. But that system had extinguished also in him the human instincts—the genial emotions by which theological theories stand especially in need to be corrected. He belonged to a class of persons at all times numerous, in whom enthusiasm takes the place of understanding; who are men of an idea, and unable to accept human things as they are, are passionate loyalists, passionate churchmen, passionate revolutionists, as the accidents of their age may determine. Happily for the welfare of mankind, persons so constituted rarely arrive at power; should power come to them, they use it as Pole used it, to defeat the ends which are nearest to their hearts.

“The teachers who finally converted the English nation to Protestantism were not the declaimers from the pulpit, nor the voluminous controversialists with the pen. These, indeed, could produce arguments which, to those who were already convinced, seemed as if they ought to produce conviction, but conviction did not follow till the fruits of the doctrine bore witness to the spirit from which it came. The evangelical teachers, caring only to be allowed to develop their own opinions, and persecute their opponents, had walked hand in hand with men who had spared neither tomb nor altar; who had stripped the lead from the church roofs, and stolen the bells from the church towers; and between them they had so outraged such plain, honest minds as remained

in England, that had Mary been content with mild repression, had she left the Pope to those who loved him, and had married, instead of Philip, some English lord, the Mass would have retained its place, the clergy in moderate form would have resumed their old authority, and the Reformation would have waited for a century. In an evil hour, the queen listened to the unwise advisers who told her that moderation in religion was the sin of the Laodiceans; and while the fanatics, who had brought scandal on the reforming cause, either truckled like Shaxton, or stole abroad to wrangle over surplices and forms of prayers, the true and the good atoned with their lives for the crimes of others, and vindicated a noble cause by nobly dying for it; and while among the reformers, that which was most bright and excellent shone out with a preternatural lustre, so were the Catholics permitted to exhibit also the preternatural features of the creed which was expiring. Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although in the queen's own guard there were many who never listened to a Mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges, they gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plough; they laid hands on maidens and boys, who had never heard of any other religion than that which they were called on to abjure, old men tottering into the grave, and children whose lips could but just lisp the articles of their creed, and of these they made their burnt-offerings, with these they crowded their prisons; and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacles is hard to say. The persecution lasted three years; and in that time something less than 300 persons were burnt at the stake.

“‘By imprisonment,’ said Lord Burleigh, ‘by torment, by famine, by fire, almost the number of 400 were in their various ways, lamentably taken off.’ Yet, as I have already said, interference was impossible, except by armed force. The country knew from the first, that by the course of nature the period of cruelty must be a brief one, it knew that a successful rebellion is at best a calamity; and the bravest and wisest men would not injure an illustrious cause by conduct less than worthy of it, so long as endurance was possible. They had saved Elizabeth's life and Elizabeth's rights,

and Elizabeth, when the time came, would deliver her subjects. The Catholics, therefore, were permitted to continue their cruelties till the cup of iniquity was full, till they had taught the educated laity of England to regard them with horror, and until the Romanist superstition had died amidst the execrations of the people of its own excess."

But we should omit some leading features of this portion of the work, if we did not dwell for a moment upon Mr. Froude's representations of Pole and Cranmer.

Of Mr. Froude it may be said that he realizes Johnson's wish—he is emphatically, "a good hater." The intensity of his abhorrence of Pole is something almost personal. An enthusiastic Oxford logician, of some twenty years ago, is said to have been startled, by some heresy upon the "predicables," into exclaiming, with warmth: "If I met that ass, Porphyry, upon a coach, I should tell him that he was an ass." Certainly Mr. Froude is never wearied of telling us that Pole is "an ass," and something worse. According to him, the Papal legate is the stormy petrel of his own party, ever boding ruin and disgrace to the cause which he loved so passionately. He it was who fed fat the queen's hysterical desire for the Spanish match. He it was who, more than Gardiner or Bonner, was responsible for the Marian persecutions. We differ from Mr. Froude, with the submission which belongs to our inferior knowledge. Bishop Short, in his jejune but very accurate History of the Church of England, gives it as his opinion, that "it should never be forgotten that the side of reason and mercy found an advocate in Cardinal Pole." It is recorded by Burnet, in the third book of his History of the Reformation, that when Bonner, in 1557, condemned sixteen persons to be burned, Pole obtained the pardon of two, the only pardon of the kind issued in that reign. A man's moderation may be inferred from the accusations of zealots of his own party. Pole lost the Papacy partly from the imputation of holding Lutheran views on the subject of justification; indeed, he is known to have sympathized with the Reformers rather than with the extreme opinions of such Romish divines as Osorius; and Haddon at-

tributes to him a saying, little less noble than that of Cardinal Bellarmine, which has been quoted by Hooker: *Non potest viribus humanis nimium detrahi, nec addi Divinæ gratiæ*. "Too much cannot be taken from human strength, nor too much attributed to Divine grace." It is, indeed, impossible to exonerate Pole from the guilt of the blood which was shed by Thornton, his suffragan, and Hapsfield, his archdeacon, in the city and neighbourhood of Canterbury; but he seems to have contented himself with burning the bones of dead, rather than the corpses of living, heretics; and he was probably always actuated by a desire of wiping away the imputation of Lutheranism rather than by the genuine spirit of Papal intolerance.

Into the mind and character of Cranmer, Mr. Froude enters with fine psychological insight. His summary of the motives which might probably have weakened Cranmer's resolution in the hour of need, reminds one of Lord Bacon's saying that among the chief *desiderata* for re-writing history is a complete collection of "characters." Cranmer has been coarsely branded by Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. To Lingard he is, of course, the weak and cowardly author of the "seven recantations," published after his death, with Bonner's approbation; the subtle heretic who went to the stake with a speech retracting his doctrine on the Eucharist, if he were pardoned, while if he were condemned a section could be slipped in, to disappoint his adversaries of the sweetest portion of their triumph, and to furnish up his tarnished name among the adherents of the Reformation. Protestants generally have passed by the subject with a sigh—perhaps reluctantly confessing with Bishop Short "that his fall takes off from the whole of the glorious dignity of his martyrdom"—perhaps, as Lingard says, "defending his memory by maintaining that his constancy at the stake had atoned for his apostacy in the prison." Yet is it not better to say of him, as our good old historian of Jewel's prevarication, "The most orient Jewel on earth hath some flaws therein. To conceal this his fault had been partiality; to excuse it, flattery; to insult over him, cruelty; to pity him, charity; to be wary of ourselves, in the like

occasion, Christian discretion." All men are not physically brave; and every man, perhaps, who has adopted a creed different from that of his nursery and school-room, and alien to the medium in which his spirit has lived up to manhood, has had misgivings of the heart, even while his will was unshaken, and his intellect unclouded. Let us hear the eloquent historian.

"The exact day on which this letter reached the archbishop is uncertain, but it was very near the period of his sentence. He had dared death bravely while it was distant; but he was physically timid. The near approach of the agony which he had witnessed in others unnerved him; and in a moment of mental and moral prostration, Cranmer may well have looked in the mirror which Pole held up to him, and asked himself whether, after all, the being there described was his true image—whether it was himself as others saw him. A faith which had existed for centuries; a faith in which generation after generation have lived happy and virtuous lives; a faith in which all good men are agreed, and only the bad dispute; such a faith carries an evidence and a weight with it, beyond what can be looked for in a creed reasoned out by individuals; a creed which had the ban upon it of inherited execration, which had been held in abhorrence once by him who was now called upon to die for it. Only fools and fanatics believe that they cannot be mistaken. Sick misgivings may have taken hold upon him in moments of despondency, whether after all the millions who received the Roman supremacy might not be more right than the thousands who denied it; whether the argument on the Real Presence which had satisfied him for fifty years might not be better founded than his recent doubts. It is not possible for a man of gentle and modest nature to feel himself the object of intense detestation without uneasy pangs; and as such thoughts came and went, a window might seem to open, through which there was a return to life and freedom. His trial was not greater than hundreds had borne and would bear with constancy; but the temperaments of men are unequally constituted, and a subtle intellect and a sensitive organization are not qualifications which make martyrdom easy. Life by the law of the Church, by justice, by precedent, was given to all who would accept it on terms of submission. That the archbishop should be tempted to recant, with the resolution formed notwithstanding that he should still suffer, whether he yielded or whether he was obstinate, was a suspicion which his experience of

the legate had not taught him to entertain. So it was that Cranmer's spirit gave way; and he who had disdained to fly, when flight was open to him, because he considered that having done the most in establishing the Reformation, he was bound to face the responsibility of it, fell at last under the protraction of the trial. So perished Cranmer. He was brought out with the eyes of his soul blinded, to make sport for his enemies; and in his death he brought upon them a wider destruction than he had effected by his teaching while alive. Pole was appointed the next day to the See of Canterbury. But the Court had overreached themselves by their cruelty. Had they been contented to accept the recantation, they could have left the archbishop to die broken-hearted, pointed at by the finger of pitying scorn, and the Reformation would have been disgraced in its champion. They were tempted by an evil spirit of revenge into an act unanctioned even by their own bloody laws, and they gave him an opportunity of redeeming his fame and of writing his name in the roll of martyrs. The worth of a man must be measured by his life, not by his failure under a single and peculiar trial."—Vol. vi. 413-416; 429, 430.

It is a very interesting suggestion of Mr. Froude's, that one sentence of Cranmer's speech—"One word spoken by a man at his last end will be more remembered than the sermons made of them that live and remain," was in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote these wonderful lines for the dying Gaunt—

"O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom
spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their
words in pain.
More are men's ends marked than their lives
before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things
long past."

There is yet another qualification which Mr. Froude possesses as the historian of the period which he has chosen. A poet requires humour *negatively*, that is to say, in sufficient quantity to make him conscious when he is ridiculous. But the historian of England, under the Tudors, requires humour *positively*, to render him capable of entering into the character of the times and the people with full appreciation. This was, perhaps,

partly owing to the religion which was then dominant. There is more carelessness and indolence, more of the outward tumultuous life, less introversion and concentrated thought, among Roman Catholics than Protestants. Ceremonies and festivals collect the people in throngs. The intense belief in the remission of sins, as dependent upon the priest's *absolvo* &c. prevents spiritual anxiety. Religious duty is not meditation upon a book, but the performance of certain functions. In all Roman Catholic countries, a light and jesting way of speaking of holy things is encouraged, which to us would seem very profane. This prevalent *humorousness* of the Tudor times was also, no doubt, in measure owing to the recklessness which constant exposure to danger engenders among a people so brave as the English. As a matter of fact, laughter and terror, the ridiculous and the sorrowful, are strangely intermingled in the chronicles of those days. Bright spray-drops of fun hang from the great mill-wheel of history. Acts of Parliament—witness that of Henry VIII. on “sturdy and valiant beggars”—have a kind of grim playfulness. The Cardinal Legate must surely have been chuckling to himself when he uses the funny comparison, which we proceed to quote in his pastoral letter to the citizens of London, admonishing them to give back some part of the goods of the church, with which they had been indulged for a time:—“It was left in your hand, as it were an apple in a child's hand given by the mother, which she, perceiving him to feed too much of, and knowing it should do him hurt if he himself should eat the whole, would have him give her a little piece thereof; which, the boy refusing, and whereas he would cry out if she would take it from him, letteth him alone therewith. But the father, her husband, coming in, if he shall see how the boy will not let go one morsel to the mother that hath given him the whole, she asking it with so fair means, he may, peradventure, take the apple out of the boy's hand, and, if he cry beat him also, and cast the apple out of the window.” Nor is it only about gear and lands that those iron men can laugh. They can sport with the King of Terrors himself. The accusations

which brought Ferrars, Bishop of St. David's, to the stake at Carmarthen, run riot with humour, and bear witness to an inventiveness, which, in milder times, might have made a Thackeray or an Albert Smith. There is a richness in the picture of the Right Reverend Prelate:—“Espying a seal-fish tumbling in Milford Haven, and creeping down to the rocks by the water side, where he continued whistling by the space of an hour, persuading the company, that laughed fast at him, he made the fish to tarry there”:—which is only diminished when we remember the trifling fact that the object of this innocent joke was to burn a good man alive with insult and agony unutterable. We all remember how—

“More's gay genius played

With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.”

But the rarest specimen of all is connected with Wyatt's rising, and we record it more willingly as it is not to be found in Mr. Froude's narrative or notes. The scene is Sir Thomas Wyatt's residence at Allingham Castle, on the Medway. The time is January, 1554. The wild winds are whistling through the leafless woods, and the yellow river rolls on with a dull and leaden gleam. Inside the castle all is commotion: outside, wild hope, and wilder terror. A few days will decide whether the master of the castle, and many a gallant gentleman, shall lose his head by a traitor's death, or drive out Philip and Popery from England. A few days, and every church bell from Tunbridge to Maidstone, and from Maidstone to Rochester, will be ringing out an alarm, over farm and grange, and London itself be in arms. In this state of affairs, while the pear of rebellion is ripe, and the first touch may make it drop into the lap of death, a royal herald, in his gorgeous coat, booted and spurred, gallops up to the deeply-moated house. The drawbridge was up. But one part of the moat appeared to be fordable. Just beyond that spot walked a retainer in Wyatt's livery. The herald shouted to inquire whether the place afforded a safe passage, to which came a shout of “Yea, yea!” In went horse and man, heavily accoutred as they were; the horse sank nearly up to the bridle. Had it not been for his prodigious strength, the magnifi-

nation reposes. Can it be otherwise with a Church from whose lay members no other test seems to be exacted than the Apostles' Creed; while the Articles which her ministers are required to sign are (whatever Mr. Froude may please to say) framed to embrace rather than to exclude. Sneered at as a "compromise," taunted with "the stammering lips of her ambiguous formularies," wanting, as she is, in the cast-iron precision of the dogmas of Trent, and in the dogmatic narrowness of some of the Reformed communions, she has yet the modesty of truth and the moderation of wisdom. As the Constitution of England is based upon the harmonious inter-working of two opposite principles, the principle of order and the principle of freedom—without the former of which there would be a perpetuation of antiquated abuses, without the latter, no bulwark against the mutations of ignorant caprice—so in the Established Church, we find two classes of men mainly influenced by one or the other. Since the Reformation the representatives of these two principles have existed within her bosom. Occasionally they have come into fierce collision; occasion-

ally one or other has stepped over the line of demarcation. The conciliation of these opposite tendencies may not appear to be going on now with a very accelerated pace; yet we may hope that practically impossible schemes of conciliation from without are soon to be exchanged for efforts after union within. Let men remember that the mountains must be of different outlines and of varying hues, but it is the one light of heaven which streams upon their uplifted brows.

A yet higher lesson, with which we conclude our notice, is eloquently taught. The Church could only be purified by her Lord's way of suffering. The iron bar, however massive, has a tendency to *crystallize* in severe frost, when it snaps and crumbles at a touch. Prosperity is the time of the Church's *crystallization*; but if the bar be removed, heated, and made incandescent in the furnace, it is restored to its original strength. So was the Church strengthened by her plunge into the fiery furnace of martyrdom. It is the highest merit of Mr. Froude's work that it shows us, walking among our faithful witnesses, a form like the Son of God.

ANTRIM CASTLE.

PART III.—CONCLUSION.

ON approaching the Castle from the town of Antrim, the first object that attracts attention is the grand entrance in the west end of the castellated park wall, which crosses the upper end of the main street. It is an arched gate of solid oak in two parts, opening and closing noiselessly by unseen agency; and surmounted by a turretted warder's lodge. On state occasions, when the warders, dressed up in their antique costume, with battle-axe in hands, mount guard here, the effect is most picturesque, and carries the mind instinctively to the days of Cressy and of Agincourt, or of the native Irish and the "Sassanach settler," when Sir Hugh Clotworthy raised this stronghold in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A broad carriage drive, thickly planted at either side about the gate with

flowering shrubs and forest trees, brings the visitor in a few minutes to the Castle itself, in appearance an ancient French chateau. Its general feature is that of a square embattled tower of three stories, having a southern front, with the addition of a long wing of the same height, stretching towards the north by a terrace walk on the banks of the River Owen-View, or Six-mile-water, terminating with two castellated towers at either side, from which, at the extreme end, starts out a larger tower in the Italian style. This tower is considerably elevated above the rest of the building, and presents a very elegant front towards the new stables and Lough Neagh. The walls of the building are massive, and constructed more for strength than ornament. The entire length of the Castle from north to south, ex-

GUILTY OF CORRUPTION; and do renounce all defence, and put myself upon the grace and mercy of your lordships." Yet Mr. Dixon can say that "he pleads guilty to carelessness, not to crime!"

The fact is, that Bacon throughout demeaned himself like one conscious of a very bad cause. He never speaks, writes, or acts like an innocent man. His denials grew weaker and weaker, and his quibbles more and more manifest, as the case went on. He tried to save himself from foundering by throwing to his judges one admission after another, until every thing he ought to have prized most dearly had been swept away; and that which he really prized the most of all—his rank, his wealth, his worldly fame, was torn not the less certainly from his clinging grasp. He knew well that even before his own day bribery in a judge was accounted a heinous wrong, yet he never seemed to realize the shame of his own misdeeds, and fooled himself to the last in the belief that whatever gifts he might have taken, he had always judged each case on its own merits, had always shown himself a faithful servant to the Crown, as if his shortcomings in one direction were wiped out by his excellence in another, or as if the fact of bribery turned on the character of the judgments given. It is, indeed, this moral deadness which lies at the root of all his public doings, which

comes out now and again in his private letters and some other writings, that bear on personal or political things. In him the intellect of a Solomon was yoked to the spirit of a slave and the conscience of a housemaid. He showed himself as far beneath Coke in moral dignity as he out-topped Coke in speculative genius. No Hindoo could have courted the great Akbar more slavishly than Bacon bowed himself before the despicable James. His wisdom, after all, was like that of the first Napoleon—a fair guide to present advantage, but a false light to any lasting good. His worldly career points a moral strangely akin to that of the great Corsican upstart. His utter downfall in the very noon of his worldly greatness suggests the fittest answer to those amiable theorists, who shrink from reading the sad truths that nature loves to scrawl over her fairest workmanship. For all his splendid parts, his lovable qualities, his social charms, his friends at court, his lack of personal foes abroad; yet when his hour of trial came, he fell at once to the ground, covered with shame, abandoned by his most powerful friends, regarded with scornful pity by those who had to pronounce his doom. Could ruin so utter have befallen the pure high-hearted patriot, whom Mr. Dixon, misled by his heated fancy, has arrayed in the outward likeness of Francis Bacon?

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

A SONNET.

[The Chinese war is over. The New Zealand affair is perhaps virtually over too. England may now be said to be at peace with the world. *Eato perpetua*!]

BACK to thy lair, thou dragon, War, and give
Thy rigid sinews rest, and lick that stripe
Of foam from thy white lips, and of thy gripe
Relax the iron strength, that men may live
To pour the memory of the quiet Past
Into the quiet urn of the To Come;
And History at last be no more dumb,
Stunned by the savage yells, and struck aghast.
And let the majesty of Peace appear,
White-robed, with sheaves of plenty on her arm;
Be angels round her; on her forehead clear
The star of Hope;—but—lest the Dragon harm
The children of her love—a glittering spear
Grasped staff-wise, will not hurt her holiest charm.

ADVENA.

ring under the Castle walls as it
 against the broken arch of the
 ancient bridge, it meanders in its
 course through wood and plain, until
 is discharged into Lough Neagh,
 opposite to the whitened and ivy-
 covered ruins of Shane's Castle, the
 ancient house of O'Neill of Clanaboy.

Crossing the river and leaving be-
 hind the thick plantations about its
 banks, the park of more than a thou-
 sand acres opens to view, studded with
 numerous clumps of forest trees, and
 stretching fully four miles on the
 banks of Lough Neagh. At unequal
 distances through the park are the
 forester's lodge, the agriculturist's
 house, the farm-yard, the game-
 keeper's and gardener's cottages, the
 old stand-house and race-course, and
 an ancient fort, by the lake, in form
 a circular mound of earth, with raised
 borders. It was at one time a place
 of considerable strength, and an ad-
 vanced-guard fortress to the Castle,
 covering the approach to the river
 from the gun-boats of Tyrone.

But the banks—the far-famed banks
 —“where the fisherman strays,” are
 in themselves a study. Formerly,
 when the waves were lashed with
 resistless fury against them, and the
 coast was covered with foam and
 spray, they were much more attrac-
 tive than now; but those Vandals, the

Italian tower, is fifty-
t underwent extensive
the beginning of the
y. They were finished
13, under the inspection
fourth Earl of Massa-
e that time, the roof of
wing, which presents a
ne river terrace, had six
in the style of the old
au, and terminated at
end in a plain turreted
these were removed du-
ations, and replaced by
parapet wall uniform
nal building.

al front of the castle is
f attention. The land-
id entrance door at the
elevation of a few feet,
d at either side by half
of Portland stone, pro-
stone trellis or ballus-
screen, slightly raised
wall over the hall-door,
tractive external fea-
stle. It measures about
readth, and terminates
rch under the parapet
f. On this slab, family
and events of moment
h the Castle and its
e sculptured. It com-
top with a head of
mediately underneath
arms, the letter C on
e Crown, and R on the
these are two shields,
rms of Sir Hugh Clot-
under of the Castle, and
ary Langford, his wife.
etween them. On the
ords "Castrum hoc
centre "Decimo Maii,"
"Anno Domini 1613,"
e arms their initials,
'M. C.' Below these
a line, is the inscrip-
C. Comes Massareene,
which was placed there
fourth Earl of Massa-
ing the inscription are
lotworthy, fourth Vis-
one, with those of Chi-
l. Beneath is a beau-
ed piece of stone work
space for arms. It
rominently from the
diately beneath it, over
which is lined with
ulptured stone, is a
ported by mermaids,

in stone—the crest of the house of
Skeffington. The head of Charles I.
at the top of the screen, in a chrono-
logical point of view, is out of place,
and at variance with the symbols and
inscriptions immediately following.
It was probably placed there by Sir
John Clotworthy, the first Viscount,
in an open space left by his father,
Sir Hugh; and most likely had a
political significance in reference to
the ambiguous position he occupied
after the restoration.

The approach to the Italian tower
from the river terrace is by a descent
of twelve broad steps of granite to a
lower terrace in front of "her lady-
ship's pleasure grounds." These
grounds extend in front of the tower
for some distance along the banks of
the river. A door of Irish oak, stud-
ded apparently with large nail-heads
for strength, but in reality of wood,
opens from this lower terrace into the
tower, whence communication by a
spiral staircase of mahogany and oak,
is had with the boudoir and special
apartments of the Viscountess and
family.

The views and grounds about An-
trim Castle are really beautiful. Be-
tween it and the town are the terrace
gardens, which have been formed out
of the two ancient bastions: one is
square, and the other oblong; both
are elevated to a height of about
twenty feet above the level of the
park, and are reached by wide granite
steps. These gardens are enclosed at
the town side by the park wall, and
the enclosure walls on the other sides
are covered outside with ivy, and in-
side with fruit trees. The thorn
hedge along the town wall is indented
in the cutting to correspond with the
castellated wall, and presents a singu-
lar aspect. These terraces are divided
crosswise, by low brick walls, into
four gardens, having a range of glass-
houses at the north end, well stocked
with exotica. About the centre of
the terraces at the town wall, the spot
is pointed out, where the gallant
young officer, at the "battle of An-
trim," in the "year ninety-eight,"
fired the farewell shot of old "Roar-
ing Tatty" through the roof of the
church—his last military exploit be-
fore he took refuge in holy orders
from "war's alarms."

Descending from these delightful
gardens, and passing over the velvet-

like sward, the pleasure-grounds are entered, their cleared openings of luxuriant verdure, among thick woods and majestic trees, seem prairies in miniature. Towards the west, or east of the Castle, and close to it, is the mound, ascended by a winding path, which creeps, snake-like, round it, and is shaded at either side by full-grown trees and shrubs. The summit of the mound, which overlooks the loftiest turret of the Castle, is perfectly level, and planted round the edges. From thence a charming view is had of the terrace gardens, the town beneath, and round tower beyond; the park, the hills of Muckamore, and the hospitable house of Chaîne, the ruins of Shane's Castle, Cranfield Point, and the hills of Feeva. The mound is associated with many recollections of the past—the beacon fires in times of warfare, the Lady Marian and her Irish wolf-dog, O'Conally the "great informer," and the thundering notes of defiance of "Roaring Tatty." But all is changed now. Even the reminiscences of this old historic monument are all but forgotten in the neighbourhood, and there is not a solitary piece of metal of the old gun left to tell how it perished in that last convulsive effort which transformed an awkward soldier into an exemplary clergyman.

Stretching from the mound towards Shane's Castle and the lake, are open grounds, mown close to the surface, and presenting a velvet-like appearance. They are interspersed, on the borders of the walks which intersect them, with solitary yew-trees, "sentinels," as they are facetiously, and not inappropriately, called by the noble and gallant Colonel of the Antrim Artillery, from their solitary positions at regular distances from each other.

Beyond these pleasure-grounds are the new stables—a handsome block of buildings enclosing a square yard—presenting a castellated front to the river and the Castle. The entrance to the stables is by an arched gateway, surmounted by a handsome clock. The entire of this building, resting among the trees at a short distance from the Castle, and corresponding with it in design, is a picturesque object, and adds considerably to the beauty of the landscape.

The limpid Owen-View is the next object worthy of attention. Mur-

muring under the Castle walls as it rolls against the broken arch of the ancient bridge, it meanders in its course through wood and plain, until it is discharged into Lough Neagh, opposite to the whitened and ivy-covered ruins of Shane's Castle, the ancient house of O'Neill of Clanaboy.

Crossing the river and leaving behind the thick plantations about its banks, the park of more than a thousand acres opens to view, studded with numerous clumps of forest trees, and stretching fully four miles on the banks of Lough Neagh. At unequal distances through the park are the forester's lodge, the agriculturist's house, the farm-yard, the game-keeper's and gardener's cottages, the old stand-house and race-course, and an ancient fort, by the lake, in form a circular mound of earth, with raised borders. It was at one time a place of considerable strength, and an advanced-guard fortress to the Castle, covering the approach to the river from the gun-boats of Tyrone.

But the banks—the far-famed banks—"where the fisherman strays," are in themselves a study. Formerly, when the waves were lashed with resistless fury against them, and the coast was covered with foam and spray, they were much more attractive than now; but those Vandals, the Commissioners of the Board of Works, in their drainage operations at the Bann, have laid bare a large extent of bleak and rocky shore, and destroyed much of the former picturesque effect of the banks. But enough remains to repay inspection. They are all thickly planted from the beach upwards. Innumerable walks are cut in the face of them in every direction, and places of rest, with fancy names interspersed. "Introduction wells," "trysting places," "acquaintance walks," "pouting harbours," "declaration groves," "sentimental paths," and "Hymen's bowers," are to be found at suitable distances, the entire forming one design called, "The Lover's Progress," which was planned by the noble owner from a similar design in Italy.

An absorbing feature of interest to the antiquarian was added to these grounds in the year 1857. It is an ancient Irish canoe, more than twenty feet long, scooped out of a single tree, which was found in the bed of the

ann, opposite the ruins of Castle, during the drainage of the Board of Works. It is about two feet and a-half in diameter and pointed at both ends—two at the bow and no stern. It was in such a position as this that the ancient navigated lakes and rivers, on wooden pillars, and filled with water, it is covered with growing of various hues, from the palest tippit daisy, to the gorilla and the sweet-scented rose. It lingered so long outside—park and terrace gardens, by the river and ponds, the banks and grounds—it is time to enter the castle, where new sources of entertainment are to be found in the lofty grand apartments, and the taste shown in their embellishment. The grand entrance-hall is square and spacious. The wall opposite the entrance has been removed, and is supported by oak pillars; behind them is the inner hall and staircase, which descend to the ancient centre yard of the castle. From this inner hall there is a long narrow back hall, which at the rear, the entire length of the castle, and terminating at the Tower. The staircase leads to the gardens, from which open the grand apartments and boudoir—a gem.

Coming to the grand entrance-hall, several articles of vertu attract attention. An ancient arm-chair, of solid oak, darkened in colour by age, has on it the inscription "1670," a memorial of John the second Viscount Massereene, and first of the house of Skeffington. He had been cut out of a noble tree in the park and was seated in it on many a summer's day, on the top of the hill, viewing the beautiful surrounding scenery. The other matters in the hall are a huge elk's head and a stone found in the excavations for the foundations of the Castle. To the right, is the

The walls are hung with a red and gold gobelin tapestry, representing a scriptural subject of David and Goliath. It is a relic of much interest and value, and a souvenir of Clotworthy, the second Earl of Massereene, who obtained it during the reign of Terror in France, under circumstances of a romantic character—his whole life was full of incident.

On the left side of the hall is the breakfast-parlour, which is also very spacious, and is lighted by windows opening in the southern front of the Castle, and the side on the river terrace. The dining-room, of equal size, adjoins it. Here are numerous family portraits—Sir John Clotworthy Skeffington, the fourth Viscount Massereene, with flowing hair, and dressed as a cavalier, in slashed doublet, and matchlock in hand; Alexander Earl of Antrim, bareheaded, in his robes as an Irish Peer; Sir Clotworthy Skeffington, the third Viscount Massereene, in a coat of mail; portrait of the Lady Rachel Sandford, daughter of the Earl of Antrim; Mrs. Lechmere; Doctor Edward Smyth, Bishop of Down and Connor, in lawn sleeves full in person, and apparently well satisfied with his lot; James Hamilton, Earl of Clanbrassil, in flowing white wig; Lady Harriett Bentinck, Countess of Clanbrassil; Arthur Chichester, third Earl of Donegal, in large flowing wig; Robert Jocelyn, Earl of Roden; Thomas Henry Skeffington, second Viscount Ferrard; Lady Anne Hamilton, Countess of Roden; and Sir Chichester Skeffington, first Earl of Massereene. The family portraits, with others suspended on the walls, in massive gilt frames, enrich the appearance of this apartment, where the noble host receives his numerous guests with a *cordial accueil*, and entertains them in the genuine style of old Irish hospitality.

The oak room is an unique apartment of large dimensions. The walls from floor to ceiling are wainscotted with solid Irish oak, chiefly of a dark shade relieved occasionally with lighter, elaborately carved, and formed out of trees from the park. Three windows opening on the river terrace, and numerous mirrors in massive oak frames light up and enliven the appearance of this room. Armorial bearings and alliances of the family are painted in exquisite style on the panels. The chimney-piece at the lower end is itself a study. It is of solid carved oak, and along with the grate, set in a frame. On touching a secret spring the entire of the massive frame swings out, and discloses a curious recess the back for personal concealment which reminds us of the tales of knight-errantry—of gallant knights and forlorn damsels—the tourna-

and the battles and sieges of old, when vaulted chambers and subterranean passages, with secret modes of exit, were the usual appendages to baronial hall and lordly castle. The ceiling is painted characteristically in light oak. Suspended on the walls are numerous family portraits in oil. These canvas memorials form a mystic reunion of companionship between the generations of the present and the past. Among the portraits are to be found those of "Harriett Skeffington, Viscountess Massareene and Baroness Lough Neagh in her own right," and "Margaretta Foster, in her own right Viscountess Ferrard and Baroness Oriel"—the former the mother and the latter the grandmother of the present Lord Massareene and Ferrard, Baron of Oriel and Lough Neagh. There are also portraits among them of Sir John Clotworthy, first Viscount Massareene, in the dress of a Puritan soldier, Rachel Hungerford, Viscountess Massareene, taken in youth, and Jane Skeffington, Lady Hamilton, in childhood, as already described. The furniture in this truly magnificent apartment is all *en suite* of Irish oak, the chairs high-backed in the old style, and elaborately carved. But the all-absorbing feature of the room is the arched recess. In it rests the "Speaker's Chair" of the Irish House of Commons, recalling to memory many a thrilling episode of the historic past of Ireland—"Speaker Foster," Grattan, Flood, Castlereagh, Hussey Burgh, Fitzgibbon, O'Neill, Conally, Curran, 1782, and the Union. All who addressed that chair are gathered to their fathers, save two—the amiable and patriotic Lord Charlemont, and Sir Thomas Staples, Bart., the latter the revered and respected father of the Irish Bar in general, and in particular of the North-east Bar, which includes within its orbit the circuit of Antrim Castle. The urbanity and gentle courtesy of this fine old Irish gentleman "of the olden time" has endeared him beyond conception to the North-east Bar—a body of gentlemen of high intellectual ability and cultivated and polished minds, whose nice perception of the amenities enable them keenly to appreciate the superior qualities of so admirable a President.

The chair is of solid oak. The arms of it are formed out of one entire

piece. The top is rounded, forming a half-circle, and is elevated considerably over the head of the person seated in it. Above the chair, ranging round the half-circle, of the dark oak wainscotted wall at the recess, are fifteen shields suspended, the arms painted heraldically, in chronological order, of the various Speakers of the Irish House of Commons, commencing with Sir John Davis, the first Speaker, in the Parliament of James the First, convened in 1613, and ending with the Right Hon. John Foster, the fifteenth and last Speaker, in the year 1801. In the centre of this recess and over the chair are the arms of Ireland—the harp and crown, and above them the arms in full of "Speaker Foster." The Speaker's Mace, which is preserved in the plate-room in the basement story of the castle, as well as the chair, is in the possession of Lord Massareene, who guards them as precious relics of Irish nationality. His grandfather, the last Speaker, afterwards created Lord Oriel, on vacating the chair, when he declared the Act of Union passed, took both with him, and answered the numerous applications afterwards made by the government for them, with the memorable words—"When that body which owned the chair and mace, and entrusted them to me, claims them from me, I will restore them."

The drawing-room is a spacious oblong apartment of surpassing beauty and elegance. It is lighted by four large windows opening on the river terrace. The walls are covered from floor to ceiling with mirrors in richly-gilt frames. The magnificent marble chimneypiece and grate of brilliant polished steel and burnished gold; the elaborately decorated ceiling in fresco and ornamental painting and gilding; the rich drapery and furniture of the most *récherché* and elegant design; the backs of the doors gilt and impannelled with mirrors, and the oak floors waxed, polished, and shining, constitute this French drawing-room, for such it is in design—a most superb apartment, in which wealth and taste have exhausted every thing that can adorn or embellish.

The entire suite of apartments, breakfast and dining parlours, oak room, and drawing-room, and library, are on a line, and open into each other by single doors, close to the outer wall,

on the river terrace. Doors also open into each apartment from the back hall, which runs the entire length of the building, from the front inner hall. When these doors are all thrown open, and the entire suite of rooms—156 feet in length—are displayed at a single view, the effect, from their variety of decoration, furniture, and paintings, is truly beautiful.

Adjoining the library, and opening in succession from it, are three apartments within the Italian tower, a small study, the chapel, and record room. The chapel is low in the ceiling, arched and grooved in the Gothic style, resembling cloisters. Though small, it is unique and perfect in design. The reading-desk, seats, and other furniture are of Irish oak from the demesne; the windows, Gothic, and chiefly of stained glass, which reflects a sombre and meditative shade around; in the centre, a representation of the Ascension—at either side an Apostle is gazing upwards, following with his eyes the floating form of his divine Master as he recedes from view into endless space. Here are some matters of great rarity and value: "Cranmer's New Testament, A.D. 1538, 29 Henry VIII;" and written on the fly-leaf, "190 years since this was printed, 1728;" and on another leaf, "property of A. B. Cranmer, presented to Lord Massareene by Lord O'Neill, June, 1851." Also "Queen Mary's Bible," and in the fly-leaf a memorandum is added, stating, it was given by the Queen to the Duchess of Portland; by her, to her eldest daughter, the Countess of Clanbrassil; by her, to her eldest daughter, "L. S. A., Countess of Roden;" and by the latter, to her daughter, Lady Massareene, grandmother of the present Viscount. There is also an ancient Bible and Prayer-book in two volumes; the first ending with the Book of Job, "bought in October, 1693." In the liturgy and litany the form of prayers is for "Catherine, Queen Dowager" and "Her Royal Highness the Princess Anne of Denmark." The second volume commences with the Book of Psalms and Revelations. There is also a second copy of "Cranmer's Bible," printed 1568, and at the beginning the heading, "prologue, or preface made by Thomas Cranmer, A.B., Canterbury." The chapel also

contains a painting of the Ascension, and SS. Peter and Paul on pinnacles of oak.

Next to the chapel, and the last apartment on the line, is the Record room, which contains a large collection of family monuments, correspondence, and papers of great historical, local, and domestic interest. Many of them are of rare value, especially those connected with the Ulster plantation and the proceedings of the settlers, the troubles of Charles I., the war of 1641, the Cromwellian era, and the Revolution of 1688, including the struggles of the great Whig and Tory parties from the reign of Queen Anne. These documents, arranged, digested, and judiciously selected, would be a valuable contribution to historic literature and family biography, and throw new lights on many of the secret springs of action of party and person during these eventful times.

A stranger visiting Antrim Castle, wandering through the suite of rooms, and viewing the paintings that adorn the walls, will find his sight dazzled by the gorgeous blaze of beauty depicted by one eminent artist, relieved by the sober colouring of another. Here, interspersed among family portraits of the House of Clotworthy, Skeffington, Foster-Skeffington, and its alliances, are kings and queens, noble peers and lovely countesses, comfortable bishops and gallant soldiers, country gentlemen, struggling lawyers and authors, artists, parsons, and poets, rigid, close-cropped Puritans and gay cavaliers, with careless flowing locks, landscapes and flowers, Scripture pieces, mingled with saints and sinners, and grave senators and a motley and distinguished array. These silent beings could tell many a wondrous tale were the canvas animated. Most of these youthful beauties, radiant in smiles and charms, lived until their smiles ceased to captivate, and their charms to win admirers. Kings and queens, proud nobles, stately dames and gallant soldiers, each had a chequered path of life. And now their fame and their fate live but in the narrow circle of family recollection and the frail memorials of a few feet of painted canvas. Linger among them, for hours, then passing through the grand oak room, and by

the Speaker's Chair, we re-cross the portals of his hospitable and magnificent mansion, receiving the general and cordial adieus of its truly noble inmates; and pause by the Lady Marian's Irish wolf-dog, at the grand entrance gate, to take a final survey as the shadows of evening deepened the hue of towers and mount, terrace-gardens and ponds, sentinel trees and pleasure-grounds, stand-house and

banks. And while the downy clouds of eve gather round, and the Owen-View, in its gentle course, hymns a vesper song, we leave Antrim Castle, and speed through Shane's Castle Park, by its ruined Castle and French John's tomb, where the old warning spell is unremoved, away to the hills of Feeva.

CLANABOY.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE now glance at the industries of Lorraine and Champagne. The industrial establishments of Lorraine are not, as a rule, so important as those we met in Normandy. There is little to remark in the cotton districts of Saint-Dié and Schirmeck; save that salaries are lower here than elsewhere, and that provisions are dear.

The embroidery-works of Nancy, and the lace-works of Mirecourt, show also low wages; and the misery and the disorders which poverty brings in its train. Lorraine includes, however, the famous glass-works of St. Guirin, Cirey, and Monthermé, on which about two thousand workmen are employed; also the famous glass-works of Baccarat and St. Louis, that made a grand show in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855. But we find little to our purpose hereabouts; little that could interest or improve the industrial world at home.

It is when we approach Rheims, that we are inclined to pause. Rheims, with her great historic memories, her coronation grandeurs; the royal dust she holds within her cathedral walls! These memories are hers; but they are of the distant past. She could not have flourished down to this mid-century on her traditions, and the attraction of her traditions to strangers.

Wisely, some half-century since, she bethought herself of her ancient cunning, in the fabrication of certain woollen stuffs. But ancient cunning has been turned to great account. Great mills have risen by her crumbling walls, bringing prosperous activity to her children. And now

Rheims is not merely a show city of the dead; she is the centre of the most important woollen manufactures of France. Some 50,000 workmen about Rheims and her humble dependent, Rethel, live chiefly by the manufacture of wool.

Let us note another industry, the fame of which journeyeth to the outer lines of civilization. Upon the fruitful, sunny slopes, of the neighbouring leagues of Rheims, the grapes ripen that yield Champagne!—the champagne that delights the Washington senator and the Russian prince; with which great deeds and great luck are celebrated the civilized world through. Some dozen millions of bottles of this "ladies' wine"—which gentlemen drink, it must be observed, without much ado—may be found at times stowed within the capacious area of old Rheims. Here are great mills, where the precious wine is manufactured. The middleman turns up here as the oppressor of the working man. The weavers weave the flannel, for which Rheims is famous, at home. The material is brought to their looms by a factor, who carries back the woven fabric to the mill. This factor, then, is often the oppressor of the weaver; levying a very heavy toll upon his wages. Happily the substitution of machinery for wool-combing, has almost put an end to the miseries of the wool-combers in and about Rheims. When wool-combing was at its most flourishing point, the poor comber could not earn more than £12 per annum. When the machines were introduced the value of his handiwork fell. He,

with wife and child, could not gain five-pence per diem ! If he lived in the country, and had his patch of land, he might still hold to the earth in peace, thankful for a very little indeed. But let us take a case of a wool-comber in his best days, as collected by M. Audiganne.

One family consisted of ten persons ; father, mother, and eight children. Two of the children were in domestic service, and lived, consequently, independent of their parents. The eldest of the stay-at-homes earned thirteen shillings per month in a mill, which he gave to his parents. A little girl, ten years old, was learning needlework at a charitable establishment, where she was to earn, presently, fourpence a day. Two of the remaining children could afford a little help at the accessories of the combing process, which were left to the care of their mother. The wages of this family, taking an average of four years, amounted to £19 per annum, deducting combing expenses, to £16. Adding the £6 8s. which the eldest son earned, and even the £4 16s. which the little milliner was to receive presently, the entire resources of the family were £27 4s., in other words, less than twopence halfpenny per head per diem. The *Bureau de bienfaisance* helped the family in the winter with 12 lbs. of bread, and in the summer with 6 lbs. Yet what could the interior of such a hard-working and ill-paid family be. Why, labour brought only the miserable life that gave them still the strength to suffer. Time was, when troops of these poor wool-combers wandered homeless, from drinking-shop to drinking-shop, hungry and keen as rats. Let us welcome, then, the machine that has driven these hungry crowds from unprofitable work to pastures new, and almost left the little wool-combing that is done by hand, to be accomplished by the inmates of Rheims prison. Yet in 1848, the Rheims operatives fell savagely upon the manufacturing machinery, as upon their worst enemy. These were wild times in the good old city, when the mobs demanded that the government should fix the price of bread, and forcibly lower rents. But some of their demands were not very wild. They demanded free trade in all substances and in

food ; the suppression of the odious *livret* ; the abolition of caution-money on newspapers, and the removal of education from the hands of the priests.

Louis Napoleon met this excited population with "concessions" that appealed intimately to them—a system of supplying them with wine at their own homes, and at wholesale price. This decree or regulation applied equally to other towns ; but was little used, except at Rheims, where the authorities took the initiative, and almost forced it upon the people. Five months after the establishment of the system, between twelve and fifteen hundred families were supplied at this cheap rate. It is said that this system has exercised a most beneficial influence over the operatives, by tempting them to dine at home with their families.

We now turn from the north and north-eastern districts of working France—from Flemish and Norman races—to contemplate races of quicker blood, and living in warmer regions than the chilly *Pas de Calais*. We turn to the south-east, and our eyes rest at once upon the second city of the French empire—upon busy, noisy, brilliant Lyons !

The workmen of this splendid city have earned a world-wide fame, as the most intrepid defenders of what they may conceive to be their rights. A pleasure-loving, excitable race, not very nice in their habits nor strict in their morals, dulnesses in trade have generally found them with empty pockets. The dissipation of two or three days in the week often leaves but a few sous for the wants of the remaining five. Rousseau, in his poverty, hobbled and nobbed with Lyons weavers ; and, speaking with the authority of experience, declared that their corruption was frightful. Montfalcon, who described them in 1834, found them sleeping in foul dens, huddled, regardless of decency, in crowds ; living on coarse food, and in the midst of pestilent dirt. A family of a master-weaver, who has two or three looms, includes journeymen-weavers, who work some of these looms, receiving for their labour half the produce of the looms, and lodging. These journeymen, having no fixed abode, and few responsibilities, are

more turbulent and disorderly than the master-weavers who employ them. According to Montfalcon, they have no energy and no spirit of order. They are insolent in prosperous times, and riotous in dull seasons. Their masters find them a curse, by reason of their ignorance and evil habits. True, in the rear of these journeymen, come the wild and daring apprentices and lancers, who love riot and noise, and will show a courageous front at times in disorderly exhibitions. The lancers are mere children, who throw the shuttle. These lancers and apprentices have proved useful to builders of barricades, before now. Lyons is an exceptional manufacturing city. The master-weavers are small capitalists, and hold themselves independently towards the *fabricants*, who furnish them with the raw material, which they weave at an agreed price. The master-weaver is independent of the fabricant, therefore. There are, then, three classes, all opposed to each other, viz., the fabricant, the master-weaver, and the journeyman-weaver. Montfalcon rates these Lyons fabricants far below the merchants of Havre, Rouen, and Bordeaux. When the weavers made wage-riots, these ignorant *fabricants* were disunited, and therefore powerless. The weavers extorted absurd concessions which, had they been maintained, would have ruined the silk trade of Lyons.

In 1831 the weavers turned out, declaring that they would have a fixed tariff of prices—a tariff that should be beyond the influences of competition. They would have, in other words, a certain sum for their work, whether this work were worth the value they chose to set upon it or not. In pursuance of this resolve blood was abundantly shed in the late autumn of 1831; and a black standard floated over the angry, ignorant mob, that knew not they were asking that which the manufacturers could not give. The men were for a time victorious, and they almost sacked the town; yet in the end they were mastered, they and their tariff, although for thirty months Lyons, we are told, never enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity. They ultimately returned to work, under frowning fortifications, built to overawe them. In vain they lashed themselves into fury, crying “Down with Louis Philippe!” and—

“Up with the guillotine.” In vain they organized secret societies of Mutualists and Ferrandiniers. It was not possible that they should remain dictators. While they were agitating, their trade was leaving the old city.

And now, when the labouring-classes of France show signs of uneasiness—when the public mind is disturbed—the authorities turn uneasily to watch Lyons. A concentrated population of 250,000 individuals, expert at disorder, hot-headed and tenacious, is a force that can make itself felt, and aggravate the dangers of a political crisis. This force has been described, in France, as the right arm of Socialism. From the dominating height of the turbulent Croix-Rousse, Lyons, picturesque and remarkable, holds forth promises to the wild dreamers of Paris—to Socialists of all shades now—and now to societies of the Rights of Man. La Guillotière has its mobs of unthinking rioters, ever ready to shout in the van of leaders from Croix-Rousse. But enough of this sad record of senseless struggles. Our way is direct to the Croix-Rousse, where the Lyons weavers are located, in houses apart, including four or five looms, as we have already described.

In and about Lyons between sixty and seventy thousand looms are crowded, which send brilliant Lyonnese silks to all parts of the world—to Russia and Germany, the United States and Mexico; to Turkey and the Brazils. Here there is employment for between 170,000 and 180,000 individuals. Thousands of these inhabit commodious rooms in vast houses built upon the steep slopes of the Croix-Rousse. A peep through any of the windows discovers looms at work. The Lyonnese weaver lives near his loom. The greater part of his house is given to his looms; but he has generally two separate chambers, one of which is kitchen to the whole family, and bed-room to himself and wife; while the other is devoted to his journeymen and his children. The approaches to this house are spacious, but they are too public. These spacious houses, it should be observed, are the model weavers' houses; but in the Saint George's and Saint Just quarters may be found traces of the old, careless, ill-lodged *canuts*. The political passions of the Lyonnese ope-

ratives are not stirred by marked excesses in drink. Compared with the operatives of Flanders, the Lyonnese weavers are sober, even abstemious men. The mantle weavers drink but seldom at the wine-shops; their business keeps them at home; at home, therefore, they lay in stores of the wine they require. But if the Lyonnese operatives are not drunkards, they are lovers of pleasure. They delight in *cafés chantants* and in theatrical exhibitions. Their ardent temperament is easily excited—easily touched. They are, moreover, a dignified race, and aspire to the dress of the middle classes on holidays. The reader, it may be, has observed the working-classes at Paris *barrière* balls, or lounging about Rouen, Lille, or Amiens, on a fête day. The operatives are, as a rule, somewhat negligently dressed, in blouses, and with caps defiantly cocked. The Lyonnese operative aspires to a *mise* far beyond the blouse and the cap; and he will stint himself to appear imposing when he is taking his pleasure. Tricked out *en bourgeois*, he laughs his loudest at the comic songs of his favourite *café chantant*.

He is not, sober as he is, a very moral man. As master-weaver he has the care of young female apprentices, who come under his roof at a dangerous age, to learn the handiwork by which they are to live. He is not, however, too careful of their morals. He is not a strict Catholic; he has rather a contempt for the priests. He regards them as leagued with the friends of despotism to hand him over bound hand and foot. He holds himself aloof from his church; for the voice that is raised there is to him the voice of the serpent! Sad that it should be so; that the priest should be mixed up with Ministries of Interiors, Prefectures, and police officers! The hero of many riots, with the memory of certain grand theories of social life in his head, restlessly watching for new advantages, the Lyonnese master-weaver has learned to hold a certain distance between himself and his journeymen. It is now his pleasure, that they shall not eat at the same table as their employer; in some cases he even sends

them forth to sleep. Master-weaver and journeyman are more apart than in the old days of the docile *compagnon*. The two are antagonistic. If a journeyman be a very skilful weaver, the master is the man who employs him. Neither quarrel on the subject of wages, since the old custom of dividing the money made in halves—for the master and one for the journeyman—is still strictly followed. For our friends, the *Prudhommes*, are often called upon to deal with quarrels about fêtes and holidays. It would seem that the Lyonnese operatives are so remarkably honourable in their social and business relations, that they are not inclined to law courts, and that they have a very acute sense of honour. It is told, to their honour, that even in the heat of social revolutions, the master-weavers would not permit their patrons to lose a meter of fabric; when disorders were at their height, no pieces of silk were carried off or wilfully damaged. But there was a time when the master-weaver revenged himself for his payment, by abstracting part of the silk given to him to weave; and he justified the theft. He declared that he took that which was his due. His employer would not pay a fair price for the weaving; he, therefore, made up the difference. This false reasoning, as it will be seen, is very dangerous. But the Lyons operative believes entirely in it. He is an honest and a spirited man; he will suffer poverty, but he will not beg. There are beggars enough in Lyons, but none of them are silk-weavers. No; these weavers will work hard enough—from six in the morning until ten at night often, but they will not beg. When the sad hour comes in which there is no silk to be woven, they suffer cruel privations; but they never mob into the streets to ask alms of the passers-by.

There is something noble, then, in this dignity that has the courage to labour and to suffer, rather than to ask alms. There is, also, in the Lyonnese operative, that envy of the rich—that antagonism to the man more fortunate than himself, which makes the asking of alms doubly painful to him.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

THE love of adventure characteristic of Englishmen has well-nigh exhausted the mysteries of the globe. It is hard to light on any "*lusus naturæ*" that our countrymen have not explored. Not content with gratifying their own appetite for the marvellous, they have written, painted, and photographed to good purpose. Our Cockney friend, who has not tempted Neptune beyond Greenwich, will talk as fluently about Niagara or Mount Blanc, the Pyramids or Behring's Straits, as his grandfather might have done about Snowdon or Glencoe. If the modern traveller would be original, he must accompany Livingston through the African desert, or get accredited to the court of the Tycoon. Strange that when the laboratory of Nature has been so thoroughly ransacked, so little is known in this country of the greatest natural curiosity in the Western Continent—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The very name will be new to the ears of most Englishmen, and if it awakes any ideas at all, they are hardly less mythical than the ancient entertained of the cave of Trophonius, or the labyrinth of Dædalus. Yet this extraordinary cavern, which might serve as a counterpart to the Hades of antiquity, is perfectly accessible, and visited annually by thousands of Americans. It only requires to be generally known, in order to become at some future day a Mecca of the tourist world.

In the course of a recent ramble through North America we paid a visit to this remarkable place. In attempting to describe it, you feel like a waking man who tries to recal the sensations of night-mare; he finds that the impressions which have flitted through his sensorium are so vague and shadowy that they defy analysis; his brain has been the theatre of a strange phantasmagoria, which language is not adequate to express; and so the unearthly scenes which are witnessed in this cave sometimes baffle the power of words to describe, and you discover that our vocabulary would require copious additions, before it could become the vernacular of shades.

The town of Louisville, on the banks of the Ohio, is the favourite point of starting for the Mammoth Cave, and a railway has been recently constructed which brings you within a few miles of the spot. One lovely morning during the past summer we left Louisville and travelled by this road through the heart of Kentucky. It would be hard to find anywhere a more picturesque combination of sylvan and pastoral scenery than this route affords. A few miles further ride by coach, along roads that would dislocate an English vehicle, brought us to the Cave Hotel—a primitive-looking building, with rather a tumble-down aspect, and very different from most of those palatial structures which astonish European travellers on their first visit to the States.

The mouth of the cave is situated within two hundred yards of the hotel, and is a dark ugly hole, from which issues a current of cool air, producing at times a mist or fog by contact with the warm atmosphere outside. Our party, which comprised several ladies, attired themselves in suitable costume, the ladies being equipped in Bloomer fashion, with scarlet cloaks and turbans, which acted as a foil to the darkness of the cave, and produced a highly picturesque effect. Each of us was provided with a lamp, and early in the morning we bade adieu to the realms above, and, preceded by our guide, marched in single file into the mouth of the cave.

Our course lay for about half a mile along a natural tunnel, styled in the nomenclature underground, "the narrows," when a large circular space was reached called the "Rotunda," with a flat ceiling about 100 feet high. The floor of this apartment has been cut up by miners, who, in the last war with Great Britain, manufactured saltpetre in the mouth of this extraordinary cavern. Fragments of vats and other materials are strewed about, and the wood remains as sound as when it was left there fifty years ago. The prints of the feet of the oxen employed in the work are also distinctly visible, the soft clay on which they were impressed having hardened almost to

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There is something noble, then, in this dignity that has the courage to labour and to suffer, rather than to ask alms. There is, also, in the Lyonnese operative, that envy of the rich—that antagonism to the man more fortunate than himself, which makes the asking of alms doubly painful to him.

prisoned below groaned and writhed in their fetters.

This scene is but a type of what occurs repeatedly in this subterranean kingdom. All the elements of sublimity existing here, are combined again and again in forms equally wild, fantastic, and ghostly. Leaving the Bridge of Sighs, we defile through a low archway, four feet in height, with a ceiling white as though it had been plastered, termed the "Valley of Humility," and reach a singular pass, called the "Scotchman's Trap," where huge pendulous rocks overhang, and seem to be supported against each other by a narrow wedge between. Why this treacherous contrivance should be charged on Caledonia does not sufficiently appear. We next enter a singularly narrow, tortuous passage, 'yclept "Fat Man's Misery," which, as the name implies, it must be torture to an obese biped to get through. This pass extends 150 yards, varying from three to four feet in height, and in some parts is not more than eighteen inches in width. The opening has evidently been worn through the rock by the mechanical action of water, the sides being fluted where the softer material had been eaten out faster by the current. Through this pigmy avenue we thread our way with much physical contortion and mental anguish, and emerge with gratitude into a roomy chamber, very aptly styled "Great Relief." There we cautiously straighten ourselves, feeling whether our spines are sound, and our heads neither scalped nor contused; and if the inspection prove satisfactory, which we have good grounds for thinking is usually the case, we resume our journey and soon reach the shores of the "Dead Sea." This ominous title is applied to a deep pool of water of small extent, but extremely gloomy in appearance, over which lofty jagged rocks impend. Our road lies along a narrow ledge overhanging it thirty feet; and, dropping a stone into this dark pool, the splash reverberates along the aisles, deepening the gloom by its mournful sound.

Hardly have we passed the horrors of the "Dead Sea," till the melancholy "Styx" looms in view—a lane of deep water 150 yards long, having a subterranean connexion with the other rivers of the cave. The rocks

which hem in the river are piled up in chaotic confusion, and support far up in the dimness above, a black unsightly roof. You might suppose that the giants of the cave had met here in deadly conflict, torn down the rafters of their hall, cracked the ceiling, wrenched out the buttresses that support the roof, and scattered the fragments of rock in wild confusion.

A natural bridge leads over the river Styx, enabling us to dispense with Charon and his boat, a contrivance, we presume, exclusively set apart for disembodied spirits.

A short walk takes us to the shores of "Lake Lethe," where we sigh at the thought that sweet oblivion is no longer to be found in its still waters. This pool, or sluggish stream, fills up the avenue through which we pass for 150 yards, and compels us to resort to navigation. Two flat-bottomed boats, destitute of benches, and more nearly allied to rafts than any other specimen of naval architecture, receive the company.

We disposed ourselves along the sides or gunwales, balancing ourselves nicely, as the boats are loaded within two inches of the water, and our guide paddles us along its smooth surface.

The ceiling over our heads rises 100 feet high, and vertical cliffs drop from it sheer into the water, and along this magnificent natural tunnel we take our first subterranean voyage. The still gliding motion of the boat, the vast archway above, the solemn silence that reigns around, recal the day-dreams of childhood. You ask yourself, is not this the subterranean avenue fashioned by the hand of the Genii that leads to the Valley of Diamonds? or is it not that peaceful stream that meanders through the blessed plains of Elysium? But the bark touches the nether shore, and the illusion vanishes. We disembark and enter a fine avenue, termed the "Great Walk," 500 yards long, running from "Lake Lethe," to "Echo River." The bottom is covered with sand, and forms the water-course of a stream when the rivers are high; and here we may explain the economy of these underground streams. In close vicinity to the Mammoth Cave flows the Green river, a considerable tributary to the Ohio, and having an underground

the degree of petrification. Our guide illuminated the "Rotunda" by means of Bengal lights, and the effect was strikingly grand, when this vast space, equal to the area of St. Paul's, was clearly lighted up, the blue sulphurous flame casting a lurid glare on the rocky walls like that produced by vivid flashes of lightning. This scene, however, was soon dwarfed by others of greater sublimity and lost in the retrospect much of the influence it then exerted on our minds.

On leaving the Rotunda we enter a rocky chamber, called the "Methodist Church," having a shelving ledge, from which, we were told, preachers of that persuasion held forth to their audience in former times, though why they should have sought this unearthly oratory is not easy to imagine.

On the right we now pass a huge mass of rock, forty feet in length, named the "Giant's Coffin," bearing a striking resemblance to that last receptacle of mortality. It is not hard to suppose that some Cyclops unknown to fame,—some Columbian Polypheme or Cacus,—lies here entombed. Indeed the entire cave, with its vaulted chambers, corridors, and galleries interlacing each other in endless labyrinthine folds, and reposing in sepulchral silence and gloom, irresistibly reminds one of a huge catacomb.

The darkness and stillness of this city of the dead is such as cannot be imagined by those who have not experienced it. For miles not the faintest sound is heard. When you sit still and listen, the pulsations of your heart are distinctly audible, and the throbbing of your head becomes painfully distinct. To a person of a nervous temperament, the din and tumult that reveal themselves *within* become deafening, and he is glad to break the silence without to quell this internal uproar.

These effects, however, are but seldom realized by visitors; for the excitement and novelty of the scene usually provoke a flow of animal spirits, and banter, repartee and boisterous merriment expel all sense of preternatural awe. It may be added that the atmosphere of the cave is said to produce an exhilarating effect; it is certain that the power of physical endurance is largely increased, and exertions that above ground would cause exhaustion, are made without the

least fatigue. This may partly arise from the uniform cool temperature that prevails, for the thermometer stands at fifty-nine degrees all the year round, and is the same in every part of the cavern.

Our path now turns abruptly round the "Giant's Coffin," and enters a tortuous passage, sometimes so contracted that a Newfoundland dog could hardly walk through erect. Along this we scramble, stooping and twisting ourselves in every conceivable shape, sometimes groping up a steep tunnel, then sliding down a rapid decline, with bodies curved to a semicircle, ever and anon stumbling and knocking our heads, backs, and knees against projecting angles, till at last we slide obliquely on to the upper step of a ladder, and so drop down into a broader pathway beneath. This intricate pass is termed the "Steeps of Time," and well it merits the name.

The archway now rapidly rises till the roof attains a height of fifty or sixty feet, and our road conducts us to the brink of a deep chasm, termed the "Bottomless Pit," though, if truth must be told, soundings have been obtained at a depth of 175 feet. Over an angle of this pit is cast a wooden bridge, entitled the "Bridge of Sighs," and the view from hence is one of the most sublime in the whole cave. Our guide dropped a Bengal light on a ledge of the chasm, which illuminated its gloomy recesses, sent a flickering glare over the lofty arch that spanned it, and brought out in bold relief the jagged cliffs that walled it in. The scene was one of exceeding wildness, and even in its physical elements could hardly be matched above ground; but when the death-like stillness is added, the preternatural glimmer of the light, and the long retreating vistas of darkness beyond, the realms of light must yield the palm, and resign to Erebus and Nox the dominion of horrors. If it were possible to add to the strangeness of the scene, the long line of human beings fantastically attired, each with lamp in hand, and face painted blue, by the sulphurous light, gave it a still more weird aspect; and when stones were plunged into the chasm, they bounded from side to side, crashing and pounding, till, as they approached the bottom, their utterance subsided into a sighing murmur, as though fiends im-

prisoned below groaned and writhed in their fetters.

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communication with the waters in the cave. When this stream is swollen, its water surges back into the cave and floods the streams inside, causing them to run with a turbulent muddy current; but when the Green river is low, the connexion ceases, the waters in the cave become pure and limpid, and are recruited only by small springs within, so that, strictly speaking, they are ponds rather than streams. At the period of our visit to the cave, they were in the last-named state, and the current was scarcely perceptible. A little stream ran along "Great Walk," from Lake Lethe to Echo River, intersecting our path several times, and affording the gentlemen an opportunity of displaying their gallantry to the ladies. At last we reached the shore of Echo River, and again embarked in our flat-bottomed boats, expecting to renew the delightful sensations of our previous voyage; but scarcely had we pushed from the bank, when the lofty vault suddenly shelved down almost to the water's edge, apparently obstructing our progress. The guide, however, pushed the boat onwards toward the low archway, which was now dimly visible, and before we had time to reason or explain, he dropped on his knees and shouted to us to crouch in the boat, which already was entering the dark narrow passage. Lower and lower grew the archway, till at last there was but eighteen inches from the water to the roof; and as we lay squelched, like flounders, in the bottom of the boat, pasted with mud and sand, and our backs grinding against the rock, our feelings were novel in the extreme.

Here was a veritable counterpart to the story of that unfortunate in the Arabian Nights, who drifted down a black stream, that lost itself in a tunnel under the mountain; but human nature is trustful, and our spirits were less depressed than might have been expected. Soon the ceiling began to rise, and after a few moments we resumed our natural posture.

The roof now continued to range from ten to fifteen feet in height, the river spreading out to a breadth of fifty to a hundred feet, and continuing in that state for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Here we enjoyed, perhaps, the richest treat reserved for visitors to the cave. The river derives its name from the

number and fulness of its echoes, and we tested it by singing a chorus, with hearty emphasis, some of our finest melodies. The extent to which the human voice was deepened and enriched by the acoustic properties of the place was perfectly astounding. Each voice seemed endowed with the compass and power of a full-toned organ, and a perfect torrent of harmony rolled along the river, swaying from side to side, and reverberating far in the distance. Later in the summer, when visitors are numerous, and enter the cave in parties of forty and fifty, a band of music occasionally performs on the river, and the effect must be as entrancing as when Orpheus lulled the janitors of Hades and played his way harmless through the realms of Pluto.

But our voyage is over, and we pass along "Silliman's-avenue," a walk extending a mile and a-half in length, rugged and broken, and presenting most of the features we have already described. Numerous galleries branch off on either side, leading to some of the most remarkable sights in the cave. One of these conducts to "Lucy's Dome," the loftiest apartment underground, being over 300 feet in height. This, however, we were not able to visit. At the entrance of Silliman's-avenue we cross a deep depression, lined on each side with soft clay, and styled facetiously, "the Infernal Regions." The footing is so slippery that few cross it without an act of obeisance to mother earth; and here we may remark that the cave, in general, is remarkably dry. There are very few spots where dripping comes from the roof, and the bottom is generally lined with an adhesive powder or fine sand, which renders the footing secure and enables passengers to traverse break-neck routes that, under other conditions, would be highly perilous.

Silliman's-avenue communicates with the pass of "El Ghor," so named on account of its savage wildness. If possible, it exceeds in stern solitary grandeur any of the routes we have described. This avenue terminates in "Washington's Hall," a spacious chamber where travellers usually stop to lunch, as the debris of broken bottles which line the floor in all directions testify. Some ancient writer speaks of a "banquet of hor-

rons," but our party, in common with their predecessors, did not find that fare very satisfying. In fact, it seemed only to have whetted our appetite for coarser diet, and champagne and sandwiches were discussed with uncommon gusto.

After resting here awhile, we entered the last great avenue, termed "Cleveland's Cabinet," from the extraordinary collection of natural curiosities which it contains. In profuse ornamentation this part of the cave far surpasses all the rest, the roof being lined with white gypsum, pure as alabaster, sometimes of a rich cream colour, sometimes of snowy whiteness, and fashioned into all manner of graceful and elegant devices. The prevailing type of ornament is a net-work of flowers, dovetailed into one another, and for hundreds of yards the ceiling and sides of the avenue are literally hidden by a snowy efflorescence. The prevailing form of flower is of the polyanthus type, consisting of a circular cluster of leaves, about six inches in diameter, with pendulous flower-stalks, bearing blossoms at the end, and the imitation is sometimes so perfect that one can scarce help thinking that the chisel of the sculptor has been busy here. This portion of the avenue has been fitly termed "Flora's Garden." At another place the ceiling is covered with white balls about the size of a man's fist, bearing a striking resemblance to snow-balls plastered against the roof; hence the name of "Snow-ball Gallery." At another point the white gypsum of the roof is studded with minute crystals, which sparkle in the light like sunbeams, and the place is called the "Diamond Grotto." Nature, in this spot, seems to have exhausted her powers in the production of the beautiful, and, as in the grander portions of the cave, she dwarfs, by comparison, the mightiest achievements of the architect, so here she eclipses the choicest efforts of the sculptor.

But it is not here alone that specimens of her curious handiwork are found. All through the cave occur fanciful formations and grotesque resemblances to terrestrial objects. One small chamber, called "Martha's Vineyard," is crowded with immense clusters of little nodules, bearing a marked resemblance to grapes. In

another grotto, diverging from the main route, the roof is divided into rectangular segments of the size and shape of bacon hams, whence it is termed "Bacon Chamber." Near "Martha's Vineyard" occurs a singular formation, called "Vulcan's Forge." Large heaps of what appear, at first sight, to be charred cinders, are piled on each other; the masses, however, are firmly cemented, and the indentations are probably confined to the surface, for the cave, generally, shows no traces of volcanic origin, and these formations must be solely attributable to the action of water. Another fantastic freak of nature is displayed in what is termed the "Fly Chamber," where the ceiling is dotted with innumerable black specks, as though a swarm of flies were roosting on it. Lower down, the white gypsum of the roof is fluted with black serpentine grooves, and looks as though a host of snakes were trailing themselves along it.

The foregoing comprise most of the prevailing types of curious formations, but numerous isolated devices prevail, bearing comical likenesses to men and beasts, and often provoking sallies of wit and bursts of laughter.

Cleveland's Cabinet is now past, and we reach a chaotic pile of rocks 150 feet high, called the "Rocky Mountains," over which we scramble and look down into "the dismal hollow" beyond. This hollow, or abyss, which lies at the end of the cave, is of great extent, and has a singularly dreary and mournful aspect; you feel as if you had reached the very outposts of the nether world, and were cut off, by insurmountable barriers, from the cheerful realms of light. The bottom of the hollow is strewn with huge fragments of rock, and large masses encumber the shelving sides, sometimes arrested by obstacles so trifling that it seems

" — As though

An infant's touch could urge

Their headlong passage down the verge."

A narrow gallery branches off from the dismal hollow, which penetrates a little further, and conducts to the extreme known limit of the Mammoth Cave. A very ugly pit, called the "Maelstrom," said to be nearly 200 feet deep, lies at the end, and is so narrow at the orifice that a man can

oss it. The sides of the galleys are encrusted with limestone, some of which are very hard, and emit a sonorous sound when struck. Very few formations of this character, however, are found here, probably on account of the hardness of the ceiling, for stalactites are only formed through the action of water.

The end of the cave is computed to be nine miles from the mouth, considering the sinuosities of the route; and, considering the extreme roughness of the road, the exertion undergone was very great, but no one complained of fatigue, and the ladies of the party accomplished that and the return distance back without being exhausted.

The route homeward lay along the same road already described; but as we had on other occasions, some new scenes not alluded to here, we will be as well to notice them in passing.

One of the most striking of these is called "Gorin's Dome." The guide here looks through a narrow window, half way between the first and second floor, and when illuminated by a Bengal light, the view is very sublime; the height of the dome is about 200 feet, the walls are vertically on either side, with the effect of the appearance of baptism. The "Gothic Chapel" early resembles a specimen of workmanship than any other seen in the cave. It is an oval about fifty feet long, with a ceiling ten feet high, resting on eight or ten stalactites, of columnar form. Each of these we suspended a red velvet cushion on the chamber a dim light, and the resemblance to an ancient Gothic chapel was complete. The effect proved so solemnizing, that merriment seemed profane, and we half expected to see some monk emerge from his cell to repeat his vespers.

And this chamber runs a gallery along the ceiling, covered with singularly shaped stalactites resembling humps, extending half way to the ground. These, doubtless, of the stalactite kind, want their tapering form, but as if they had swollen out into tumours in the system.

In every respect, however, the most striking spectacle in the whole cave

is witnessed in what is called the "Star Chamber." This is a vast hall about 500 feet long and sixty feet in breadth and height. The walls are vertical, and the ceiling is perfectly flat and encrusted with black gypsum, covered with innumerable white dots. Viewed by a faint light, your first impression is that you are gazing at the dark vault of heaven studded with countless stars; the sharp outline of the cliffs stands out in bold relief against the dark blue firmament, and the milky-way spans the section of the sky which is disclosed through the aperture. While we stand lost in astonishment at this strange mirage, the guide collects our lamps and retires with them to a cavity on the opposite side; forthwith clouds begin to sweep over the heavens, the stars are obscured, and a tempest seems to be approaching. But the clouds soon part asunder and the moon shines out with a feeble light. Again the sky is overcast, and this time the darkness thickens and grows in intensity till it may almost be felt. Not a glimmer of light is to be seen on the horizon; a death-like silence reigns, and you hold your breath in momentary expectancy of some preternatural event. But, hark! far away in the distance a cheering sound is heard; you catch the faint echo of a cock-crow, and again the sound is heard, and comes nearer and nearer till at last a glimmer appears on the eastern horizon—it is the beautiful Aurora heralding the dawn. Now the light waxes stronger, and the eastern crags reflect the radiance, and—blessed sight—the sun himself rises full-orbed, chases the darkness away, and restores us to the land of the living.

The explanation of this phantasmagoria is simple: An underground tunnel conducts from the Star Chamber to a distant part of the cave. Our guide gradually withdrew the lights from view, producing the illusion of driving clouds, and letting them shine through a little aperture, formed the image of the moon on the roof, then disappearing in the tunnel he left us in utter darkness, and, after a while, reappearing in the distance, heralded the dawn, and bringing the lamps arranged in a circular form into view, produced a striking resemblance to the rising sun.

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BACON AND HIS NEW APOLOGIST.

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been set before us in newer, if not
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tell us aught of new in favour of an
Elizabeth, a Cromwell, or a Bacon,
we are ready to hearken not only
without impatience, but rather with
a secret hope of finding cause to
amend, if not entirely to recast, our
old conclusions.

How little of that hope has in this
case been realized it is our painful,
yet not wholly bootless, task to show.
Mr. Dixon's way of telling his story
is likely enough to mislead many who
have partially forgotten, or, it may be,
have yet to read, the *Life of Bacon*
by Lord Campbell, or Macaulay's
powerful reply to the sentimental
pleadings of Mr. Basil Montagu. Nor
has he wholly failed to rub off one or
two of the deepest shades in his idol's
countenance, to bring out, in clearer
relief, one or two of the fairer features
in the life of one to whom Pope's
much-quoted antithesis must after all
be applied, with large allowance for
the needs of a rhyming satirist, and
the lameness of human speech. Yet,
after a close comparison of opposite
pleas, we are forced regretfully to say,
that Bacon's new biographer has not
only failed to disprove the general
truth of charges hitherto current
about his hero, but has also succeeded
in showing how easily, in the hands
of a skilful partisan, the worse may
be made to appear the better cause.
If his opponents have sometimes erred
through ignorance or love of display,
his own errors in the other direction
are at once more glaring and much
less excusable. Compared with Mr.
Dixon, Lord Campbell writes with
the calmness of a judge, Lord Ma-
caulay with the courtesy of a generous
foe.

The book, like many more in these
days, is written throughout at far too

* *Bacon, from Unpublished Papers.* By Wm. Hepworth
Thelker. London: John Murray. 1861.

† Macaulay, Ben Jonson here used the word "judges"
"critics."

high a pressure. Its style is utterly unnatural, laden with forced metaphor and graphic writing of the loudest sort. The unsparing use of wrong tenses on every occasion—a fashion copied, for no good reason, from the French—renders the reading of it a work of pain, not always lightened by the new scenes to which our gaze is drawn. A burst of extremely fine writing, in very short sentences, prepares us for the flood of new light wherein all Bacon's supposed offences are to be drowned for evermore. In the midst of a furious attack on poor Pope, and the "age that took Voltaire to be its guide," we are told that the young and pure reject satire, "for satire is the disease of art;" that "Nature abhors antithesis," and refuses to mix God and devil in one. What Thackeray and other moralists will say to this we need not care to ask, remembering, for our part, how history and Byron have painted for us at least one—

"Great lord of all things, yet the slave of all;"

while many a schoolboy might easily enlarge on the pleasure he has derived from reading the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, or the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. Travellers, also, who have crossed the Line in a dead calm are now assured, against the teaching of their own eyes, that waves "do not cease to crest when the wind which whipped them lulls." Gazing on the girl-like face in Hillyard's miniature, who that judges "by wholes and not by parts" will care to think of that other girl-like face, whose owner, the pure and virtuous Shelley, coolly abandoned a fair young wife to gratify the lawless love he had suddenly conceived for another? Lovers of truth and fair play will be pleased to hear that "the lie against Nature" which "broke into high literary force with Pope," had theretofore "only oozed in the slime of Welden, Chamberlain, and D'Ewes;" while persons of ordinary shrewdness will, doubtless, be at no loss to understand how, "if it be true that the Father of Modern Science was a rogue and cheat, it is also most true that we have taken a rogue and cheat to be our god."

After some wild hitting at every one who has ever cast the faintest slur on Bacon's fair fame, Mr. Dixon

takes up the scent of what future ages are to consider the only true reading of a character hitherto more or less belied. How was it, he asks, that a man of such eminent parts—so wise, witty, eloquent, hard-working, eager to rise, and conscious of power to rule—a man of so many personal charms, so formed for love, for friendship, for social intercourse—how was it that such a man, backed as he was by powerful kinsmen, a queen's favourite, and the queen herself, was still left so far behind in the race of preferment, by men of far lower birth and claims—by men whom he had been used to beat in debate and energy, in natural genius and acquired knowledge—sometimes, even, in all the lesser graces of person and manner? To this question Mr. Dixon finds but one answer. Bacon lagged behind not because he had less luck, less influence, more jealous rivals, than other men; not because the younger Cecil feared his genius, or Queen Elizabeth mistrusted his loyalty, or her successor resented the part he took against Essex; but because he was the soul of honour, the mould of all virtue, the one star of spotless purity, unflinching patriotism, large-hearted tolerance, in a world of intriguing libertines, self-seeking placemen, and grovelling bargainers for place. In support of this theory we are asked yet another question. If Bacon was corrupt and servile, how was it that "he alone, among the great lawyers of his time, died poor?" Hatton, we are told—

"Left a prince's wealth. Egerton founded the noble house of Ellesmere, Montagu, that of Manchester. Coke was one of the richest men in England. Popham bequeathed to his children Littlecote and Wellington. Bennet, Hobart, Fleming, each left a great estate. How explain this rule and this exception?"

"Surely they are not explained by the theory that Bacon's servility held him down, while Coke's servility sent him up; that Bacon's corruption kept him poor, while Popham's corruption made him rich!"

No sane person, we are bold to say, ever thought of thus explaining a contrast intelligible enough to those who remember that Coke, for instance, was as great a miser as Bacon himself was always the reverse; that Lord Ellesmere's reign as Chancellor alone lasted over some twenty years of a

the most striking scenes witnessed in this subterranean realm, but the reader must not conclude that he has got any thing like a complete account of its wonders. In the course of several visits we did not cover nearly a fourth of the ground that has been explored, and many of the objects we did see have left such confused impressions that we do not venture to transcribe them. We believe, however, that what we have depicted is fairly typical of all the scenery in the cave; and enlarging the picture would only distract the attention, by calling it away from the more prominent figures in the foreground. It is also possible that we have occasionally transposed the locality of the points, and appropriated to one scene some of the features belonging to another; but as we are not writing a guide-book, but only photographing the impressions made upon our mind, absolute correctness in detail is not essential.

We may add, that the total length of avenue explored is supposed to exceed considerably 100 miles, though most of that distance is seldom or never visited by tourists. The routes we have delineated are arranged so as to include the most striking objects; and as the guides are usually employed in conducting parties over them, it is difficult to get access to the remoter parts. It is needless to remark, that none but those intimately acquainted with the cave can venture in without guidance, the net-work of galleries is so intricate, that a stranger would infallibly lose himself and would soon perish, if assistance did not reach him. Almost every year cases occur of persons who wander from their party, and though the guides have usually recovered them, so terrible is the effect of being left alone in the dark that, in several cases, reason had departed for ever. Many openings in this cave have not yet been investigated, and it is thought probable that the part unexplored may nearly equal in extent the portion that is known.

Scarcely any animals except bats exist, but of these immense numbers congregate in some of the galleries; traces of rats are also found, and a peculiar species of cricket, without eyes. There is also found in "Echo" river a fish similarly constituted; but

we believe eyeless fish are found in various parts of the world.

At one time a notion prevailed that the atmosphere of the cave was favourable to consumptive persons, and several cottages were built for the reception of such, and about a dozen individuals were induced to make the experiment. The effect, however, was disastrous; for nearly all the patients died either in the cave or soon after leaving it; some of them having resided four or five months there. The appearance of these persons, on coming into the light, is said to have been ghastly in the extreme: the pupil of the eye had dilated till the iris was not visible, and their faces were bloodless and almost transparent. These effects, however, do not indicate any unhealthiness in the atmosphere; but are such as would naturally follow from the total privation of light. In fact, the air of the cave, being wholly free from animal and vegetable matter, is remarkably pure, and occasional trips are rather beneficial than otherwise: the guides, who have been from ten to fifteen years in the service, and generally spend most of the day underground, enjoy excellent health.

As we are neither able nor desirous to give a scientific account of the formation of the cave, we have scarcely glanced at the geological view of the subject: we may add, however, that the rock out of which it is hollowed consists of limestone, and that chemists consider the excavation to have been effected by water holding carbonic acid in solution, while the curious formations have been produced by the combination, in different degrees, of the chemical ingredients of this water with the limestone.

Since the cave has been discovered no perceptible change has been detected in it, and no rocks are known to have been detached from the roof. At the same time the avenues are covered with huge fragments which, at some time, must have dropped from above; while other masses are partially detached and seem ready to drop with the slightest concussion.

In passing beneath these pendulous masses, sometimes without visible means of support, the tourist is apt to shrug his shoulders and wish himself through.

The only real danger to which visi-

mons, first as member for Melcombe, in 1585, and again, in 1586, for the large and noteworthy borough of Taunton, "that Manchester," says Mr. Dixon, "of a milder clime; next to Bristol, the richest town between the Severn and the Scilly Isles." Instead of making his maiden speech on a point of law-reform, as Lord Campbell fondly fancied, in the parliament of 1593, he had, by Mr. Dixon's showing, played no silent part in the session summoned by Elizabeth to settle the fate of Mary Queen of Scots. A grand committee, of which Bacon was a member, knelt down at the royal feet to demand that the murderess of Darnley, the archplotter against England's Queen, faith, and freedom, should be dealt with as her crimes deserved. The member for Taunton had already proved his powers of speech and brain before an assembly remarkable for the number of its able or brilliant men. Mr. Dixon, indeed, has no measure for his admiration of the peerless orator, the large-minded statesman, the bold yet tolerant patriot, who is trusted by all parties because "he represents what is best in each." Unluckily, in the very next page, the same enthusiast discovers "a bloom of study and travel on the fat girlish face," in Hilyard's miniature of his youthful hero! Bacon may possibly have been all that he is thus painted, but where are the proofs?

Through whose interest he first found room in a senate graced by such stars as Egerton, Walsingham, Sydney, Raleigh, Drake, and others of little less brightness, no one has yet cared to point out; nor has even his last biographer remarked the possible connexion between his earlier successes in parliament and his growing influence among the benchers of Gray's Inn. His election to the Readership must have followed on the heels of his election for Liverpool in 1588, the year which beheld the great Armada riding gloriously up the British Channel, only to leave its proudest trophies among the rocks and sailors of our northern seas. In the following session Bacon seems to have spoken well, and to some purpose, on the question of subsidies, his amendments being in part accepted by a Queen who never yielded a point that might be safe or profita-

ble to retain. In the matter of purveyances, however, the proud old lady refused to give way an inch, and scolded her faithful Commons for daring to meddle with her own especial concerns. Having got her subsidies, she had no further need of parliaments until the time should come for demanding more. Bacon returned to his studies and speculations, to the pursuit of clients who came but slowly, and of that philosophy which might enrich the world, but could not help him to win his daily bread.

All this time he kept beseeching his uncle to help him forward in the world, and with a meekness remarkable even in those days, repeatedly kissed the rod that had just been smiting him. At length his importunity so far prevailed, that in 1590 he was appointed Queen's Counsel extraordinary, with a salary almost nominal, but the advantage of a sounding title and easier access to the Queen. Mr. Dixon, indeed, defers the appointment five years, ignoring, on no apparent grounds, the evidence of letters written by Bacon some time before, and sufficiently quoted by Lord Campbell. In a letter to Burleigh, dated 1594, the young barrister, having touched on her majesty's kindness, through which "I may with more ease practise the law," still begs his uncle to get him another kind of place, more favourable to "the poor talent that God hath given me." To stop his mouth on one of these occasions, the Lord Treasurer got him a reversion to the Registrarship of the Star-chamber, a post of great value when it fell to him twenty years after, but seeming at the time, as he remarked in jocular earnest, "like another man's fair-ground battenning upon his house, which might mend his prospects, but did not fill his barns." Deeply as he had now gone into those legal studies, which his poverty urged and his better health enabled him to carry on, he never took kindly to the profession of law, never ceased hankering after some quicker mode of raising his worldly outlooks to a level with his natural tastes and intellectual yearnings. Great as his legal learning may have been, yet, as a practising lawyer, he never seems to have made much way; and his noble impatience of hard techni-

BACON AND HIS NEW APOLOGIST.

IF Mr. Dixon's new Life of England's foremost philosopher had been written with less ambition and more discernment, his unwearied industry and high enthusiasm would have insured him a far richer harvest of praise and sympathy than he is likely to reap as things are, from careful readers of this or any future age. The interest of his subject, and the fresh stores opened for his use in records public and private, seemed as sunshine and warm rain to forward the work he had set himself to do. In spite of Pope's neat satire, of Macaulay's impassioned rhetoric, of Lord Campbell's quiet plain-speaking, many a warm English heart yearned hopefully towards the new champion who, undaunted by the defeat of former work-fellows, essayed once more, with heart and soul, to raise up a fallen idol from the gathered dust and filth of bygone ages; once more to rescue from undying infamy the character of that Francis Bacon whose name, in the eyes of most Englishmen, stands greatly first among the heroes of modern science. Charmed by the close yet graceful wit of an Essay on Truth or Friendship; awed by the daring wisdom and pregnant imagery of the *De Augmentis* or the *Novum Organum*; dazzled by accounts of the great orator who "commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion;"* of the philosophic lawyer whose plans of reform have even yet to be thoroughly carried out; few of us probably cared to measure the dark spots on so bright a genius, or in the wisest agreed also to acknowledge "the meanest of mankind." If it be good for us all to revise, from time to time, our individual judgments on particular things or persons, it seems no less our national duty to grant, on fit occasions, and cause duly shown, a new inquest on the doings of those famous dead, whose memory for good or evil the

muse of history cannot willingly let die. Worse characters and smaller stars than Bacon have repeatedly been set before us in newer, if not always truer lights. To him who can tell us aught of new in favour of an Elizabeth, a Cromwell, or a Bacon, we are ready to hearken not only without impatience, but rather with a secret hope of finding cause to amend, if not entirely to recast, our old conclusions.

How little of that hope has in this case been realized it is our painful, yet not wholly bootless, task to show. Mr. Dixon's way of telling his story is likely enough to mislead many who have partially forgotten, or, it may be, have yet to read, the Life of Bacon by Lord Campbell, or Macaulay's powerful reply to the sentimental pleadings of Mr. Basil Montagu. Nor has he wholly failed to rub off one or two of the deepest shades in his idol's countenance, to bring out, in clearer relief, one or two of the fairer features in the life of one to whom Pope's much-quoted antithesis must after all be applied, with large allowance for the needs of a rhyming satirist, and the lameness of human speech. Yet, after a close comparison of opposite pleas, we are forced regretfully to say, that Bacon's new biographer has not only failed to disprove the general truth of charges hitherto current about his hero, but has also succeeded in showing how easily, in the hands of a skilful partisan, the worse may be made to appear the better cause. If his opponents have sometimes erred through ignorance or love of display, his own errors in the other direction are at once more glaring and much less excusable. Compared with Mr. Dixon, Lord Campbell writes with the calmness of a judge, Lord Macaulay with the courtesy of a generous foe.

The book, like many more in these days, is written throughout at far too

Personal History of Lord Bacon, from Unpublished Papers. By Wm. Hepworth Dixon (of the Inner Temple). London: John Murray. 1861.

* With all deference to Macaulay, Ben Jonson here used the word "judges" where we should talk of "critics."

ned from citing the letters hitherto deemed so censurable, and how that he does not tell us on which is here voted in another question at year—a question involving direst penalties against all who joined from the public worship of the Church of England? And what he may have been in those early years this book still leaves it but too plain that his eloquence was afterwards employed chiefly in the maintenance of those abuses which a true and a sound philosopher should have been the foremost to assail. Men who judge of character by the whole, and not by parts, are slow to believe that the same man, who in his youth declaimed so strongly against the system of royal purveyance; who afterwards so touching a picture of the suffering caused by over-taxation, and the turning of corn fields into gentlemen's parks, could yet, in after days, urge the Commons to vote King James a larger amount of subsidies than Queen Elizabeth had ever received, could defend his sovereign's policy of benevolences already deemed as illegal, and encourage the renewal of monopolies more shameful than any for which Raleigh or others had sometimes sued in vain.

April of the following year, 1613, late Speaker of the House of Commons, became Attorney-General. Of the candidates for the vacant office, Bacon was commonly believed to have the fairest claims. Sir John Egerton, now Master of the Rolls, spoke warmly in his behalf; and he pleaded his cause in season and out of season with the zeal of a true friend and the assurance of a favourite. He himself, while the choice was pending, seems to have spared no pains to impress on all concerned the public benefit to which his own promotion might lead. But either Burleigh was treacherous, or the Queen forgot her unlucky boldness against her the year before. On that point, indeed, we have the best evidence, not furnished by Mr. Dixon, that her proud spirit was sore. It is also tolerably certain, in matters of state the Lord Treasurer had more than any one access to her private ear. To suppose that Mr. Dixon, that Bacon's chance was spoiled by the impetuous zeal of

his friend Essex, is merely to stir again the dust which Robert Cecil scattered in the eyes of his luckless cousin. Bacon's claim was so strong before the world, that the secret promise beforehand, which was all that Essex prayed for, might safely have been granted him without any one imputing his friend's promotion to his great interest alone. To us, it seems undoubted that Elizabeth had not forgiven the rebellious member for Middlesex; while Burleigh himself either could not, or would not, counteract the efforts of his crafty son to keep so dangerous a kinsman out of his own water. Had the Queen been really minded to do the son of her old Lord Keeper a friendly turn, she would have scorned to throw him over on the plea that an act of timely justice might be misinterpreted by the world at large.

As a salve for Bacon's wounded pride and crushed hopes, he received from the Crown a grant of Zelwood Forest, a small estate in Somersetshire; and the reversion of the lease of Twickenham Park. With a noble delicacy, for the first time disparaged by Mr. Dixon, Essex also pressed on his luckless friend the gift of some land at Twickenham, afterwards sold for £1,800, a sum then worth at least four times its present value. It was given, not as we are now asked to believe, in payment of work done, but avowedly as a poor atonement for the harm which he fancied Bacon might have received from his connection with a courtier whose star was already on the wane. It is a pity that writers in search of truth should turn away like owls from the broad light of patent facts. If Bacon's character can only be mended by patches taken from other men's clothing, in the name of Justice, let Bacon's character go! Poor Essex at least had sins enough to answer for, without being robbed of all redeeming traits. In his whole statement of the case between Bacon and his noble friend, Mr. Dixon shows himself utterly and widely at fault. No one who studies it fairly can doubt that the former had long been something more than a man of business to the latter. All the letters which Mr. Dixon has published, as well as those for which we must still go to Lord Campbell, prove that Francis and Antony were both

long and blameless public life; while Bacon's whole career, from the day he became Solicitor-General to the day he was forced to yield up the Great Seal, barely exceeded fourteen years. Whatever may be said of Pop-ham's corruption, servility was never before laid to the charge of Coke. But the counter-theory hinted, if not openly declared, by Bacon's new champion, is not less wonderfully absurd than that invented by him for the other side. Bacon died poor, he seems to say; therefore Bacon lived the life of an honest, unselfish, upright man!

How far the notion of Bacon's surpassing virtue is borne out by facts old or new, we shall now go on to examine, striving at least to better Mr. Dixon's mode of enforcing the principle that human character should be judged not by parts, but as a whole. For his attempt to shape out the perfect star so long veiled from our grosser eyes can only be likened to muddy wine that looks clear as it stands in coloured glasses, or to a paltry landscape disguised by the dim uncertain moonlight with a beauty not its own. Of the "broad facts" which he prides himself on handling, some are lost or clouded in a haze of unmeaning rhetoric, others are simply washed out or slurred over as if they were too small to take up an honest painter's time. Very few, on careful inspection, are found to suggest new meanings for what was erewhile dark or unsuspected. Objecting to "a mere smudge of black and white," he has painted a picture all light and poetic loveliness, but as little true to what it aims to be as a drawing by Richardson is true to any particular spot on this earth.

Of Bacon's boyhood, his life at Cambridge, his three years' residence abroad in the train of Sir Amias Paulet, "among the dames and courtiers" of a most voluptuous court, less is told us than we knew before. By nature refined, peaceful, prudent; weakly, perhaps, in frame, and sensuous—not sensual—in his tastes, he made more friends than foes, kept clear of wine, women, and brawls, and gave early proofs of that studious intellect which was afterwards to "take all nature for its province." His father, the great Lord Keeper, of whom Mr. Dixon has nothing to say, died whilst his youngest son was still

eighteen, leaving his land and most of his goods to the family of his first wife. With small means, and little countenance from his powerful kinsmen, young Francis entered on his up-hill fight against the world as a student of law at Gray's Inn. For many years of his life, perhaps the worst thorns in Bacon's side were the two Cecils, father and son. The old Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, would give no opening in the public service to a nephew whose parts and ambition might breed a dangerous rival to his own less brilliant son. Nor when Bacon, a few years later, sought his uncle's help to push him at the Bar, did the testy old nobleman meet his prayer with aught more promising than a snub for his overweening arrogance. This fact, mentioned as it is by Lord Campbell, may possibly have escaped the notice of Mr. Dixon, whose rash assertion, that "Bacon, at least, never dreams that his uncle plays him false," is further belied by Bacon's own avowal in a letter written years after, that "in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed." Whether the uncle was a secret or open enemy, matters little in face of the known results on the life of one whom a single word from the late Lord Keeper's ancient colleague, and sometime brother-in-law, would have set far on the road to that distinction for which he hungered, hoped, entreated, fawned, and wheedled so many years in vain. Without Lord Burleigh's sanction, the younger Cecil's known dislike and fear of his cousin would never have had power to keep the rising young barrister from winning his way into the highest graces of a sovereign not usually blind to merit such as his, a sovereign who had petted him as a boy, and whose genuine liking for the company of a courtier so wise, eloquent, handsome, and accomplished, neither the ill-will of others, nor even his own unlucky speeches in Parliament, availed wholly to undermine.

Bacon, however, did make some way alone. Called to the Outer Bar at twenty-five, and soon after made a Bencher of Gray's Inn, he was chosen two years later to fill the honorable post of Lent Reader. Meanwhile he had already sat and voted on committees in the House of Com-

mons, first as member for Melcombe, in 1585, and again, in 1586, for the large and noteworthy borough of Taunton, "that Manchester," says Mr. Dixon, "of a milder clime; next to Bristol, the richest town between the Severn and the Scilly Isles." Instead of making his maiden speech on a point of law-reform, as Lord Campbell fondly fancied, in the parliament of 1593, he had, by Mr. Dixon's showing, played no silent part in the session summoned by Elizabeth to settle the fate of Mary Queen of Scots. A grand committee, of which Bacon was a member, knelt down at the royal feet to demand that the murderess of Darnley, the archplotter against England's Queen, faith, and freedom, should be dealt with as her crimes deserved. The member for Taunton had already proved his powers of speech and brain before an assembly remarkable for the number of its able or brilliant men. Mr. Dixon, indeed, has no measure for his admiration of the peerless orator, the large-minded statesman, the bold yet tolerant patriot, who is trusted by all parties because "he represents what is best in each." Unluckily, in the very next page, the same enthusiast discovers "a bloom of study and travel on the fat girlish face," in Hilyard's miniature of his youthful hero! Bacon may possibly have been all that he is thus painted, but where are the proofs!

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calities and prosaic-drudgery, may have lent a colour to the reports which Cecil spread and Elizabeth believed, that his speculative habits rendered him an unsafe though brilliant guide whether in the field of law or public business.

Meanwhile his brother Antony returns in broken health from travels abroad, to lodge with Francis at Gray's Inn. For this brother and the "Saint of God," as he calls their common mother, the Lady Ann, Bacon's love was true, and perhaps strong, by comparison, at least, with his feelings towards any one else. For his nature, less warm than kindly, was ever swayed by that strong self-love which, in spite of his eulogists, probably thwarted his attempts to rise, as it certainly deepened the shamefulness of his fall. Into the lives of these three we get some further glimpses in the new letters published by Mr. Dixon. Those of Francis are seldom readable for their own sake, being wordy, dull, and sometimes strangely confused; but good Lady Ann writes like a true mother and a clear-headed, pious, accomplished gentlewoman, mixing sound advice about her sons' health and worldly doings, with fond prayers for their ghostly weal, simple gossip about homely matters or mutual friends, and frequent announcements of ale-brewing, or pigeons sent off from Gorhambury to cheer the young folk in town. Her letters are nearly all addressed to Antony, the elder and more delicate son, who lives to see neither the height of his brother's greatness nor the depth of his disgrace. Some of them touch on the embarrassments into which young men with little money and expensive ways are not seldom prone to fall. The two brothers are often obliged to borrow from Jews and Lombards the means of living in a style befitting the friends of young Lord Essex, and the attendants on a brilliant Court. Bills are renewed at fatal interest, and once the Queen's Counsel spends some days in a vile spunging-house—a misfortune about which his new biographer has somehow forgotten to say one word, although the rough-tongued Coke made it the subject of some rude jesting in a quarrel he afterwards had with Bacon in open court.

In 1593 Bacon sat for Middlesex—

a fact which seems to certify the footing he had already gained both abroad and in the House. When Parliament met in February, war and pestilence were frowning on the country. Elizabeth wanted money, and haughtily forbade the Commons to handle any other question than that of subsidies, or to enact any laws, save for the maintenance of religious uniformity. For neglecting her orders, Wentworth was sent to the Tower, and Sir Thomas Bromley to the Fleet. Bacon, however, took courage to speak in behalf of law-reform, and to oppose the Court in the manner of granting subsidies. In words of unusual boldness and eloquence, not often surpassed, he enforced the right of the Commons to lead the way in voting grants of money, and demanded longer time for paying the heavy subsidies wanted by the Crown. A large majority declined all further conference with the Lords. For once, the Court had been signally defeated by one of its ablest champions; by one, whose sympathy with a suffering people was only outdone by his ardent worship of an imperious Queen. Raleigh's address, however, compromised the point of form, while threatening messages from Elizabeth silenced all further antagonism to claims enhanced not more by the general feeling than by the needs of a very troublous time. The subsidies asked by Cecil were duly voted, although, according to Mr. Dixon, the time for paying them was extended from three years to four.

Of Bacon's public conduct at this time, Mr. Dixon has not put before us that full and fair statement which every unbiassed reader would have liked to see. His eloquence and wisdom are well and wittily attested in the praises of Raleigh and Ben Jonson. For general patriotism, we may give him all the credit that a young man of his birth and breeding, eager to rise and sore at the unkindness of his powerful kinsman, might deserve. His bold stand against courtly dictation, and the encroachments of a servile Upper House, may have been made from the noblest and purest motives; but what shall we say about the abject earnestness of his pleadings to Burleigh and Puckering, in mitigation of her Majesty's high displeasure? Why has Mr. Dixon

himself alleges, and the remarks he uttered by the way, will sorrowfully reverse the verdict passed upon him in former ages; and by the unconscious irony of passages like those lately quoted, will learn to appreciate the exact amount of truth in Bacon's assertion, that he first courted the young Earl because "he loved his country more than was answerable to fortune, and held my lord to be the fittest instrument to do good to the State." In the face of such a narrative as this, Bacon's advocates waste their time in trying to prove him more indebted to Elizabeth than to Essex, and in slurring over the omission of overt deeds by an appeal to the fact of his being chosen to represent two different places in the Parliament which sat a few months after the Earl's death.

Two years later, there sat on the throne of England a King who knew Joseph, the stuttering, ungainly, coarse-mannered pedant, James I. From a distance Bacon began to whisper the rising star. To friends, to the King, to the King himself, he wrote letters teeming with the sweetest flattery, and the largest offers of humble service for one so worthy to fill the place of his dead mistress. At the King's arrival in London, Bacon, still doubtful of his future and not disposed to betake himself to other pursuits, besought Cecil to get him knighted, because there were three new knights in his mess at Wyndham's Inn," and because "he had heard out an alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking." His wish was granted, though in a way that meant nothing, and, along with three hundred more, he knelt before James, to rise up Sir Francis Bacon. Having composed a farewell eulogy to the late Queen, he attempted to make his peace with the Earl of Southampton, who had shared the prison and narrowly escaped the lot of his friend Essex. The next year seems to have opened a way to the royal favour by the zeal he showed in Parliament to bring about a union of the two crowns, while, on more than one question of public grievances, he spoke and voted with the popular party. In the House of Commons so bold and eloquent a speaker was sure to wield no common power for good or evil. Elizabeth was dead, and

many a man whose tongue had long been bridled through deference for the woman, or downright dread of the Queen, now began to speak his thoughts out boldly before a monarch whom few respected and none feared. Owing to the influence he now enjoyed, either as a patriot, or, more probably, as an able leader in debate, Bacon's name was mooted, with two or three more, in opposition to the Speaker put forward by the court. As one of the commissioners named by Parliament to discuss the union of the two kingdoms, he strove so zealously to forward an issue so dear to the royal heart, that James's coolness towards the supposed betrayer of his friend Essex, began to thaw; and Bacon was at last confirmed in his post of Counsel to the Crown, with a salary of forty pounds a year, and a yearly pension of sixty pounds for special services rendered to the crown by himself and his brother Antony, lately dead. Henceforth, in spite of his known antecedents, of Coke's open antagonism, and Cecil's jealous dislike, he continued to improve his footing at court by all those arts which a fruitful wit, a graceful courtesy, and a glowing tongue enabled him to practice on a King remarkable alike for his self-conceit, his openness to flattery, his love of pleasure, and his literary tastes.

Meanwhile, enriched by his brother's death, the new master of Gorhambury had found time to work upon his essay on "The Advancement of Learning," which was given to the world in 1605, and confirmed the opinion already formed of his true greatness as a leader of the new philosophy. In the cry for sweeping vengeance on the Papists which followed the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, it is probable, though not so clear as Mr. Dixon would make it, that Sir Francis, at least, was too enlightened to join. About this time, Cecil, now Earl of Salisbury, began to look out for aid from the cousin, to whom he had hitherto behaved so churlishly. The king was in sad want of money, and if Bacon would help him to a handsome grant from the Commons, his rise at the bar should no longer be delayed. Accordingly, in the early session of 1606, after much fierce debating and repeated delays, Bacon seized the moment of a rumoured at-

alities and prosaic-drudgery, may have lent a colour to the reports which Cecil spread and Elizabeth believed, that his speculative habits rendered him an unsafe though brilliant guide whether in the field of law or public business.

Meanwhile his brother Antony returns in broken health from travels abroad, to lodge with Francis at Gray's Inn. For this brother and the "Saint of God," as he calls their common mother, the Lady Ann, Bacon's love was true, and perhaps strong, by comparison, at least, with his feelings towards any one else. For his nature, less warm than kindly, was ever swayed by that strong self-love which, in spite of his eulogists, probably thwarted his attempts to rise, as it certainly deepened the shamefulness of his fall. Into the lives of these three we get some further glimpses in the new letters published by Mr. Dixon. Those of Francis are seldom readable for their own sake, being wordy, dull, and sometimes strangely confused; but good Lady Ann writes like a true mother and a clear-headed, pious, accomplished gentlewoman, mixing sound advice about her sons' health and worldly doings, with fond prayers for their ghostly weal, simple gossip about homely matters or mutual friends, and frequent announcements of ale-brewing, or pigeons sent off from Gorhambury to cheer the young folk in town. Her letters are nearly all addressed to Antony, the elder and more delicate son, who lives to see neither the height of his brother's greatness nor the depth of his disgrace. Some of them touch on the embarrassments into which young men with little money and expensive ways are not seldom prone to fall. The two brothers are often obliged to borrow from Jews and Lombards the means of living in a style befitting the friends of young Lord Essex, and the attendants on a brilliant Court. Bills are renewed at fatal interest, and once the Queen's Counsel spends some days in a vile spunging-house—a misfortune about which his new biographer has somehow forgotten to say one word, although the rough-tongued Coke made it the subject of some rude jesting in a quarrel he afterwards had with Bacon in open court.

In 1593 Bacon sat for Middlesex—

a fact which seems to certify the footing he had already gained both abroad and in the House. When Parliament met in February, war and pestilence were frowning on the country. Elizabeth wanted money, and haughtily forbade the Commons to handle any other question than that of subsidies, or to enact any laws, save for the maintenance of religious uniformity. For neglecting her orders, Wentworth was sent to the Tower, and Sir Thomas Bromley to the Fleet. Bacon, however, took courage to speak in behalf of law-reform, and to oppose the Court in the manner of granting subsidies. In words of unusual boldness and eloquence, not often surpassed, he enforced the right of the Commons to lead the way in voting grants of money, and demanded longer time for paying the heavy subsidies wanted by the Crown. A large majority declined all further conference with the Lords. For once, the Court had been signally defeated by one of its ablest champions; by one, whose sympathy with a suffering people was only outdone by his ardent worship of an imperious Queen. Raleigh's address, however, compromised the point of form, while threatening messages from Elizabeth silenced all further antagonism to claims enhanced not more by the general feeling than by the needs of a very troublous time. The subsidies asked by Cecil were duly voted, although, according to Mr. Dixon, the time for paying them was extended from three years to four.

Of Bacon's public conduct at this time, Mr. Dixon has not put before us that full and fair statement which every unbiassed reader would have liked to see. His eloquence and wisdom are well and wittily attested in the praises of Raleigh and Ben Jonson. For general patriotism, we may give him all the credit that a young man of his birth and breeding, eager to rise and sore at the unkindness of his powerful kinsman, might deserve. His bold stand against courtly dictation, and the encroachments of a servile Upper House, may have been made from the noblest and purest motives; but what shall we say about the abject earnestness of his pleadings to Burleigh and Puckering, in mitigation of her Majesty's high displeasure? Why has Mr. Dixon

was seized, and found guilty of in the Star Chamber Court; the Attorney-General having de-
 ded his best on the King's behalf, quietly forced from judges, re-
 able at pleasure, a quibbling opi- to the same effect. In the pro-
 ings against a mad old Somerset-
 parson, named Peacham, Bacon
 a yet more disgraceful part.
 ng the papers found in this man's
 by officers of the archbishop's
 t, in which he had been sued for
 against his bishop, was a manu-
 t full of wild tirades and half-
 ions maunderings, which a phi-
 sopher like Bacon should have
 ed with calm contempt. The
 , however, was furious, and Bacon
 not care to thwart him. A screw
 put upon the judges of the King's
 ch, Bacon's juniors taking each
 an, while Bacon himself worked
 some dark manner" on the self-
 d and long reluctant Chief Jus-
 Coke. Pending their decision,
 Peacham was put to the "ques-"
 —in other words, upon the rack.
 y years before that time the
 lice of torturing prisoners had
 loudly condemned, and even in
 lays of Lord Burleigh had fallen
 general disuse. An order against
 d actually been issued by Queen
 beth herself. Only a few years
 Peacham's trial it was decided
 the murderer of Buckingham
 l not lawfully be put to the
 tion. All men of average culture
 d with Coke in denouncing a
 lice not more barbarous than il-
 —a practice of which Bacon him-
 professed to disapprove. Yet of
 a practice, in a case too paltry
 nd it the slightest shadow of an
 se, Bacon seems, by his own
 ring, to have been the foremost,
 t the only advocate beside James
 elf. His letter to the man for
 se sake he thus outraged his own
 er self, complains of others hang-
 back from a business which he
 elf is trustful of bringing to a
 issue. Having failed to frighten
 risoner by a show of preparing
 for the torture, he stood by while
 poor wretch was undergoing his
 p trial, and plied him with ques-
 between each turn of the rack.
 luct of this sort Mr. Dixon de-
 s by pleading Bacon's duty to the
 , by lessening his actual share of

blame, and by asking whether people,
 a hundred years hence, will denounce
 Lord Campbell as a murderer, because,
 at a time when capital punishment
 was still the rule, he passed sentence
 of death on all criminals convicted of
 murder by a jury of their countrymen
 in open court? Bacon's case must be
 hopeless, indeed, when such a parallel
 can be seriously suggested by a writer
 ready enough to find a flaw in his
 opponent's reasoning. Any reader of
 average shrewdness can rend his argu-
 ment to pieces without our help. Nor
 is it possible to justify Bacon's pre-
 vious tampering with the judges, by
 alleging that others before him had
 done the same. Precedents for wrong-
 doing will never wipe out the wrong
 done; and no amount of cases like
 that of the heretic whom James had
 burnt for heresy in the teeth of a
 statute passed in the former reign,
 can weigh for one moment against
 Chief-Justice Coke's repeated asser-
 tion, that "such auricular taking of
 opinions was not according to the
 custom of this realm."

Coke's refusal to pronounce before-
 hand on a case which he might after-
 wards be called to try, having at
 length been overborne, and the pri-
 soner duly racked out of his small
 wits, a verdict of high treason was
 found against him at Taunton by a
 jury who, according to Mr. Dixon
 himself, judged his public conduct
 not on the facts before them, but
 rather "by what they knew of his
 private character." Reprieved from
 death, on what grounds we do not
 certainly know, the wretched man
 was allowed to linger in gaol until
 death in another form came to release
 him from further suffering.

Grown into much favour with the
 King, Sir Francis turned from the
 King's first favourite, Carr, Earl of
 Somerset, to court another youth in
 whom he had the wisdom to foresee
 the earl's approaching supplanter.
 As he had once clung to Essex, so he
 now began clinging to Sir George
 Villiers, whose character, in some
 points resembling, was, on the whole,
 as inferior to that of Bacon's first
 patron, as the character of James
 himself was to that of Queen Eliza-
 beth. On this young handsome,
 heartless minion of a grossly sensual
 King, he had already lavished his
 softest courtesies and some well-

trusty secretaries, and intimate friends of the loving, generous, hot-headed Earl. Their mother writes of him and his Countess in terms of friendly, if not familiar, meaning. In 1596, he himself, though starting in quest of new triumphs over the Spaniard, beseeches Egerton, the new Lord Keeper, and other powerful friends, to further at once his own and the public interests, by getting Bacon the vacant Mastership of the Rolls. And at Bacon's own request, Essex leaves with him letters to Sir Thomas and Lady Cecil, earnestly commending, as only a warm friend could do, Bacon's suit for the hand of his beautiful cousin, the young and wealthy widow of Sir William Hatten.

Arguing by outward signs, by Bacon's growing debts, his grief at Her Majesty's cruel treatment of one so loyal, his restless craving for some post of honour and high pay, Lord Campbell regards this wooing as one of pure self-interest. Mr. Dixon gainsays with a sneer, but proceeds to show how little can be said on the other side. Instead of breaking his heart for the fair termagant, whose runaway marriage with Sir Edward Coke his defeated rivals had afterwards small reason to regret, Bacon busied himself in composing a "Treatise on Law," in publishing the first edition of his "Essays," in regaining Her Majesty's goodwill through the same channel by which he had lost it. As Member for Ipswich in 1597, he used his eloquence to obtain from the Commons as large a grant as that he had erewhile urged them to withhold. Another motion made by himself, and carried after a fruitless struggle in the Lords—a motion for reclaiming to its former uses all land turned into pasture since the Queen's accession—seems to have won him equal favour from the people and the Crown, the royal grant of a fair estate about Cheltenham following close on his parliamentary triumph.

Bacon's star was now steadily rising, while that of Essex began to wane. The Queen smiled more and more on the enemies and rivals of the high-mettled, warm-hearted, young Earl Marshal. Caring only to retain her good graces, he prayed for leave to command the troops which should bring rebellious Ireland on her knees. Against the advice, it seems, of Bacon

and other wise men, and to the joy of Raleigh, Cecil, and their friends, he set off on an enterprise fatal in the end to his fame as a soldier, and to the charm he still wielded over the heart of his royal mistress. Mr. Dixon attempts to prove that the hero of Cadiz, the Commander-in-Chief at the Azores, the sturdiest champion of Dutch freedom, the most popular of English noblemen, the manliest of royal favourites, the friend of Bacon, Mountjoy, Vere, Southampton, beloved by men of all classes, creeds, and professions, had already begun to plot the darkest treason against Queen and kingdom, when he led his weary, ill-trained, downhearted troops against the redoubtable O'Neill. The truce he was fain to grant the rebel leader, and his sudden return to Court alone and against orders, in the hope of cooling his sovereign's anger towards one whose enemies were now trying hard to inflame it, are made parts of a settled scheme for sharing Her Majesty's Crown between the English and the Irish Earl. His attempts to counteract the rivalry of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the secret enmity of Sir Robert Cecil, who was quietly stepping into the room of his dead father, are now turned into proofs of wickedness wholly at variance with all we have hitherto seen of a nature peculiarly frank and lovable. All this, founded on documents in the State Paper Office, none but Cecil himself seems to have known or guessed at the time. Of what worth confessions forced from the pain of tortures or the hope of reward may be, we have the less need to inquire, seeing that Bacon, in common with the world at large, saw nothing in this part of his patron's career but acts of doubtful generalship and foolish disobedience to a royal command. That which all of us are most concerned to know is, how far Bacon was justified in playing the part he did; first, on the trial of Essex before the Privy Council; afterwards, on the prosecution of his unhappy friend for the mad outbreak which brought him to the scaffold.

By Bacon's own account, he not only pleaded with the Queen in behalf of Essex, but induced her to give up the purpose of trying her old favourite in the Star Chamber. Yet, in a letter to Elizabeth, he hedges a faint request for exemption from any share in the actual

Villiers owed him a grudge for not appointing one of the sycophants to an office in his own name. On himself he had a long score for the insults and injuries, heaped, of many former years, on the poorest, flimsiest pretexts, by triumphant malice, the fiercest and boldest judge of his age. He was turned out of the Privy Council and suspended from his duties until he should have made "novelties, errors, and conceits" which his Law officers were now discovered to conceal. The disgraced old man soon received from Bacon a written rebuke, which, utterly as Mr. Bacon ignored it, seems but to be a veil of quiet warning and rebuke-like reproof over the conceit of a spirit unbound, yet never daring to stir till the hour for striking had passed away. "Under the name of a Christian part," Bacon pours poison into the wounds he had made.

But another shaft has yet come from the same quiver. If he is to be spared the shame of trial, and the burden of a new name, he must still be removed from the judgeship. Writing to James, Secretary-General, as good as telling him that neither himself nor his fellows will take it much to see his majesty still con- sidering Coke "not fit for his office."

What is this but another fulfilment of the gentleman's request to see him, not to duck a certain obnoxious visitor in the nearest pond?

At the same time the needful warrant was issued for the Lord Chancellor for a writ to create a new Chief Justice in the room of Coke, dismissed. Bacon, by his hand, to his many rich friends.

He now added the post of Lord Chancellor to the Duchy of Cornwall. Months later, on the 7th of 1617, he received from the kneeling knees, the Great Chain of Honour which he had bartered all his philosophy, a thoroughbred and an honest gentleman, rather have died than give up overflowing with satisfied content home to write Villiers, Secretary of Buckingham, a letter of captious thanks for this proof of his firm and gene-

rous friendship. Mr. Dixon, however, will have it that Bacon was made Chancellor by James alone, while Buckingham was actually bargaining for the sale of that office to another man. If this were as true as it sounds false to us, the new Lord Keeper was either a most accomplished hypocrite, or a most shallow-witted dupe: two characters between which we leave his advocates to choose at leisure.

Installed on the first day of Easter Term with much lordly show and popular shouting, Bacon buckled to his work with a zeal answering to the promise held out in his opening speech. In a month's time his unflagging energy had cleared off the whole heap of business which his predecessor had left in arrears. During his few years of high office justice was never delayed, whatever whispers went forth about the selling of it. His sittings were continued many days after the close of each term; only "the depth of the three long vacations" being reserved for "studies, arts, and sciences," for which he always avowed his innate tenderness. He made himself popular with the judges and leading barristers, by frequently asking them to dinner, and unbending himself among them when the feast was over. In the continued wranglings between Sir John and Lady Pakington, which are brought for settlement into his own Court, he seems to have held the balance even between two of the most tiresome fools that ever washed their dirty linen abroad. Meanwhile, Sir Edward Coke was still bullied with threats of fine and demands for further revision of his reports; while the Court of High Commission began steadily to enlarge its powers for mischief through Bacon's fearless tampering with judges less bold or proud than his fallen rival.

His own courage, however, sorted well with that of his juniors. While the King and his favourite were away in Scotland, Coke applied to the Lord Keeper for a warrant to regain possession of his daughter Francis, who had been privily carried off from his house by her mother, on the plea of saving her from a forced match with Buckingham's brother, Sir John Villiers. A warrant being refused by Bacon, who foresaw the danger to himself in any alliance between his old enemy and his present patron,

gained the means of destroying his country's freedom. The worst construction was placed on the merest trifles; and every plea put forward by Essex in palliation of deeds which he never sought to deny, was scornfully thrust aside by the very man who had but lately given it shape. Appealing against "these orators who, out of a form and custom of speaking, would throw so much criminal odium upon him," Essex solemnly avowed his innocence "of any disloyal thought or harm to Her Majesty," or of any murderous design against the enemies who had planned his ruin. In answer, Bacon returned to his former charge, and found another parallel to the prisoner's crime in the attempt made by Henry, Duke of Guise, to dethrone his sovereign "on the day of the Barricadoes." To all this Mr. Dixon replies by declaring that Bacon could not help himself; that no one can put him in the wrong without first proving Essex to have done right; that the worst part of the Earl's offences was studiously kept back by the Queen or her advisers; that Lord Campbell, in like circumstances, would have behaved with the like sternness; that to do less than Bacon did "would have been to act like a weak girl, not like a great man."

If Bacon had done a little more for his old friend during those anxious days between his trial and his beheading, possibly that friend's life might have been spared, and certainly Bacon's character would have fared the better with future ages. Yet he neither, it seems, went near the Tower; nor, when he once had private speech of the Queen, did he venture, by his own admission, "to deal directly for my Lord, as things stood;" satisfying his conscience with vague talk about the royal mercy, which he likened to "an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands, and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people." As if his service to the Queen had not yet driven him far enough beyond the pale of delicate forbearance towards Essex, he gladly allowed himself to be made the mouthpiece of new charges put forth by Cecil and the Queen, in a pamphlet bearing the name of Bacon, and called "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons of Robert, late Earl of Essex." Even if the facts

therein quoted against the dead Earl were a whit better grounded than the charge of secret treason which Essex, on his trial, had brought against Cecil, sure we are that no man of any spirit would have stooped to write as Bacon did, for many times the payment he took in praise and money down, and promises of high preferment on the next vacancy. For although about the tract itself Mr. Dixon has not a word to say, yet with a lover's turn for confounding blemishes with beauties, he dwells exultingly on the twelve hundred pounds awarded to his hero out of the fines levied on some of the late Earl's followers, and begs his readers to fancy Coke's delight in passing an order for that sum to his hated rival, Francis Bacon.

In defence of acts which the many friends of Essex were likely enough to read unfavourably, his late accuser addressed to Lord Mountjoy, in 1603, that famous "Apology," which, in the eyes of all careful readers, seems to shut the door at once and for ever on our hopes of clearing Bacon from the blame attaching to him for deeds that might after all be construed another way. In that apology we have an unconscious picture of the man himself, drawn in colours which his worst enemy would hardly have dared to use—in colours which make Pope's antithesis—"the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"—sound almost a literal fact. It is a sad picture of human inconsistency, of intellectual might set off by moral weakness, of bright genius and varied wisdom grovelling at the feet of a base ambition, a paltry concern for self. Never did feet of clay show forth so pitifully beneath the front of brass. Barnes Newcome could not have betrayed more happy ignorance of his own villainy than Bacon here betrays of his own selfish meanness. Out of his own mouth we are fain to adjudge him guilty of not feeling that he has done a great wrong to himself, to Essex, to all who, revering the philosopher, would wish also to love the man. Mr. Dixon may try to save his character by blackening that of others; Mr. Montagu may attempt to show that he sought power only to use it for the good of mankind; but the world at large, coupling the facts he himself admits with the reasons he

conceived by the most farsighted of ancient seers. In return for his dedication of the "*Novum Organum*," and the special gift of a copy to King James, Bacon received from His Majesty a kind letter of thanks and compliments, neither ungraceful nor probably insincere. Even Buckingham wrote to congratulate a Chancellor whose philosophy did not clash with the services needed by his patron.

On the 27th January, 1621, Bacon's glory was at its height. On that day he was invested, in the usual way,—not, as Mr. Dixon says, by special ordinance—with the robe and coronet of Viscount St. Albans. Three months later he had lost all that either an honest or a worldly man would have counted precious—all at least but the honour of having written the great text-book of modern philosophy. Between the haughty advice he gave the Parliament which sat on the 30th January—the first time for nearly seven years—and his abject prayer for mercy to the peers who were sent to hear him verify his own written confession of the guilt laid at his door, there lies enclosed the last act of as mournful a play as ever was witnessed on this earthly stage. Never, perhaps, was pride so near destruction as when the Lord Chancellor, flushed with his growing honours, and overconfident in the temper of those he had so often swayed before, lectured both Houses on their duty and demeanour in a strain which Elizabeth herself could not have outdone. With a blindness doubly strange in one so shrewd and experienced, he was unfurling every sail to the ripple of the nearing hurricane. Having voted the needful supplies, the Commons proceeded to do their duties with an earnestness that took the Court by surprise. Committees on monopolies, on the abuses of courts of justice, were quickly formed under the leadership of men determined to wreak a signal vengeance on the chief authors of the late misrule. The popular feeling against the court had not been lessened by James's cowardly refusal to aid his unhappy son-in-law, the dis-crowned King of Bohemia, the fugitive Elector Palatine. Buckingham himself was threatened in the punishment awarded to Mompeyson and Michell. The inquiry into judicial abuses had for its special aim the

downfall of a Chancellor already endeared to James and Buckingham by his powerful support of every scheme for enlarging the royal influence, and enriching the house of Villiers. Seeing their own danger, James and his favourite declined to shield their ablest servant from the popular rage. Here, indeed, Mr. Dixon has stumbled on a mare's nest of unwonted size. In the teeth of all facts and likelihood he requests us to look on Bacon's fall as the result of a deep laid conspiracy between Coke and the Villiers faction. So monstrous a bantling has seldom before been held out as the true child of historic research. In the lack of all evidence for such a claim, we need only here say that the Villiers faction were the first to fall under the lash of a reforming Parliament; that Sir Edward Villiers was sent abroad to escape the doom of his fellow-swindlers; that Coke was afterwards lodged in the Tower for his overboldness that year against the court; and that Bacon himself was ere long writing to Buckingham as to an assured and powerful friend.

On that last scene of Bacon's public life we have neither room nor wish to dwell. When the cry of abuses in the Courts of Justice had narrowed, yet deepened, it into a long roll of specific charges against the Lord Chancellor himself, he began at length to see that in the net which he had more than once prepared for others he also had now been caught. Utterly unmanned by the drear discovery, conscious of his actual guilt, and reading his doom in the cold looks and wary silence of his courtly friends, he only avoided the torture of a public trial by sending in to the peers, from his sick room, a written confession of his guilt on every one of the charges set down against him. In his last wild clutching at every straw he offered to bribe James with "a good history of England, and a better digest of his laws," if somehow, with His Majesty's help, the bitter cup of a sentence by his peers might only pass away. To the lords who came to hear him certify the genuineness of his own signature, he burst forth with an abject prayer for mercy to such a broken reed. In spite of the King's efforts to befriend him, of his own personal weight among the peers, of the pity commonly felt for such a criminal, the

tack on the life of James, to wheedle his excited hearers into voting twice the amount of subsidies at first allowed. Once more, as on a like occasion in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth, the rising courtier laid himself open to the sneers of those who had not yet forgotten how touchingly the young and daring Member for Middlesex had painted the cruel effects of large subsidies in his famous speech of 1593.

Flushed with success and the promise of more, Bacon soon after married the fair Alice Barnham, for whom he had owned a liking three years before. That the match was not to all seeming a mercenary one, Mr. Dixon has done much to show. A twelvemonth later, after some trying delays and much unseemly fawning on men in power, Bacon got both feet on the ladder which men of his own standing and far less ability had been mounting before him for the last thirteen years. On the 25th of June, 1607, he was made Solicitor-General; and at once became, by force of his stronger intellect, the King's chief minister in all points of public law. Of his general doings during the next few years Mr. Dixon's book presents a new, if rather overwrought account. He fell foul of Coke by maintaining the jurisdiction of the Court of Wales; he strove more successfully in the law-courts than in Parliament to effect a virtual union of the two nations; he tried hard to compromise the dispute between King and Commons, touching royal wardships, and other unseemly shreds of the old feudal times; he lent the influence of his name and purse to the great Virginian Company, who laid the first stone of British rule in the Far West. Cecil dying in 1612, Bacon found himself free to push his way in a court where Carr alone stood between him and his royal patron. To this rising favourite, already made Earl of Rochester, he sued in vain for the vacant Mastership of the Wards, which he had made so sure of winning as even to order the new clothes for his serving-men. From James himself, however, he had by this time squeezed out a promise—not recorded by Mr. Dixon—that he should "succeed, if he lived, into the Attorney's place, whensoever it should be void." His interest with James, who found him a useful coun-

sellor in affairs of state as well as law, enabled him, ere long, to contrive the needful vacancy. In the paper of Reasons which Bacon drew up to show his master the great advantage of raising Coke to the King's Bench and himself to the post of Attorney-General Hobart, any one but the blindest partisan would read the fitting sequel to the character already revealed in his own "Apology"—would feel himself listening, in blank disgust, to the advice of a heartless backstair plotter—a fearless worshipper of place and pelf—a statesman who coolly recommends the systematic straining of the royal prerogative—a lawyer who calmly talks of bullying the king's judges into doing their master's pleasure, not the justice they owed his people.

In the autumn of 1613 Sir Francis became Attorney-General in the room of Hobart, promoted to the Common Pleas. Meanwhile his pen had not been idle. In these latter years he published his "*Cogitata et Visa*," his "*Wisdom of the Ancients*," and a third edition of his "*Essays*," containing, along with many other new pieces, an alleged portrait of the late Earl of Salisbury, in the shape of a short but cutting essay on Deformity. His great work was also "going forward;" and his brain was busy with other schemes, now for amending the laws, anon for writing a history of his own country during some period more or less recent.

Chosen, by three different places, for the Parliament of the following year, Bacon took his seat as member for Cambridge, and was allowed to retain it in breach of the rule which disabled a crown lawyer from sitting after his nomination in a Parliament summoned for the first time. The rule thus broken in his favour has never since been enforced; a fact which, however suggestive in other ways, has no more bearing on the question of his political purity than the fact of his influence with the House itself has on the question of his moral worth. Parliament being dissolved, after a stormy and fruitless session, James betook himself, with Bacon's advice, to levying the sum he wanted by means as liable to abuse as they seem to have been unlawful. For protesting loudly against these new "*Benevolences*," one Oliver St.

OF CORRUPTION; and do recall defence, and put myself in the grace and mercy of your hands." Yet Mr. Dixon can say "pleads guilty to carelessness, crime!"

It is, that Bacon throughout acted himself like one conscious of a bad cause. He never speaks, or acts like an innocent man. His faculties grew weaker and weaker, quibbles more and more marred the case went on. He tried to save himself from foundering by giving to his judges one admission after another, until every thing he had most prized most dearly had slipped away; and that which he valued the most of all—his wealth, his worldly fame, and not the least certainly from his grasping grasp. He knew well in advance his own day bribery was accounted a heinous crime, yet he never seemed to realize the enormity of his own misdeeds, and remained to the last in the belief, whatever gifts he might have received had always judged each gift on its own merits, had always regarded himself a faithful servant to his country, as if his shortcomings in action were wiped out by his success in another, or as if the fact of the gift turned on the character of the gifts given. It is, indeed, a moral deadness which lies at the bottom of all his public doings, which

comes out now and again in his private letters and some other writings, that bear on personal or political things. In him the intellect of a Solomon was yoked to the spirit of a slave and the conscience of a housemaid. He showed himself as far beneath Coke in moral dignity as he out-topped Coke in speculative genius. No Hindoo could have courted the great Akbar more slavishly than Bacon bowed himself before the despicable James. His wisdom, after all, was like that of the first Napoleon—a fair guide to present advantage, but a false light to any lasting good. His worldly career points a moral strangely akin to that of the great Corsican upstart. His utter downfall in the very noon of his worldly greatness suggests the fittest answer to those amiable theorists, who shrink from reading the sad truths that nature loves to scrawl over her fairest workmanship. For all his splendid parts, his lovable qualities, his social charms, his friends at court, his lack of personal foes abroad, yet when his hour of trial came, he fell at once to the ground, covered with shame, abandoned by his most powerful friends, regarded with scornful pity by those who had to pronounce his doom. Could ruin so utter have befallen the pure high-hearted patriot, whom Mr. Dixon, misled by his heated fancy, has arrayed in the outward likeness of Francis Bacon?

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

A SONNET.

Now war is over. The New Zealand affair is perhaps virtually over too. England may now be said to be at peace with the world. *Esto perpetua!*

BACK to thy lair, thou dragon, War, and give
Thy rigid sinews rest, and lick that stripe
Of foam from thy white lips, and of thy gripe
Relax the iron strength, that men may live
To pour the memory of the quiet Past
Into the quiet urn of the To Come;
And History at last be no more dumb,
Stunned by the savage yell, and struck aghast.
And let the majesty of Peace appear,
White-robed, with sheaves of plenty on her arm;
Be angels round her; on her forehead clear
The star of Hope;—but—lest the Dragon harm
The children of her love—a glittering spear
Grasped staff-wise, will not hurt her holiest charm.

ADVENA.

written advice, which neither Villiers nor himself cared much to follow. The same man who had warned his young pupil to suspect him who sued to be made a judge, and utterly to scout him who should bargain for a judgeship, was now begging and bargaining with all his might and skill for the highest judgeship in the land, the post which his friend Lord Chancellor Ellesmere had filled so worthily for some twenty years past. Sniffing a vacancy from afar in the growing illness of that friend, he made the King a free offering of his heart, his service, his place of attorney which he held to be "honestly worth" £6,000 a-year, and his place in the Star-Chamber, worth £1,600, if not a great deal more, if only James would promise to make his poor suppliant the next Lord Chancellor. There was but one man, he broadly hinted, for such a post. Coke, for instance, was too popular, too headstrong; my Lord Hobart lacked statesmanship; my Lord of Canterbury had enough to do with his spiritual affairs. Time pressed, and Lord Ellesmere was very like to die. Only let his Majesty name his attorney for the seals, and he would be raising an honest man, a sound statesman, an able and zealous servant who would do all his master's work, take jealous care of his prerogative, keep his judges to their allegiance, and use his own great parliamentary influence to "rectify" an assembly on whose conduct so much would be at stake. On Lord Ellesmere's sudden amendment and seeming slowness to give up his place, Bacon, in a letter to Villiers, renewed a former motion of his touching a seat in the Privy Council. The King gave him the choice between a promise of the great seal and his appointment as Privy Councillor. Bacon at once accepted the smaller bait, with an avowed intention to keep his eye on the larger.

This new preferment followed, and was doubtless owing to the service he had done the King on the famous trial of Somerset and his wicked countess for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. While the lesser criminals in that dark business were sacrificed to the popular feeling, the countess was allowed to avoid exposure by throwing herself on the royal mercy; and with regard to Somerset, who

denied his guilt, Bacon had promised to charge him so lightly as to ensure his escape from the punishment which, if guilty, he deserved as much as that Lord Sanquhair for whose life Bacon had not been recommended to plead. It is almost needless to add, that here, as in other doubtful passages of Bacon's life, his new biographer has drawn an ideal hero, an English Bayard of the gown, who, while Coke was crying like an ogre for more blood, cared only to deal out justice largely tempered with mercy; whose soul was filled with a divine compassion for the most shameless woman of her day, a culprit whose crime outshadowed that of a vulgar murderess as far as her rank in life outtopped that of her tool and scapegoat, Mrs. Turner.

The calm flow of Bacon's wedded life seems to have been ruffled now and then by squabbles with his mother-in-law, the alderman's widow, the present wife of rich, generous, stubborn Sir John Pakington. Her evil temper makes mischief wherever she goes; inflames the natural heat of her husband's wrath; rouses Bacon himself into an attitude of unwonted sternness, even to a denial of his further acquaintance until she falls into a better mood. Had Mr. Dixon treated us to a few more details of this kind, written in a less affected style, his book would have been more amusing and a good deal less absurd.

On the ruins of Somerset's party Villiers at once rose high. If his personal graces had first won the King, his skilful flattery and determined tact had since secured him—as Mr. Langton Sanford has lately shown—as thorough a mastery of the weak, haughty, shy, secretive prince Charles. In him, at this time, Bacon also had gotten such a friend as he was likely or deserved to find in a courtier so cold, selfish, and cumbered with needy kin. To the King himself his faithful attorney enlarged on the noble qualities of such a favourite; the favourite he amused with jokes and stories about their common enemy, the Chief Justice. Coke's turn of suffering was now come, and Bacon had no fine scruples about trampling on a fallen foe. The Chief Justice had offended the King by refusing to stay a private cause at his

Coke rashly took the law into his own hands. His wife obtained the justice withheld from him; and Coke, if Mr. Dixon's dates be correct, was glad to save himself by a timely compromise from further harm at the hands of a judge who preferred the duties of an advocate. Bacon's interference in this quarrel, and his earnest advice to the King against such a match, drew forth such angry letters from both James and Buckingham, that he hastened to humble himself while there was yet time. He assured the former that henceforth he would further by all the means in his power the match he had just been striving by deeds and words to undo. When the court had returned to Whitehall, he was fain to sit for two days among the lacqueys in Buckingham's ante-chamber, before he could succeed in plunging himself at the favourite's feet, and earning a reluctant pardon by the fullest confession of his fault. The penance he thus performed in atonement, not only for having thwarted the favourite, but yet more for the slighting way he had written about him to the King, was speedily followed by the marriage he had so greatly dreaded, and by his enemy's reappearance in the Privy Council.

Buckingham, however, soon relented towards one so pliable, yet withal of such fair repute. Bacon, for his part, seems to have spared no pains to undo the effect of his late miscarriage. The friends and kindred of Villiers grew rich on patents of monopolies confirmed at his advice to such infamous harpies as Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell. Few causes of any moment came before him in which Buckingham did not more or less openly interfere, or in which his interference was openly resented by the judge. At length, in January, 1618, the Lord Keeper was raised to the higher grade of Lord Chancellor, and a few months after publicly invested with the title of Baron Verulam, in the presence of Prince Charles and some of the first peers in the realm. In October of the same year he hounded on his master and the bench of judges to the judicial murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, for crimes which had never been clearly proved, had since been paid for with a long imprisonment, and had at length been virtually par-

doned by his appointment as chief commander of the ill-starred expedition to Guiana. When Raleigh had applied for a formal pardon before he set sail, he had been advised by Bacon himself, to "spare his purse in this particular; for," proceeded his counsellor, "upon my life, you have a sufficient pardon already, the king having, under his broad seal, made you admiral of his fleet, and given you power of life and death over the soldiers and officers you command." But when, after Sir Walter's return, a cry had come from Spain for vengeance on the invader of Spanish ground, the Lord Chancellor, taking counsel with the assembled judges, led the way in recommending that Raleigh should without any new trial be at once beheaded for his old crime, because "nothing short of an express pardon could purge the penalties of treason; and Raleigh being *civiliter mortuus*, ought *naturally* to be put to death." Whatever were Raleigh's sins, and many enough he had to answer for, every one felt that on this occasion he had been sacrificed by a false friend and a cowardly King, on hardly the faintest colour of a law, to the anger of a nation whom all England had long regarded as its natural foe.

Two years later the Attorney-General, Sir Henry Yelverton, was tried in the Star Chamber on a frivolous charge of having inserted in a public charter clauses trenching on the royal prerogative. He had offended Bacon as well as Buckingham by pandering neither to the latter's greed nor the former's self-esteem. Bacon himself presided at the trial, and delivered a speech which Mr. Dixon may consider lenient but which succeeded in evoking a sentence "redounding to the King's great honour;" a phrase by no means dark to the King, who came across it in a letter assuring him of Bacon's thorough success, and deep contentment with a defence by which "many deep parts of the charge were deeper printed." At this very time people were reading, with wonder, delight, or disapproval, the great work in which Bacon embodied his ripest pondering: on that new system of inductive philosophy which, by reversing the old syllogistic process, has already clothed some of the darkest passages in the book of Nature with a meaning and a beauty un-

conceived by the most farsighted of ancient seers. In return for his dedication of the "*Novum Organum*," and the special gift of a copy to King James, Bacon received from His Majesty a kind letter of thanks and compliments, neither ungraceful nor probably insincere. Even Buckingham wrote to congratulate a Chancellor whose philosophy did not clash with the services needed by his patron.

On the 27th January, 1621, Bacon's glory was at its height. On that day he was invested, in the usual way,—not, as Mr. Dixon says, by special ordinance—with the robe and coronet of Viscount St. Albans. Three months later he had lost all that either an honest or a worldly man would have counted precious—all at least but the honour of having written the great text-book of modern philosophy. Between the haughty advice he gave the Parliament which sat on the 30th January—the first time for nearly seven years—and his abject prayer for mercy to the peers who were sent to hear him verify his own written confession of the guilt laid at his door, there lies enclosed the last act of as mournful a play as ever was witnessed on this earthly stage. Never, perhaps, was pride so near destruction as when the Lord Chancellor, flushed with his growing honours, and overconfident in the temper of those he had so often swayed before, lectured both Houses on their duty and demeanour in a strain which Elizabeth herself could not have outdone. With a blindness doubly strange in one so shrewd and experienced, he was unfurling every sail to the ripple of the nearing hurricane. Having voted the needful supplies, the Commons proceeded to do their duties with an earnestness that took the Court by surprise. Committees on monopolies, on the abuses of courts of justice, were quickly formed under the leadership of men determined to wreak a signal vengeance on the chief authors of the late misrule. The popular feeling against the court had not been lessened by James's cowardly refusal to aid his unhappy son-in-law, the dis-crowned King of Bohemia, the fugitive Elector Palatine. Buckingham himself was threatened in the punishment awarded to Mompesson and Michell. The inquiry into judicial abuses had for its special aim the

downfall of a Chancellor already declared to James and Buckingham to be his powerful support of every scheme for enlarging the royal influence, and enriching the house of Villiers. Seeing their own danger, James and his favourite declined to shield the ablest servant from the popular rage. Here, indeed, Mr. Dixon has stumbled on a mine of unwelcome truth. In the teeth of all facts and likelihoods he requests us to look on Bacon's fall as the result of a deep laid conspiracy between Coke and the Villiers faction. So monstrous a bantering is seldom before been held out as the true child of historic research. In the lack of all evidence for such a claim, we need only here say that the Villiers faction were the first to fall under the lash of a reforming Parliament; that Sir Edward Villiers was sent abroad to escape the doom of his fellow-swindlers; that Coke was afterwards lodged in the Tower for his overboldness that year against the court; and that Bacon himself was ere long writing to Buckingham as an assured and powerful friend.

On that last scene of Bacon's public life we have neither room nor wish to dwell. When the cry of abuse from the Courts of Justice had narrowed, yet deepened, it into a long roll of specific charges against the Lord Chancellor himself, he began at length to see that in the net which he had more than once prepared for others he himself had now been caught. Utterly unmanned by the drear discovery, conscious of his actual guilt, and realising his doom in the cold looks and wary silence of his courtly friends, he only avoided the torture of a public trial by sending in to the peers, from his sick room, a written confession of his guilt on every one of the charges laid down against him. In his last will, clutching at every straw he offered to bribe James with "a good history of England, and a better digest of the laws," if somehow, with His Majesty's help, the bitter cup of a sentence by his peers might only pass away. To the lords who came to hear him certify the genuineness of his own signature, he burst forth with an abject prayer for mercy to such a broken reed. In spite of the King's efforts to befriend him, of his own personal weight among the peers, of the just commonly felt for such a criminal, the

ords unanimously found him guilty of gross bribery and corruption ; and he who had so long striven to serve two masters was at last sent to the Tower, a prisoner during the King's pleasure, doomed to pay an enormous fine, stripped of his many official glories, forbidden evermore to sit in the Upper House, to aspire to any public post, or even to come within the verge of the court. Because a motion to suspend his titles of nobility during life was defeated by a majority of two, Mr. Dixon holds that the sentence actually passed on Bacon suggests no mark whatever of a moral branding.

This sad tale of unutterable meanness ends not even here. Bacon was hardly lodged in that Tower where Raleigh had lingered so many years, when he began praying the King and Buckingham to set him free. The very next day, chiefly it seems through the kindness of Prince Charles, he was removed to a pleasant country villa, where his drooping spirits soon revived under the sweet air and the "loving usage" of his host, Sir John Vaughan. Dunned by his creditors and baffled in his hopes of returning to York House, which lay too near the court, he retired by royal command to his estate of Gorhambury. But to one so fond of company and court favour such a retirement soon came to be worse than the Tower itself. In a whining prayer to the Lords for leave to go elsewhere he appeals to their compassion much like a professional beggar flaunting his rags and leanness in the face of every kind-looking passer-by. To James and Buckingham he kept moaning about his creditors, the smallness of his present income, and the state of utter helplessness to which His Majesty's past kindness had helped to reduce the faithfulest and most useful of servants. The King, on his part, did all he dared in his poor friend's behalf. The fine of £40,000 was put out to interest for Bacon's use, and a qualified pardon was passed under the great seal. He had also the rents of his landed property and other resources of like value, saved from the wreck of his former greatness and the hands of hungry creditors. But his love of show and profusion was not more quenchable than his greed of place. A year later, when

he had already published his "History of Henry VII.," and had nearly written out the "De Augmentis," he continued to plague the King for some place in his public or private service, in breach of the sentence so lately awarded him. Complaints of growing poverty and mounting debts continued to escape the man who never showed himself abroad without a handsome equipage and a large following, and who still refused to strip himself of his feathers by selling any of his Gorhambury woods. It was not till he had failed in his last suit to James for the vacant Provostship of Eton College—not till age and its growing infirmities warned him to fix his thoughts on other things, that he contented himself with asking only for a full erasure of "that blot of ignominy" cast upon him by his banishment from the House of Peers. The pardon he sought was granted him three years after the original sentence; but his health by this time was utterly broken, and after a brief term of enforced resignation, clouded by domestic squabbles, but somewhat enlightened by the company of divers wits, poets, and philosophers, the great founder of modern science breathed his last on Easter Sunday, 1626, bequeathing in his will "his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages."

Mr. Dixon's defence of Bacon's chancellorship is the worst part of the book. We are assured, for instance, that no charge of judicial corruption was ever stirred against Bacon's predecessor, Lord Chancellor Egerton; that the bribes which Bacon was accused of taking were all prescriptive fees or harmless presents; that the gifts were openly offered and openly received; that they who made them never succeeded in turning justice from its own course; that Bacon steadily holds to the avowal of his utter innocence in point either of law or morals, while he admits his own carelessness and the many abuses that warranted a fair inquiry into the courts of law. The short answer to all this lies in the one fact which Mr. Dixon has most unwarrantably suppressed. In that confession, which Bacon drew up for his judges, he expressly avows his own guilt: "*I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I AM*

THE ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.

THE learned author of the first volume of the Catalogue of Antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which has been already reviewed in our pages,* has now produced a second, equal in ability and research, and even more interesting, at least to the general reader, as it brings before us with greater vividness the modes of life, habits, and culture of that mysterious primitive race, who before history, or manuscripts, or letters existed, toiled wearily across the broad face of Europe, till they found a resting place in our western isle. The simple word "Catalogue" conveys no just idea of the vast amount of information, and condensed results of antiquarian research, contained in this national work; which might with greater accuracy be entitled, a History of the Earliest Races of Ireland, scientifically deduced from the antiquities of the Academy.

The first volume described and illustrated the earliest known weapons and tools of stone and flint; the earliest specimens of pottery, including the cinerary urns, employed by this people to hold the ashes of their dead; along with those of a later age formed of the same material, showing the progressive development of barbaric art in the manufacture of these primitive articles. The opening chapters of the second volume are devoted to the study of the dress of this ancient people. A reader who has never visited the museum of the Academy would find it difficult to believe, or even to imagine, how any light could be thrown on so obscure a subject; yet in the illustrations of the catalogue, taken from the originals, we can examine with perfect accuracy their mantles, shoes, head coverings, their personal ornaments, combs, and other toilet implements, the articles used by them in preparing and serving food, with a thousand other things besides, constructed by simple savage hands for familiar and household use, as fresh as when made, though the very

name of the people to whom they belonged has passed away from memory, and can never now be recovered.

Records of a period so remote that the use of metals was even unknown; these records yet speak a language which the scientific archæologist can read as easily as the vernacular; and without being forced into theory or conjecture, or the nebulous region of hypothesis, he is able to demonstrate the primitive man with all his modes of living and doing, his warring and eating; for even specimens of his food, the very butter and cheese he made ages ago, exist in the museum, down to the last rites bestowed upon the dead of his race; the history is written on the walls of the Academy in hard enduring facts, with a truth no pen could equal, and no tongue gainsay.

The most interesting portion of the history is to trace the development of this earliest race in arts and culture. The gradual manifestations of taste, and that striving after some higher quality than mere utility, which can be readily detected in their progressive works. It is now proved incontrovertibly, that the primitive people of Ireland, as well as of all Europe, lived and died, throughout how many ages we know not, without the knowledge of even the simplest elements of what we call civilization. Their clothing was the skins of animals fastened with thongs; their only weapons and tools were of stone, manufactured by another stone; their ornaments were of shells and fish bones, and their dwellings such only as instinct has suggested to all barbarians. There are abundant examples in our Museum to prove the existence here of this primary stratum of barbarism which underlies all the high spiritualized culture of modern Europe; and we might almost hesitate to link so low a type of humanity with our own if we did not recognise in it also that characteristic instinct of man—an irrepressible tendency towards progression and improvement.

* "Dublin University Magazine," June, 1858.

artistic faculties in fanciful and costly decoration. The blade was adorned with either cast or engraved ornamentation, and the hilt inlaid or studded with gold. Thus, Brian Boru is described as carrying a gold-hilted sword in his right hand at the battle of Clontarf. From the subject of swords the author passes to an examination of the battle-axes, spears, daggers, and other implements used by the Irish, after they had become acquainted with the use of metal, many of which are beautiful specimens of art.

It is very remarkable that, throughout the whole series, from the rudest to the most highly finished, a peculiar idea is traceable in the ornamentation, by which they can at once be recognised as Irish; and this idea seems to have travelled down from Irish Paganism to Irish Christianity. The ornamentation on the sepulchral stones of New Grange is repeated on the stone celts; it is carried on into the age of Bronze; it decorates the swords and spears of the kings, as well as their costly diadems and ornaments of gold, and still continued to be traced, with a kind of loving fidelity to the ancient symbols, upon the manuscripts illuminated by priestly hands, so late as the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The description and illustration of the costume of the early Irish, after it passed from primitive helpless barbarism to comparative civilization, by the aid of the knowledge of metals and the art of weaving, are most interesting. And here, too, the author, fortunately, is not obliged to lead his readers through shadowy theories searching for truth, for, by a singular chance, the representative of the advanced period, like him of the barbaric age, arises also from the grave of the Past to bear witness for himself.

In 1824, a male body, completely clad in woollen antique garments, was found in a bog near Sligo, six feet below the surface; and so perfect was the body when first discovered, that a magistrate was called upon to hold an inquest on it. The garments also were in such complete preservation, that a photograph was made of a person clad in this antique suit, with the exception of the shoes, which were too small for an adult of our day, and a

drawing from this photograph is one of the best and most beautifully executed illustrations of this part of the catalogue. The costume of this ancient Irish gentleman is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of trows of a plaid pattern, made wide above like Turkish trousers, but fitting close to the leg and ankle; over them was a tunic of soft cloth, most elaborately gored and gusseted, showing high perfection in the tailoring art. The skirt of the tunic, which extends to the knee, is set on full, and measures eight feet in circumference at the bottom. The sleeves are tight, and open to the elbow, like an Albanian jacket; and over all was thrown the immemorial Irish mantle, so invariably worn, so indispensable a portion of Irish costume that it passed into a proverb among our neighbours, the Welsh, "like an Irishman for the cloak."

This graceful garment, as found upon the hero of the bog, and now visible in our Museum, is composed of brown, soft cloth, made straight on the upper edge, which is nine feet long, but cut nearly into the segment of a circle on the lower. The form resembles closely that worn by the Calabrian peasant at this day. These cloaks were often of great value; kings were paid tribute of them. They were made of various colours, each colour being a symbol to denote the rank of the wearer. The number of colours also in a dress had a significant value, and was regulated by law. Thus, one colour only was allowed to slaves; two, for soldiers; three, for goodly heroes, or young lords; six, for the learned men; and seven was the regal number for kings and queens.

In the "Book of Rights," the earliest accessible authority on the subject of costume prior to the Norman Invasion, we read of cloaks of various colours presented in tribute to the kings—cloaks of purple, red cloaks, green, white, black; in fact, cloaks of all colours. Some are mentioned as bordered with gold. The tunic also is described frequently, "with golden borders—with gold ornaments—with golden hems." Another form of cloak was fashioned with a hood like the Arab bornous, and was bordered with a deep fringe of goat's hairs.

Irish costumes seem, in fact, to have been half-oriental, half-northern,

The head-dress varied according to the fashion of the day.

The subject of personal decoration is perfectly illustrated; the Academy possessing one of the largest collections in Europe, beginning from the first rude effort at adornment of the barbaric age, up to the rich golden ornaments of a later, though still pre-historic period.

It is not pleasant to national pride, after feeding on the gorgeous fables of our early annalists, to contemplate the primitive Irishman fastening his mantle of untanned deer-skin with a fish bone or a thorn, as we know the Germans did in the time of Tacitus; yet, unhappily, antiquarian research will not allow us to doubt the fact of the simple savageness of our first colonists. But when settled in the country, and leisure came, then the intellect of the rude man stirred within him, and he began to carve the bones of the animals he killed into articles of ornament and use. Thus the slender bones of fowls were fashioned into cloak pins, especially the leg bone, where the natural enlargement at one end suggested the form, and afforded surface for artistic display. From this first rude essay of the child-man can be traced the continuous development of his ideas in decorative art, from the carving of bones to the casting of metal, up to the most elaborate working in enamel, gold, and precious stones. Our Museum is rich in these objects, containing more than five hundred specimens. Pins, fibulæ, and brooches having been discovered in Ireland in immense quantities and variety, some of which are unsurpassed for beauty of design and workmanship.

"In these articles," the author remarks, "the process of development is displayed in a most remarkable manner; for, from the simple unadorned pin or spike of copper, bronze or brass (the metallic representation of the thorn) to the most elaborately wrought ring-brooch of precious metal, the patterns of which are now introduced by our modern jewellers—every stage of art, both in form and handicraft, is clearly defined, not one single link is wanting. In the first stage all the artist's powers were

lavished on a museum are changeless and itself, or in the can suffer no mutation which was enlarged every possible shape ignorance, yet we pattern. When it was it is science alone to improve the head, a rise facts. With-added, passed through a would be only neck. In the next stage, the ber. The doubled, or many rings added. a syn-the ring was enlarged, flattened must decorated, enamelled, covered with in gree, and jewelled, until, in those magnificent specimens of silver and gold found in Ireland of late years, it reached a degree of perfection which modern art can with difficulty imitate."

The forms of many of the Irish brooches, pins, and fibulæ,* are identical with numbers found in Scandinavia, but the peculiar ornamentation we alluded to—a curiously involved spiral or serpent coil, which can be traced back through all ages of Irish art to the most remote antiquity—is met nowhere else; neither in Etruscan nor Teutonic art, though some assert its origin can be traced to Egypt. However, this *Opus Hibernicum*, as it was termed by the learned Kemble, is one of the tests by which an antiquary can distinguish national from imported work. It is also remarkable that the ornaments of like form found so copiously in Scandinavia, are all of bronze, while the Irish are of gold, a metal which, there is every reason to believe, existed here abundantly in former times, and is still found in small quantities. That it was used for ornament, even coeval with the stone celt, is also probable, as the rudest savage can make the ductile metal assume any form by simply flattening it between two stones. Many centuries before the Christian era, according to the annals, A.M. 3656, it was smelted in Wicklow, to the east of the Liffey. Goblets and brooches were covered with it, and the artificer's name was Ucadan; but no further mention of native gold occurs throughout our ancient histories. However, two thousand years after, the story of the old annalist was singularly confirmed; for, in the year 1796, in the same part of Wicklow, perhaps on the very site of the the furnace of Ucadan, upwards of

* This word "fibulæ" is a heathenish and imported term, quite foreign to the Irish tongue. There is no other word known in the Irish language to designate a brooch, be it of bone or be it of gold, than *Dealg*, which signifies a thorn.

own from Yunnan, and is
et streams in Asia."

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to define the reasons
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anticipated us in these
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It may be remarked,
whilst elsewhere the
s of religious belief led
to the mere mechanism
or the moral advance-
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he only agency of per-
ion. In exalting this
the same time philo-
ple, we have probably
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tion and of discipline,
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t as, on the other hand,
t of many Continental

projects of benevolence is their want
of a celestial spirit and impulse.
British hearts are as warm as any,
and British purses never disappoint
the outstretched hand of want, fee-
bleness, or misfortune; but our ten-
dencies have rather set towards posi-
tive labours for the religious welfare
of the population than indirect and
more secular efforts of benevolence.
This may account in part for the lead
taken by other kingdoms in special
schemes of philanthropy, and our
late imitation of their methods. And
yet, we have always had charitable
non-religious institutions peculiarly
our own, marking us out as a nation
equal with any, superior to most, in
true and hearty feeling for the
wretched waifs of fortune or the re-
formable criminal. It was an English-
man who first drove barbarous cruel-
ties from the ordinary prisons of Eu-
rope. A fellow-countryman has the
credit of relieving the insane from
the harsh and misguided treatment
once universally considered the only
mode of dealing with them. Great
Britain is also unapproached for the
number and excellence of her orphan
schools. Moreover, every year adds
so largely to the roll of our benevo-
lent enterprises, that ere long the dis-
tinguishing characteristic of our na-
tion will be the variety and effective-
ness, especially of our educational
charities. The reformatory principle,
if exotic, has certainly at length struck
its roots deeply amongst our larger
town and city populations. Scarcely
a week passes without opening ano-
ther moral hospital for the cure of
juvenile crime in its stages of inci-
piency.

Among the most generous of the
schemes which we have copied from
the self-denying toils of foreign phi-
lanthropists, must be ranked schools
for deaf-mutes. It is of the introduc-
tion of these into Ireland Mrs. Le
Fanu chiefly writes, in her *Memoir of*
a pious and great-hearted Irishman.*
Although Dr. Orpen became interested
in deaf-mutes during a visit to Bir-
mingham in 1814, and showed his
zeal in the subject by lecturing upon
it in the Rotundo during that year, as
well as by collecting subscriptions to

armour. The ancient medium of barter seems to have been so many head of cattle, or so many ounces of gold. A native coinage was utterly unknown; but the fuller discussion of this question of the ancient medium of commerce and exchange is reserved by the author for the section on the gold and silver antiquities. The present volume treats of no metal except bronze, the amount of which discovered in Ireland is enormous, and proves the long duration of a period when it was in general use, before iron was known. Specimens of every object necessary to a people's life have been found fabricated of it—weapons, tools, armour, swords, and spears; culinary vessels, cauldrons, spoons, and other minor requisites; hair-pins for the flowing locks of the women; brooches for the graceful mantles of the chiefs, but not of the dark, dingy, modern compound that bears the name. Irish antique bronze was a metal of bright, glowing, golden beauty, and the effect of an army marching with spears of this metal in the flashing sunlight, we can imagine truly magnificent.

The people of this remote age must have attained considerable skill in the manufacturing arts—must have had laws, religion, and social culture—yet how little would have been known of them if these mute witnesses of a past humanity had not been interpreted by science. Archæology and philology are the only solvents of the past; and no theory can henceforth be tolerated that will not stand the test of being assayed by them. The philologist traces the origin and affinities of our people in the roots of the Irish language; while their habits, modes of life, their positions in the scale of civilization throughout the long duration of the unwritten age, can only be read in the letters of stone, bronze, and gold upon the walls of our Academy.

Irish manuscripts, though the oldest in North-western Europe, date back scarcely further than the fifth or sixth century. Beyond that period we enter a region of darkness, through which no literature or letters radiate their light; yet, unassisted by either, the archæologist can reconstruct the primitive world and the primitive man with greater truth and certainty than if he possessed both; for the

facts of a museum are changeless and enduring, and can suffer no mutation from prejudice or ignorance, yet we must remember that it is science alone that gives value to these facts. Without its aid a museum would be only an aggregate of curious lumber. The archæologist must combine, in a synthetic and comprehensive view—must arrange in their proper sequence—must elucidate by a world-wide learning, these sibylline fragments of the past, or this writing on the wall, though it express the most irrefragable truths of history, will remain an undeciphered hieroglyphic, as useless and unprofitable to the student as the alphabet of an unknown language, which he is unable to form into intelligible words. All this Mr. Wilde has accomplished for the Museum of the Academy, and in these clear and well-arranged volumes enabled us to read the stone pages of our history by the light of all the learning and antiquarian research of the past and present age gathered to one focus. For archæological science does not spring fully grown from the head of any one man. It is the product of many centuries—the accumulated results of the observations of many minds. We are, therefore, glad to perceive that Mr. Wilde scrupulously gives honour where honour is due, and enters into no man's labours without acknowledging the source from whence he draws his information.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts laid before us is, that in an age of remote antiquity (M. Boucher de Perthes, the well-known French author and antiquarian, has written a book to prove that it was prior to the Deluge) the entire face of the earth was covered by a nomad people, speaking the one language, and living after the same rude fashion, with no other weapons than sharpened stone. This race passed away, and no research has ever yet discovered their name, their language, their religion, or the era of their existence. Not an inscription, not a word, not a letter graven on any stone have they left to allay the torturing curiosity of the inquirer. Yet traces of them have been found from Mexico to Japan; from the steppes of Tartary to the Pampas; round the shores of every European sea, and along the coasts of

£10,000 worth of native gold was obtained in about two months, and small quantities have been gathered there from time to time ever since.

The subject of the gold antiquities in the museum will form the third and concluding portion of the catalogue. It is one full of interest, and even of mystery. The quantity of antique manufactured gold ornaments dug up in Ireland, even in recent times, has been estimated as exceeding half a million of money. As much more may be lying beneath our feet, for, every year, as new cuttings are made for railroads, or bogs are drained, deposits of gold ornaments come to light. Two or three years ago a deposit of massive gold bracelets, in value nearly £5,000, as bright and beautiful as if just finished, was dug up in Carlow; and, still more recently, several antique golden frontlets were found by a labourer while working in a field, who, utterly unconscious of their value, threw them to his children, and the author of the Catalogue actually discovered, one day, the son of the man cutting them up into nose rings for his pigs. They were happily rescued, and are now in the Academy. The form is beautiful and classic; it is a half-moon diadem, resembling accurately some sun in Etruscan sculpture.

What inestimable treasures may have been thus lost! not merely from ignorance, but also from cupidity; for numbers of gold ornaments have disappeared in the smelting pot of the jewellers, who bought them from the country-people at perhaps a fractional part of their value. The miserable annual sum allowed to the Academy by Government is another cause why the work of destruction still goes on. Valuable gold ornaments are frequently offered them for sale—too valuable, unhappily, for the Academy to purchase, and with an indignant regret that is almost like a sense of shame, the members are obliged to leave them to their fate. Of course legislation could remedy all this, as it has done in Denmark, where the state has secured the possession of all antiquities found in the country for the National Museum, without any wrong being done to the finder, who is paid the full value of all he brings. But in Denmark there is a strong national pride in the subject, and the peasant,

who is early taught by the local authorities the value of such things, would as soon think of destroying an antiquity as of burning his Bible.

It is still a question amongst the learned whether this enormous amount of manufactured gold, far exceeding all yet discovered in England and Scandinavia, was altogether native, or to some extent imported. An analysis of some of the gold has been made, to test the identity of its constituents with the gold of Wales, and in the instance selected the result was found similar. This fact and the ornamentation are proofs to uphold the native theory; while others state that they came in the way of commerce from the Carthagenians who traded here. Ornaments identical with the Irish in form—the twisted torques, the bracelets, the diadems, and frontlets, having been found in the interior of Africa, and on the Gold Coast; in India, Barbary, Spain, and the islands of the Mediterranean. No doubt, the learned author of the Catalogue, when he comes to treat of the gold will gather together in one view all that can be discovered on this interesting subject; and we must wait for his facts before we can draw our deductions. The concluding pages of the volume are devoted to a description of ancient Irish musical instruments, the chief of which were the harp and trumpet. Numerous fragments of harps have been found in the oldest crannoges, proving how ancient are the knowledge and practice of music in Ireland—a fact confirmed by the Welsh Annals, which state that the Irish surpassed all nations in their proficiency on the harp.

The Museum possesses, also, sixteen antique bronze trumpets, one of which—the finest specimen yet found in Europe—measures about eight feet in length, and the joining is curiously rivetted with metal studs, a fact proving its antiquity, as it must have been formed in an age unacquainted with the art of soldering. The subject of money, coins, and other means of barter, is also discussed; and Mr. Wilde utterly denies that bronze ring-money was ever used in Ireland, as stated by Sir William Betham, who borrowed his idea from Vallancy; for all the articles hitherto described as ring-money, are now proved undeniably to belong to chain dress ..

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the two oceans. Wherever man's foot has trodden within historic times, they trod before all history. Even in this outlying isle of ours vestiges of this people are strewn so thickly that the very soil seems made of their remains. Then another race swept across Europe—a comparatively cultured race, bearing with them the chief element of civilization—a knowledge of metals. They spread over both sides of the Danube; left their footprints in Italy, and on the shores of the Baltic; overran Switzerland, France, and Belgium, giving names to the rivers they passed, the mountains they crossed, and the towns they founded, which names cling to them even to this day. From Belgium they spread to Britain, and from thence, or by the sea coast of Spain, they reached Ireland, where they founded the existing Irish race, and brought with them the knowledge of metals, the arts of music and poetry, and the still existing Irish language. Historians name this people the Celts. On the Continent they were gradually crushed down beneath the Roman and Gothic races, and in Britain also by successive conquests. But Ireland suffered no conquest. Here the old Celtic race lived and flourished, and here alone their language, which everywhere else melted into a compound with the Gothic and Latin, maintained its distinct existence. The English language is the gradually formed product and result of the successive conquests of England. We imported it ready made for us, along with the English colonists; for no invading people ever gained sufficient strength in Ireland to influence the original language. It exists still amongst us, living and spoken the same as when thousands of years ago the Celtic people first crossed the Danube and gave it the name it now

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MABEL.

A THOUGHT as of the crimson glow
Of a calm sunset long ago,
Whose gold and purple lie asleep
Within some cave of memory deep,
Chased in rich hues that never die
Since youth and rapture laid them by.

A thought as of a plaintive air
That calls up tears and holds them there ;
But never lets them drop below,
So fast the thrilling numbers flow ;
Till all of pain away has past
In one full melody at last.

So (shadow of our lost delight),
Around her empty chair by night,
Along her garden paths by day
A sacred presence seems to stray,
Tender as old-world melodies,
And beautiful as sunset skies.

And we could weep, but never dare
To dim with aught of earth's despair
The beautiful and tender face
That smiles from out each empty place,
Or mar with one regretful sigh
The music of her memory.

For lingering fondly after her
We hear angelic wings astir ;
A gleam comes through the golden bars
Where Christ is gone beyond the stars,
Out of that home invisible
Wherein His own redeemed dwell.

Ah, dearest, haunt us evermore,
Sweet soul, not lost, but gone before ;
Burn, burn into our leaden skies
With all thy golden memories :
Sing, sing into our aching ears
The strain that melts us while it cheers.

For when we breathe our Mabel's name
It is as if our Saviour came
(As erst to her of Galilee),
Into her chamber, with the three,
And touch'd her hand before our eyes,
And call'd her, saying, "Maid, arise."

Yea, risen indeed, and gone away
With Him until the judgment day.
In what high place, or blessed state,
The souls of His beloved wait,
Till they shall come again to stand
When sounds the trump at His right hand.

two oceans. Wherever man's has trodden within historic times, he trod before all history. Even in our outlying isle of ours vestiges of people are strewn so thickly that every soil seems made of their remains. Then another race swept across Europe—a comparatively cultured race, bearing with them the first element of civilization—a knowledge of metals. They spread over the sides of the Danube; left their prints in Italy, and on the shores of the Baltic; overran Switzerland, France, and Belgium, giving names to the rivers they passed, the mountains they crossed, and the towns they founded, which names cling to them to this day. From Belgium they spread to Britain, and from there, or by the sea coast of Spain, they reached Ireland, where they founded the existing Irish race, and brought with them the knowledge of arts, the arts of music and poetry, and the still existing Irish language. Historians name this people the Celts. On the Continent they were gradually subdued beneath the Roman and other races, and in Britain also by successive conquests. But Ireland suffered no conquest. Here the old Celtic race lived and flourished, and alone their language, which everywhere else melted into a compound with the Gothic and Latin, retained its distinct existence. The Irish language is the gradually formed product and result of the successive conquests of England. We inherited it ready made for us, along with the English colonists; for no conquering people ever gained sufficient strength in Ireland to influence the original language. It exists still amongst us, living and spoken the same as when thousands of years ago the Celtic people first crossed the Atlantic and gave it the name it now

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gin twelve miles from the Sittang. Fourth, from Baukatah up the left bank of that river to Thayet-peen-keental, about thirty-five miles too. Fifth, across the water-shed between the Sittang and Youngsalen, which is by no means difficult, to a branch of the Thai-boot river, and down their banks to the Youngsalen to Tseekameedae. Sixth—Thence by the best valley route over the watershed between the Youngsalen and the Salween, and up the right bank of this stream to our frontier line, under the Kareen Hill country, where we are within reach of all the Chinese and Shan caravans which traverse the country north-east and west of that point.”

At the foot of the Karen Mountains and on the banks of the Salween river, he proposes to form an emporium, in a situation rejoicing in an exquisite climate, surrounded with rich pastures and abundance of cattle, and admirably fitted to become a grand centre of commerce and civilization.

Mr. Edward Reilly, a Government officer in Pegu, corroborates Captain Sprye's report on the capabilities of this locality.

“Surrounded on all sides by natives, whose commercial enterprise forms the prominent feature of their character, to whom neither ranges of mountains nor rushing streams oppose a barrier to the progress of trade, possessing within itself a numerous, and comparatively wealthy population, eager to a degree to possess the products of our manufactures, and favoured by nature with a position and climate propitious to the development of many valuable resources, the period would not be far distant when such an emporium would carry our commerce through regions hitherto closed against our merchants and their enterprise, and where it would be more appreciated than in any other part of the world—the western provinces of the Chinese Empire.”

Having established the emporium, Captain Sprye proposes to connect it by means of existing caravan routes with Kiang-Tung, whence the tram or railway would pass to Kiang-Hung, the capital of a Burmese Shan principality, situated on the right bank of the river Meikon, and distant only a few miles from Esmok, a border town of Yunnan, in China.

Before, however, any further steps can be taken in the matter, it is necessary that the Government should negotiate with the Chinese for the opening of Esmok as a trading town,

and that a commercial treaty should be entered into with the King of Burmah, securing to our merchants the right of free passage through his kingdom and tributary states. The Commercial Chambers of Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, and other manufacturing places, are fully alive to the importance of the project, and have pressed it upon the attention of Government—hitherto without success—although they have not failed to point out the important benefits certain to accrue to this country from the formation of a direct telegraphic communication with China by Rangoon, which is already connected with Calcutta:—

“The line once brought to Esmok could be easily carried across country to Pearl River, and down the lower valley of that stream to Canton and Hong-Kong; and thence, taking the principal towns along the coast—Amoy, Foochow, Mingho, and Shanghai, to Peking. In like manner, by extending the communication to Niew-chiang and down the Corea, the open ports of Japan, Nagasaki, Kanagawa, and Hakodadi, might be brought to the very door of Rangoon.”

With such an electro-telegraphic line we would no longer be dependent on Russia for our Chinese and Japanese news.

Mr. Duckworth also very pertinently points out the importance of our seizing every opportunity of extending British influence in the Chinese Empire, and counteracting the insidious encroachments of Russia on the north and France on the south.

Russia has recently acquired immense tracts of territory to the north and west of China, as exposed in Captain Atkinson's valuable work on the Upper and Lower Amoor; and by the treaty of November last, her eastern boundary was advanced to the Osouri, so as to include within the Russian frontier a slice of Manchooria, 700 miles long by 150 broad, as well as a coast-line along the Gulf of Tartary, ending at Hwanchun, opposite Hakodadi.

To the south of China the French are not idle. They have taken possession of Saigon Province in Cochin China—

“Whose fortified capital stands on one of the branches of the Meikon River,

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

DUCKWORTH'S NEW COMMERCIAL ROUTE TO CHINA. (CAPT. SPRYE'S PROPOSITION).—MRS. LE FAUL & LIFE OF THE REV. CHARLES EDWARD HERBERT ORPEN, M.D., &c.—THE SECOND AND THIRD SERIES OF THE INGOLDSEY LETTERS ON THE REVISION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—THE GREAT SAHARA: WANDERINGS SOUTH OF THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.—THE CODEX SINAITICUS.—ANDRÉ'S PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF A HOLIDAY SCAMPER IN SPAIN.

GREAT as is the trade of England, it would appear to be far from having attained its limit. Extending as it does to almost every part of the world, there still remains a vast and densely-peopled territory into which British manufactures have not yet penetrated. This district comprises the seven most western and inland provinces of China Proper, situate between about 22° and 42° north latitude, far west of the extreme point to which Lord Elgin proceeded up the Yang tse-kiang.

Here is an unexplored mine of wealth, to which the eyes of the manufacturing centres have wistfully turned—directed, it would appear, by Captain Richard Sprye, of the East India Company's Service, who has with great zeal originated a new route to China with the view of opening up its western regions to British trade.

This project is brought to our notice in Mr. Duckworth's interesting pamphlet,* from which we extract the following table of the extent and population of these dominions:—

	Square miles.	Population.
Yunnan,	107,969	8,008,300
Kwangsee,	78,250	10,584,429
Keveichoo,	64,554	7,615,025
Hoonan,	73,000	33,173,526
Szechuen,	166,800	30,867,375
Shensee, }	154,000	{14,698,449
Kansee, }		{21,878,190
		126,825,294

Making a total in the seven provinces of nearly 650,000 square miles, of which 30,000,000 of acres are under cultivation, and a population of 125,000,000 souls!

Mr. Duckworth has drawn up a succinct description of these provinces, showing that they are rich in mineral and agricultural produce, intersected in every direction by canals, rivers, and roads, and teeming with masses of industrious people, ready to ex-

change wool, goats' hair, indigo, oil seeds, silk, teas, gold, silver, and other metals, for the cotton and woollen fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, if we can only find our way to them.

How is this to be done? Perfectly feasible, according to Captain Sprye and the chambers of commerce of the manufacturing towns, but attended with insurmountable official objections in the opinion of Lords Palmerston and John Russell. We have yet to learn that any obstacles are insurmountable by British energy.

On reference to the map of the south-east peninsula of Asia, it will be observed that our recent accession of territory in Pegu has brought us within 250 miles of the Chinese frontier, the intervening district being occupied by states tributary to the friendly King of Burmah. Captain Sprye and his sons have actually surveyed a line of communication between Rangoon, in Pegu, and Eamok, in China.

He considers Rangoon admirably adapted for the outlet of the enormous traffic anticipated to result from the completion of his scheme. It is a port of some extent situated on the east branch of the river Irrawaddy, along whose banks docks can be readily built, and possesses a fine population long practised as shipwrights. These, with other advantages, render it capable of being made a first-rate ship-building port, not only for merchant ships, but for men-of-war. The line starting from Rangoon would proceed thus:

"First stage, Rangoon to the ancient city of Pegu, the intervening country being almost level. Second stage, from Pegu over flat land, across the Sittang river to Shoe Gye. Third, Shoe Gye up the left bank of the Sittang and Kyonkkee rivers to Bankatah, a distance of about thirty-five miles. The hills be-

* "New Commercial Route to China. (Captain Sprye's Proposition)." By Henry Duckworth, F.R.G.S. London: Philip and Son. 1861.

establish an unpretentious school for the deaf and dumb in Dublin, it was not until 1818, when he visited the parent institution under the Abbe Sicard, who had succeeded the famous De l'Epee, in Paris, that he saw what could be done with the unfortunate creatures, who had before been regarded as utterly beyond the reach of instruction. On a subsequent visit to M. Naef, master of a deaf-mute institution at Yverdon, in the Pays-de-Vaud, he learned that the good man's original pupil, when one day he had for the first time comprehended the truth of a future life, sprang up from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, signifying that "now he should die content; as he knew that he should not perish, should not die eternally." The prospect of bringing many who laboured under the same dreadful privation to this happy state of mind was sufficient to raise so earnest a man as Dr. Orpen to high enthusiasm; and, accordingly, on his return to Ireland, he worked on at his pet project with ardour, though his resources were the smallest, and his friends neither many nor influential. Ultimately, Lord Powerscourt subscribed £120, and a beginning was made. There were seventy applicants for admission to the school, but the funds only allowed of six being chosen. In this strait, the names of the seventy were sent to Lord Powerscourt, in order that he might choose the fortunate half-dozen from among them; when, to the agreeable surprise of Dr. Orpen, that nobleman at once laid the foundation of the Claremont Institute, by remitting a draft for £1,000—a gift which was rendered more grateful by the sentiments accompanying it—the donor thus providing for the entire number of seventy; and adding, "As God has been pleased to give me the means of helping you, I request you will apply the enclosed draft to that purpose." Dr. Orpen and Lord Powerscourt thus established a charity which has since well earned the title of National.

No work of this nature is ever achieved except by a person who gives himself up to it undividedly. In this respect, Dr. Orpen was a fit successor of the Abbe de l'Epee, who may be considered the father of deaf-mute institutions, and of whom Mrs. Le Fanu graphically writes:

"As early as the sixteenth century, Pedro de Ponce, a Spaniard, had succeeded in educating two deaf and dumb children, and in the year 1748, Percira, another Spaniard, astonished the Academy of Science in Paris by the attainments of two children who had been born deaf and dumb, and whom he had instructed; but from their success De l'Epee derived no advantage, as their system, whatever it might have been, was unknown to him; he had, then, to devise one for himself. He devoted himself with enthusiasm to the task which he had undertaken. Its success encouraged him to enlarge his plans, and he took under his roof forty poor deaf and dumb children to maintain and educate. His income did not exceed £400 per annum. A fourth of this he reserved for his own use; the remaining £300 were for his pupils. His own expenses were limited to the bare necessities of life. There was no privation to which he did not cheerfully submit for the sake of his children, as he was wont to call them.

"The fame of De l'Epee's success spread far and wide. A drama, founded on an incident said to be connected with it, was brought out in London with great applause. The Empress Catherine sent the Russian ambassador to him with a munificent present. 'My lord,' said the Abbe, 'I never receive gold. Say to her Majesty, that if my labours have appeared to her to claim her esteem, all that I ask is, that she will send me a deaf and dumb person, or a master to be instructed in the art of teaching.'"

The disinterested labours of this noble-minded man, continued through a period of ten years, led eventually to the establishment of a national institution for the deaf and dumb in Vienna, endowed by the Emperor Joseph. De l'Epee's school was also ultimately supplied with State funds by the French Government, but not until the founder had expired at his task.

With the success of the Claremont school we lose sight of Dr. Orpen in his more public capacity. He settled down into the practice of his profession, exhibiting, however, at every opportunity remarkable zeal in support of benevolent undertakings. During an epidemic of fever, in 1819, his exertions were almost superhuman. With entire recklessness as to his own health, he visited the poor at their rooms, and was probably the first who fixed public attention upon the injurious moral and physical effects

of overcrowded dwellings, where no provision can be made for the separation of the sexes. The details published by him subsequently, in the form of a pamphlet, were of the most harrowing description; and although over thirty years have passed since it was written, much the same tale of misery might still be penned by such physicians as are familiar with our back lanes and streets. We have not now a window and hearth-tax to compel landlords to build up fireplaces and brick-out the light of heaven; nevertheless, our police and sanitary arrangements are still lamentably defective, in permitting houses to be inhabited by twice, thrice, or four times the number of persons whom they are fitted to accommodate. The petty landlord's interest is to cram a family, however large, into a single apartment. Let there be eight or ten such in a house, including the cellars, and he will screw from the poor tradesmen or labourers who inhabit it a weekly rent averaging from one pound sterling to five-and-twenty or thirty shillings, out of which he will not so much as expend a dozen shillings in the year on whitewash. Are these oppressors of the poor entitled to any mercy? Does not the moral and physical welfare of our citizens call for some regulations which shall remedy this avaricious overcrowding? The importance of the subject could not be exaggerated. Among the local topics demanding notice in prospect of the meeting of the Social Science Congress in Dublin, this year, it occupies a prominent place.

A reference of this kind does not seem unnatural in a survey of Dr. Orpen's life, since he did not cease for years to urge better dwellings for the working classes upon the attention of the Irish public.

It often happens that a character possessing some one marked excellence is notably defective in another. Notwithstanding the apologetic language of our author, we must regret that a well-meaning and useful person like Dr. Orpen was so inconstant and capricious. The notion that his sons would be better educated under his own supervision, sufficed to make him change the position of a rising medical man for that of a school-master. To the infinite annoyance of his friends, he opened an educational

establishment at Birkenhead. It did not succeed. He was, in fact, quite unfitted for the difficult task of managing refractory or stupid boys. His personal character being rather weak and amiable, he only got into misery by his tutorial adventure. His benevolence did not greatly influence the riotous youngsters who fell to his lot, and, after a brief trial, the school gave place to that which all through life had probably been the ruling passion in his mind, and which, by its continual conflict with his medical pursuits, had rendered him discontented or at least unsettled. He determined to take Orders. After some time Dr. Orpen was ordained chaplain at Colesberg, at the Cape of Good Hope, where he acted as the first preacher of the gospel in connexion with the United Church of England and Ireland. He brought his family with him, and their privations were numerous. The Kaffirs became troublesome, and a missionary's life was without danger. Dr. Orpen's sons, having received Government employment in the colony, his mind was constantly harassed by the privations which they underwent. During his vicissitudes, however, this good man never murmured. He discharged his duties with unflagging zeal, and by reason of his medical skill attained an immense influence over the natives. He was often solicited to proceed to distant places, and, however great the difficulty or peril, his courage was equal to it. He was thus enabled to plant the Church in the Cape on firm foundations, and this became the crowning and characteristic act of his chequered life. It was his wish to return to Ireland when his health had become completely broken, but before the preparations were completed he expired, in April, 1856.

During his residence in the colony Dr. Orpen offered many suggestions and hints to the Government. He considered that the Dutch had done much to create animosity among the Kaffirs by a contemptuous deportment towards them. It was common among the Hollanders to designate the black and coloured persons "schelders," or creatures, as if they were not human beings. This produced a prejudice in the native mind against the Europeans, and against which Dr. Orpen strove constantly. He did

shrink, either, from pointing out wherein he considered missionary societies had acted imprudently in the colony, and was especially careful to state his decided opinion that missionary settlements among the Kaffirs were calculated to be of little use. His plan was to employ natives among the white population in various descriptions of labour, that, after they had learned to be industrious and peaceable, they might be prepared for Christianity. He considered that the continuance of the Kaffir struggle of 1852 had some connexion with the mad scheme of sending convicts to the Cape, which outraged the English, maddened the Dutch, and led the black people to believe that they also would be treated as "bandits." The conduct of the Government at home was most unpardonable. An Order in Council, under the Act 5 of Geo. IV., was passed in 1848, authorizing the Secretary of State to send a certain number of convicts to whatever colonies he might think fit. Immediately after this the Governor of the Cape was requested by Lord Grey, then Colonial Secretary, to ascertain the feelings of the colonists as to the reception of convicts. Before this could be done, however, a vessel was despatched to the Cape, containing three hundred and twenty-nine convicts—our own John Mitchel among the number. The ship appeared in Simon's Bay, on the 19th of September, 1849, and Mrs. Le Fanu tells the result thus:—

"No sooner had the intelligence reached Cape Town than the people congregated in vast crowds. Frantic with rage, their indignation and violence knew no bounds. At length the Governor yielded to the impetuosity of their fury, and promised that the convicts should not be landed till he received further orders; and such, he had no doubt, would be to send them elsewhere. This promise, however, did not satisfy the populace. They used every means to cut off supplies to the convicts. Tradesmen and others were prohibited under severe threats from selling the commonest necessities of life for their use. Had the answer of the Governor respecting the feelings of the colonists been waited for, before the exportation of convicts for the Cape had been despatched, great agitation and angry feelings might have been prevented. When once roused they are sure to leave traces which years and years may not efface. Orders, however,

arrived from England that the vessel should proceed to Van Diemen's Land. So soon as it left the shore, tranquillity was restored."

Even a slight imprudence at that crisis would have totally destroyed our character in the colony, if not actually separated it from us. Sir Harry Smith behaved judiciously, and was aided not a little by the calming influence of Dr. Orpen's presence among the English inhabitants, who were the most violent. On this, as on other important occasions, Dr. Orpen showed he was a person of sound judgment and excellent temper. He continued to labour on amidst difficulties which would have broken down the spirit of a less zealous man, and even at the worst wrote in these cheerful terms:—"I do not regret coming out here; I have been of some use to my own children, and to the poor blacks and Hottentots, by commencing their union with England's nation, people, government, church, and colonial rule. Thank God, I have commenced the taking of the blacks, natives of Africa, and negroes, old slaves, and Hottentots into the Church of England, and established the United Church of England and Ireland firmly in the hearts of the whites and blacks." To have done this was to have laid his country under an obligation. All through Dr. Orpen's life in the colony we find unselfishness to be the prevailing trait in his character. He is ever busy in furthering useful objects. He founded a public library at Colesberg—his colonial cure—endowing it largely from his own collection. He established a society for the relief of sick and aged slaves and Hottentots, and finally erected a church, for all which undertakings his resources were small indeed, when, in faith and hope, he began each effort.

We have noticed at this length the pleasing volume written by Mrs. Le Fanu, because Dr. Orpen's was a mind pervaded by the purest spirit of philanthropy. Such a name as he has left behind him good men cannot willingly let die. They will not exaggerate Dr. Orpen's claims on their regard if they class him with the Howards, and Clarksons, and Wilberforces, who have shown to many generations how much can be accomplished for the amelioration of mankind by persons of limited means,

of overcrowded dwellings, where no provision can be made for the separation of the sexes. The details published by him subsequently, in the form of a pamphlet, were of the most harrowing description; and although over thirty years have passed since it was written, much the same tale of misery might still be penned by such physicians as are familiar with our back lanes and streets. We have not now a window and hearth-tax to compel landlords to build up fireplaces and brick-out the light of heaven; nevertheless, our police and sanitary arrangements are still lamentably defective, in permitting houses to be inhabited by twice, thrice, or four times the number of persons whom they are fitted to accommodate. The petty landlord's interest is to cram a family, however large, into a single apartment. Let there be eight or ten such in a house, including the cellars, and he will screw from the poor tradesmen or labourers who inhabit it a weekly rent averaging from one pound sterling to five-and-twenty or thirty shillings, out of which he will not so much as expend a dozen shillings in the year on whitewash. Are these oppressors of the poor entitled to any mercy? Does not the moral and physical welfare of our citizens call for some regulations which shall remedy this avaricious overcrowding? The importance of the subject could not be exaggerated. Among the local topics demanding notice in prospect of the meeting of the Social Science Congress in Dublin, this year, it occupies a prominent place.

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for themselves; all we will now say is, that the end is certainly a most important one, and one which, were it well accomplished, would, in the opinion of many sincere lovers of the Church of England and Ireland, tend to strengthen her hands, and to enlarge her fold. The favourers of revision believe, that if it be done in a proper manner, it would considerably quiet, if not remove, the sad internal divisions at present existing; would check the Romanising practices of many of the clergy; and finally, would gain over many pious Dissenters to be friends instead of enemies, and make some of her present members, who are wavering in their attachment (owing to what they consider blemishes in her formularies), to side strongly with her, and maintain her cause with an open front, and real zeal and love.

Our space will not allow us to allude to the probability of the Revisionists' views being right, as to revision being likely to lead to the removal of the present internal divisions in the Church, or to its checking the above-mentioned practices; it will only permit us to say something as to the probability of dissent becoming less, and lukewarmness towards the Church being turned into zeal, should the alterations take place in her services, which we see are advocated, amongst others, in these letters. The alterations we particularly allude to are: the abridgment of the services; the omission of the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, and of a few words in the Burial Service.

As to the length of our services, we think that many of our lay readers will confess that the attention of their minds and fervency of their devotions is apt to flag; that either at the end of the prayers they are disposed to wish there were no sermon, or at one of the breaks in the prayers they would be glad that the prayers should cease, and the sermon commence. But if such be the case with the laity, what must it be with many of the clergy, who oftentimes have to commence their work with going to their schools at nine o'clock, and then have two, and sometimes three, full services to go through, as well as not unfrequently to take occasional services besides. Unless a man is unusually strong, he is more or less ex-

hausted before he gets into the pulpit in the morning; but even if a man be ever so strong and healthy, still the larynx and lungs of the very strongest are not made of iron, and ere the afternoon service is over, his feelings somewhat correspond with those of his weaker brethren. There was a time when we rather piqued ourselves upon the strength of our lungs, but even then we felt it an effort to preach a sermon in a large church in the afternoon; and the recollection of nodding heads before us reminds us even now that we were not properly up to the work; and, oh! how stupid we felt, when, after the walk or ride of a few miles, we went, in the evening, to relieve some clerical brother more hard-worked than ourselves. We remember how our brain seemed all in confusion, and how fit for nothing we were when we got home, where perhaps the first tidings that reached us were, that John Jones was very ill, and the parson was desired to go and see him without delay. We cannot do better than give the following extract from the letters before us:—

“I say nothing of how much of his time and lungs the said solitary pastor—aged it may be—infirm—delicate from hard study at College—or accidentally invalided—has previously given, or will give in the course of the Sunday, to the school, or to any of the other numerous occupations which fall to the lot of the working clergy on that day of sacred rest; but I maintain that the threefold junction of the Morning Service, as it now stands, is too much for any man, be he who he may, to discharge throughout the year *with that efficiency which the solemn nature of its object requires*; and I attribute very much of the dissent, and indifference to the Church system, which is gaining ground steadily in this country, to the regulation which has thus put more than a due burden on the mental and physical powers of the clergy.”

With respect to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, we believe that they are a stumbling block to many, and cause the clergy also to be accused of equivocation. All interpreters of the meaning of the words are obliged to say that they are to be taken in a qualified sense, while many object altogether to using them, and find fault with those who do. Many people, fairly enough, say, if these solemn words are fined down to

who possess the all-conquering qualities of sanguineness and perseverance. We may also be allowed to say, that we do not the less feel justified in going through the leading facts in Dr. Orpen's life because he was a noble-hearted Irishman. Among the Christian philanthropists whom our country has given to the world he occupies a distinguished place. Except in a certain fickleness, probably a natural weakness of character, he is an excellent example for his survivors of the medical profession and the lay public. It is, therefore, a source of peculiar gratification to us that Mrs. Le Fanu has so effectively given to literature the story of this good man's career. The author has manifestly taken great pains with her book. It is elaborated artistically. The style is flowing, correct, and vivid. We have not one dull level of circumstantial narration. Light and shade are suitably disposed, and the result is a peculiarly pleasing memoir, which we have not felt surprised to learn that the Irish public highly esteem.

To write a long series of Letters on the same subject, and that at no great interval of time from each other, and to do so in such a manner as to attract and engage the interest of the reader, requires much more than the skill of an ordinary letter writer. The author who can accomplish this must be no common individual; and we think our readers will agree with us in considering this to be the case with respect to the author of the "Ingoldsby Letters,"* when they bear in mind, that scarcely a week has elapsed during the last two years in which he has not published, on the same subject, a most amusing, and, to those agreeing with his views, a most convincing letter. We say to those agreeing with his views—for it must be confessed, that many dissent from them—and on the subject of which the letters treat, namely, Liturgical Revision, re-echo the cry (in all kinds of tone from the extreme high to the extreme low, from that of the Exeter See to that of the Exeter Hall), *nolumus leges Ecclesiæ mutari*. It

appears that the Rev. James Hildyard, the writer of these spirited letters, became early sensible of the necessity for some alteration in the Liturgy, and for a time, like many others, wrote in a serious strain upon that subject; but finding he did so to little purpose, and discovering that some members of the Episcopal Bench were violently set against any change whatever, he commenced writing in a sportive and somewhat satirical style. This he did, not evidently from any feeling of disrespect to the office, but from thinking he might be able in this more popular way to show the weakness of the arguments against his view; and, in so doing, he certainly has brought to bear a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, which must have nettled some of his adversaries not a little, and so far not impossibly have done them personal service, in making them less opiniative. Mr. Hildyard's letters first appeared in some of the London newspapers; but on application being made for them afterwards, he has had them republished in two volumes, and they are now in their second edition.

Even those who dissent most strongly from the views advocated in them, and also from the writer's mode of attack, must award the letters the praise of being ably written; and written as they have been, *current calamo*, must acknowledge that, in their way, they are striking productions. Their style is extremely lively and they abound, to a remarkable degree, with most happy and choic quotations. As to the application of the advice contained in the motto Mr. Hildyard has chosen for this first volume,

"*Ridiculum acri,*

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque sinit res" many will be disposed to regret that he has so incessantly and mercilessly used it. He acknowledges, indeed, that the style he has adopted is, in this respect, open to animadversion but says he was driven to it, and expresses a hope, that "the end will be found to justify the means." Whether or not this may be the case we must leave our readers to judge.

* "The Second and Third Series of the Ingoldsby Letters on the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer." London: Thickbroom and Co., 13, Paternoster-row. 1861.

on this point, lest, should this review fall into his hands, the reviewer should be reviewed *secundum artem*, and made to cry *peccavi* for offering him gratuitous advice. We will conclude these remarks by wishing him success in his labours, and trusting that through them, and the labours of others who think with him, the Prayer Book of the Established Church may really be made "such as a godly man may with a good conscience use and subscribe unto."

WE question whether many tourists will be induced to follow Mr. Tristram in wandering in the Algerine Sahara, the northern part of the Great Desert of Africa, though his volume* will prove valuable to the naturalist and geographical student. The French have latterly adopted the system of the Romans in occupying this territory, their posts and lines being almost identical. The most important portion of this country extends along the coast, and includes the fertile region of the Tell, or green country, north of the Sahara. This "Territoire Civile" is under the rule of prefects and gendarmes, the inland parts being under the more arbitrary, but less vexatious, military administration.

Leaving Algiers, the Rev. Mr. Tristram and his friend, the Rev. Jas. Peed, proceeded by Medeah to Bog-rali, near to a remarkable opening in the crest of the Atlas range, called El Kantara, the Gate of the Desert, "having all the appearance of a colossal gateway hewn through the cliff," through which they entered the "Hauts Plateaux" of the Sahara, where cultivation ceases, and inhabitants are only met with at the different oases.

Their daily journey in the desert, from one caravanserai to another, appears to have been monotonous in the extreme, but the narrative is enlivened by the author's remarks on the ornithological marvels and other objects of interest, and the extraordinary adventures met with amongst a strange and little-known people.

The baggage of the travellers was carried on camels; they themselves riding on horseback, a mode of jour-

neying attended with no little peril, as appears by the following incident:

"Night is beginning to fall as we reach the Arab camp, from which we eventually disentangle ourselves, our horses keeping up a running skirmish with teeth and fore-legs amongst the tents. We ride over hilly ground, and at last strike into a stony path, the military road. But our horses, who have long been uneasy, now become suddenly maddened, and rush on one another open-mouthed. P. and T. each with a loaded double-barrel in our right hand, for we were on the look out for bustard, are powerless. The steeds strike each other with their fore-legs, screaming and rearing frightfully; P. at last contrives to wheel his round, but the encounter continues. Mine plants his fore-legs behind P.'s saddle, and literally tears his great-coat off his back by strips with his teeth. I was clinging to the neck of the rearing brute, when P.'s horse, kicking furiously, struck me on the edge of the left eye. I fell stunned to the ground, but contrived to disentangle myself. When I came round, I was standing half-stupified, and two Bedouins, who seemed to have sprung from the earth during the contest, were scarcely able to hold the raging horse. P. had spurred his to a distance. We found the casualties, besides wounds, and P.'s narrow escape of a broken back, to be divers cuts in both saddles, one of my flaps cut in two, and a stirrup-leather severed, my botany box stove in, and holsters cut to pieces, while two specimens of what I believe to have been a new mammal were hopelessly gone. Truly it was a merciful deliverance in many ways, for a raging horse is as dangerous as a wounded boar, and had the blow struck my temples I must inevitably have been killed. Again, how I managed to escape from under the legs of the maddened animal, only that ever-watching Providence can tell who guards us even at the ends of the earth. A black and swollen eye, and severe head-ache for two days, were the only evils I sustained. Shaken and half-paralyzed, I was obliged to ride on in the dark on the still excited horse, and after an hour of torture reached the hovel, or caravanserai, of Side Mah k'loof, where I was kindly bandaged by P."

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ut a portion of those pointed out the Letters," must, we believe, be used to say, "Is there not a cause some alteration?" and, though y may consider "this is not the"—(which, however, Bishop Bar-somewhat dexterously proves to be right time, on account of the ig conservative feeling at present ing among the clergy)—they will to thank the writer of these rs for the skill and perseverance as shown in the treatment of this ate matter. A few, no doubt, object to the style he has adopted, we must say, though relishing sharp hits and severe railery, we had our doubts whether the rs are altogether suited to the us nature of the subject, or the diar office held by those against m the author has cast such a t of arrows.

'e have no doubt it is only zeal in sacred cause which has made Mr. lyard adopt the style he has done: manner in which he speaks of ral of the prelates shows him to no ill-feeling towards the order. probably has the same kind re- for them, at the bottom, which c Walton had for his frog; and no real pleasure in giving them .. In self-justification he states for two years he adopted the us style of writing; for the last he has taken to the jocose. May not put it to him, whether a joke his matter, as in others, may not carried too far. He has shown e of the bishops who violently ose revision, what he can do. doubtless what he has said will ce them for the future more cau- s in their speeches, more wary in r writings. Is it not time that he old lay aside the ferula which has e such execution. If he goes on dling it so severely, will it not e a tendency to make the patient ous, and enlist the sympathy of spectator on the side of the suf- r.

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French military station, containing 35,000 inhabitants. It is embosomed in a forest of palm-trees, and has 391 gardens, the chief source of the subsistence of all the desert islands.

"These gardens yield three simultaneous crops. First of all, the closely planted surface supplies carrots, onions, melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, red pepper, tomatoes, beans, maize, cauliflower, &c., which flourish luxuriantly under the thick shade. Over these rises a dense mass of fruit trees—apricot, peach, almond, quince, and many trellised vines, and above all a second dome of date-palms.

"The Arabs count fifteen varieties of dates, of which the *deghehnour* is considered the best for keeping, and three other kinds are preferred fresh. Of the origin of one of these a pleasant legend is told. There was a poor woman, aged and childless, who was very devout, named *Tonadjah*, and who longed in vain for the means of making a pilgrimage to Mecca. So poor was she that she had not even money wherewith to purchase a string of beads; but gathering date-stones, she contrived to pierce them, and strung them into a chaplet. With these she daily and hourly performed her orisons, and constantly visiting the Marabout of *Sidi Abd-el-Kader*, implored the Prophet that he would not charge her poverty upon her as a crime, but admit her to the same place in Paradise as she would have gained by a visit to his own shrine. When she died, the chaplet, her only earthly possession, was buried in her grave. The spirit of the Prophet visited it, and the tears he shed germinated the date-stones, which sprung up into a group of trees, and proved the sweetest species of date that had ever been produced."

At *Berryan*, the next station of importance, our travellers were deemed the guests of the state, hospitality being regularly assessed on the natives.

"Every householder is expected to contribute in turn, according to the rate-book kept by the Secretary. The negro servant of the *Djeunnâ* goes round to all in rotation on any new arrival, directing one to provide a dish of *kouskousou*, another dates and pomegranates, another ghee and milk, another barley and fodder for the horses. No wonder that under such a system we experienced considerable variety in the style of dishes and quality of the cookery, according to the wealth or munificence of our entertainers, or the culinary skill of their ladies."

Our author's description of the

M'Zab, a peculiar race of the islanders of the desert, is novel and interesting. Though usually confounded with the Arab tribes, they are descendants of the ancient *Numidians*, and have for centuries preserved their language and municipal independence amidst the surrounding hordes.

Waregla, where no European had before been seen, was the last one visited by Messrs. *Tristram* and *Pennell*. Here they had a narrow escape to their lives, and with difficulty removed their baggage from the grasp of the Arabs. Near *Waregla* they came upon an encampment of a tribe called the *Touareg*, who are remarkable for their beautiful "mahari," white dromedaries.

"This graceful creature, which is generally seen kneeling in the sand of any *M'Zab* city, with its fawn-coloured head and neck, towering above the camels round, bears the same relation to them that the thoroughbred racer does to the cart-horse. Its small head, its very fine coat, its great length of legs, and depth of chest, all bespeak the best 'breeding.' I never saw any ordinary camel (or *djamel*) which approached within eighteen inches the stature of a mahari; but the most distinctive development is in the depth and width of chest, while the hump is comparatively small."

From *Waregla* our travellers proceeded to *Tuggurt*, the ultima of French dominion, and traversed the desert, on their return, in the direction of *Biakrah*, the nearest point of the Sahara, and consequently much frequented by Parisian tourists; where they reached *El Kantara* again, and rejoined civilized society in *Algiers*.

In the appendices to this volume will be found valuable observations on the history and physical geography of the Sahara, on the geological system of the Central Sahara of *Algeria*, and catalogues of the mammals, birds, reptiles, mollusca, and plants of the Algerian Sahara.

THE name of *Tschendorf* does not now appear for the first time in connexion with Biblical literature, though some who are familiar with his fame, by report at least, scarcely recognise the German begott of the *Reise in die Sinai* of his present designation. The transformation reminds us of the

classical affectations of the sixteenth century, which turned Schwartzerde into Melancthon, Didier into Erasmus, and Reuchlin into Capnio. The course of authorship of this distinguished savant began as long ago as 1838, when an edition of the Greek New Testament proclaimed his qualifications for the task of textual criticism, and decided his career. The patronage of his own sovereign furnished him with the means of visiting Paris for the purpose of exploring its manuscript treasures, especially its *Codex Ephremi Rescriptus*, one of the most valuable palimpsests in the world. Since then Great Britain, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, have been traversed in the prosecution of his researches, and have borne witness to his combined learning and zeal. To sum up his publications were to fill a paragraph; suffice it to say, that his "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," his "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," his "Evangelium Palatinum," his "Codex Amiatinus," his "Codex Claromontanus," his "Palimpsest Fragments," his "Apocryphal Acts," "Apocryphal Gospels," "Apocryphal Apocalypses," and his successive editions of the Greek New Testament, have established his reputation as the largest contributor to textual criticism of his day, and made the name of Tischendorf celebrated far beyond the bounds of his quiet university.

In the volume before us* we have record made of one of his latest journeys, and of certainly his greatest acquisition—a very ancient manuscript, containing the most important parts of the Old Testament in Greek, and the entire New Testament, without omission or erasure, *ne minima quidem lacuna deformatum*. Any manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, in any language, with a credible date reaching above the tenth century, would be considered a valuable addition to our stores of critical matter for settling the sacred text, for even these are comparatively few; but to meet with one whose date is assigned, unhesitatingly, by its finder to the earlier half of the fourth century was

enough to turn Tischendorf crazy with joy. His record of his emotions at the moment of discovery is quiet, but the exultation of his feelings could not be disguised:—"Quae res quantum in admirationem me conjecerit, dissimulare nequibam."

It appears that in his two previous journeys to the East, of the earlier of which he makes interesting report in his "Reise in dem Orient, 1845-48," he had been, beyond expectation, successful in the acquisition of materials for publication, of one sort or another. The second journey—that of 1853, nine years after the first—bears more the character of a great disappointment than the preceding, as a narrative of the circumstances will explain.

In the year 1844 the King of Saxony furnished Professor Tischendorf with funds, to enable him to prosecute his inquiries after parchments and old books in the East. Amongst the acquisitions of that trip was a fragment of a Greek Septuagint, rescued by Tischendorf from the destruction awaiting it, and other unvalued scraps and loose leaves in a basket, where they were carelessly tossed to rot in the damp, or be consumed by ants. A larger fragment of that MS., containing Isaiah and Maccabees, he begged for in vain, because the importunity of the stranger taught the ignorant monks to set a value on their relic which they had not had independent knowledge of their own to appreciate. He obtained, however, enough of the disjointed leaves and smaller portions to constitute a satisfactory specimen of the whole. These fragments Tischendorf published in 1846, under the title of the "Friderico-Augustan Codex," in compliment to his royal patron. But the lengthened period of nine years from his first journey did not abate his longing for the remainder of the precious manuscript (*ipsis membranis pretiosissimis*) which he had left in such unsafe custody, and which his own publications had made so widely known. He expected that, during the interval, the MS. would have found its way into a European library, through the care of some appreciative traveller; but no tidings came of such a destination. This

*"Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici." Edidit Ainoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Lipsiae: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

prompted the journey of 1853, undertaken with a determination to transcribe all that remained of the document, and to publish it on his return. But, on his presenting himself at the Convent of Mount Sinai, to his dismay, the document could nowhere be found. Describing his disappointment, in his *Mon. Sac. Ined.* of 1855, he expresses his belief that it must have come to Europe, and that it lay somewhere concealed. Should it, however, be irrecoverably lost, he very fairly declares himself innocent of neglect of the manuscript, for he had frankly informed its custodians of its value, and urged upon them its more careful preservation.

Matters remained in this position for six years longer,—Tischendorf engaged with his professorial duties, and editing his laborious volumes of antiquarian research, together with his *Critical Greek Testaments*,—when, by the intervention of the Prince Von Falkenstein, Prime Minister of the King of Saxony, and the successive Russian Ambassadors at Dresden, the Baron Von Schroeder, Prince Wolkonsky, and Baron Von Kotzebue, aided by the intercession of Von Noroff, Von Kovalewsky, and Theodore Von Grimm, the eager professor's wish was gratified with the injunction to return to his former scene of action, and secure for the Emperor of Russia what spoil he might of ancient Greek and Oriental literature. On the last day of January, 1859, Tischendorf reached his old quarters in the Convent of St. Catherine, and opened his campaign, or rather foray, with so little success that four days afterwards he completed his arrangements, by hiring horses and camels, for returning to Cairo on the 7th of February. But an unexpected and most delightful event occurred, meanwhile, that rendered this last journey memorable above all others undertaken by the professor; for, conversing with the sub-prior, on the Septuagint translation, of which Tischendorf had brought with him printed copies, along with his Greek New Testaments, the conventual brother turned out of a piece of cloth, for his inspection, the very document of which he had come in search.

This revelation was a light rising upon his darkness—the flashing of an instantaneous dawn. Turning over

the coveted folios he found them to contain a considerable part of the Old Testament, the whole of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas, along with the first part of the Shepherd of Hermas. Xenophon's returning 10,000 never hailed the waters of the Black Sea with more gladsome *θαλαρρα*, *θαλαρρα*, after their wearisome march and perilous adventure, than Tischendorf the resurrection of his buried love. Unable to sleep through excess of joy, he bore the treasured parchments to his cell, and spent the night in copying the recovered Barnabas. Starting, nevertheless, on the appointed day, he obtained the promise of the superior that the mutilated Codex would be forwarded after him to Cairo to be copied, as soon as the licence to do so should reach the convent from their ecclesiastical head in Egypt. A very few days sufficed to obtain the required permission, and Tischendorf rejoiced in his prize, retaining it in his possession till, with the aid of two friends, he had copied its every word, letter, sign, and variation. Two months sufficed for this Herculean task, which comprised the transcription of upwards of 100,000 lines of Greek. This done, his joy was complete.

The original MS., it was suggested, might very appropriately be presented to the Emperor of Russia, a distinguished professor and protector of the Christian faith; and the hint met with unanimous compliance. As no one, however, had, at the time, the right of making the presentation, in consequence of Archbishop Constantine's death and the non-consecration of his successor, it was concluded to lend the MS. for the purpose of completing an accurate impression of its contents, leaving the question of its final ownership for future determination.

From May to September Tischendorf was free to traverse Palestine in search of hidden MSS., and was at Jerusalem at the same time with the Duke Constantine, who lent his royal countenance to his labours. In Constantinople the Russian ambassador, Prince Lobanow, received him as his guest in his palace, a circumstance we feel pleasure in recording, the priesthood of letters receiving due homage at the hands of the princes of the people. From this enlightened nobleman, Tischendorf learned of the ex-

istence of another notice since his own of the Sinaitic Codex, namely, one from the pen of the Archimandrite Porphyry, who, in 1846, had examined its peculiarities, when he visited the monastery in the desert. These he describes in his publication of 1856 at St. Petersburg, but makes such mistakes as would naturally occur in the case of a person not conversant with textual criticism. The Greek divine, for instance, supposes the MS. to follow the Euthalian pre-script in its stichometry; and, as this arrangement of the text dates about 446, that the MS. may be of the fifth century. From this surmise he conjectured that its corrections belong to the same age, and that, by means of these, a peculiar text—call it the Alexandrian—was brought into harmony with that of the universal church. These suppositions are gratuitous and incorrect. The arrangement is not Euthalian; nor if it were, would its age be decided thereby—its upward limit would, indeed, be fixed, but not its downward. Its corrections are made by many distinct hands, the two most important being of a date several centuries after the original writing of the MS.; and the corrections, though often concurrent with the orthodox and received text, more frequently diverge from it. The learned priest, moreover, though duly impressed with the archaic aspect of the document, adopted no measures for transcribing it, or making it available for critical purposes. He knew nothing of the fact that the shepherd of Hermas in Greek was a desideratum of scholars, as well as the earlier part of the epistle of Barnabas, or he would probably have had these, at least, transcribed for the satisfaction of the Christian world. The venerable Archimandrite was evidently more of the amateur than the connoisseur. No man is great in every line. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

On his return to St. Petersburg, in October, 1859, Tischendorf was graciously received by the Emperor and Empress, who examined *seriatim* the professor's stores. By Alexander's command they were exhibited publicly for a fortnight, and the Sinaitic Codex was ordered to be prepared for the press with the least possible delay. The preservation of such a

monument of ancient learning and piety, where such losses had accrued to its contemporary literature, was providential; and in recognition of the divine care, the precious boon should no longer be withheld from the world of letters and religion.

The plan of publication pursued will be to represent the original text by facsimile types, the regularity of the letters greatly favouring this method; but even minute varieties of character will be exhibited also. The alterations by the chief correctors will be given in the margin, together with other peculiarities, such as punctuation, accents, &c., while the less important or most modern alterations will be exhibited in the commentary. Twenty pages of lithographic facsimile, drawn from photographs, will exhibit to the eye of the student an exact picture of the appearance of the original. Approved artists at St. Petersburg will make the drawings; the firm of Giesecke and Devrient, at Leipzig, are to be the printers, and each page, as it issues from the press, will engage the ever-vigilant and active supervision of the learned editor himself. What an acquisition this will be to the Church and the learned world we need not say, and what a monument of the industry, talent, and ingenuity of the German textuary, who publishes a great work like this in the course of a couple of years, leaving nothing to desire on the score of accuracy, cheapness, and accessibility after the painful disappointment we have so recently experienced in the wretched, unscholarly, and extortionate Vatican imprint of Cardinal Mai.

The three hundred costly facsimile copies the Emperor of Russia will retain himself, for the purpose of gifts to the learned bodies of Europe; but cheap editions, in ordinary type, to be printed with equal accuracy and beauty at the same time, will gratify the curiosity of purchasers and diffuse the information the manuscript contains as wide as the world.

The whole imprint of the Codex will occupy three volumes, of which two will contain the Old Testament and one the New. A supplementary volume will include the facsimile plates, and a lengthened commentary upon all the emendations in the manuscript and its palæography. F. A. Brockhans, of Leipzig, is to have

charge of the ordinary Greek type edition. The whole work is designed to be completed in the middle of 1862—a year memorable in the annals of Russia, as it will be the thousandth year of its existence; and it is desired to associate this great literary achievement with the celebration of the military and social progress of the empire.

In these days of sea-side study, you have no doubt frequently observed the marine medusa. It is a plump jelly-like substance, beautiful to look at; but take it up and carry it off for future observation, and by-and-by you find that it has melted away. Now, Mr. Andros' volume* is very like this animal. It is well got up, and prettily illustrated; but there is nothing in it. It is a watery pulp; and its perusal leaves the tables of the memory a blank.

His inducement to visit Spain was

a strong desire to witness a genuine bull-fight, and experience for himself the excitement, disgust, pity, pressure, and pain arising from the taurinichian sport. We are well pleased to find that this sanguinary craving was destined to be unappeased, as on his journey from Barcelona to Seville, he was invariably "too late." He arrived at Barcelona two days after a grand bull-baiting, and saw but the stale placards adorned with representations of ferocious bulls. At Valencia he was tantalized by a glowing description of the splendid fight which had just taken place, in which all the matadors had been disabled, and he was "regularly sold," as the terms it, to find, on reaching Madrid, that the bull-fights were all over for the season.

Nevertheless, there are a few fibres of substance in the booklet, which will at all events pleasantly while away an hour.

LEGEND LAYS OF IRELAND.

NO. II.—A LEGEND OF BENEVENUGH.

I.

On the dark northern coast, o'er waves of blue,
And towering as a giant guard of ocean,
Thy heathered cliffs arise, Benevenugh,†
Proud 'gainst the rushing tempest's wild commotion;
Proud 'gainst the fierce tornado gusts, that strew
With angry foam the billows' rapid motion.
And far within thy hollow womb diverge
Caves that re-echo to the rolling surge.

II.

Of old, thy brow was gloomy: and to-day,
So awful and so savage is thy form,
That rustic chroniclers will trembling say
Unearthly sounds are heard above the storm,
And much desire to shun thee, as they stray,
Unwillingly before the rise of morn;
When dark imagination pictures o'er
The visioned scenes and treasured tales of yore.

* "Pen and Pencil Sketches of a Holiday Scamper in Spain." By A. C. Andros. London: Edward Stanford. 1860.

† Benevenugh, or Benyevenagh, is a mountain in the county of Londonderry, which rises majestically about 1,260 feet above the level of Lough Foyle. The mountain is of basaltic formation, and from its summit, in clear weather, commands a most extended range of prospect, including the celebrated island of Iona, and some of the Western Isles of Scotland. The tidal waters of Lough Foyle lave the base of Benyevenagh; and on its precipitous heights over the ocean

III.

The fairy Evenugh,* within thy caves,
 Sways sprites that cower in his dark dominions;
 Hence sallies out, when midnight tempest raves,
 With power to sail about on airy pinions,
 When wintry gusts whirl on the withered leaves
 His elfin courtiers round and tiny minions.
 The rocking seaman hears with pale affright
 Those gathering sounds, loud echoing through the night.

IV.

What dreadful deeds, that shun the light, performed
 Within those windings, mortals durst not scan.
 The sense of hearing distantly informed
 The terror-stricken, pilgrim-faring man,
 'Till once a blithesome youth the danger scorned,
 And entering tremblingly his search began:
 Whilst tottering through the yawning depths, rock-bound,
 The sparry arches ring his footfalls round.

V.

Yet, soon the rocks to other echoes woke;
 A sound of minstrelsy, in vigorous strains,
 As if from distant bagpipe fitful broke,
 Like moans that start, when terror rules the dreams
 Of midnight sleepers: and the rocks evoke
 A shrilly, droning melody, that wanes
 Anon to stillness: then it rends the ear,
 With swellings on the midnight, wild and clear.

VI.

A light gleamed far within the deep recess,
 That burst with dazzling lustre o'er the scene;
 Unearthly nymphs the pattering footsteps press,
 With swains grotesque, on velvet sward of green.
 And undiminished seem'd the mirth—nor less—
 The chandeliers spread o'er their brilliant sheen
 For hours that passed, whilst midnight revels rung,
 And gazed the youth on sports, that ever please the young.

eagles are known to breed, whilst flocks of curlews, seagulls and other marine birds hover continually round its sides. The varied botanic productions of this mountain have been long celebrated for their medicinal qualities, and the wild flowers that adorn its breast attract swarms of bees in the summer season, and impart a delicious flavour to the honey, produced in the neighbourhood. Over an hundred years ago, the last wolf known to exist in Ulster was started upon Benyevenagh and killed in the woods near Dungiven. In legendary and historic lore, the traditions of the adjoining districts are highly interesting. A mountain in Scotland, mentioned in the opening canto of the "*Lady of the Lake*," bears a name nearly corresponding in pronunciation with that of our Ultonian highland. Sir Walter Scott sings of—

"The pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue."

A considerable portion of Benyevenagh is cultivated and finely wooded, whilst the greater part presents an aspect of bold outline and rugged grandeur.

* Local traditions and its very nomenclature seem to connect Benevenugh with the imaginary being here mentioned; yet, I am not sufficiently versed in folk-lore mythology to elucidate further the history of this tutelary genius and his subordinate spirits.

VII.

While seated on a throne, the rest above,
 With hoary locks and beard, their Evenugh
 Bent o'er the groups with twinkling glance of love,
 That ever and anon more placid grew.
 But whilst the ceaseless footsteps circling move,
 A SNEEZE* escaped the mortal screened from view.
 Then ceased the music's strain, the lights grew dim,
 And bellowing sounds the rocks repeat within.

VIII.

Soon turned our rash adventurer to flight,
 With hostile echoes gathering on his rear ;
 Nor guide he found, in ushering him to light,
 Whilst trembling limbs betrayed his sense of fear,
 And doubly dark within those caves was night.
 The crystal spars, their glimmering light to steer
 Lent his uncertain path : the crannies round
 Reverberate a clanging, vengeful sound.

IX.

It seemed, as if an earthquake for egress
 Were struggling from the rock-surrounded caves ;
 As if the winds ploughed up with groaning stress
 The lowest depths of ocean's furrowed waves,
 And thunder growled, along the vaults, where press
 Pursuers and pursued. Their distance leaves
 Fast fading hope. By chance, a glimmering ray
 Conducts the mortal safe to hail the dawn of day.

LAGENTIENSIS.

* The slightest noise or exclamation from a human being is sure to reveal his presence, whenever he intrudes on elfin sports and revels. In this particular, as in a variety of other instances, there is a striking analogy between Irish and Scottish fairy mythology. This resemblance is even more apparent in the legends of the province of Ulster. A *dénouement* somewhat similar to that recorded in the present instance occurred in Burns' tale of "Tam o' Shanter;" for no sooner had the hero cried out,

" ' Weal done, Cutty-sark !'
 Than in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied."

A MEDIÆVAL PATRIOT: SCANDERBEG.

SCANDERBEG, PRINCE OF EPIRUS.

"Land of Albania! where Iskander rose
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise;
 And he, his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise."

LORD BYRON: *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

THIS remarkable warrior of the middle ages has furnished materials for no less than three English tragedies and a novel in French. The best of the plays is by Lillo, but much cannot be said in its praise. The two others, by Havard and Whincop, are contemptible. Absurd love stories are interwoven with them, quite foreign to the character of the hero. The record of Scanderbeg's life and actions approaches Eastern fable. As we turn to it, we are tempted to say with Gibbon, when writing of Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine, "Am I relating the deeds of Arthur or of Amadis?"

The historian of the Roman Empire, who bore no great affection to Scanderbeg for resuming Christianity in mature life, nevertheless thought so highly of his great qualities, that he included him, with several others, in a list he had selected as subjects for biography. Why he laid this intention aside he has not told us.

Avoiding exaggeration as much as the materials will allow, the true history of Scanderbeg, a name synonymous with that of Alexander the Bey or Lord, appears to be as follows:

George Castriot (such was his proper designation), was born at Croia, the capital of Albania, in the year 1405. His father, John Castriot, hereditary sovereign of the country, and Voisava, his mother, were celebrated by the historians of the age for their mental endowments and personal beauty. They had three other sons and five daughters. The untimely fate of George's elder brothers will be mentioned hereafter. Of his sisters little is known, except that they were married to Christian princes and noblemen suited to their rank.

After the conquest of Greece by the Romans, Albania, not then recognised by that name, became incorporated with some adjacent provinces in the

government of the Prætorian Prefect of Illyricum. At the division of the empire it was allotted to the Eastern monarchs, and so remained till the decline of their power, when the government fell to the family of the Castriots, who were generally called kings of Epirus, as a country of more antiquity and fame; but Albania was certainly the most important part of their dominions, and Croia, its metropolis, the seat of their residence.

The overthrow of Bajazet by Tamerlane checked for a time the spreading empire of the Ottomans; but after the death of that victorious prince, Mahomet, the son of Bajazet, recovered his father's kingdom, which was vastly increased by the conquests of his own son and successor, Amurath II., both in Asia and Europe. Amurath was brave and ambitious, but fretful and impatient on the slightest cross, particularly in his old age. He was as prudent in politics as able in war; sincere in his religion, and, in general, an observer of his word; but his perfidious conduct to the Castriots supplies a memorable exception to the latter rule. He meant well, but he possessed absolute power. The bigot and the tyrant, under such a temptation, will sometimes get the better of the man. The consistent rectitude of Marcus Aurelius was not to be expected from an Eastern despot, without the light of letters or philosophy.

After extensive conquests in Carmania, Amurath, upon slight pretences, carried his arms into Greece, and subdued Achaia, Thessaly, and Macedon. Athens yielded to his yoke, and Thessalonica, after a brave defence, endured the horrors of an assault. John Castriot, King of Epirus and Albania, who saw with bitter anguish the supineness of the Greek Emperor, resolved to anticipate at-

tack, and hastened to meet the approaching invader on the frontiers of Macedon. Amurath soon found the mountain warfare tedious, expensive, and interfering with his career of victory. He, therefore, listened readily to terms of accommodation, and consented to leave Castriot undisturbed possession of his crown and kingdom; conditions not to be refused by a comparatively weak opponent, and which the haughty Sultan would have peremptorily denied to the Cæsar of Constantinople. But Amurath insisted, as a *sine quâ non*, on the delivery of the four sons of Castriot as hostages. The feelings of the father, though deeply wounded, gave way to the imperative duty of the monarch. His subjects were his children, and exposed to inevitable ruin. Trusting to Amurath's reputation for keeping plighted faith, the afflicted parent yielded up his boys. Amurath received the royal pledges, and ending the war, carried them with him to Adrianople, his European capital. Four centuries later, a reverse of a similar compact between Christian and Infidel occurred in India, by the surrender of the sons of Tippoo to Lord Cornwallis. John Castriot appears to have remained on friendly terms with the Sultan for the remainder of his life, during which the captive princes were treated with the respect due to their rank and character.

George Castriot, though only eight years of age, was speedily distinguished and admired by the Sultan and the whole seraglio. His extraordinary beauty, manly deportment, vivacity, and genius, charmed all who came in contact with him. Amurath treated him as his own son; had him carefully instructed in the religion of Mahomet, and in such branches of science as were known in the Turkish Court. Hoping to extinguish in his young mind all memory of the Christian faith, he forced him to subscribe to the ceremonial rites of Islamism, and gave him the high-sounding name of Scanderbeg, or Lord Alexander. His rapid improvement in martial exercises induced the Sultan to take him to the wars in Anatolia, where he evinced such courage and ability, that at nineteen he obtained the command of 5,000 horse and the title of *Bassa* or *Pacha*. The Sultan's presence

being required in Europe, he left his young general to conduct all the armies in Asia Minor, which he did with so much success that Amurath frequently called him his right eye, his right hand, his bulwark, and the extender of his dominions. Returning to Adrianople, full of fame and youthful ardour, Scanderbeg killed a gigantic Tartar, esteemed invincible, in single combat; and not long after, in Bithynia, encountered two Persian champions, who had publicly challenged any two men in the Sultan's army, and slew them both.

Scanderbeg loved glory, but his heart was more devoted to truth. When in the field, he was constantly attended by some Christian officers and soldiers, countrymen of his own, by whom he was secretly instructed and confirmed in his original faith. To maintain this, and to secure the civil liberty of his native land, soon became the governing principle and guiding star of his active and valuable life. With this secret bias, which he dared not yet disclose, he abstained from utterly crushing the Hungarians, against whom he was despatched with a numerous army; but such was his prudence that he lost no credit, and escaped all suspicion on the part of his cunning and mistrustful master.

Soon after the close of the Hungarian war, John Castriot died, upon which Amurath despatched Sebalia, a Bassa of great military experience, with a powerful force, into Albania. He at once obtained possession of the kingdom. The people, surprised and without a leader, were told that he came as a friend, by the Sultan's order, to secure the throne for the hostage-prince, who would shortly arrive and assume his rights. In the meantime, Amurath caused the three elder brothers of Scanderbeg to be secretly destroyed by poison, and reduced this Christian kingdom to the miserable condition of a Turkish satrapy. The churches were turned into mosques, the laws subverted, and the property and persons of a brave, independent nation, placed at the mercy of a barbarous and foreign tyrant. The grief and indignation of Scanderbeg were excessive, but he knew he was in Amurath's power; he subdued his feelings, and resolved to "bide his time." The crafty Sultan, who really loved him, was unwilling to murder

him with his brothers, and vainly imagined, that by present honours, and promises for the future, he might reconcile him to the wrongs of his family and country. He was not, however, quite free from suspicion. Sometimes he would hint to Scanderbeg an intention of restoring him to his father's kingdom, merely to discover whether he encouraged any such hopes; but the Greek was too wily for the Turk, and preserved an impenetrable mystery.

When the Hungarian war broke out anew, Amurath distinctly evinced his doubts of Scanderbeg by placing the Bassa of Romania above him in the command of the army. A great battle was fought near the river Moravia, in which the Christians, under the celebrated John Corvinus Huniades, one of the first generals of the day, obtained a decisive victory. The Turks lost 40,000 men. At the commencement of this action, Scanderbeg, with the Epirots who were in his confidence, fled. This so astonished and discomfited the Turks that the rout soon became universal. In the confusion Scanderbeg seized the Turkish Secretary, and compelled him, under threat of immediate death, to write an order, as from the Sultan, to the governor of Croia, to deliver up the city to him, Scanderbeg, now appointed Governor. The wretched Secretary was then disposed of, to secure their own safety. The Commandant of Croia fell into the snare, and resigned his post to Scanderbeg. But the garrison still remained. Small detachments of Scanderbeg's own faithful followers entered the city without suspicion, and in the dead of night, surprised the Turks, with the aid of the inhabitants, and put them to the sword, sparing only a few, who submitted, to save their lives, and embraced the Christian faith. Scanderbeg being in possession of the capital, all Epirus declared for him; and in a few days, not a Turk was left in the land, except in a few garrisons, which were soon reduced. Amurath, foaming with rage, was too much embarrassed for the moment with the Hungarian war, to think of wreaking vengeance on his revolted lieutenant. Thus, by a deeply planned and well executed stratagem, the hero of Epirus liberated his country and revenged his brothers. If ever double

dealing was justifiable it was in this case. Let those who doubt, imagine themselves for a moment in the position of Scanderbeg, and say, would they have resisted the temptation of circumstances to escape from such a perfidious master as Amurath had proved himself? Let it be remembered, again, that Scanderbeg was a Greek, and that since the days of the Trojan war and the wooden horse, the Greeks were renowned for subtle contrivances; such schemes were in their blood and essence. *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.*

“Strive to expel strong nature, 'tis in vain,
With double force she will return again.”

Scanderbeg found time to restore the civil government of his kingdom, and soon resolved to retort upon the Turks, which he effected by a predatory inroad into Macedon. Amurath, upon this, despatched a chosen general, the Bassa Ali Bey, to invade Epirus with 40,000 men, and with orders to bring Scanderbeg before him, either alive or dead. The Epirots flocked round their prince, who treated the coming storm with indifference approaching to levity. They were even more astonished when he dismissed many who offered to serve him, and took only 8,000 horse and 7,000 foot, when he might have trebled the number. With this small army he took post in a narrow defile on the borders of Macedon, and about eighty miles from Croia, defended by mountains on one side, and a wood on the other. Here he awaited the onset of the Turkish army. On its approach, he ordered Amasie, his kinsman, with 3,000 men, to lie hid in the wood till the battle should be fairly engaged, and then, as opportunity might offer, to attack the Turks in the rear. The onset of the enemy, furious as usual, was checked by the personal prowess of Scanderbeg, who slew many with his own hand; but pressed by numbers he feigned a retreat, which drew Ali bey into the defile, as he had expected, where being assailed in front and rear, his men fell into confusion and panic, and trampled each other to death. The Bassa and his staff escaped with difficulty; but he left behind him 22,000 slain, 2,000 prisoners, and 24 standards, with all his matériel of war, tents, and baggage.

The tactics of Scanderbeg in this

battle were exactly similar to those of Belisarius in his last campaign at Chettos, when the Bulgarians, under Zabergan, threatened Constantinople.

Scanderbeg, having mounted his 7,000 foot with horses taken from the Turks, entered the Sultan's dominions, with the plunder of which he enriched his followers, and returned in triumph to Croia. The losses of Amurath so reduced his power, that he was compelled to sue to the Hungarians for a peace. This they granted, upon terms too advantageous to refuse, but they lost an opportunity that never returned. Had they continued the war in hearty alliance with Scanderbeg, the Turks would, in all probability, have been driven back into Asia, the miseries they subsequently brought upon the Christian world might have been prevented, and the annals of Europe written without many lamentable passages.

A peace was made, and solemnly sworn to by Wladislas, king of Hungary, on the Evangelists, and by Amurath on the Koran. But before long, Julian, the Pope's legate at the court of Hungary, being informed that the Turkish affairs had fallen into confusion under the government of Mahomet, the young Sultan, to whom Amurath, his father, had in disgust resigned the crown, persuaded Wladislas to break the peace, and absolved him from his oath; or, in other words, gave him a dispensation for perjury. Scanderbeg, who was under no obligation to the contrary, resolved to assist the Hungarians, but was prevented from arriving in time by the interference of the despot of Servia. The battle of Verna was fought without his aid. Amurath, though old and weary with many toils, resumed the government on the approach of danger; and, passing over from Asia, joined his Bassa, and marched to encounter the enemy. The battle, long doubtful, terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Turks. The result looked like a judgment on the Christians for their breach of faith. Wladislas fell, with two-thirds of his army, and the flower of his nobility. Hunniades escaped with difficulty, and the papal legate, the promoter of the uncalled-for war, after being stripped, wounded, and reviled by the victims he had se-

duced, perished in the storm of his own raising.

Knolles, in his account of this battle, relates the following remarkable circumstance. Amurath, seeing his men, at a particular crisis, ready to give way, took the treaty from his bosom, and, holding it in his hand, with his eyes raised towards heaven, cried aloud, "Behold, thou crucified Christ, this is the league thy followers have, in thy name, made with me, and which, without cause, they have violated. Now, if thou art God, as they say thou art, revenge the wrong done to thy name and me; show thy power upon this perjured people, who worship thee with their mouths, but in their deeds deny thee!" Amurath, after this day, became more gloomy and discontented than ever, and, being asked the cause, answered that he desired no more victories at such a price. He thought, with Pyrrhus, that a repetition of such success, which cost him the fourth part of his army, would be total ruin.

Again he returned to Magnesia, but his thirst of revenge on Scanderbeg disturbed his repose. A second time, to the great mortification of his ambitious son, he resumed the direction of affairs. Cajolery was his first weapon. He sent Ayradin, an accomplished diplomatist, as his ambassador to Croia, armed with letters, overflowing alternately with menaces, reproaches, flattery, promises, and artful insinuations. He assured Scanderbeg that if he would return to his allegiance, and re-embrace the Mahometan faith, his power and wealth should be trebled; but that utter extirpation would follow him and his if he refused. Scanderbeg dismissed the ambassador with an answer that became his own courage and the justice of his cause. The Sultan, when he read it, began to stroke his white beard, as was his wont when angry, and exclaimed, "Vain wretch! Thou desirest an honourable death. Take thy wish. I will attend the obsequies of my foster son. Yes; though unbidden, I will make one at the funeral pomp of the great Prince of Epirus!"

To keep Scanderbeg employed, Amurath sent Ferises, with 9,000 horse, as an advanced column, while he himself prepared to follow with his whole force. The Prince of Epi-

us had dismissed his army, raised for the Hungarian war, and had with him only his usual guards, 1,500 foot and 2,000 horse. Ferises attacked him suddenly, and, hoping to gain immortal credit and end the contest at once by the death of Scanderbeg, with more courage than prudence, sought for him, where he was ever to be found, in the front of the battle. Scanderbeg met and despatched Ferises by a single blow with his sabre, in the full sight of both armies; whereupon the Turks fled incontinently, but were so closely pursued by the Epirots that few of them escaped to carry the news to Adrianople.

The Sultan, who imputed the failure of Ferises to his own rashness, replaced him by Mustapha, a more prudent commander, with instructions to ravage the country on all sides, but on no account to risk a battle, and to retire on the approach of Scanderbeg. Mustapha observed his orders to the letter. His devastations were equal to those of Massena and Loison in Portugal, in 1809-10,—worse they could not be. But Scanderbeg watched his opportunity, and, taking the Turks by surprise, in one of their predatory excursions, drove them to their trenches, entered with them, and stormed the camp. Mustapha escaped by the nearest road to Macedon; five thousand Turks fell on the spot, and many of the fugitives were afterwards either killed or made prisoners. Mustapha was beaten, but not destroyed. He retired to Epirus, and hazarded a battle with worse success than before. He now lost 10,000 men, with his own liberty, and that of twelve principal officers, whose ransom cost Amurath 2,500 ducats, and presents of nearly the same value. These, with the plunder of the Turkish camp, and the contributions raised in Macedon, greatly enriched the Epirots. This last victory only cost Scanderbeg 300 men.

Amurath having again defeated Hunniades, in a battle of three days duration (a mediæval Leipsig), on the plains of Cassova, resolved now to proceed against Scanderbeg in person, and consummate the vengeance he had so long threatened. For this final effort, he assembled an army at Adrianople of 160,000 men. Scanderbeg, who had early information of his movements, prepared for the coming

storm. He ordered those who lived in the open country, in farms, and villages, to quit their habitations, and take with them every thing that was movable. The rest he destroyed, that the enemy, on their arrival, might find no resources in the assaulted country. This was precisely the plan adopted by the Duke of Wellington, when Massena invaded Portugal, in 1810; and by the Russians, when Napoleon marched on Moscow, in 1812. The women and children, and all such as infirmities and old age had rendered useless, were sent into fortified places in the remotest parts of the kingdom, or into the Venetian or other neighbouring Christian dominions, where they remained till the danger was over. It was a moving scene to see aged parents taking leave of their children, and affectionate wives of their husbands, almost despairing ever to see them again, so deadly were their apprehensions of the Sultan's power. War has many terrible phases, but none more heart-rending than such as these. The Epirots had long enjoyed under their fortunate king, liberty, safety, and prosperity. His wars had been numerous, but they were more advantageous to his people than peace itself. Many grieved for themselves, but there was patriotism in their hearts, and all trembled for their king and country.

Amidst the general alarm, Scanderbeg alone retained his self-possession. He laboured for the safety of the public without partaking of their fear. He relied on his plans, and felt confident of the result. The fortifications of Croia were repaired and improved; all the burdensome inhabitants were removed to the sea coast; provisions were laid in for twelve months, 1,300 men added to the garrison, and Uranaconites appointed governor,—a man every way equal to the important trust. Of all the Epirots capable of bearing arms, Scanderbeg selected only 10,000, with which small, manageable army, he held the open field, and sent the rest to defend the cities and other unprotected places in his dominions.

Amurath, who, from age and physical infirmity, was obliged to travel slowly, sent on 40,000 horse in advance to besiege Setigrade, on the borders of Macedon, the second city

in Epirus, whilst he himself followed with the bulk of his army. The Turks were no sooner encamped before this place than Scanderbeg, by a dashing surprise, cut off 2,000 of them, to give them a foretaste of the entertainment they were to expect in Epirus. A few days after, Amurath arrived, and besieged the city with his whole force; but his success appeared to be very doubtful, and his attacks were invariably repulsed with heavy loss. At length, a villain poisoned the fountain that supplied the whole city with water, and obliged the garrison to surrender. Amurath bountifully rewarded the traitor, according to promise, but had him privately made away with a short time after.

The Sultan now prepared for the siege of Croia, fully expecting that the reduction of the capital would be followed by the conquest of the whole kingdom. Croia was situated on an eminence in the plain of Tyranna, accessible only at two points, being everywhere else defended by impregnable rocks. The numerous hosts of Amurath completely invested the city, and covered the surrounding plains. Scanderbeg lay hidden in the mountains, watching the enemy with the eye of a lynx and the prepared spring of a tiger-cat. The Sultan carefully fortified his camp, and then summoned the place. The governor replied by a defiant refusal. Cannon then opened on the walls and a breach was effected. The assault was given and repulsed, with a loss to the Turks of 8,000 of their bravest Janissaries. During this, Scanderbeg descended from his mountain fastness, entered the trenches, fired the camp in several places, and with dreadful havoc and confusion drove all before him. Amurath and his generals began to despond. His son, Mahomet, alone, who gave early proofs of his savage disposition, drove back the unwilling soldiers to the breach, where they were helplessly slaughtered, and not a few received death from the hand of their cruel prince, for flying to avoid it.

Scanderbeg, who never slept above two hours at a time during the siege, and always armed, with his horse and weapons beside him, gave the Turks no rest by night nor day; but, assailing them, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, kept them in continual alarm.

Mahomet, burning with rage, led the trenches with a chosen and numerous body of troops, resolving to force the mountains and engage the enemy there. Scanderbeg, whose intelligence never failed, being informed of this, left 500 men under an able officer to guard the passage, whilst they did so effectually, that Mahomet was completely foiled. Scanderbeg, in the meanwhile, marched round the opposite side of the Turkish camp, where he was least expected, forcing the trenches, made such a slaughter of the enemy, that his former losses seemed as nothing in comparison. Mahomet, who had no reason to boast of his trip to the hills, hearing this, returned to oppose Scanderbeg, and save the rest of his camp, being closely pursued by 1,500 Epirots to the very entrance of the trenches. Scanderbeg then, tired, having defeated Mahomet's signs, destroyed a vast number of Turks, and plundered their camp without the loss of a man on his own side. His name alone, which the Epirots made use of in their attacks to terrify their opponents, as French nurses silenced squalling children by calling out "*Malbrook*," was ever sufficient to strike a general panic, and to throw the whole Ottoman army into confusion. Instead of continuing to batter the city, they turned their cannon round on the lines that encompassed their camp to defeat themselves. To add to their difficulties, provisions began to fail there. Amurath obtained, by means of a large payment, supplies from Derna, a city of the Venetians; but Scanderbeg intercepted their convoy, and carried it in triumph to his own camp. Amurath next attempted to undermine the rock upon which Croia was founded, but the effort proved futile. He then tried to corrupt the Governor, and to raise a mutiny in the city by lavish bribes; but being disappointed, finally offered peace, on condition of receiving only a small yearly tribute, to save his honour. Scanderbeg resolutely refused. Then the Sultan gave way to despair, and his white beard, and cursed his destiny, that had reserved for his old age this shameful discomfiture. He boasted of his former glory, counted over the battles he had fought, the victories he had won, and aggravated his

present miseries by the memory of his past triumphs. Finding his end approach, he summoned his son and chief officers, to whom he complained bitterly, and with many tears, of his hard fortune, in being compelled to die thus in an obscure country, and in the sight of his enemies. He conjured Mahomet to revenge his death, became speechless, struggled for some time in extreme agony, and so expired. The siege of Croia, which had lasted for six months, was raised at once. Mahomet, with his dejected army, took the shortest road out of Epirus; but Scanderbeg hung on their rear, and reduced them to a grievous plight before they entered their new master's dominions. Then the Epirota, with swelling hearts, poured forth thanksgivings to the bestower of victory, sang their king's praises with loud hosannas, and exchanged mutual congratulations, more easily conceived than described.

Scanderbeg now, for the first time, found leisure to think of domestic enjoyments. To the great delight of his subjects, he married the daughter of Arantes Conino, Prince of Durazzo, a beautiful and accomplished lady. Then, with his queen, he visited every part of his kingdom, to comfort and gladden the hearts of his people, who hailed him with enthusiasm almost approaching to idolatry. In their progress, as at all other times, he administered justice with mercy. Dr. Johnson has said of England under her great Saxon monarch :—

"A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without restraint,
ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd
the sword.

So it might have been said of Epirus under the paternal rule of Scanderbeg. Except when foreign enemies vexed the country, persons loaded with gold might have travelled from one end to the other without being molested. Try the mountains of Albania now without an escort, and the difference will be painfully apparent. So far was this great sovereign from levying oppressive taxes or imposts on his subjects, that it became a proverb amongst the neighbouring princes, that "the Turk's dominions are Scanderbeg's revenues."

Mahomet the Second, who succeed-

ed his father, sometimes called the Great, (so is Herod), was a very victorious, but a very impious prince. His mother, the daughter of the despot of Servia, was a Christian, which made some think he would favour her religion; but he professed Mahometanism, and in his heart contemned both. Ambition was his god, and he indicated his faith by his practice. He overthrew the two empires of Constantinople and Trebizond, twelve kingdoms, and five hundred cities. But this mighty conqueror, during the life of Scanderbeg, could never subdue Epirus, nor any portion of it. He was even unable to retain Setigrade, which was rescued from the Turks soon after the death of Amurath. And yet his efforts and his power were continually directed to the destruction of Scanderbeg. He made war on him without ceasing. He tried flattery as well as force; invited him to his court under pretence of love and personal admiration, and a desire to renew their former acquaintance. He twice invaded Epirus at the head of 20,000 men, and both times sustained ignominious defeats. He even descended to the meanness of hiring traitors to assassinate the man he could not subdue; and, to the eternal infamy of their employer, these miscreants were discovered and justly punished.

If any thing can be more wonderful than the actions of Scanderbeg, it is that he should be preserved amidst the endless dangers to which his own courage and the machinations of his enemies exposed him, to die peacefully in his bed. The fee-simple of his life for forty years was scarcely worth a minute's purchase, as a commercial speculation. Being with his wife and son, at Lyssa, he was attacked by a violent fever; and apprehending it to be mortal, he recommended to the Princes, his confidants, and the Venetian Ambassador, unanimity, and the care of his son, who was then in his minority; and to whom he gave much excellent advice. Above all things, he charged him so to rule as to be loved rather than feared by his subjects, whose fidelity to himself he praised, and for whom he expressed the greatest affection.

While Scanderbeg was thus setting his house in order, and preparing for death with the piety of a Christian,

and the resolution of a hero, news was brought that the Turks had invaded the dominions of Venice. Upon which, dying as he was, he rose, and called for his horse and armour; but the strength of his body not answering the vigour of his mind, he fainted, and was, by his weeping attendants, carried again to his bed. Recovering his speech, he bade his officers hasten to the assistance of his allies, and tell the Turks, "he was detained for the present at Lyssa, but that he would be with them to-morrow." These words, spoken in his weakness, before he recovered the perfect use of his reason, being reported by his officers, reached the Turkish camp that evening, and spread such terror, that expecting every moment to be attacked, the whole army remained all night under arms, and at the approach of day fled to the mountains of Scutari, as if Scanderbeg had been indeed at their heels, where the greater part of them perished miserably from want of food.

While the Turks were flying, and none pursued, Scanderbeg died. This irreparable loss to his kingdom and Christian confederates occurred on the 17th of January, 1467, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was interred with much magnificence in the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, at Lyssa. Nine years after, the city was taken by the Turks, who though they hated and feared him living, with much reverence took up his bones, and divided them in small pieces. After each had set his portion in silver or gold, and adorned these relics with jewels according to their fancy or ability, they wore them as amulets, or sacred charms, against cowardice or ill-fortune.

Scanderbeg had a fair complexion, regular features, and a majestic countenance. His face was perfectly handsome, without softness or effeminacy, as was sometimes remarked of the beauty of Edward IV. His stature was lofty; he was proportionably large and exquisitely well made. His constitution, naturally good, was so hardened by temperance and exercise, that he could bear extreme vicissitudes of heat and cold without inconvenience. His strength was wonderful. Of this several authors have recorded surprising instances; such as his cutting two men asunder with a sin-

gle stroke of his scimitar, his cleaving another at one blow from head to chine, his piercing through head-pieces of iron, his despatching a wild boar at one thrust, and decapitating a wild and fierce buffalo at another. Mahomet II. hearing of these and other achievements, desired to see Scanderbeg's sword, imagining there must be something very extraordinary in it; but finding it like others, complained that the Prince of Epirus had deceived him in sending him word that "he was ready at any time to convince him of the superiority of his weapon, but then it must be in his own hand, which he could not yet spare from the defence of himself and his country."

Scanderbeg's mind was so pure, his genius and virtue so visible, not only in the general course, but in almost every minute action of his life, that it is merely repetition to say he was pious, wise, liberal, just, and clement, courteous, not soon offended, and easily appeased. A striking instance of his forgiving temper is contained in the following fact. His kinsman, Amasie, who had betrayed his counsels, and joined the public enemy, returned after some time, with a halter round his neck, and threw himself at his feet. Scanderbeg not only raised him from the ground, and embraced him affectionately, but restored him to his former command and confidence. That his judgment was mature in youth, without practical experience, we gather from his conduct under Amurath, and his skilful recovery of his native dominions. And that time did not abate the ardour of his courage, we have unanswerable proofs from his demeanour in his last moments.

It is asserted by the evidence of many who served under him, that in his various wars three thousand Turks fell by his own hand; and it is certain, that his troops were never defeated in any battle where he commanded in person. His word to his soldiers was not *go on*, but *follow me*. In battle, his physical exertions were so great, that blood sometimes was seen to ooze from his mouth and other parts of his face. He was never known to retreat from a single adversary but once, and that in the following manner: Giving some orders to his army, a private soldier,

with more petulance than premeditated insubordination, contradicted him. Scanderbeg drew his sabre to cut him down; upon which the murderer clapped spurs to his horse, and rode away at full speed, and the king followed him, till they came to the brink of a river. Then the soldier turned round, and drawing in his reins, told Scanderbeg "he was deeply grieved to oppose his prince, but nature bade him defend his life." This respectful, but resolute demeanour, so charmed Scanderbeg, that he sheathed his own sword, and told the soldier, "he had much rather have such a man for his friend than enemy."

This model for sovereigns was neither rendered vain by good fortune, nor dispirited by adversity. He had no personal ambition, no avarice, no luxurious appetites. His passions and propensities were held in systematic control. He fought not for power, but for liberty. He spoiled his

enemies to humble them, and to procure subsistence for his own people, not to enrich himself. When circumstances permitted he kept a sumptuous table for his officers and friends; but on all occasions he himself ate but once a day, and that sparingly. He never slept more than five hours in the twenty-four, and when in the field would satisfy himself with two. His soldiers were richly habited, but their king generally very plain in attire. His horses and arms, however, were of the first quality; and on occasions of ceremony he would appear dressed and attended with the utmost magnificence. In fine, as a king, a soldier, and a Christian man, living in an age and country when the hand alone could keep the head, his character commands equal admiration and esteem, and approaches as nearly to perfection as the weakness of humanity allows us to suppose possible.

A DARK HOUR.

"LEAVE me awhile! my heart is crushed, and some mysterious power
All the sad burden of my life has pressed into this hour.
Leave me awhile!—gay voices stir unfathomed depths of pain;—
Leave me to fight my fight alone, till I can smile again.
My spirit, like some angry wind that sweeps the wintry sky,
Gathers up all the darkest clouds, and whirls them swiftly by.
My weary eyes forget to gaze where Spring's bright flowers abound;
Yet seek out all the faded leaves that die upon the ground.
With sunlight from the heart shut out,—no blue in all the skies,
I'm borne back to the olden time, and all its memories!
The absent ones—the changed—the dead—a long and sad array—
From the dim past stretch out their hands, and hold my heart to-day.
They come unsought, grave, sombre guests, those ghosts of loving hearts;
Each mocks me with some vanished joy, and then—too soon—departs.
So leave me now; for human words and human tears are vain;—
Leave me to fight my fight alone, till I can smile again."

There was no power on earth to soothe; we could but breathe a prayer,
That some good angel, passing by, would take her in his care;—
Would gently turn her tearful eyes from visions of the past,
And point to where her weary soul might find its rest at last.

K. H. B.

FOREIGN AND HOME AFFAIRS.

THE policy of our Government is insular, so far as not interfering in the domestic politics of other people is concerned; yet the insularity of the British Islands produces the very reverse of political isolation. The natural frontier of the islands forming the home of our Empire is of that navigable quality which, while it maintains an unchangeable limit, unites us in the bond of cogent interests with every people bordering on the high seas. What nations go to war, and our commerce suffers not? What great powers arm to the teeth, and we may sleep undefended? What political combinations can be formed in which Great Britain has not solid and lofty interests at stake? So long as her national councils are directed by the spirit of security, her children may, under Providence, meet any storm with hope to weather it. If treason and speculation should combine to weaken her power, they must be opposed and overruled. The treasonable temper, unhappily apparent among some of our own countrymen, is hardly dangerous enough to require more than an allusion. The speculative, time-serving, peace-praying, democratic views of the manufacturing class of political speakers are far more dangerous. This party does not sufficiently recognise the necessity of applying to state affairs the custom in most business matters, of purchasing, by "a policy of insurance," indemnity from disaster and ruin at a pecuniary sacrifice. Yet all other sub-lunary considerations sink into insignificance compared with assurance against invasion. Ireland, uninfected with the money-making leaven in extreme degree, has escaped the ultra-liberal gulf into which Brightism would precipitate England. With few exceptions, her representatives will not join in cries for retrenchment of expenditure in defensive precautions, which are as requisite for a country as a policy of insurance for a ship.

Security and speculation, these are the two principles which guide the opposite parties contending for power. Their political names are Conservatism and Radicalism. One stands

broadly on the landed, the other on the manufacturing interest. Follow them into their management of private property, and we shall better comprehend their action on public affairs. Thus, to the owner of a large landed possession, it is an estate: it stands for the benefit of his family, himself, and his descendants. But the owner of money employed as floating capital regards it as the means of making more. Risk is essential to bring him profit; and unless he has realized enough to enable him to convert his gains into "real property," he continues the game of stock-broking, banking, or other trade, and shrinks from withdrawing any part of what he keeps *en jeu*, to turn it into an entailed investment. Even the payment of insurance is often avoided. The higher the risk the higher the profit; yet, at the same time, the lower the security. If a manufacturer, he is an advocate for small taxation, low wages, and abolition of whatever custom duties interfere with his specialty. Hence, the money-maker is at continual quarrel with men living on land and state securities. Or, take another illustration, from the conduct of the manufacturers of cotton in the vital matter of their staple commodity. By trusting solely to the law of speculation, or demand and supply, they have done nothing to insure themselves against a crisis from want of cotton.

Reduction by all means, provided our Government, the party best informed, considers it prudent; but it will assume the shape of the Grecian wooden horse if its ushers shall be the Irish Nationality and English Peace-at-any-price parties. The safety of the British empire should be established on a basis of certainty, not of chance. Viewing the controversy between the radicals and the aristocracy on this question of retrenchment as arising from the conflict of the principles we have indicated, it will be acknowledged, we conceive, that the desire for security influences our aristocracy in keeping up the national defences far more than the motives Mr. Bright has lately imputed to them, viz., hostility to the Bona-

parte dynasty, and a wish to provide for their younger branches.

It was not this hostility that caused the French Emperor to rush into war, and cut with his sword the treaty of Vienna, which our fathers, having expended their blood and treasure, drew up to protect the Continent from French aggression, and from such aggrandizement as followed the destruction of that treaty. As for the easily imagined taunt, that our Queen's service affords "out-door relief" for our aristocracy, the Emperor's service supplies far more extensive support to his male subjects, who are all, by the law of equal partition, younger brothers. Our aristocracy may well dislike a dynasty that, since its re-erection, has raised the military and naval forces of France to a triple figure. That country has no foreign possessions of any great real value, while Great Britain has to protect her many, wide-spread, rich colonies, as well as herself and Ireland. There is also our foreign commerce. Mr. Bright is, we believe, a carpet-maker, so that he may not see the need of protecting the vessels that carry other British goods round the globe; and he affects to be shocked at the fact, that our fleet far outnumbers the French. His policy is against paying a high State policy of insurance. Our land and fund-holders, however, though not directly interested in the thousand argosies which, like weavers' shuttles, dart backwards and forwards over every sea, will not permit the risk to the commonwealth of destruction to the vast web of British commerce. Limited as the natural frontiers of our islands are, so enlarged are they by the element forming them, that they may be traced as far as the pathway of our ships, and the shadow of our flag. Nor are they bounded by the sea, but have penetrated, by the force of our arms, up the Ganges, Indus, and Hydaspes, and are about to stretch along the hitherto sealed waters of the Chinese Empire.

The principal use of our armaments is to protect the commerce which has given Great Britain the wealth that pays for them. According to our humble view of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte's character, a serious thought of a breach with England has never entered his sagacious head. Many an

action of his proves his respect and gratitude to her. Of late he has done much to improve the terms of peaceable intercourse between the two countries; and we believe that one of his strongest motives in signing the commercial treaty, was to provide a reciprocal trade of such importance, as to furnish an irresistible negative answer whenever war might be suggested. Unforeseen events may, however, force him into hostilities. He is not absolute master of his warlike and passionate people. He retains his sway over them by gratifying their vanity; and should this ruling passion demand war with England, he could hardly stem their rage. His treaty of commerce would be torn by cannon balls from the guns that tore the treaty of Vienna. The French are not yet a nation of shopkeepers. When their manufacturing genius is more developed, they may learn to prefer trade to war, and as this desirable consummation is not unlikely, we propose soon to consider its probability. If the opinion frequently expressed in the leading journal be well founded, Napoleon III. reigns by gratifying the national vanity of the French people. In one point certainly he has satisfied the pride of the French people, by proving himself able to govern, to diplomatize, and to lead to conquest and aggrandizement. The incense burnt before his throne reaches every Frenchman's nostrils. He has premeditatedly raised France to a height she never occupied before. She is eminent in the eyes of the whole world. He, as it were, is her husband; he commands, and she obeys; his power protects her, and his splendid talents have rendered her illustrious. As Emperor, he is the elect of France: no "hen-chief," but a man fit to lead in war, and govern in peace. His very first act after his election satisfied French martial and religious feelings. Rome taken, and the Pope restored, set him on velvet with his temporal and spiritual armies. And what was this first *coup*, but an act undertaken on the principle which obliged every new chief to make what was termed his inauguration raid? With clansmen, like many other people, food was the first requisite, and every king-elect was expected to prove his capacity by undertaking, as soon after

his inauguration as possible, a foray into some other clan's country, in order to test his abilities in carrying off plunder. It was the General Bonaparte's success in his first raid in Italy, whence his troops returned laden with wealth, that endeared him to them. "*C'est un brave et bon diable !*" cried they, "*il a bien battu les autres.*" Delighting, like the Celts of our land, in fighting, they cared little, so long as they could *flanquer des coups*, on whom the blows fell. Imperial rule evidently suits the character of the French people: they go better when they feel the curb. A *roi fainéant* has never been to the taste of a Celtic nation, who, like our old clans, choose their chief, and depose him when superannuated. Louis Philippe was a hen-chief. Under his rule the army was relegated to African deserts, a land wanting much that French soldiers consider should reward the brave. No one of the Orleans dynasty was popular but the Prince de Joinville; and he was so because he had struck a chord in unison with the national vanity, by proposing an augmentation of the fleet. It was reserved for a second Bonaparte to strike the chord that moves the deepest and strongest pulses of the French heart, by placing himself at the head of the army. Let us quote a paragraph from an able essay on the "Importance of Union with France:"—

"Who now denies that that lamentable, expensive, and bloody contest, the Crimean war, was brought about mainly by the contrivance of the French Emperor, for his own private purposes; that is, to employ his army, to gratify his people's love of glory, and *more firmly to establish his throne?* He it was who excited the jealousy of Russia about "golden keys" and "holy places"—he it was that fortified the Sultan in his denial of the Greek claims—he it was that stirred up the apprehension of England about "the balance of power," which might have been left to the care of Austria, if, indeed, it were at all endangered."

With some inconsistency, the author conjures his countrymen to speak smooth things of Napoleon III.; yet is himself free-spoken and clear-

sighted about his Imperial Majesty:—

"Dark in his purposes, sagacious in his plans, skilful in his combinations, rapid in his movements, cool in danger, bold in action, successful in all his undertakings both at home and abroad—the Emperor of the French stands far, prominently before the world as an object of amazement, of admiration, and of general homage and apprehension."

Administering to the vanity of the French (that peculiar passion to which almost every phase of the nation's history and circumstances may be traced)—by giving them frequent evidence that their political power is predominant on the Continent—but yet avoids to assume for himself any of those signs of personal pride which his ambitious uncle occasionally indulged in, as when, in 1809, at an entertainment given in Paris to the monarchs of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon alone sat covered, glorious in a hat and feather. The pride of the French may be considered the root of their efforts at republicanism, and the primary cause why no form of government completely pleases them. Vanity has been the rock their political vessel has always split upon. Every one of the crew wanted to command, and none would obey. Now they have got a Captain who would put them in irons before he would yield. Almost all recognize that he is the right man in the right place.

Whatever may be the ill-feeling of foreign nations against the Bonaparte dynasty, several unmistakable signs combine to prove that it never was so firmly rooted in France as now. Of late years there have been many adhesions to it from the higher, in addition to the already won adhesions of the fighting and working classes, of the peasant proprietary, bourgeoisie, and mercantile ranks. But some of the modes by which the Third Napoleon has increased his popularity have been at the cost of foreign countries. After the clergy were propitiated by the siege of Rome and restoration of the Pope, the army was gratified by war with Russia and then with Austria. Are the army and

* England and France. An Essay. By Christopher Eades, A.M., Curate of Templeport. Dublin, 1860.

navy to be indulged by war with England? We fancy not. Another paragraph from the same essay shows, however, the difficulty of maintaining peace :—

“There is, in fact, for the more enterprising and ambitious of the French nation, but one all-absorbing pursuit, and that is, the profession of arms. The army opens to them, as they suppose, the only road to distinction and power. Their dreams are of batons and decorations. The great bulk of the people are quite carried away by the love of military glory. Victory and conquest they would purchase at any price; and are more ready to fight for an *idea* than we are for the most substantial benefit. For military fame they are even willing, for a season, to pay dearly—after their own fashion, however—that is, not by *taxes*, of which they are sufficiently impatient, but by *loans*. They will hasten to lay their little savings of ten francs at the feet of their rulers, while all they demand, in return, is the promise of some brilliant warlike expedition. Not even for the interest of these loans are they willing to make any provision by taxation, but leave it to be found as best it may, usually by future loans. To a people of such dispositions, if plunder might be added to glory, it would be manifestly most desirable; if war could be made to pay for war, and leave a good surplus, it would be all the better. Barren victories are good; but with the addenda of rich spoils they would be transcendent. And if to both these be joined splendid spectacles and free theatres, the cup of their bliss would flow over.”

Nevertheless, we think “*La Gloire*” will never lead the van of a fleet bent upon a descent on either England or Ireland. Can the French adopt some other idol in the place of “glory?” Could they be induced to bow down to the golden calf of manufacture? Like the Celtic race in general, they are, for the most part, not the best adapted either for the rude labour of agriculture or for maritime pursuits. Their special branch of work is manufacture, which is emphatically industry, or indoor labour. For this their genius and climate are peculiarly suitable. The English people, on the other hand, are fitted for agricultural, maritime, and mercantile pursuits. They are eminently commercial, and by geographical position well qualified to absorb the carrying trade of the world. It might be possible to carry *libre échange* to the extent of

exporting John Bright and some others of the Manchester political scholars to a country the industry of which they could develop wonderfully, so long as prudence kept them from being banished to Cayenne.

The prolonged French occupation of Syria is a delicate point in the present relations between France and England. Without entering deeply into the circle of considerations touching the growing power of the French in the Levant, it is well to notice that the Suez Canal is in progress. Whether this enterprise will succeed, is beyond our powers of vaticination; but it is easy to see that if it does, Marseilles will be ten days nearer than London to the East Indian and Chinese trade. The advantages that will result to France are obvious. The raw produce of the East, silk and cotton particularly, will reach the mills of France, and be exported back, more rapidly than to and from England. For our own part, we regard such an event as likely to serve both countries—the one in developing her industrial talent, the other in lessening her exaggerated manufacturing interests. Marseilles, the emporium of the Levant, would, with the advantage of quicker communication with China and India, feed the manufacturing industry of Lyons more cheaply, and furnish Indian cotton to mills which the development of coal mines in the south of France may call into being. American cotton may be brought for the future in larger quantities by the mercantile enterprise of Bordeaux; Algeria may also furnish an increased quota of this material. Viewing the exertions that are being made to enlarge the coal yields in the south of France, the adaptation of the climate for industrial or indoor pursuits, the genius of the inhabitants for them, and the new means of transport into central Europe afforded by railways, it is to be expected that the manufacturing powers of that favoured region will soon enter into closer competition with those of England.

The continued and threatening disunion among the States of the Transatlantic Republic has been contemplated with general lamentation throughout the mother country. Our good Queen’s speech, on opening Parliament, well expressed the attach-

ment felt by her subjects for their kinsmen across the ocean, their grateful recognition of the manner in which the Prince of Wales was received, and their anxious solicitude that union and peace may soon be restored. Setting apart the material interests involved in the separation of the States, humanity asks, almost hopelessly, whether the federal bond can be reunited, yet so as to admit of the fetters of negro slavery being gradually loosened? It is to be feared that the seceding states will require, as a condition of reunion, that the slave laws shall receive additional enforcement. They may also seek the leveling of the barrier which the free states have raised to the spread of slave states into the western regions. The Northerners insist that new soil shall be free soil. The hatred with which slavery is viewed in the free districts acts, as is well known, in preventing the recovery of fugitive slaves. On this last point opinion is divided. The Governor of the state of Michigan, in his inauguration address, denied that the Personal Liberty Laws have prevented the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law in a single instance. The Governor of Massachusetts, however, advises the repeal of the obnoxious statutes. The slavery question is too difficult for solution by pacific means. Looking forward a century, and judging by the condition of freed slaves, what can be anticipated but almost the annihilation of the peculiar industry which now furnishes a vast commerce to the Southern states? Meantime, the crisis has startled the cotton-lords, showing them the absolute need of reckoning on supplies from other sources, and has brought interest to join with humanity in an endeavour to disprove the slave-owner's dictum—"No nigger, no cotton." These leaders of our manufacturing greatness have for years been calling upon the government of India to aid them. The greater growth of cotton in India would weave the interests of that country more closely with our own.

The dissolution of the Union is based on principles upon which no nation could exist. If every man to be the judge of its laws, and to act without appeal, and if, whenever that its allies fall

short of their obligations to it, it is at liberty to break off from the union, what is the character of such a union? It is a federal Agapomene, of which the loving brothers and sisters may any day divide into factions and become deadly foes. What would our "United Kingdom" be in twelve months, if Ireland and Scotland could separate from England? It is quite true, as South Carolina says, that fourteen states of the union have, in violation of one article of the constitution, passed laws, the legality of which is more than doubtful, to prevent the recovery of fugitive slaves. But this of itself is not a sufficient ground for the dissolution of the government of the United States; and that it was not considered so is shown by the conduct of the seceding state, which did not heretofore think it a sufficient ground for secession. Considering those Northern states as representing the masculine part in the political union, let us ask, since this peccant portion has been flirting so long with Abolitionist principles, and as the feminine half had condoned the affair, why should Carolina suddenly divorce herself? The slave states have drawn the sword, and must beware lest they perish by it.

If the contest shall be decided by preponderance on the most important points, the conclusion is for the free states, the population of which is almost treble that of the slave states, not reckoning the slaves, whose numbers would diminish their masters' strength in case of war. In regard of density of population, and corresponding capacity for combined and rapid action, the inhabitants of the Northern states excel the Southern threefold, and their comparative ability, in wealth, to carry on war, is in the same degree. The oft-quoted assertion, that the value of the hay crop alone, in the former states is greater than that of the entire produce of the latter, is a fact. Hence the Southern war-shout, "Nigger is king!" may well be put down by the counter-cry, "Hay is king!" Events will show whether the Government, supported by the resolute men of the North, is a thing of straw.

While constitutional monarchy has made fresh conquests in the Old World, federal Republicanism has received this heavy blow in the New.

The separation of the United States shows a vista of standing armies, hostile tariffs, government expenses, and probable war—proofs that the boasted form of Republican Government is not favourable to strong government, real allegiance, and well-regulated liberty; or to that cheapness and security which Mr. Bright was accustomed to propose to borrow from across the water. Perhaps he will now admit that transatlantic domestic institutions and policy are not suitable to England.

Though home politics, in the shape of representative reform, will not occupy the present session, finance, very properly, will continually raise questions, the bearing of which will mainly rest upon the aspect of foreign affairs. Let us seriously recommend all those members who, before the House opened, caught at popularity by making broad declarations about State retrenchment, to be constant in their attendance in the committee-rooms, where this important subject will be under discussion, and to give it their best attention. This duty is a plain one on the part of all who may take part in the endeavour to relieve the national expenditure from extravagance. With regard to the best sources of taxation, nothing will stamp the policy of the ministry more than the decision they may come to, whether their financial system is to take a course towards direct taxation or the reverse. Is the income tax to be extended, in order to accomplish further reductions in the customs and excise? Is the manufacturing interest to gain, at the expense of the vested interest? This is the aim of the demagogues, men who, even when Spenser was writing the "*Faerie Queene*," promised to bring all men to a level:—

"Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
They will suppress, that they no more may
reigne;
And lordlings curbe, that commons overawe;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore
will drawe."

Meanwhile, until the promised equality is established, the poorest among us are disinclined to see the French fleet rise to equality with the British, and all parties admit that the naval service should be maintained in a state of perfect efficiency. Meantime, too, some decision should be come to

for constructing the much-needed new Government offices, especially the most needed of all, the Foreign Office, which will, we conclude, be maintained until the peace party abolish diplomacy, and leave our foreign affairs to fate. For ourselves, inclining to look back into history, as well as forward, let us express our sentiments on the vexed question of the proper type of architecture for these offices, and our regret that Lord Palmerston, who, in the Danish political question, has evinced Scandinavian sympathies, should prefer the Italian style to either the Gothic or the Elizabethan. If the Palladian must be used, perhaps the difficulty of resuscitating the original magnificent plan for a Whitehall Palace may be overcome. Unless the proposed new buildings are treated as a whole, they will be another London failure; and as it is probable that the style adopted will dominate in future, let us hope the Elizabethan or Old English will prevail.

With a heavy deficit to provide for, our Chancellor of the Exchequer will hardly revive the question of abolishing the duty on paper, so that this contest will not rage again, notwithstanding the assertion of Radical organs to the effect that, the House of Commons being pledged to repeal the tax, the present ministry must bring forward a measure accordingly. Yet, though we shall probably not be brought into the paper war again, it is likely that the *odium theologicum* will be introduced, by renewal of the fight on church rates. The military, or army and navy estimates, will, of course, form the chief battle ground. The volunteers are about to ask Parliament for a little support, in the shape of cash, a matter on which we may be suffered to say, that since our national security, honour, and constancy are involved in the permanence of this force, we wish it success.

How much less the French care for commerce than for glory, how much less for the speculations of trade than for the more exciting risks of war, how much less for state security than for state gambling, are shown by the prostration of their trade. Their business men are unanimous in declaring that commercial treaties will not revive confidence, and that a decree reducing the army by 100,000 men,

and paying off 10 ships of the line, is what is wanted. That their Emperor is no political economist is plain by the sentence in his speech, in which he says, that the dearness of all things is the inevitable consequence of increasing prosperity. High prices are, in his singular view, a proof of the abundance of supply, and not of the scarcity of necessaries, nor of increased influx and consequent depreciation of precious metals. His is an unsatisfactory doctrine to his forty millions of subjects, and on a par with his pacific professions, but maintenance of an army of 400,000 men, which may easily be raised to 600,000. This army is well known to be already disgusted with inaction. It belongs, as Lord Derby observes, to a nation who will go through great suffering and taxation for the sake of military glory. His lordship might have added, and that it may purchase an accession of territory. What are the French ready to do or pay to obtain the Rhenish frontier? A collision with Prussia might enable them to annex the Rhine territory; and, since history proves that a Whig cabinet shrinks from war, they may obtain this coveted province as easily as they did Savoy.

The situation of the Austrian empire has induced a comparison in the *Constitutionnel* between this situation and that of France on the eve of the Revolution. Vainly, observes the writer, Austria endeavours to renew her constitution, vainly she seeks to find in change of regime an amelioration of the evils which devour her. Each movement is nothing but the signal for a new crisis, and the march of events, which each day embarrass the reign of the Hapsbourgs more and more, presents striking analogies with the closing years of the reign of the Bourbons of France in the last century. In the one, as in the other country, the errors of a deplorable financial administration, and the necessity of preventing imminent bankruptcy, made the government conceive the idea of seeking refuge and support in political reforms. The reforms have come quickly enough, but have destroyed the last resources of the monarchy. In 1788, France was hanging over the precipice of insolvency. Hardly was the next assembly of the year fol-

lowing met, when, throughout the kingdom, taxes were no longer paid, and justice no longer rendered. Former deficiencies of revenue were trifles compared with this general withholding of the state income. The throne, supporting a monarchy the sceptre of which was in weak hands, was suddenly deprived of power, and though having previously invoked reforms, turned round and tried to resume its lost prestige. The struggle began, the throne fell, and bankruptcy was proclaimed over its ruins. Certes, the severe straits to which the court of Vienna is reduced almost warrant this inauspicious comparison. The imperial ordinance, calling for a loan, on the ground that a portion of his subjects will not pay taxes, is almost unparalleled in history. The deficit of the budget is ascribed to the cost of defence of frontiers, and to the extinction of the returns of taxes from Hungary. The Emperor spoke of the measures on foot for compelling his Hungarian subjects to fulfil their obligations, but asks in the meanwhile for a loan. Even supposing this loan obtained, it will only be in paper money, and will not improve the disastrous condition of the Austrian treasury.

Our efforts in favour of Italy have been costly. If Italy ever becomes free, it will be because England is strong. This is no time for founding heptarchies. The time must come when Louis Napoleon will have to withdraw his bayonets from Rome. According to some diplomatists, he allows the Austrians to remain in the Quadrilateral, from which he might drive them, as an excuse for retaining possession of Rome. But the presence of French troops in Venetia would arouse the jealousy excited along the Rhine before the last outbreak, when a Paris diplomatist uttered this characteristic bon mot: "*Les Français ne peuvent pas s'asseoir sur le Po sans blesser les Rhins (reins).*"

A hundred thousand French troops in the Quadrilateral, Rome, Genoa, and Naples, and what power shall dispossess them? Italian unity would combine the peninsula against French influence, and this is the reason of the Emperor's inveterate opposition to it. He has never ceased to proclaim his opinion that Italian unity is a dream.

that a Confederation should be established, and that Naples should form part of it. Whether Naples should retain her Bourbon dynasty, or accept a Murat, is, however, a question on which the Emperor's views have not been so clearly seen. If not ready to repeat Madame de Stael's famous taunt to the Italian patriots, that they had mistaken memories for hopes, he is of the many experienced heads who deem the Italian people utterly inadapted to self-government. It has been whispered in diplomatic circles that Cavour, daunted by the threatened ascendancy of Mazzini's partizans in the new parliament of Italy, has listened to suggestions from Conservative powers, as to the best means of stemming the revolutionary torrent. Negotiations are also said to be on foot for compensating Austria for her recent loss of territory at the expense of Turkey. Were she to lose her Venetian province, she might hope to repair this loss, no less than of an almost indispensable seaport, by extending her dominion eastward; and if her religion were Protestant, and her politics Liberal-Conservative, especially in the matter of trade, the world would be a gainer whenever Austria combined with other powers to place the Cross above the Crescent in Constantinople. When is Mahomedan misrule to cease in that fine country? -- a land endowed with a most fertile soil and splendid climate, but doomed to lie almost waste. At present, Jews and other great money lenders have the destiny of the Turkish government in their hands; but if our Government had half the spirit of the French, they would long ago have seized Constantinople, established a strong neutral government there—perhaps a mere republican, commercial one, such as the Hanse Towns have—and then have thrown the country open to settlers, under certain restrictions.

It was stated in the *Augsburg Gazette*, that a treaty between Prussia, Russia, and Austria, guarantees possession of Venetia to the latter power. It is also reported that Austria, in order to secure the co-operation of Prussia in the Venetian matter, will follow the Prussian policy with regard to Schleswick—will adopt the Prussian plans regarding the reorganization of the federal army, and even,

if necessary, push her condescension so far as to leave the supreme command of that army to Prussia. In the question of the oppression of the German population of Schleswick, it should be remarked that this duchy does not form part of the Germanic Confederation. What right, then, has Prussia to meddle in the domestic administration of this Danish province? By playing the "oppressed nationality" game, she may stir up a strife like the letting out of waters. Let her leave this plea for intervention to the Bonaparte dynasty, which it suits, since the French are an homogeneous people, have always been ambitious of serving any cause that would serve their politics, and are rendered less sensitive to the despotic character of their home Government, whenever it assumes the office of giving freedom abroad. The Danish title to the disputed duchy is good; but Prussia, wanting more sea-board, assumes that the Germans in this territory, who are threefold more numerous than its Danes, are badly treated, and wants to absorb Holstein and that part of Schleswick which is German. Now, the Danes are an intrepid people, and especially good sailors, which the Germans are not. They have answered the menace by calling out their reserve, and putting their army on a war footing. If it come to a fight, these Scandinavians will, it is likely, as before, get the best of it. Besides, the Danes count on the assistance of France. The new King of Prussia, scenting the coming battle from afar, calls on all Germany to prepare for a war which, he tells them, must end in victory or the annihilation of the German name. This points unmistakably to France. The most unfortunate part of the prospective belligerence is, that Louis Napoleon might make it an opportunity for extending the frontiers of France to the Rhine. That he is preparing for this contingency is shown by the fact that he has ordered a levy of 150,000 more soldiers, and that he is massing his most formidable bodies of men towards the parts of France which border on the Rhenish districts. In the military talk of the *grande armée*, there is a decided belief that the coming struggle will be between France and Prussia; and, whilst it is deemed quite natural that

the new Lord of War is bent on trying conclusions with that army, it is also considered more natural that the said army is eager to *flanquer des coups* at a general principle, and with the Prussians in particular. His Majesty of Berlin has devoted his life to the military profession, is the author of an Essay "On the art of combating the French army," an art which, he believes, he has brought to a high degree of perfection in theory, and doubtless desires to put in practice. His menaces have been met by a mixture of firmness and conciliation on the part of Denmark, which entitle her to the sympathy of other powers. She showed a desire to arrange the dispute amicably, and offered several concessions on the special grievances of the Germans in Schleswick-Holstein. But these reputed wrongs of the Holsteiners are only an excuse to Prussia for attempting to secure the hegemony of Germany, which she has long coveted, and which, after all, would probably be fatal to the peace of Europe, since, if the petty states lying between her and France were absorbed by her, she would be brought into juxta-position with this inflammable power. Neither Sweden, nor Norway, nor France, nor England will permit the seizure of South Jutland by a German power. For 1500 years this portion of the Cimbric Chersonese has been, after the expurgation of the Celts, a Scandinavian country, first inhabited by the Jutes—the *Gotes* of classic writers, or Goths of history—from whom the most energetic and enterprising of our own population are descended. English and Anglo-Irishmen are bound by the tie of kindred blood to stand by the Danes of Holstein, since this province is the *canabalum gentis* of the Anglian race; and in doing so in the present quarrel, they will make amends for the untoward necessity of the battle of Copenhagen. The plain object of Prussia is the entire absorption of Denmark, in order to become a naval power.

Of late the patriotism of the Parisians has been nettled by the publication of what they style a "*Rêve Germanique* of *La France* in 1861, according to German wishes," being a copy and exact translation of a map, the sale of which is authorized throughout Germany. This "dream"

of the good Germans consists in a plan for the future durable peace of Europe, by reducing France to narrow limits, and conferring the sliced-off portions upon neighbouring states. The imaginers of this scheme term it: *La Question Française*, which they would settle thus: France would become a middle-sized state, sufficiently diminished to deprive her of the faculty of aggression, and consequently free from the need of exorbitant taxes, which would tend to her well-being, while Europe could then disarm, and thus avoid bankruptcy. The portion of territory annexed to Switzerland would be Savoy, Nice, and other lands east of the Rhone, a river which, it is observed, is her natural frontier. By this means France would be delivered from a neighbourhood she deems dangerous—that of Italy, besides freeing herself from provinces of republican tendency. In the south-west, Spain would obtain Gascony, Languedoc, and Guienne, and would thereby be entitled to be received as one of the great European powers, as France wishes. The nationality of the people so transferred would, by a little management, soon fall into satisfactory absorption. By these provisions the Mediterranean could not become a French lake. England, who, say the proposers of this plan, for pacification, fears Cherbourg, would have this place, along with her old possessions in Normandy and the Isle of France, with, however, the exception of Paris, which city Europe would confer in perpetuity on Abd-el-Kader. On this occasion the name of the town would be changed to that of "The Seraglio of Abd-el-Kader," for reasons so obvious that they need not be referred to. Belgium, meriting on more than one account the consideration of Europe, her aggrandisement by Picardy and some adjacent regions, is important for the balance of power. For this annexation all the relations are favourable. As for Germany, her moderation ought to be satisfied by restitution of German countries, as Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche-Comté, which might be united to the Palatinate of Bavaria. On the general scheme, its authors remark that it appears just and meritorious, and would doubtless give satisfaction to the annexed, since the aggrandised states are perfectly well-governed.

some, indeed, of their governments being the best in the universe, and all are in a state to maintain by their own forces any such conquests, and to attach such to themselves. Corsica would become the retreat of the Empress Eugénie. The restlessness and ambition of the Bonaparte dynasty is plainly the provocative of this geographic squib; and such a plan of partition, though published in mere jest, shows the temper of Germans towards France more strongly than the warmest patriotic ode to fatherland could do.

The peculiar political constitution under which the Emperor Napoleon acts renders him the initiator of every movement and the monopolist of responsibility. As leader of the French national orchestra, he can command either martial airs or gentle music. It is a mere fiction that ascribes to the Queen of England the right to declare war and make peace: but the Emperor of the French has this privilege in full, and exercised it lately as regards Austria. And he is independent of the great loan-mongers, for millions upon millions sterling were poured at his feet by his people for that war. At the same time, since it is still more evident, and even acknowledged, that of all things he wishes for the "consolidation of his dynasty," this fact is the best guarantee that he will keep the peace of Europe tolerably. He wants security for his throne, both for himself and his son, and will not run any risk of the sceptre being wrested from his hands either by home or foreign power. If he uses this imperial emblem too much like a toy, or a rattle, to amuse his people, the

fault is more theirs than his. They carry the noble passion of ambition, or love of glory, to excess; so he must satisfy the restless vanity on which his tenure depends, since his throne stands on popular pleasure, not on the principle of conservatism or security, on which the throne of England rests.

As we understand, the principal duty of England as respects her foreign policy, is to see that no great power shall aggrandize itself in a degree that menaces her own power and the peace of Europe. In cases of revolution, she may therefore demand that other powers shall not interfere to the extent of augmenting their territory. But she cannot prevent others from interfering, unless she is prepared to impede them by force of arms. Like great commercial houses, great powers act more by their credit than by actual deeds. Her loud proclamation of the principle of non-intervention has succeeded in freeing the Italians from either French or Austrian domination, and if she would preclude France from farther increasing her territory, it will only be by showing she can and will fight. As Mr. Disraeli remarked, on the opening of Parliament, continuance of amicable relations with France depends on two points: first, that France shall be of opinion that, by the development of her resources, her power would be more securely insured than by any increase of territory; and, secondly, that the noble weakness of the French people—the love of glory—would be satisfied on being consulted in any international difficulty.

NAVAL WARFARE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

LETTER from le CAPITAINE de FRÉGATE, FOULLIOY.

MONSIEUR,

Calais, le 21 Janvier, 1861

Je viens de lire, avec surprise, dans le dernier numéro de votre très intéressante Revue des extraits d'un mémoire sur la marine Française que j'ai écrit au printemps de l'année 1860.

Ce mémoire avait un caractère tout-à-fait privé ; je l'avais composé pour quelques amis, dans l'intérêt de la discussion d'idées, selon moi, erronées, dans le but d'établir des principes pouvant servir de base à la constitution future de la flotte en France ; il n'était pas destiné à la publicité.

L'Angleterre m'a servi de point de mire et de terme de comparaison par ce qu'elle est la puissance maritime prépondérante ; j'aurais aussi bien pu dire la Russie, ou les Etats-Unis d'Amérique, si la balance des forces navales penchait vers l'un ou l'autre de ces Etats.

J'entre dans ces explications pour que vos lecteurs n'attribuent pas à mon écrit une inspiration hostile envers votre pays. J'ai le bonheur de compter beaucoup de parents et d'amis de l'autre côté de la Manche. J'éprouve une grande admiration pour le génie de votre nation, une profonde estime pour le caractère privé de vos compatriotes ; dans mon enfance j'ai habité l'Angleterre, à diverses reprises. Si je nourrissais des sentiments de haine contre la Grande-Bretagne, j'aurais décliné la faveur d'exercer le commandement qui m'a été confié et qui me permet, non de recueillir, comme vous semblez craindre, des observations en vue d'une guerre de plus en plus improbable, mais d'admirer de plus près le magnifique développement de votre flotte maritime.

Personne ne désire plus ardemment que moi la consolidation de l'alliance entre l'Angleterre et la France. Je crois que rien ne peut être plus profitable au bonheur de l'humanité, en général, et aux progrès de la civilisation, que l'union et l'émulation pacifique de nos deux pays. Cependant il ne faut pas une longue expérience de la vie pour découvrir qu'il en est des nations comme des hommes, et qu'il n'y a de relations durables, dignes et sincères, qu'entre gens qui ressentant l'un pour l'autre un égal respect, sont assez forts pour rester indépendants.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute considération,

Le capitaine de frégate,

L. FOULLIOY.

À Monsieur le Rédacteur en chef du

Dublin University Magazine.

[In courtesy to Capt. Foullioy we insert his letter, but can hardly consider as altogether private a pamphlet lithographed at the Imperial Lithographic Office of Vin Janson, a copy of which was sold at a book-stall in Paris.]

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APRIL, 1861.

VOL. LVII.

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."—REMORSELESS CRITICISM.

WE are assured by Dr. Rowland Williams, in his contribution to the notorious and lamentable "Essays and Reviews," that—

"We cannot encourage a remorseless criticism of Gentile histories and escape its contagion when we approach Hebrew annals."

That assurance has a truth, to our mind, such as the Doctor had not, perhaps, in his, when he penned the sentence. What mean the brand-marks upon the character of criticism so plainly seen in these two words—"remorseless" and "contagion?" Beyond a doubt the words are nail-prints. That alone need not make them legitimate reproaches. Incarnate truth, we know, wears such. Yet when the thief who died impenitent was let down from his cross, the stigmata were on his hands and feet as well.

Remorseless criticism may mean—as Dr. Williams doubtless means by it—a passionless and honest criticism, fearless of any consequence true judgment may entail. Let us encourage it in every field of research. Its contagion is an honest judicial habit of the mind, passionless and fearless, fruit of frequent acts of a just judgment. Such contagion is healthful, indeed; none should ever shrink from so wholesome an infection. Impossibility of escape therefrom calls not for apprehension, but for thanksgiving.

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There is, however, another kind of "remorseless criticism:" a criticism whose method and whose manner are indeed "contagion"—infection of leprosy. Whether meant or not, these same words of Dr. Williams may serve to convey a very necessary warning.

For we believe that if our judgment upon Gentile histories and their historians be anywise unfair—if it be arrogant, if it be self-sufficient, if it make large assumption, if it proceed by insinuation—these faults will generate diseases in our judging faculties, which certainly will cleave to us into whatever field of labour we may carry them. Sacred as are the Hebrew annals beyond others, we shall, in criticising them with a judgment tainted so, miss no less of their meaning, for all our critical acumen, than did those Hebrew readers who seem to have discerned a curse and not a blessing for the Gentile world in the word which promised to their great forefather that—

"In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Beyond a doubt there is a "remorseless criticism," of which "the word will eat as doth a canker." Critics in politics, in history, in art, even in the light literature which goes to swell the bulk of such a periodical as ours, may be reminded, not amiss, of its contagious nature. Let us beware

how we encourage it in us or others; for it is true that its infection will spread from the study to the sanctuary. Generated where it may be, this contagion is subtle. It attacks us whilst least conscious; and we render one another service when, in sincerity, we point out its presence. Therefore, entering on an attempt to criticise one paper, and one only, from the controverted "Essays and Reviews," we venture upon open remonstrance with its writer. We do not count a judge remorseless when he simply sifts; but we suspect him of that evil temper when he sneers. We do not even call an advocate, in evil sense, "remorseless," when he cross-examines pitilessly, but we do so, with a not unrighteous indignation, when he blurts out or else insinuates an insult which he cannot prove. It is not always easy to determine whether a critic be advocate or judge; therefore we take the case of either.

If Dr. Williams sits as judge, in his review upon the faith and practice of his brother clergy, or if he come into court as advocate for Bunsen against their theories and their convictions; in either case we think that it should bring remorse—"pain of guilt," Johnson first defines it—to think of having flouted them as

"Our hirelings' teaching 'fables strange;'"

or of having likened the pick of their scholars to "the degenerate senators before Tiberius, balancing terror against mutual shame."

Dr. Williams hardly seems here to have extricated himself from the mob of disputers whom he affects to censure—the rabble of "those whose theology consists of invidious terms." Such manner of remorseless criticism we would by no means encourage; and we must not be set down by its wielder as piteously fainthearted for confessing that we fear it greatly. First for the critic's own sake; then for ours, his assessors upon the reviewing bench; for it is indeed hard to escape its contagion. Anger is an evil counsellor, and so, sometimes, is pain. Such criticism has an almost infinite power to rouse the first and to inflict the second.

Of the "shame" which the reviewer charges upon his brother scholars in our Universities, we shall say nothing more than this: it is, like

criticism, of two kinds; and we trust he may not always be destitute of it in wholesome sense, for a surmise of so close kin to slander. As to the terror against which he says they balance shame, we suggest that he may have mistaken for such the expression of some other feeling.

What is it that they fear or have to fear? In his own words—"a monster out of the deep." But is it a real monster? and out of what deep does it come? And if we knew both, are Englishmen to fear it who have read "Jack the Giant Killer," to say nothing of Christian men who take the Hebrew story of David and Goliath to be a true tale of a battle in flesh and blood, as well as what the learned Doctor's language calls "an illustration in outward act of principles perpetually true?"

So far as we can ascertain, the monster is the late Baron Bunsen; the deep out of which he comes open-mouthed upon us is the depth of philological, scientific, and critical research. But in the paper under consideration we have to deal not with the monster in person; only with Dr. Williams's impersonation of him. We have not to sound that depth itself with our plummet, but to say how long we think the bits of string are which the reviewer holds up to prove it unfathomable.

There is a confessed difficulty in dealing with a case of this kind, especially when the reviewer reminds us that "the sympathy which justifies respectful exposition need not imply entire agreement."

Here is a monster—not, indeed, the real one, but a terror-striking imitation of him, such as the Chinese dragon in the procession of the Feast of Lanterns, or St. George's bestial adversary in the pantomime of the "Seven Champions of Christendom." He roars, he crawls, he flaps his tail. It may be well to walk up to him, and try to convince the women and children that he is of wire, canvas, and pasteboard, after all. But the real monster's friends have an obvious reply:—"He himself is quite another kind of foe." And if, in zeal to prove his representative harmless, you kick it over, the man on all fours inside, who makes the legs move, cries out that he is no monster at all, but a respectable mechanic, and that

your assault is unjustifiable and cowardly.

Now, we do not accuse Dr. Williams of any such cowardice as he imputes, we think so wrongfully, to others. Rather, we respect the boldness with which he has exposed himself to a storm of obloquy; but we think we have a right to remonstrate against his raising such great issues of debate under a form so awkwardly indirect. It is not, however, our province to pass any personal judgment either on the Baron or on his expositor; what we desire to do is to enter as definite a protest as we can against certain opinions, arguments, and assertions contained in the exposition. We say as definite a protest as we can, because we are continually left in doubt as to the suggested conclusion of the writer.

For instance, at the very outset, of his essay, he informs us that "questions of miraculous interference . . . must abide by verdicts on the age of records." And we ask at once, in what sense they must do so. If it be meant that the record must be that of a contemporary witness in order to establish the actual occurrence of the alleged miraculous fact, we may be disposed to grant the postulate whilst our eye is yet fresh to the pages of the essayist; but we presently demur to the concession, when we find that we have made it to one who will assume that "the evidence of our canonical books is . . . not adequate to guarantee narratives *inherently incredible* or precepts evidently wrong." We suspect that his sense of "abiding by verdicts on age" is different from ours, and that the bare assertion of a miraculous occurrence will be taken to establish the non-contemporaneous character of the record.

So again, there does not seem at first sight much to refuse in the statement, that in a miracle the "ethical element is the more fundamental;" but knowing that we shall come to that insinuation about "precepts evidently wrong," it misgives us whether a dispute about an ethical element may not be used to put some well attested miracle in doubt.

Indeed, our writer's meaning upon this question of the evidence of miracles seems to us hard to unravel at all. He makes use of the word "value" in reference to miracles, as he does

presently in reference to prophecy, in a most puzzling manner. If a miracle be called in to prove a doctrine, its moral character may have a certain "value;" but we do not see so clearly that the moral character of the miracle itself has any "value" in the proof as to whether the miracle did or did not take place. And so we doubt whether we ought to admit the expression that there are "miracles which *we accept for the sake of the moral lesson.*" Suppose, as he himself has put it, that Antichrist should work a miracle of cruelty, there would be, and should be, a great difference between accepting the proof of the miracle and accepting the miracle in proof. In the latter case, the moral element would be the more fundamental; in the former, we do not see that it would.

When Dr. Williams tells us that "conscience would not lose by exchanging that repressive idea of revelation which is put over against it as an adversary, for one to which the echo of its best instincts should be the witness," we may be, as before, inclined in a certain sense to assent. There are, unhappily, "ideas of revelation" current, false, as we think, to the Voice which calls to conscience, than even to the truest echoes of that voice which conscience renders. But we read on, and forthwith are plunged again into perplexity on being brought to face the question, whether history "shows God to have trained mankind by a faith which has reason and conscience for its kindred, or by one to whose miraculous tests their pride must bow." That "or" is, we presume, disjunctive; these two training faiths are put in opposition; but what necessary contrast exists between them we cannot understand. Unless, indeed, the word "miraculous" be *ad invidiam*, and should be rendered "inherently incredible."

Is it abhorrent, we demand, from reason or from conscience, to suppose that both must learn to bow their pride before a revelation can be made to either? Or does bowing their pride mean merely "abjuring their special functions?" If so, that should be stated. For, surely the bowing down of pride, to some test, miraculous or not, is that one condition on which true reception of any revelation is proved by all the history of

science to depend. Astronomers, geologists, physicians, chemists, natural historians, are surely all agreed with moralists and theologians here. Each find a special application of the Divine Teacher's word: Into whatever domain of "the kingdom of heaven" a man would enter indeed, he must needs "humble himself and become as a little child." But our essayist explains his alternative, and still we cannot see distinctly the reality of the supposed opposition between its branches. For, says he, the question is:

"Whether God's Holy Spirit has acted through the channels which his Providence ordained, or whether it has departed from these so signally that comparative mistrust of them ever afterwards becomes a duty. The first alternative, though invidiously termed philosophical, is that to which free nations and Evangelical thinkers tend; the second has a greater show of religion, but allies itself naturally with priestcraft and formalism, and not rarely with corruptness of administration or of life."

Is there indeed, then, so great a divergence between the philosophical and the religious doctrine? Must we insist that there shall be, say rather, can we allow there may be, something so like a divorce between them?

Does the philosophical faith preach no comparative mistrust of channels through which the rills of truth come to us from the One pure fountain? Can that faith which has any tolerable show of religion deny or even question the assertion that God's Holy Spirit has acted through the channels which His Providence ordained?

The senses are the channels through which we arrive at the perception of physical truths; but philosophical faith assuredly bids us often entertain comparative mistrust of them. And when a right religious faith requires that reason and conscience should purgethemselves of their pride, lest even the truest spiritual influence be falsified and poisoned, it only bids us do what every natural philosopher must do or be misled—look to the purity of the channel through which the precious liquid may be poured.

We have, perhaps, no right to complain that Dr. Williams does not state for us more explicitly whether he does or does not hold the

inherent incredibility of any narrative whatever which records a miracle. We are not even prepared to affirm that the moral necessity of the case demands of itself, upon such an occasion, a declaration of his belief or disbelief in what is commonly called the truth of miracles. Nay, farther, we protest against the fairness of any indictment preferred against him by piecing out the imperfections of his utterance on this momentous question with a mosaic-work of quotations from other papers in this volume. But we do complain, and we venture to think with right, that, himself determining to keep such silence, he should assume the existence of an "irrational supernaturalism" as opposed to a "liberal side" upon the question of miraculous interference and assert that "no single point has been discovered to tell in favour" of the former, whereas "a uniform accession of strength" accrues "in our daylight" to the latter.

What is "irrational supernaturalism" on this question of belief in miracles? Is it any belief in them, or a certain form of belief in them, or an excess of belief in them, which is irrational? Which is in theology the more liberal side, the acknowledgment or the denial of miracles as downright historical facts?

We have no wish, ourselves, to throw stones at random in the shape of charges of unreason and illiberality. The practice savours of that "remorseless criticism," which, in every cause, and in every cause, lovers of truth and justice should abstain from throwing down. Yet we must not shrink from avowing our own conviction, whether in agreement with our essayist's or in opposition to it, that we do not hold that side to be the less reasonable or the less liberal, which holds that the wisdom and goodness of the great Giver of laws have shone forth as clearly as his power, in the doing of deeds for which our knowledge of the working of those laws fails to account.

By the laws of nature we understand, as it is evident also that our essayist understands, the ordinary action of the providence of God: and we are at a loss to see the unreasonableness of admitting that an extraordinary action of that Providence is possible or credible. When we are told that

"Devotion raises time present into the sacredness of the past," we have no quarrel with devotion for addicting herself to so noble a task; but when we are told,—is it as a counterpart or as a corrective to this devotional energy?—that "criticism reduces the *strangeness* of the past into *harmony* with the present," we can hardly praise or blame her work, until we know what that is in the past which is asserted to be "strange," and with what "dominant note" in the present, as musicians say, that strangeness must fall into concord.

We grant it possible to think and speak of miracles as mere "*lusus naturæ*," as mere whims, if we may dare the word, of Him "with whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning:" and we are willing to accept with thanks any genuine warning against standing in a mere gape of wonderment at the sight of His wonder-working. Nevertheless, we repudiate with energy the imputation that any violence is offered to our reason or our conscience by the demand that we should believe in the existence of miracles: for their occurrence approves itself to both as a crowning instance of the "continuous presence of the Divine energy," and not as a convulsive disturbance of it.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to concur in the doctrine which we have already impugned,—that the question whether or not an alleged miracle took place may be fairly concluded by the inquiry, what kind of fact it was. But if we are "to assume a verifying faculty in ourselves" by which to test the external evidence for the occurrence, we simply say that the exercise of that verifying faculty on our part inclines us to credit the report of those who have borne witness to miraculous events.

Whoever wrote the gospel attributed to St. John reports that on a mountain the Son of Man fed nearly five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes. That by mere breaking of the loaves the substance of them should be multiplied not only without diminution, but with increase of material bulk, is not an ordinary instance of the working of those laws by which mankind is fed. But extraordinary as it is, it does approve itself to our mind as a crowning instance of the sure and subtle and speedy and

transforming and fructifying and sustaining—and, if you will,—immediate—action of the Divine will upon material substances; and we see so many good reasons to think it likely that a Divine teacher would teach striking lessons upon that very point, apart from many others on which the self-same lesson may bear—that we are by no means disposed to be prejudiced either against the good sense or the good faith of the man who reports himself an eye-witness of that miraculous occurrence. There is of course to this the obvious reply, not seldom tendered by the opponent of belief in miracles, "your verifying faculty has verified a pack of lies, and you, my good friend, are a fool!" Possibly. But we are at a loss to see how the utterance or insinuation of such amenities secures to the utterer or the insinuator the advantage of being upon the "liberal side."

It may be well to talk of "our daylight." We are not they who will deny the brightness of its shining—that were to do dishonour to Him that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. There are eyes, however, which the very daylight blinds. That, by the way. But we do deny that our daylight proves that others groped in blindness concerning the relation of the ordinary working of God's Providence to his extraordinary deeds.

Moses believed in miracles, for he not only wrote down that he wrought them; but once and again appealed upon the faith of them to the men in whose sight and on whose behalf he wrought. Must we, therefore, pity Moses as a groper in some early twilight of the knowledge of God's ways? Was his belief in the miraculous a pardonable irrational supernaturalism, unpardonable now? If there be any force in the objection that miraculous interference clashes with the conception of unchanging law and with the notion of the Supreme Being as working by fixed law, are we to imagine that Moses was too stupid to suspect its existence, or too illogical to admit it? He who beyond all else was a proclaimer of God's government by law, he to whom the God of his fathers made himself known as the "Eternal," the great I AM, who "was, is, shall be?"

Truly the mind of that nineteenth-century philosopher must present startling phenomena, who should reckon it likely that he or his fellows had thought more upon the continuous, immutable, all-pervading existence of Divine Law, than the man who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, who meditated in the wilderness of Midian, and held commune with the Invisible upon the rock of Horeb.

What shall we say of those Hebrew bards,—we will not quarrel now, over the kind or the degree of inspiration breathing in their songs,—but those who sang of the material creation and called upon sun and moon and stars and light and heavens to praise the Lord? They sang on this wise:

"Let them praise the Name of the Lord, for he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded and they were created. *He hath made them fast for ever and ever: He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.*"

"He laid the foundations of the earth that it never should move at any time. Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment: the waters stand in the hills. . . . Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass: neither turn again to cover the earth."

"O Lord thy word *endureth for ever* in heaven. Thy truth also remaineth from one generation to another: thou hast laid *the foundation of the earth and it abideth. They continue this day according to thine ordinance: for all things serve thee.*"

Now in whatsoever conception of the nature of physical or metaphysical law the men were deficient, whose heart-songs speak such language as this, we cannot see with what tolerable affectation of fairness and "liberality" they can be charged with any dimness of apprehension concerning the regular and stable and orderly rule of Him who built that universe on which they called to praise him. In what respect they were more likely in *their* daylight than we in *ours*, to have seen God as a self-willed and capricious worker, we confess ourselves at a loss to understand. Yet no man questions their belief in Him as a wonder-worker, in the sense of one that had wrought miracles.

Paul of Tarsus, a fair Greek scholar, no less than a learned Hebraist, a reasonable man, we presume, since Dr. Williams' "monstrous" Baron claims

to interpret him reasonably—a process of no great importance if applied to an irrational author—a man of some largeness of view for a preacher, and of some liberality of disposition for an apostle, believed in the greatest of all miracles as a downright fact. Indeed, he does not seem to have had much opinion of its inherent incredibility. For he, as we all know, did not stick at asking, not before a group of disciples initiated in the mystical significance of some esoteric allegories, but before such men of the work-a-day-world as Agrippa and Festus, before king's aide-de-camp, as we should say, legionary officers of a Roman garrison town, their Italian, Gaulish, Dalmatian, Macedonian, troopers, together with all the motley group of Jews, Arabs, Syrians, Greek half-breeds, Phœnician man-o'-war's-men, Alexandrian merchant-skipper, and the like, whom curiosity would sweep in out of the streets of Cæsarea, into the proconsular forum, to hear an interesting police case from Jerusalem—he did not stick at asking out before them all, why his narrative was to be considered inherently incredible for all its miraculous element?

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you," he cried; "that God should raise the dead?"

We hope no reader will take offence at a few modernized expressions in the lines he has just read, as if we would speak without due reverence of an event in apostolic history. It is of great importance, in presence of a certain hazy poetical glamour, taken for granted as lying across those times by certain critics of their histories, to realize the roughest aspects of their every-day character. When we are told not to overlook the "distinction between poetry and prose, and the possibility of imagination's allying itself with affection;" to account, we presume, for some, at least, of the miraculous elements of those old histories, we think we are justified, on our part, in endeavouring thus "to reduce the strangeness of the past into harmony with the present."

Whatever may be said of the days when "Israel went up out of Egypt," and his "hands were delivered from making the pots," or, of those later times, wherein "a patriot bard, starting from a name traditionally sacred

used the name of Daniel," as Bunsen suggests, "with no deceptive intention, as a dramatic form which dignified his encouragement of his countrymen in their great struggle against Antiochus:" whatever may be said of those apocryphal times of Hebrew conflict, when, "in the book of Maccabees," Jeremiah "is the gray prophet, who is seen in vision fulfilling his task of interceding for the people"—this, at all events, we postulate, that they were matter of fact, prosaic days enough, with philosophical schools enough in them ready to carp at "irrational supernaturalism,"—wherein that "thing" befel, whereof Paul said in open court to Agrippa, that it "was not done in a corner." Sadducees were not wanting in Jerusalem, nor cynics in Athens, to bring a remorseless criticism to bite upon the preaching of the miracle of Resurrection.

To this it may be answered, what is not, to our knowledge, hinted by our essayist—that the Acts of the Apostles is a religious romance of the first, second, third, or other century. When this is definitely stated, and the arguments for so probable a theory are once more produced, they may be looked at weighed and tested. Till then, we take leave to cite St. Paul on the side of the believers in miracles, and to esteem its claim to the character of rational and liberal as in no wise weakened by his adhesion. Nay, more; returning to our remonstrance, we venture to consider it both insolent and arrogant to assume that such a thinker as he was less able than any man in "our daylight" to perceive what objection might lie against the doctrine of "interference" from a true conception of the nature of law, whether physical or metaphysical, or to assign to such objection its due speculative value. His letters to Timothy alone suffice to show that he was at least no stranger to the distinction or affinity which might be between a mystery and a myth. His magnificent outburst of exultation over the mystery of godliness, *τὸ τῆς εὐσεβείας μυστήριον*, as "without controversy great" is in the sharpest contrast with his repeated warnings against legendary fables, *βεβήλους καὶ γραῶδεις μύθους*: and it seems to us a gross assumption to take for granted

the absence of critical or "verifying" faculty in the man who so diligently charged his "own son in the faith" to show himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing, *ὀρθοτομοῦντα*, the word of truth.

The form of thought may vary in successive centuries; but it is easy to exaggerate the variations, if any ever have been, in its substance. The objection urged is obvious; and it is a gratuitous insult to the intellect of past generations to suppose them blind to its existence. We need not carry modern controversies so far back into ancient times as to suppose, as some one humorously put it, that "Noah was a consistent member of the Church of England, or Abraham a Supralapsarian Calvinist;" but neither need we fancy that men, whose conceptions of the Eternal are embodied, let us say, in the Book of Job, were such simpletons as to see nothing intellectually puzzling in the occurrence of a miracle.

Dr. Williams kindly informs us that we are not compelled "to make the saints of old orphans in widening the idea of Revelation to make ourselves partakers of their sonship." In gratitude for this comfortable assurance, we tender its counterpart, that we need by no means make those old saints idiots in defining the idea of philosophy to make ourselves methodical reasoners.

No reader will expect us to enter, as if by the way, upon a discussion of the value of Baron Bunsen's Egyptology. Dr. Williams himself alleges, with perfect propriety, the impossibility of "giving details" in "a sketch combining suggestions scattered strangely apart." But it is not out of place, in our inspection of that sketch, to call attention to the circumstance that its draughtsman himself admits the absence of "perfect consistency" in the repetition of these strangely scattered suggestions. Nor can it be invidious to beg every reader, whose eye may take pleasure in the bold off-hand vigour of that sketch, to note carefully the strokes which so truthfully describe that remorseless German critic as one who "revels" in a certain class of "questions" indicative of theories, which certainly, as Dr. Williams has it, are "at least suggestive." We may even be forgiven for the attempt upon the

reader's patience involved in citing a specimen question in the sketcher's own language:

"When we have traced our Gaelic and our Sanskrit to their inferential pre-Hellenic stem, and when *reason has convinced us that the Semitic languages which had as distinct an individuality four thousand years ago as they have now*, require a cradle of larger dimensions than Archbishop Ussher's Chronology, what *farther effort is not forced upon our imagination*, if we would guess the measure of the dim background in which the Mongolian and Egyptian languages, *older probably than the Hebrew*, became fixed, growing early into the type which they retain?"

Without concerning ourselves to defend "Archbishop Ussher's" Chronology—a designation fastened, we suspect, upon the usual Biblical chronology by the "Monster's" Anglican showman, in derision of his shame-and-terror-stricken fellow-churchmen rather than by that portentous being himself—we may fairly demur to the assumptions indicated by the italics in this quotation. And we may venture to protest, with regard to the general drift of the question, that it is no part of our duty, nor indeed of any one's we can think of, to determine what effort of imagination may be required of that historical investigator, who, leaving his work of trying to find out what has been, allows himself to "revel" in "guessing" at what only might have been. Charles Lamb confessed to his delight in imagining what would have been the consequences should Guy Fawkes's explosive intentions have taken effect, and in regretting its failure as a diminution of the historical interest of the times. A lawful sport of fancy; but had the brilliant essayist undertaken to readjust the received chronology of the History of England upon the assumption that King James was blown into another world by Popish powder in 1605, we humbly submit that he might have made a mess of it.

It has been said that "Baron Bunsen places himself in the same position with respect to glottology which Sir Charles Lyell occupies with respect to geology. He ascribes all the changes which have taken place in languages, since the appearance of man on the earth, to the operation of such causes as are now at work."

But here again question upon question will arise, the solution of which must not be based upon groundless assumptions.

Do we possess any body of language come down from that ever-receding date of man's appearance upon earth? Geology has the solid crust of earth under its feet, into which it may dig for pre-Adamic "monsters" which have lost the power of biting long ago. Does glottology profess to dig in as real and substantial a soil? Where is the language of Adam and Eve? Over what horn-book did Cain cry; and in what primer did Abel learn his lessons? Or, if remorseless critics tell us that Adam is allegorical, Eve, ideal, Cain, a crude conception, Abel, a touching myth, then the increasing distance does but increase the difficulty. After all, it is in written books alone that we can even search for fossils of dead languages. How judge of changes or their causes, of their likeness or unlikeness to those now in operation, if we must first guess what was changed, and next what it was changed into? It is not exacting too much to demand at least a fragmentary specimen. Owen may reconstruct an extinct animal from an eyetooth. If that tooth itself exist in Owen's mind's eye alone we are not prepared to put his reconstruction under glass among recognised mammalia at the Museum. Grant it probable, nay certain, that there is a strict analogy between glottology and geology, the question is only then to be put, it is not answered: When did such analogy begin to be? Or are we to consider it an archetypal and eternal truth? That is a little too much of what may possibly be a good thing.

The causes which have wrought all the past changes in the languages of man may, perhaps, have been the same which now are working to modify his speech; but that will not solve the question, "When and where did such causes first begin to work?"

When Baron Bunsen, or any other philologist, will produce to us even a few disjointed utterances of divergent dialects proved to have been spoken before the days of the Babel-builders, it will be time, as Dr. Williams says of Bible-lore in general, to "revise some of the decisions provisionally given upon imperfect evidence," a re-

vision from which we agree with him in calling upon all who profess to reverence the Bible, never to shrink, in cowardice or in duplicity, at any time. But revising a decision is one thing, reversing it another, and, as at present advised, we are not prepared to concede a reversal to what our reviewer calls the "quaint strength" of Bunsen's saying, that "there is no chronological event in Revelation." It is the quaint weakness of such a saying which strikes us first. It has a sprawliness of aspect from which we should augur well of the chances of any compact little champion who might enter the ring against it; and we feel curious to know by what *tour de force* its gigantic power would parry the hit of such an unscientific question as the demand, "How came the name, and consequently date, of Pontius Pilate into the Christian creed?"

But before dismissing further notice of that passage of our reviewer which treats of Bunsen's Egyptology, we must take leave to comment on a most astounding canon of criticism which it contains.

Adverting to the Baron's endeavour to fix upon Sesortosis as the native Pharaoh under whom Joseph must have been Minister, and extend, in the teeth of Moses, St. Paul, and St. Stephen, the stay of Israel in Egypt to no less than fourteen centuries, thus bringing the times of their oppression to an agreement with his own hypothesis concerning it, our Doctor candidly admits "that some of these details are sufficiently doubtful to afford ground of attack." But he proceeds to assert also, that "it is easier to follow him implicitly when he leads us, in virtue of an overwhelming concurrence of Egyptian records and of all the probabilities of the case to place the Exodus as late as 1320 or 1314." We are not now concerned to test the easiness or uneasiness of implicitly following the learned German's lead through this winding alley of the great chronological labyrinth; but should any reader of this Magazine wish to test them, we do him a service in recalling to his mind the aid afforded by an honoured co-contributor, the Rev. Dr. Hincks, whose strictures upon "Bunsen's Egypt" were published in our 54th vol., pp. 20-32, July number, 1859. The hazardous and untrustworthy nature of Bunsen's

calculations, and their audacious tampering with Egyptian monumental testimony, will there be seen exhibited in strong, clear, steady light.

Manetho is the exponent, or opponent of Moses upon whom the Baron and his reviewer alike rely; or rather, we should say, for the difference is here important, Manetho, as *quoted by Apion, in a work no longer extant, of which a passage is quoted, for the purpose of refutation, by Josephus*. "The whole passage," says Dr. Williams, in the coolest manner, in a note, "has the stamp of genuine history."

"Manetho," then, as quoted by Apion, as cited by Josephus, as stamped by the Vice-Principal of Lampeter with a genuine historical brand,

"Places under Menephthah *what seems to be the Egyptian version of the event, and the year 1314, one of our alternatives, is the date assigned by the Jewish tradition. Not only is the historical reality of the Exodus thus vindicated against the dreams of the Drummonds and the Volneys, but a new interest is given it by its connexion with the rise and fall of great empires. We can understand how the ruin on which Ninus rose made room in Canaan for the Israelites, and how they fell again under the satraps of the new empire, who appear in the Book of Judges as kings of the provinces. Only if we accept the confirmation, we must take all its parts.* Manetho makes the conquerors, before whom Menephthah retreats into Ethiopia, Syrian shepherds, and gives the human side of an invasion, or war of liberation. Baron Bunsen notices the 'high hand' with which Jehovah led forth his people, the spoiling of the Egyptians, and the lingering in the peninsula, as signs, even in the Bible, of a struggle conducted by human means. Thus, as the pestilence of the Book of Kings becomes in Chronicles the more visible angel, so the avenger who slew the firstborn may have been the Bedouin host, akin nearly to Jethro, and more remotely to Israel."

Thankful as we may feel for any contribution towards the demonstration of the historical reality of the Exodus against the "dreams of the Drummonds and the Volneys," we are hardly prepared to purchase it at the cost of adopting the plausible hypothesis, that a wolfish pack of Bedouins, sacking Egypt in league with Israel, were such nice discriminators of primogeniture as to pick out the

firstborn with certainty for massacre in each household, or such respecters of the necessity of maintaining the autocratic Egyptian institutions intact during their temporary occupation of the country, as to have left Pharaoh politically master of the situation on that murderous night in the Exodus, much as the French and English commanders kept the mandarins in municipal authority during their own occupation of Canton. But as humble members of the critical brotherhood, we may say that the line which first arrested our attention in this passage, and which fascinates it still, is that which propounds the prodigious canon, that "*if we accept the confirmation we must take all its parts.*" Let us see.

We are almost ashamed to import into this article Macaulay's meditative New Zealander on London Bridge. But let us think of him in academic retirement, as a member of St. Raupahara's College in the time-honoured University town of Taranaki, some few dozens of centuries hence. Animated by an ardent love of historical research, he ponders much upon the fragmentary notices contained in leaves of ancient books of an invasion meditated, in hoar antiquity, against the shores of Albion—which some say to be the same as England; some as its lesser dependency, the Isle of Wight; some boldly affirm to be but the group known as the Channel Islands. Napo Leon—whom some authorities distinguish from "Bona Parte," though the most inattentive observer might perceive that the recurrence of the syllable "on" in either name, together with the presence, in either, of the letters "p," "a," "e," and the very slight exchange of the labial "l" in the one for "r" in the other, establish the radical identity of the names beyond a doubt:—Napo Leon, then, would appear to have been the conqueror whose advent the writers of these ancient English books regarded with so much apprehension. Other fragments of the annals of Albion assert most positively that this invasion came to nothing, and indeed account, in the most straightforward manner, for its failure. Historians have been found to question the historical reality of any thing connected with this projected descent on Albion, for various cogent reasons, including the argu-

ment founded upon the supposed identification of the date 1604 with the period between 1854–60, during which Napo Leon was known to have been occupied in his Italian campaigns, begun in success at Arria, and ending in a blaze of glory at Siferino. Doubts prevail and disputations. There is discovered, in digging in the ruins of the former Gaulish or French town of Boulogne, a medal.

Here, reader, supposition ceases: we have often seen that medal, and examined it with curious scorn, in the Boulogne Museum. Obverse and reverse, figures and inscription, testify to the conquest of Albion by the Great Napo Leon. The medal itself purports to have been struck by him in London, the undisputed capital of the island kingdom. In such a medal our student of St. Raupahara claims to see a confirmation of his ancient and otherwise not ill-authenticated record of the design once entertained on Albion by that great old-world warrior; but he declines to give unlimited belief to its assertion that the design was consummated. Then, from some foreign home of criticism—say in the Feejee—comes a voice, re-echoed blusteringly by a learned fellow-countryman—say by the Vice-Principal of the training college at Otago—"The medal, or your fragment of the *Annual Register*! Not both! *If you accept the confirmation you must take all its parts.* Napo Leon prepared a raid on Albion, or else that raid succeeded: choose!"

Or put it otherwise, with the same parties to the dispute. He of St. Raupahara has a blue-book, an unquestioned blue-book, printed by authority of that old Parliament of the ancient British islanders; and in it is a despatch from one Hope Grant, relating, what many other things well known to New Zealand scholars intend to witness, that undisturbed and unmolested and unpursued, he and a few thousand of his soldiery made an exodus from the great city of Peking on such a day in November, of the year 1860.

More than one Australasian scholar had dared to dream that this ever embodied no more than a mythical allusion to British prowess in the distant Eastern seas, for all allowed that ancient Britons were sea-rovers; and arguments abounded against the pre-

bability of some few thousands of them daring to occupy Peking. But in consulting a block-book, printed some centuries later at a Bhuddistic monastery in Thibet, there was found an account of the retreat of a British force from before the walls of the great Chinese capital, quoted from a controversial broad-sheet on the military merits of one Sang-ko-lin-sin, a Tartar prince and general. Indications made it, perhaps, probable, that this account referred to the event described so truthfully, to all appearance, by Hope Grant. Some Taranaki scholars inclined to cite the Bhuddistic broad-sheet in confirmation of their belief that the English retreat from Peking was an historical reality. But that Asiatic document set forth how such retreat took place under a heavy fire of matchlocks and jingalls, and how myriads of foreign devils, slain by the Tartar braves, choked up the waters of the canal as far as Tien-tsin.

"Now," said the formidable critic from the Feejee, whilst the Vice-Principal at Otago re-echoed once more his words, "if you New Zealand scholars *accept the confirmation, you must take all its parts*; and Hope Grant's unmolested return to Tien-tsin resolves itself into the ordinary rout of a piratical horde running for safety to its junka." Remorseless criticism has hollow teeth if such be their ivory. Whatever power lie in the monster's jaw, such teeth will crack before they craunch a bone of Biblical or any other veritable history.

Whether Manetho is to be believed or Moses, we submit that the critic who judges by such a canon as this has very little right to claim our deference to his verdict upon either.

Yet, honestly, we cannot say that Dr. Williams rises much above the level of such mode of reasoning, when he presently proceeds to handle the great and serious question of prophecy.

So far as we understand his argument—whether propounded as his own or borrowed from Bunsen, we are wholly unable to say—it resolves itself into this enthymeme:—Some prophecy, or most prophecy, or all prophecy, is demonstrably historical: it is therefore not predictive.

We are compelled to state the categorical proposition thus, with suggested variations; because, indeed, upon

diligent examination, we are unable to determine whether Dr. Williams's strictures are upon some, most, or all prophecy; and we find but little help towards fixing the quicksilver of his speech in the expression that, after having "gone through so vast an induction on the destructive side, even these few cases"—the few, by possibility, in some way predictive of Christ, or directly Messianic—"the remnant of so much confident rhetoric, tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry."

The sense in which he predicates an historical character of prophecy appears various. The prophet speaks either of some closely impending event, such as "presentiment or sagacity" might indicate: for the true Biblical student "cannot quote Nahum denouncing ruin against Nineveh, or Jeremiah against Tyre, without remembering that already the Babylonian power threw its shadow across Asia, and Nebuchadnezzar was mustering his armies:" or he speaks of contemporaneous events; or, lastly, he records such events after they have taken place. The "later Isaiah" is distinctly cited as so doing.

We may ask at once, what caviller can resist such force of demonstration as lies in being told, that "the arguments for applying Isaiah lii. and liii. to Jeremiah are no slight illustration of the historical sense of that famous chapter, (the liii.), *which in the original is a history?*"

Beyond a doubt, any chapter, "which in the original is a history," has an historical sense. We, poor English and Irish scholars might well be terror-stricken at the thoughts of denying such a truth; but we submit with deference to the eminent Welsh logician who is crushing us, that he has undertaken to argue the question, whether this chapter be in the original a prediction or a history; and that we fail to descry any syllogism in the bare statement that it is the latter. Suppose we take heart, and tender the counter-statement, that the famous chapter "is in the original a prediction," will he allow that we have refuted himself and his Baron? Why not? Akin to this convincing process of ratiocination, is that by which he establishes the doctrine, that "the latter chapters (xl. &c.) are up-

on the stooping of Nebo, and the bowing down of Babylon." Here is the proof he pitches at us almost scornfully in a note.

"To prove this, let any one read Jerome's arguments against it; if the sacred text itself be not sufficient proof: 'Go ye forth of Babylon,' &c., ch. xlviii., 20."

Jerome argued awkwardly against a certain interpretation, therefore, that interpretation is true! The forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah says: "Go ye forth out of Babylon;" therefore, the direction of the fortieth, "Cry to Jerusalem, that her warfare is accomplished," must needs have been uttered after, instead of before the Babylonian captivity! Such a display of dialectics almost amounts to a bad joke. But if we should grant to such manner of "demonstration" the "historical sense" of one prophecy after another: if even we should admit that of which Dr. Williams asserts Butler to have foreseen the possibility, that "every prophecy in the Old Testament might have its elucidation in contemporaneous history," does the learned logician conceive that we must follow him to the conclusion, that, therefore, it is not predictive?

His language sometimes seems to mean that he does; at others his own words seem to point out, not a mere loop-hole of escape, but rather an open archway of exit from the grasp of his loose argument. He insists, with an almost childish fatuity, upon our making a disclaimer of the existence in prophets of "foresight by vision of particulars," though he might have learned from a notion of Bunsen's, at which he carps, that beyond the region of directly divine inspiration, the possible possession of some such faculty by men has been discussed, and not seldom recognised. But if in the teeth of the universal testimony of mankind to the existence of some such power, we will deny it to the Hebrew prophets for fear of attributing to them a miraculous illumination, he will then allow us to find, perhaps, even in the dramatic "Daniel" of the patriot bard, who sang war songs under Antiochus, "predictions by analogy and type." Now this appears to us a somewhat *amicidal* concession; for if a type, which may be, and often is, unquestionably historical, may therewith also

be predictive, why refuse to the *spoken* the force allowed to the *acted* word?

The Paschal lamb was a standing type of an event proved—whether by Moses or Manetho matters little for the present argument—to have been historical, spite of the dreaming Drummonds or Volneys. It commemorated a great national and individual deliverance from the stroke of an unseen angel, or from the sharp scimitar of a Bedouin horde, as you may please. But if it witnessed of a coming deliverance, a greater deliverance, a spiritual instead of a material deliverance, which yet should be a real deliverance effected—among other things, if you will not grant solely—by an act of blood-shedding; then it was a standing prediction no less than a rehearsal of history. And why the Being who ordained the prediction in such a shape, should not have ordained it by the utterance of spoken words as well seems hard to say, even should such words have pointed as surely as did the Passover Feast to some other definite historical event. It may be answered, that the Being who ordained the Passover type was simply Moses, that he did so without foresight by vision of particulars, and that its correspondence with its great antitype is merely a remarkable coincidence by analogy. If any man think so, let him say so by all means; but then the "predictions by analogy and type" must go after the others, and "remarkable coincidences," or some such term, must take the place of "type, and anti-type, and proto-type," in our amended theological manuals.

We do not argue that an inherent predictive character in types necessitates the existence of the same in prophecies; but we hold, that to concede such existence in the former, debars any denial of it in the latter upon the mere ground of its being miraculous, and, therefore, inadmissible.

And to say that he who sets up a type may have been destitute himself of any foresight by vision of particulars concerning the future events foreshadowed by the type, and herein differs from a prophet, is not much, if any thing, to the purpose; unless, indeed, there be a formal denial that the type was ordained to him by God. The prophet may not always have understood to what particulars in the

future the word of prophecy which came to him distinctly pointed; but this proves nothing against the truly predictive nature of his word, unless he were a liar in saying, what every true prophet has ever said, that he spake not his own word, but the word of a wiser than he. Dr. Williams seems to insinuate in one place, that to think thus, is to think "the sacred writers passionless machines:" he might as well demand that we should think Moses an automaton when he set up the brazen serpent, unless we maintain that he foreknew by audition of particulars the reference made in after years to his action by the Son of Man himself. There is one important bearing of this denial of predictive power and intention in prophecy on which we should have been glad to have seen Dr. Williams's opinion indicated: we mean its bearing upon the general trustworthiness of the Bible, whatever that may be. For in the Old Testament as in the New, the existence of a predictive element in prophecy is unquestionably taken for granted.

We do not know whether we may appeal to Moses, with Baron Bunsen's and Dr. Williams's consent, as the author of the Book of Deuteronomy, so long as it be in question still "whether the Pentateuch is of one age and one hand, and whether subsequent books are contemporary with the events, or whether the whole literature grew like a tree, rooted in the *varying thoughts* of successive generations, and whether traces of editorship, if not of composition, between the ages of Solomon and Hezekiah are manifest to whoever will recognise them." But granting, if need be, that perhaps even this one book may have been compiled, like one of the Parisian encyclopædias, by a Hebrew "Société anonyme de gens de lettres," and granting farther, that the date of the compilation may be fairly placed as low down as the date of King Hezekiah, we think there is something in the eighteenth chapter which will prove that a predictive element in prophecy was recognised by the writer of that peculiar fragment of the book; for there we read:

"If thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken?"

"When a prophet speaketh in the

name of the Lord, if *the thing follow not, nor come to pass*, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken."

Dr. Williams in one place seems to sneer at those who "accept *mere versions*" of certain passages, and without, therefore, claiming for ourselves, any more than Bunsen claims among the Germans, "the advantage in argument of unique knowledge, or of unique ignorance," we venture to fortify our English version of the pregnant words by the authority of certain others.

The Septuagint gives us:—

"Ὅσα . . . μὴ γένηται, καὶ μὴ συμβῇ.

The Vulgate has it:—

"Quod non evenierit."

The Latin version of the Hebræo-Samaritan text, which for want of type cannot be here inserted in its original, runs:—

"Cum id non fuerit neque advenerit."

The Latin version of the Syriac, withheld for the same reason:—

"Cum non factus fuerit sermo ille neque evenierit."

The Targum Onkelos:—

וְכָל הַדְּבָרִים אֲשֶׁר יֹאמַר ה' . . . וְלֹא יִבְרָא

Of which the Basle edition of the Latin version is:—

"Non evenierit neque firmatum fuerit."

And David Martin's French Bible, the only copy of the Scriptures in a modern language other than our own, which happens to be at hand on our study table, has this:—

"Quand la chose"—(*'qu'il aura prédite,'* says good, unsuspecting David Martin, in italics, as a fair translator's gloss, which we, of course, exclude), "ne sera point ni n'arrivera point."

All which "futuristic" renderings, if we may venture upon such a term, are not one whit more indicative of the fact that a *predictive* word or prophecy is here under consideration, than the simple and unmistakable form and force of the Hebrew verbs themselves:—

וְכָל הַדְּבָרִים אֲשֶׁר יֹאמַר ה' . . . וְלֹא יִבְרָא

Now we are ready to concede, for argument sake, what, of course, we think would be an outrageous exaggeration of the opponent's wildest possible chronological postulate—the composition, compilation, edition, or

revision of the Book of Deuteronomy, in the days of King Hezekiah. And our argument is, that the writer of the passage conceived that prophecy had, and must have, along with whatever other qualities, a predictive force. For the accomplishment of the prediction is to be a test of the authority wherewith the prophet spake. God forbid that we should say the mere occurrence of something announced beforehand would avail to guarantee in every case the "value" of the prophet's teaching. Against that error this same Book of Deuteronomy warns us, whether by the hand of the same scribe or another, matters not. For in the thirteenth chapter we read :—

"If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder,

"And the sign or the wonder *come to pass*, whereof he spake unto thee, saying : Let us go after others gods, which thou hast not known and serve them :

"Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams."

So that if Dr. Williams's intention be merely to warn us against exaggerating the "value" of the predictive *as against* the value of the moral element in prophecy we might be thankful for the warning, whilst refusing to admit the notion of any necessary antagonism between such elements, or to think that there can be, as he seems to imagine, some lawful connexion between "lowering the value" of the predictive by denial of it, and raising that of the moral upon the pedestal of the predictive ruin.

We do not doubt, nay, we should esteem it impious to lower, the moral value either of the prophet's witness to the present energising force of the Divine government, or of his exposition and revelation of the purport of that government in the past. But we return to say that the writer of the passage cited from Deuteronomy believed in a predictive force in prophecy, took failure of its fulfilment to be a sure test of its falsehood, and held the utterance of that fictitious prediction in the Lord's name not a pardonable error but a crime, and fixed as its dread penalty—death.

"The prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I

have not commanded him to speak, even that prophet shall die."

Now, suppose this enactment to be the work of Hezekiah's time, or suppose no more than that it was endorsed by the consent of the great prophetic school flourishing about that period ; that school of the prophets, on whose beadroll are such names as Isaiah, Amos, Micah ; we have their belief in the existence of the predictive element in prophecy established. Or if they had none—painful as it is to pen such words—what may be the "value" of men as "moral" guides, who are prepared to put a fellow-man to death for bringing disrepute on a predictive faculty, in the existence of which they had no belief ? Such men, making profession of prophecy themselves, and stoning the luckless predictor of a chance which never befel, would, indeed, be monsters of hypocrisy and of thirst for blood. Out with them from the calendar of God's saints ! Out with them from the catalogue of true teachers of men, into the roll of such as teach like Cain or Judas, Nero or Judge Jefferies, by the horror which their baseness and cruelty inspire !

What are we to say of the prophecy uttered at Bethel by the brave but inconsistent man who bearded Jeroboam at his altar of incense ? Was his rebuke of that corrupter of worship moral only, or predictive also ? Grant the story a myth ; it proves, at all events, that the composer of it entertained a notion that prophecy might have not only some, but a very definite predictive power ; for he makes his prophet foretell an event, of which no natural shadow lay across the hitherto triumphant course of Jeroboam, and name, at a distance of three centuries, the avenger to be born of David's royal house. What must we think of Micaiah's confident estimate of the predictive force of the word which came to him as he stood before Ahab and Jehoshaphat ? "Micaiah said : If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me. And he said : Hearken, O people every one of you !" Was this a sort of wager, backed by blasphemy, upon his own opinion of the chances of a possible battle at Ramoth-Gilead ? We shrink from writing down the question so ; but really we must face, without flinching,

the dire extremities to which this doctrine of an absence of predictive meaning in prophetic utterance drives us.

The patriotic dramatist who composed the historical romance of Daniel, was either himself haunted by the false notion of a predictive force in prophecy, or, at all events, knew that to leave out that element in the character and convictions of a prophet, would destroy the life-like interest of his composition for the heroes of the struggle with Antiochus. For in the ninth chapter of his interesting picture of the life and times of the prophet of the captivity, he has the following—

“In the first year of Darius, the son of Ahasuerus, of the seed of the Medes, which was made king over the realm of the Chaldeans: in the first year of his reign, *I, Daniel, understand by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolation of Jerusalem.*”

So that Daniel is represented as reading prophetic books with a view to something besides their manifest moral guidance, apparently somewhat in the persuasion of those at whom Dr. Williams smiles, as “accustomed to be told that modern history is expressed by the prophets in a riddle.”

We only cite our “patriot bard” as a sort of intermediary historical link between the Old Testament times and the New. The later Baron Bunsen and his disciples put him, the nearer he will be to the times of that group of saintly personages in whom we next point out the persistence of the old vulgar error that prophecy is not only moral, but truly predictive also. Let any man read—there seems almost an irreverence in quoting to underline them—the utterances of Mary, of Zacharias, of Simeon, concerning the fulfilment of ancient prophecies in the Miraculous and Saving Birth; and let him maintain if he can that these glorious chosen ones of the Most High did not understand those prophecies as predictions.

Pass we onwards. He, round whom they gathered in those early days, is gone. We, by the desert way which goeth down from Jerusalem unto

Gaza, watch to see come up with us the chariot of one who reads, as we read, that marvellous book, that “marrow of persuasion”* in all ages to prophetic students, the book “of Esaias the prophet.” He reads that very chapter, which, indeed, has seemed through the ages also, whether the prophet meant it for history or not, a record of true “foreknowledge by vision of particulars.” And to the reader comes a questioner. No “remorseless critic” he; but yet his question goes to the core of all that criticism can establish to any purpose of human interest or divine.

“Understandest thou what thou readest?”

The reader confesses his need of an interpreter. Forthwith the man, whom, if we credit the simple narrative, no mere generous impulse of his own heart, but the bidding of an angel, had sent thither, proceeds to give him help towards the right understanding of the prophecy.

“Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture and preached unto him Jesus.”

A preaching which proceeded, surely, upon the assumption that, whether it had an “elucidation in contemporaneous history” or not, the prophecy had all along been big with predictive sense and power, had given beforehand notes, and signs, and promises, and pledges of what had only just now been fulfilled indeed. But we will leave this devotional atmosphere, whether heavy, as where Zacharias or Simeon haunted, with the incense of the Temple services, or balmy with the fresh breath from the desert “toward the south,” as where Philip met the Ethiop. We will return again to that packed prætorium at Cæsarea, where barrister Tertullus once preferred a formal indictment before Felix, and where the breath of the motley multitude was hot and reeking, as Paul came up “on remand” before Porcius Festus. Criticisms upon prophets mean something rather precise and positive, we take it, when the convictions to which they have led a man are to be tested before a Roman magistrate’s curule chair. Porcius Festus may think them cobwebs, spun by fancy in the cells of a

* “*Suadæ medulla.*”—Cic.

things the written voice of the Congregation."

We cannot; we might almost say we will not, bring ourselves to believe that the writer of this line writes it in its ordinary and obvious sense and meaning. If the Bible, indeed, be that, and not only be that, but be that before all things, then it is in vain to talk of ourselves as partaking of sonship with the saints of old; brothers or not, there is no knowing but we are a miserable band of orphans all together, for neither we nor they are sure that we have heard our living Father's voice.

The words are written words now; but some voice uttered them. Whose voice? The voice of the congregation? That is, their voices and ours. Now, whatever our voices may be, echoes of any thing or echoes of nothing, noises, such as the pulses of our own brain beat in our own ears as we lie abed in fever, or noises of the sea heard by our children in shells wherein is no drop of sea-water; whatever our own voices be, we cannot trust the voices of those elder brothers any longer, if it indeed be true that this book, handed down to us by them, is the written record of their own utterance before all things. For this simple and sufficient reason, that if this be so, they are but self-convicted liars, for they declare that not their own voice, but the voice of Another than they, of One whose "ways" were as much "higher than their ways," whose "thoughts," were as much "higher than their thoughts," "as the heavens are higher than the earth," that His voice spake what their pens noted upon this scroll. What of the Lawgiver who stood on Horeb? Was he the mouth-piece of the congregation? Was that "voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, which sounded long, and waxed louder and louder," some echo from the upper crags of the tribesmen's trumpets blown beneath?

The forty days went by; the Lawgiver stood on the mountain brow above the camp; and the voice of the congregation came up: "These be thy Gods, O Israel!"

These! The Apis-calf, the bestial idol of the old idolatries in Egypt!

And the Lawgiver had a message, a written message in hand, a word which had been spoken by some voice

before its characters were graven on the tables of stone:

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them."

Which is the voice of the congregation here? Are these two voices in mutual response? If the true Bible be before all things the voice of the congregation, why not accept a gospel of an Apis-calf as well as a gospel of a Lamb of God?

Poll the congregation of human kind, and you will find the Fetish worshippers a multitude, in past and present, whose voices make a big body of sound; may be it ought to have a hearing; and have its ritual also entered into the Book of Truth.

The notion is one absolutely destructive of all fixed objective faith.

Whether the Creed of Athanasius contain or not "sentiments as difficult to reconcile with his genuine works as its Latin terms with his Greek language," need never be debated, if the Bible be the voice of the congregation. Athanasius was but an unhappy trifler, in that case, whose struggle against a world's aberration was perhaps a proof that his own brain was turned. Once this dogma sincerely embraced, protests and Protestantism seem to us to be forthwith relegated to the limbo of purposeless absurdities. Why should not one Pius after another, as mouthpiece of the multitudinous Romish congregation, add articles to the Christian creed, and decree them Bible truths from Elizabeth's reign to Victoria's?

The germ of all hierarchical as well as of all monarchical usurpation is here. "The congregation vote me infallible Pope, and Pope infallible I am." "The urn of suffrage declares me Emperor absolute, and absolute Emperor I reign, by Bible rule." Democratic excesses may be more than justified, they may be sanctified. "La Sainte Guillotine" may very possibly be such by rightful consecration. Morals may fluctuate in this medium no less than faith or politics. We cannot see why they lawfully may not. Mormon polygamy, sanctioned by the voice of the congregation, is as

respectable as the monogamy which can claim no more divine an institution. The Virginian slave-trader tells his own brother, not his figurative brother; but a man that came out of the same father's loins by a different mother, to perish under the driver's lash at cotton-picking in South Carolina. How futile to preach out of Deuteronomy the doctrine:

"If a man be found stealing any of his brethren . . . and maketh merchandize of him, or selleth him, then that thief shall die; and thou shalt put away evil from among you."

No need even to quibble over interpretation of the text. The confederated Southern States are a great Christian congregation; and their voice "antiquates," as the old Latin word was to repeal, "a precept evidently wrong."

The "repressive idea of revelation" is certainly thus got rid of; but much more than that is therewith lost and gone. What would be left of its attractive influence over any who should feel that—

"The world was not their friend, nor the world's law."

If now there are, or shall be, to say nothing of those that have been, any "destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world is not worthy," what manner of message is it to them in "trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments," to bid them acknowledge that the Book, whose voice has been to them the word of consolation and assurance from One that speaketh in righteousness mighty to save, is before all things the voice of the congregation? Of what congregation? Of that which has cursed, and cast

them out! No former cruel mockery could equal the cruelty of such a mockery as that.

No! We will not believe but what the writer of this sentence would refuse to let it have its ordinary meaning, and its own intrinsic force. There is some technical, some controversial, some modified, some secondary meaning for him in its terms. Oh, let him confirm our word on his behalf, and say so! He is a trainer of young men for the Gospel ministry. We will not believe he cries to them, "Be instant brethren in season, out of season, preach the Word;" for this is the congregation's written voice. Young brethren, before all things! They would answer him, "To back the congregation's own voice! itself is an unworthy ministry. We will not stoop to bear its ignominious burden." And his bold spirit, for this is a bold one, would approve their answer. "Young brethren, ye say well!" He is a parish priest, in a green valley overhung by breezy downs. And we will not believe that when some shepherd who shall not drive up his flock to them again, sends in his closing hours for the pastor who should point him to the unforgotten fold; no, we will not believe, that by the dying peasant's bed he opens that blessed book, and says: "Listen, thou sheep that goest alone into the valley of the shadow of death; listen, for thou shalt hear the congregation's voice!" For then the sick man would make answer from his dying bed: "the bleating of the flock is to me the sound I care to hear; speak me words spoken by the Great Shepherd of the sheep himself!"

RECENT POETRY.

AMONG the refinements of an age which summons its Social Evils to midnight tea-parties, and turns every rude, uncleanly workman into an intelligent operative, not the least amusing is that which pervades our current criticism on art and literature. The critic of the present day too often approaches his subject with a reverence half real, half feigned, which speaks more for the wide-spread influence of a reigning fashion than for his own power of weighing, fairly and fearlessly, the merits of the work before him. Under the combined attacks of pushing publishers and popular authors, his office seems to have degenerated into the task of adding one cheer more to the cries and clappings of his enthusiastic neighbours. The boldest paradox, if clothed in a due haze of picturesque words, carries him off his legs; and the poorest commonplace, if it finds a ready sale, is not less sure to meet with a hearty welcome from his too courteous or congenial pen. The bulk of our criticism, like the bulk of our religion, flows through many different parties into one common creed, whose outward liberalism covers a vast depth of downright intolerance. It is allowable, for instance, to sneer at Pope, or run down Byron; but woe to him who misses a beauty in an old English ballad, or finds a fault in "Aurora Leigh." Critics may look down with a fine compassion on the literary leanings of a Dryden, a Johnson, or a Jeffrey; but it is rank treason to charge Shakspeare with writing fustian, or Wordsworth with writing prose. We may fling what stones we please at the idols of other days, if we do but join in worshipping the idols of our own. Hume was a shallow, prejudiced historian, but Mr. Froude is a writer of large sympathies and keen insight, whose worst mistakes the genial critic

will pass over as mere spots in so bright a sun. Write an utterly romantic history of some bygone age or personage, and you will appear to "genial criticism" as a great philosopher, or at least a powerful champion of a nobler and truer faith. But say a word, however reasonable, against some living writer, the rising star of some powerful clique, or the established pet of a wide-reading public, and "genial criticism" will at once cry out on you for a piece of irreverent carping and ill-natured intolerance.

That the present fashion of indiscriminate praise sprang in part from a just reaction against the savage criticism of former ages, does not lessen the fact that the present fashion tends to heighten all those evils against which a sound unsparing criticism would prove our surest safeguard. In the far-spreading floods of modern literature, we are daily drifting farther away from our accustomed landmarks, daily growing more and more blind to the true teaching of those literary masterpieces which light up here and there the history of many ages and many lands. In our eagerness to worship small things, to hail the feeblest echoes of our own crude thoughts, and to open the doors of fame to the very poorest comer, we seem to forget that artistic merit, however various in kind, is hardly less various in degree; that sound criticism has not more to do with discovering beauties than with pointing out faults; not more with examining the smaller items than with balancing the broad results of a given whole, be it a picture or a poem. There are lines of beauty in art as well as nature, degrees of glory in the world of literature no less than in the world of life. As man is a nobler animal than a monkey, as the oak ranks far above

Lucile. By Owen Meredith, Author of "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1860.

A Vision of Barbarossa, and other Poems. By William Stigant. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

its mark, few impartial judges will deny. Take it all in all, "Lucile" is the best and most original of its author's works, and decidedly the most remarkable poem of all that issued last year from the British press. Reading it even with a critic's eye, you find a growing enjoyment of its many beauties overpower the recurring sense of its glaring faults. Utterly wrong to our mind in metre, tainted with passages of wordy rhetoric, and overrun with traces of a smouldering recklessness, of a hollow reaction from the fever throes of past self-indulgence, it still makes its way into your heart, and enchains your fancy by dint of its glowing language, its almost Byronic warmth and depth of feeling, its sensuous imagery and fine insight into characters of a certain class, and not least of all by the growing interest of a tale simple in itself, but worked out with the skill and steady passion of a genuine artist.

Perhaps the worst and most fatal fault in the book is its metre. It is simply provoking to see such costly jewels so poorly set. English anapaests flow with graceful liveliness in the songs of Moore, and with a vivid power in Byron's "Sennacherib," or Campbell's "Lochiel;" but they seem utterly unequal to those longer flights which especially suit the heroic couplet, the Spenserian stanza, or that of "Don Juan." They are good, as it were, for detached duties, not for a regular march in line. At any rate, Owen Meredith has quite failed to establish the contrary, and we cannot but regret the delusion which led him, in this one particular, out of the beaten road. Part of the failure should, perhaps, be laid to his own unskilful treatment of a measure which perhaps some future bard may succeed in turning to somewhat better account. The "Ingoldsby Legends" might have furnished him with useful hints on the best way of riding his new Pegasus. In "Lucile" you are borne on the back of an unbroken steed, who keeps tugging at the rein, throwing up his head at unforeseen moments, and suddenly checking himself in the middle of his stride. Attempting to avoid the sameness of a pause at the end of each couplet, Mr. Meredith seldom pauses there, save about once in twenty lines. Few, indeed, are the breathing places al-

lowed us even at the end of single lines. Long stanzas break off at last, maimed, sometimes, of half a line, sometimes of more than half a couplet. The following passage, picked out for something else than its mere faults of style, will make our meaning clearer:—

"Those two whisper'd words, in
his breast,
As he heard them, in one deadly moment
releas't
All that's evil and fierce in man's nature,
to crush
And extinguish in man all that's good. In
the rush
Of wild jealousy, all the fierce passions that
waste
And darken and devastate intellect, chased
From its realm human reason. The wild
animal
In the bosom of man was set free. And
of all
Human passions the fiercest, fierce jealousy,
fierce
As the fire, and more wild than the whirl-
wind, to pierce
And to rend, rushed upon him: fierce jea-
lousy, swell'd
By all passions bred from it, and ever im-
pell'd
To involve all things else in the anguish
within it,
And on others inflict its own pangs!
At that minute
What pass'd thro' his mind, who shall say?
who may tell
The dark thoughts of man's heart, which the
red glare of hell
Can illumine alone?
He stared wildly around
That lone place, so lonely! That silence!
No sound
Reach'd that room thro' the dark evening
air, save the drear
Drip and roar of the cataract, ceaseless and
near!" &c.

Fancy this galloping measure, these awkward breaks, repeated through ever so many thousand lines! Pope's epigrammatic sameness were surely less wearisome than this overdone variety—this endless quarrel between the sense and the rhyme. In blank verse, pauses of this kind may relieve the measure without marring its musical flow; but it needs all the nicer instinct of a Keats or a Shelley to give due variety to rhymed couplets, whether in iambic or anapaestic verse; and some will doubt, after all, whether the softer music of "Endymion" be comparable with the grand monotony of "The Corsair." But Mr. Meredith's boldness carries him yet further into some of the most wanton liberties ever taken with English prosody.

The dark land and deep sky were moving.
 You heard
 Pass'd from earth up to heaven the happy
 watchword
 Which brighten'd the stars as amongst them
 it fell
 From earth's heart, which it eased. . . .
 'All is well! all is well!'

Better than raving about the woes of genius, than peering carelessly into odd holes and corners of human life, or than chanting the praises of a good dinner after the fashion, but without the wit of "Don Juan," are Mr. Meredith's attempts to paint the workings of human passion and the varying phases of outward nature. If he complains in touching verse of Nature's grand unsympathy with human sorrow, his own soul lies thrillingly open to every look and whisper flowing towards it from without. His sketches of local scenery come in here and there like beautiful glimpses of a world behind that of human feeling, like the fit but unobtrusive background to those human figures on which our interest is mainly centred. 'The moonlight ride among the "many-faced hills," that watch

"their fair slaves, the light, foam-footed
 rills,
 Dance and sing down the steep marble stairs
 of their courts,"

not inaptly ushers in the earlier stages of love-making at Serchon; while the fierce rushing of all forgetful passion and the darkness of consequent despair seem richly foreshadowed in the few strong and vivid lines, that paint the storm rolling and roaring along those same hills a few days after that first ride. After the fierce play of warring emotions that lights up with a lurid glare the closing scenes of Part I., very soothing is the break of that dawn which greets Alfred Vargrave on his return to Bigorre and his betrothed:—

"And the dew of the dayspring benignly
 descended,
 And the fair morn to all things new sanc-
 tion extended,
 In the smile of the East. And the lark
 soaring on,
 Lost in light, shook the dawn with a song
 from the sun.
 And the world laugh'd."

And in the following lines how thoroughly is the soft summer night in tune with the hearts of Lord Alfred and the wife whose love he at last begins to return:—

"They heard
 Aloof the invisible, rapturous bird,
 With her wild note bewildering the wood-
 lands: they saw
 Not unheard, afar off, the hill-rivulet draw
 His long ripple of moon-kindled wavelets
 with cheer
 From the throat of the vale; o'er the dark
 sapphire sphere
 The mild multitudinous lights lay asleep,
 Pastured free on the midnight. . . .
 The place
 Slept sumptuous round them; and Nature,
 that never
 Sleeps, but waking reposes, with patient
 endeavour
 Continued about them, unheeded, unseen,
 Her old quiet toil in the heart of the green
 Summer silence, preparing new buds for
 new blossoms,
 And stealing a finger of change o'er the
 bosoms
 Of the unconscious woodlands."

[Part 2, Canto 4.]

But the great charm of the poem, apart from its story and its poetic brilliance, lies in its emotional treatment of human character, in its attempt to portray, under various aspects, that feeling of vague unrest and passionate desire for something far away, to which Byron set the example of giving free voice. "The chant of man's heart, with its ceaseless endeavour," keeps echoing louder and louder in every corner of our daily life. Our young men and maidens cry out for the food we cannot give them, and spurn the well-meant counsel which satisfied the youth of other days. They feel as prisoned Titans, whose thoughts, like vultures, are eating into their vitals. To any one who speaks out their innermost feelings, who tries to expound the mystery of their broken dreams, their ears and hearts are ready opened. The author of "Lucile" is not quite a Daniel, but his heart heaves with noble yearnings, and his words seem to glow with a dim prophetic rapture. He has a salve to offer for the wounds he has probed, an answer full of cheer for the riddles that have long been puzzling him. The discoveries he makes are not, indeed, very new; but in the process by which he is guided to them, and the manner in which they are set forth, we trace the workings of no common-place mind, and stand as it were soul to soul with one whose life-journey, however darkened with suffering and beset with snares, has never quite lost the whis-

perings of that better genius which lands him at the last in a world of patient well-doing and hopeful calm.

That better genius is here represented by Lucile herself, the noble type of that ideal womanhood whose mission, the author tells us, is to bruise

"The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's
register'd curse,
The blessing which mitigates all."

By birth half-French, half-Indian, endowed with every gift of fortune, beauty, and natural genius, she saw and loved Alfred Vargrave too soon in her youth to give up every thing else, and follow the man of her choice. For ten years her "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," while in the body she dazzled and puzzled all men with the mystery of an aching heart, and the charms of a nature as womanly as it was powerful. At the end of that time she has once more the old lover at her feet and a new one in the person of the Duke of Luvois. These rivals are both types of a manhood noble in itself, but marred and weakened by the tricks of an untoward fate. Both had been men of pleasure, but what in Lord Alfred was the mere light cloak of a brooding unhappiness, showed itself in the other as the keen devotion of a strong will and narrow intellect to any pursuit that came first to hand. In his love for Lucile, the "frivolous tyrant of fashion," the most successful of libertines, Eugène de Luvois feels himself standing on the brink of a future which may either raise him to heaven or hurl him into the lowest deep of hell. His earnest prayer for the love she cannot return, his fury at a repulse so little foreseen, and the entrance into his soul of worse devils than had lodged there before, are told with great spirit and much artistic feeling. Lord Alfred, on the other hand, is one of those who are

"Drawn off one way
By their passions, and drawn back again by
their heart."

A man of fine sensibilities, large conceptions, and talents closely akin to genius, "sore with a sense of impossible power," and haunted by a "vague but immortal regret"—a half-sage, whose course—

"fixt by no friendly star,
Is by each star distracted in turn,"—

he no sooner beholds his lost love of ten years before, than, forgetful of his betrothed Matilda, and the promises made to his cousin, he pays court anew to one whom years have decked with a riper beauty than ever. For a moment Lucile almost gives way, but thoughts of the wrong she would thus be sanctioning empower her to treat him as she had treated the Duke; and Lord Alfred, misled by the wrathful Luvois, resigns himself to marry his sweet fairhaired English bride, while the woman he loved best sets off to hide her sorrow in the far Eastern land of her birth.

The second part of the book, which is greatly the best, opens a few years later at Ems. Lord Alfred, though married to "a pretty young wife," and blest with "a pretty full purse," is still unhappy, and Matilda sighs for the love she has failed to win. To their hotel have also come, from different directions, Lucile and the Duke of Luvois. Lord Alfred's marked attentions to his old love encourage Luvois to whisper into Matilda's ear sentiments which a pure English lady in real life would instinctively cut short with a word or gesture of utter scorn. But to individual truth of character Owen Meredith cannot show much claim; and Matilda's weakness becomes the prelude to a very touching interview between her tempter and her saviour, Lucile. Overawed and deeply stricken by Lucile's noble interference and moving words, the Duke leaves the place of their meeting a better and stronger man, to play thenceforth in the world that part in which she had promised to aid him with her blessings, and, if need were, with personal advice. Meanwhile her sisterly persuasions have sown the seed of better feelings in Lord Alfred also, whose heart, yet further softened by bad news from England, smiles back at last a loving answer to the love he had lately been doing his worst to estrange. These later cantos are filled with strains of highly wrought pathos and sustained poetry. And the last and longest canto of all flames out like the mellow sunset that crowns a bright summer afternoon. There is war in the Crimea, and Lord Alfred's youthful son lies sorely

wounded in his tent, pining to death for lack of that balm which a certain great general in the French camp has determined to withhold from him; the hand of that general's niece, Constance. A Sister of Charity, who tends the poor boy for love of his father, finds out the rankling sorrow, and, true to her promise of former days, hastens once more to speak, soul to soul, with him whose life had borne much cheering witness to the change wrought in it one summer night under the linden trees at Ems. Once more the stern soldier yields to the soulful eloquence of the noble woman who had made him all he had become, or yet hoped to be—yields, after one sharp struggle, to the reproachful sadness of "those imperial eyes," which but for him might have been speaking out their love for years past to the man for whose child she was now pleading.

"At that moment there rose all the height
of one soul

O'er another; she look'd down on him
from the whole

Lonely length of a life."

To complete the sacrifice she has won from him, he follows her to the sick boy's presence, and with a prayer for his forgiveness, surrenders, with his own niece, the last shred of bitter feeling against the boy's father. With a few farewell words between Lucile and Luvois in the fading sunset, and a few lines of eloquent moral from the author himself, the poem closes, leaving the reader too deeply enthralled in the grandeur of its dying symphonies to dwell upon the faults which, at calmer moments, a careful critic will be at no loss to see in a work combining the crude haste with the buoyant strength and large purpose of youth. So good a poem as, after all deductions, we think "Lucile" to be, implies the power to do much better; and we trust that in good time our belief in that power will rest on firmer grounds than aught supplied us in the past.

But a poet of quite another kind stops the way. If nature has provided meat for strong men, she is equally lavish of milk for babes. He who has a taste for slops will prefer the weak tea of "Faithful for Ever" to the generous vintage of "Lucile." To some minds there is no poet but Coventry Patmore, and Ruskin is his

prophet. This gentleman tries hard to assure the world that "Faithful for Ever" is a great poem. If you object to particular passages, he scolds you for finding fault with those seeming discords which heighten the music of the whole. If you point to something specially mean or childish, you are reminded that Homer also shrank not from showing us a party of women engaged in washing their clothes. Of course it would be useless to say on the other side that Homer sometimes nodded, or that Patroclus paid dearly for having donned the armour of Achilles. It is not every schoolboy who may dare to make false quantities in his Latin verse on the plea that Virgil or Horace sometimes did the same. They who believe in so blind an oracle as Mr. Ruskin will doubtless take him at his word in this matter also, yet even their faith will not stand the strain of such another masterpiece as the present. To those who have formed their taste on classic models, and are not frightened out of their own minds at the hazy rhetoric of a one-sided enthusiast, "Faithful for Ever" will seem to be the last and most outrageous issue of that paltry Chinese realism which Mr. Ruskin has done so much both to make popular and to prove contemptible. But for its having been widely read, and in some quarters extravagantly admired, this new product of Mr. Patmore's muse had needed but slight notice at our hands, had never been raised into a moment's fellowship with the poems of Mr. Stigant and Owen Meredith.

This book is one piece of elaborate childishness from beginning to end. It contains just enough of seeming poetry to render its production the less excusable. Mr. Patmore may once have given promise of something better, but those evil principles of art which have played the fool with many a greater genius, have turned what gifts he also had into a mockery and a snare. If whatever is be right, he seems to imagine that it must therefore be worth painting; and the meaner a thing may outwardly be, the greater his delight in studying it. To such as he Nature looks beautiful only in her shabbiest attire, and Art has no meaning unless it dabbles among weeds and dirt. With the whole world before him whence to

choose, he carefully picks out the very things which a sounder instinct, or a higher culture would have cast aside. Having a special fancy for domestic scenes, he has managed to lower a noble and suggestive theme into a paltry photograph of bread and butter mawkishness. Every pimple is religiously brought out on a face by no means remarkable for beauty, either of outline or expression. The poem is divided into three books, each containing eight letters in octosyllabic verse; and in these letters may be traced, by any curious and resolute reader, the fortunes of Frederic Graham, from the days of his hopeless love for the high-bred and beautiful Honoria, to the hour when he finds himself thoroughly satisfied with the good, quiet, homely wife, to whom he has meanwhile been married some twelve years. What the title of the book may mean is best known, perhaps, to the author; but apparently it must be taken in a non-natural sense, to imply that Frederic's love, though changed as to its outward object, remains always true to his inner self.

Frederic, a sailor of seven and twenty, or so, writes his mother a long description of his first boyish love, to show her that she need not fear the spells of his "Wiltshire cousins." The following lines are a fair sample of his better style and versification:—

"One morning when it flush'd my thought
That what in me such wonder wrought,
Was call'd in men and women love,
And sick with vanity thereof,
I saying loud, 'I love her,' told
My secret to myself, behold
A crisis in my mystery!
For, suddenly, I seem'd to be
Whirl'd round, and bound with showers of
threads,
As when the furious spider sheds
Captivity upon the fly,
To still his buzzing till he die;
Only with me the bonds that flew,
Enfolding, thrill'd me through and through
With bliss beyond aught heaven can have,
And pride to call myself her slave."

Alarmed at certain warm lines touching one at least of the cousins, his fond mamma writes again to warn him of the "double power" swayed by Honoria "through Charlotte Hayes," his first love. Along with some good counsel, she sends him "a trifling present," adding, that

"You have to buy
Almost an outfit for this cruise!
But many are good enough to use
Again among the things you send
To give away. My maid shall mend
And let you have them back."

Is not this sweetly natural and simply telling? And is it not good of dear Frederic to write and ask his mother for his books, that he may improve the shining hours on shipboard by polishing up his Greek and history, not to speak of German and French, in which his fair cousins are well learned? But in the next letter he has to own the truth of his mother's foreboding, and returns as useless to a despairing lover the books she had sent. His last meeting with Honoria rises into poetry as she rises to greet the favoured rival.

"And as the image of the moon
Breaks up within some still lagoon
That feels the soft wind suddenly,
Or tide fresh flowing from the sea,
And turns to giddy flames that go
Over the water to-and-fro,
Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
Her lovely gravity of light
Was scatter'd into many smiles
And flattering weakness."

In mamma's next letter to her son, she prefaces some well-meant but tiresome lecturing by these remarkable lines:—

"Remember, Frederic, this makes twice
You've been in love; then why not thrice,
Or ten times?"

And then come three plaintive letters from dear Frederic, depicting, in the author's least prosaic manner, the pangs he continues to suffer by day, and the dreams that mock him through the night, until at length he has gained full assurance of Mrs. Vaughan's happiness and her husband's worth. Mamma leads off the next Book with a flood of useful advice against wedding one woman because you love another, also against rushing from a love too highly placed into the folly of loving too low.

"A gentlewoman's twice as cheap,
As well as pleasanter to keep;"

but such a one "would surely not allow the suit" her son could make in his present mood; and even worse than a vulgar wife would be "one absorbed in *future* life." Frederic informs her that the advice has come too late: he has "turned his back on his despair" by marrying

"Our chaplain's daughter, Jane,—
A dear, good girl, who saw my pain,
And spoke as if she pitied me."

Jane has no beauty, homely manners, and very little talk; but he likes her, and means to love her in good time, but not, of course, with the love he has been lately feeling.

And now Jane takes up the pen to tell her mother-in-law that dear Fred hopes

"You'll come and see us soon.
Dear Fred will be on leave all June,
And for a week, or even more,
We shall be very glad I'm sure.
Dear Fred said I must write. He thought
It seem'd so disrespectful not.
I'm sure that's the *last* thing I'd be
To dear Fred's relatives. Both he
And I are well, dear Mrs. Graham,
And trust sincerely you're the same.
The house is rather small we've got," &c.

Her Uncle John thinks Frederic "well-bred, and an extremely nice young man;" and, as they "can't afford to hire a vehicle," he will send his carriage every day for Mrs. Graham's benefit.

"The turnpikes won't be much to pay,"

he thoughtfully adds. Young women who talk or write in this way will henceforth remember that, according to Messrs. Patmore and Ruskin, they are uttering not bald colloquialism, but poetry of the purest water. Jane's letter winds up with the expression of a fear touching the state of Fred's soul, lightened by a hope of his final election.

After a few pages of light gossip from one of Fred's cousins to her sister, telling of his marriage with "some awful girl," Jane writes again to Mrs. Graham. Of course she sees

"How glad and thankful I should be
For such a husband. Yet, to tell
The truth, I am so miserable!"

Fred is much too good for her—makes her "feel so common." But oh!

"How dreadful if he thinks me so!
It's no use trying to behave
To him. His eye, so kind and grave,
Looks through and through me!"

She wishes he had that fancied wife, with herself for maid. She looks and feels so ill, and will soon be looking yet uglier, but she has heard that men

"Never think women uglier than.
Pray write and tell me if that's true.
And pardon me for teasing you
About my silly feelings so."

Sometimes, however, she fancies that Fred does love her;

"And, though I'm neither fair nor wise,
Love, somehow, makes a woman nice."

The italics are ours, of course. She will try to win him by being good; but even that won't do.

"Why, I myself, I never could
See what's in women's being good.
They've nothing in the world to do
But as it's just their nature to."

Oh! shade of Dr. Watts, what sayest thou to so daring a plagiarism from thine immortal Hymns?

Dr. Churchill's letter to his nephew, though utterly needless in itself, seems like hearing a tuneful voice at home after the discordant jargon of some strolling ballad-singer who wants her penny before she will budge. He sings, like a Chorus, the beauty and power of wedlock as a restorer and finishing teacher of all true love.

"If Memory, still remorseful, shapes
Young Passion bringing Eshcol grapes
To travellers in the wilderness,
This truth will make regret the less;
Mighty in love as graces are,
God's ordinance is mightier far."

Frederic next announces the birth of his first baby, which

"Guessed at once, by great good luck,
The clever baby, how to suck!"

The young mother's looks and motions are gracefully described "as there, lovely in love, she lay"—the best though not the most original line in the whole book. But the street singer's music breaks in at once in the shape of much vile twaddle about the baby's name and bringing up. In order that the babe's small mind may begin growing without delay, they are both agreed

"'Twill do to pin a certain shawl,
Too gay to wear, against the wall,
And let him learn to kick and coo
At lovely stripes of red and blue."

And just fancy a man past thirty writing thus of a new-born child:—

"It's clear he's clever from the way
He looks about, and frowns, and winks,
Which shows that he observes and thinks."

Jane's next letter to Mrs. Graham shows an improved state of feeling between herself and Fred. "Since baby came he loves me so!" They have something now to talk about, and if Frederic "does seem dull a

while," she can fall back on baby.
She would be happy, indeed,

"If quite
Convinced that Frederic was right
About religion; but he's odd;"

and smiled disdainfully when

"I showed him Thirty-three and four
Of Chapter seven, first of Cor."

Beyond this last couplet the force of inventive genius can hardly go. Dr. Watts and the poets of St. Giles are thrown into the shade for ever, and Mr. Patmore, if he is wise, will straightway turn his Pegasus out to grass, lest any future shortcoming might cloud the lustre of so great a victory.

In the Third Book Jane takes up her pen to acquaint Mrs. Graham with the usual nothings, followed by an account of Honoria's first visit to her house. In the second letter she herself is described by Fred's gossiping cousin, Lady Clitheroe. And so by one pen and another the thin chain of wretched small-talk gets itself spun out to the needful length. Barring some pretty lines in one of Frederic's letters, this latter part is one barren waste of words, in which only the creative fancy of a Ruskin can detect the beauties of a teeming garden. In one or two places the bald language and feeble ideas suggest somewhat of the mirth that comes from an outrageous melodrama or an infamously bad farce; as when, for instance, dear Fred closes an account of his picnic with the donkey-boy's remark to Jane:—

"To 'ave to wop the donkeys so
'Ardens the 'art, but they won't go
Without!"

But if any one with the least sense of humour or fitness in him can read this poem through, and profess to enjoy it as a serious work of art, all we can say is, we understand him not. If this is the style of poetry which modern readers are supposed to hanker after—if the baldest commonplace, the silliest details, the paltriest scrapings of tea-table philosophy, the mildest infusions of original thought go far in these days to make up an exquisite poem, then indeed have the heroes of the "Dunciad" been cruelly wronged, the tale of "Betty Foy" should have ranked above the masterpieces of Scott, Byron, or Shelley, and Tennyson has written his "Dora,"

"The Miller's Daughter," and the "Princess" in vain. Meanwhile we take leave to cling to our old heresies. "Mallem cum Platone errare quam cum his rectè sentire."

Being of this mind we would offer no grudging welcome to the bard whose poems fall next under review. In Mr. Stigant's "Vision of Barbarossa, and other Poems," there is an amount of fine poetry such as seldom meets the eye in a first volume by an unknown author. His Muse seems to grasp the lyre with no trembling hand, and to strike the chords with the touch and scope of a thorough master. Sensuous almost as those of Keats, but stirred by a wilder passion, and resonant with a louder clash of arms, are the strains he invites us to hear. His sympathies are mostly with the outer world, with the deeds and sufferings of other men, with nations groaning under the ills of priestly or secular misrule. If we smile at his prose tirade against Tories, and his eloquent defence of the Imperial Usurper whose hand has helped to raise trampled Italy from the dust, we can follow him heart and soul in the thunderous invective which, under the mask of a great German Emperor, he hurls at the spirit of that evil Papacy which has for so many centuries cheated and oppressed the world. Listen to Barbarossa, speaking from his enchanted throne in the mountains of Salzburg:—

"Oh, ye nations! oh, ye nations! though the
bigot gnash and wail,
Let no juggler ape God's terrors, for ye thus
to kneel and quail:
Dispossess the harpy tribe of triple crowns
and Peter's keys,
Need ye aught of Rome or Pope with open
hearts and praying knees?
Let no vulture's filthy garbage feed your
young ones in the schools,
Let them drink TRUTH'S living waters, not
Rome's poison'd scummy pools;
Take the blind from off the eyesight, strip
the cowl from off the brain,
And the light of Christ shall freely in the
darken'd conscience reign:
And when your souls for aye have burst the
papal prison bands,
Then ride I with my warrior hosts abroad
through all the lands."

And here is another spirited burst from the same poem:—

"Answer not one word, O Stranger, for no
man shall gainsay me,
Rome is Rome, and never changes in its
guile and cruelty;

If they cannot rack the body they will lacerate the mind,
 Tear the tongue from out the conscience,
 smite the eyes of genius blind :
 They'll hide themselves beneath the mask
 of civil right and good,
 Sing psalms of thanks when all the earth
 reeks up with noble blood.
 While the just and bleeding martyr they
 consign to lowest hell,
 Unto Carnage and to Havoc, they will ring
 the tocsin bell.
 When the town is heap'd with corpses and
 blood drowns the kennel mire,
 Their Te Deums and Hosannas will they
 sing in full-voiced choir,
 They will cram the gorge of murder with
 Christ's sacrament of grace,
 Kiss and wash with holy water its blood-
 spirted hands and face.
 O Europe, Europe, dare to say a lie is aye a
 lie !
 Stand up erect and face man's God in man-
 hood's majesty."

If he takes rather one-sided views
 of many things, we cannot deny the
 powerful writing that marks stanzas
 like these from his "Urbs Adum-
 brata"—a gloomy but suggestive pic-
 ture of our modern Babylon :—

"O London! swart dim workshop of the
 earth—
 O lazar Babel of this universe !
 Region of sighs and hall of tortured worth,
 O plague-spot ! black'ning out from worse to
 worse.
 Thick is thy monstrous breath with labour's
 curse ;
 Engine immense of man's primeval doom !
 Well o'er thee like the sables o'er the hearse
 Hang thy low leaden clouds in ceaseless
 gloom,
 O all devouring grave of children of thy
 womb !

Yet from the darkness of thy darkest hour
 Is whispered comfort. 'Mid the groaning
 choir
 Of speechless anguish, agonising power,
 There are still voices sounding even higher,
 Of quenchless hope and chivalrous desire ;
 Wait but the morn—then tender hearts shall
 meet,
 And love all glowing from the bright hearth-
 fire,
 Shall pass without into the busy street,
 And grasp the toil-worn hand there in com-
 munion sweet."

The poem whence we have here
 quoted seems like an unfinished essay
 of the author's, showing what he can
 do rather than satisfying us wholly
 with what he has done. As a picture
 it is vague, overcharged with shadow,
 and unrelieved by those brighter
 touches which truth demands, and art
 in this case would have allowed. A
 little more compression of words and
 fairness of sentiment would have

done more even justice to the noble
 music of Mr. Stigant's verse. Still
 we are thankful for such lines as
 these ; and going again over the dark
 field of unutterable crimes and woes,
 "amid the dreary wastes of penury,"
 where the toiling millions "work and
 want, and never end they see," dying
 "like beasts whose very life is dead"
 —among the haunts of Pleasure that
 "revels close to Horror's lair," or
 those of Fraud and Treachery lurking
 and working ruin to one man or many
 —or yonder where, by the Thames's
 "gloomy wave," sits "Tory Bufo,"
 once the boldest of Britain's patriots,
 and now the most evasive of smooth-
 spoken senators, we feel for the mo-
 ment inclined to withdraw our stric-
 tures, and to shift the burden of un-
 fairness from the poet's shoulders to
 our own.

Better than his short political songs
 are such ballads as "The Fate of
 Lorelei" and "Chatterton's Lament."
 In a longer piece called "Des Jäger's
 Gelubde," we follow the bold steps of
 the huntsman who swore

"the way he would find
 To the Jungfrau's frozen throne.
 The zone of her solitude he would unbind,
 And see the snow queen alone."

After many stanzas of rough but
 powerful verse, in which all the hor-
 ror and glory of the Alpine ice-world
 are passed in turn before us, we see
 the daring wanderer scale the very
 top of the Jungfrau's crest, to disap-
 pear for ever in a furious storm sent
 by the demons of the surrounding
 peaks.

"The Jungfrau she caught him up e'en as he
 fell,
 She built him an icy tomb,
 And she weeps frozen tears full oft o'er the
 cell
 Where he sleeps till the day of doom."

There is an affectation of rough and
 careless variety in Mr. Stigant's ballad
 measures which seems unsuited to the
 refined ears of modern readers, and
 unworthy of his own especial genius.
 In "The Vision of Barbarossa" an
 occasional line or couplet, like that
 which closes our first extract, relieves
 the sameness, while it marks off the
 several cadences of a long trochaic
 symphony. But in shorter pieces the
 melody should flow not indeed with
 insipid smoothness, but without those
 sudden breaks and bumpings which,
 occurring chiefly in the rudest of our

old ballads, may have escaped notice in the days when every song was set to its own tune. Mr. Stigant's excesses in this way can only arise from carelessness or mistaken views, for his best poems have an 'easy, simple music of their own, of which the following stanza, from "The Countess of Tripoli," is no uncommon sample :—

"As when a feverous maiden near her doom
Gets slowly well, so fair his face did grow,
And faint as blushes on the white rose bloom,
Flushes athwart his cheek would come
and go;
And all would sigh and think upon his tomb,
Who watch'd his pallid features' fitful glow,
And did mark how his curled and chestnut hair
Stream'd o'er his brow so silken, soft, and rare."

Steeped in soft music, and bright with its changeful colouring is the "Proem to an Unfinished Tale," a fragment of a poem which the author will do well to finish at his leisure. The following few lines will give a very faint idea of what is wholly beautiful, as far as it goes, both for its wealth of inward fancy and its sensuous reflection of outward things.

"Oh! from the time the sun comes o'er the hill,
While yet the dew upon the grass is chill,
When the brown lark first rises from his nest
Brushing some diamonds with his freckled breast
From off the lank, green blades which droop around
His lowly cot clean delvèd in the ground;
Oh! from the time he strains his feather'd throat
To send the flying stars some farewell note,
Give me from airy morn to careless stray,
Till tears of twilight mourn the dying day,
Along our southern downs' sleek-breasted swells,
Where golden gorse, and broom, and thymy dells,
Or plots of purple heath all ankle-deep,
Do sometimes spot the hillside's grassy sweep."

But it is in epic poetry that Mr. Stigant shines brightest. If the swallow-flights of self-uttered feeling are little to his taste; if he has no set scheme of moral wisdom to illustrate in poems short or long, he has the true minstrel's power—so rare in these days—of telling a good story in the most touching and tuneful manner. Give him a simple old legend of Provence or Champagne, and he will clothe it in verse almost as sweetly

fanciful as the "Eve of St. Agnes," and as movingly mournful as "Isabella." The fair reader who may shrink from the horrible close of "Raoul de Coucy" will find a pleasant relief in bending with the Countess of Tripoli over the last gaze of the love-smitten wanderer, who has come to die at her feet. A yet finer poem—indeed the finest in the book—is "Sampson and Dalilah," in which the author has handled with marked success a theme which would have utterly mocked the efforts of any poet endued with slighter or less varied powers. Here, indeed, we have a hopeful instance of what may yet be achieved by our modern bards, if they will but use their eyes and fancies less in puzzling over the hardest problems of a restless, self-scanning, scientific age, than in following out those poetic instincts by which all great artists of every age and walk of art have been guided in their upward way to fame. Of lyric poets we have more than enough; but the art of story-telling owns few professors, even among the crowd of novelists who thrust their special weaknesses upon us at every turn. As a sample of what can be done with a good historical subject, "Samson and Dalilah" will rank high among modern poems. No matter how old or trite the story of human deeds and passions may be, when he who tells it has genius enough to clothe it with a beauty and a meaning other than it had before. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum:" but Mr. Stigant has not failed even where Milton had trod before him. His presentment of the Hebrew Hercules struggling with the half-painful witchery shed upon him by the lovely Philistine who lures him only to his ruin, is full of quiet power, and maintains the dignity without marring the human interest of his theme. Samson is made no vulgar brute, nor less than ravishing is the witch whose black, rippling hair

"as it swung down below
Her fair round ankles, bound with flashing gold,
Waved undulations within Samson's breast;
Who on his elbow rais'd, with lion stare,
Couch'd like a lion, every move devour'd
From out the caverns of his huge black eyes."

As, under pain of a fearful death on her failing to coax out of him the fate-

ful secret of his strength, she soothes and maddens him by turns with all the skill of a perfect actress, we feel the violence of the storm that rages within the poor dupe's heart, and hope in spite of historical facts, that after one fierce quarrel between them he has left the harlot's dwelling never to return. All that day he wanders to-and-fro, tossed between the memory of his peaceful youth and the blissful flutterings of his mad love:

"And as the Libyan lion, in whose side
The Ethiop hunter, with unerring aim,
Has lodged the venom'd barb from hornèd
bow,
Dies not at once, but rages far and wide
Beneath the brazen surface of the sky,
And spurns the earth, and drags his sting-
ing side
Along the sand, and roars fit roars to break
The sleep of Thothmes in his pyramid,
And finds no easement till in kingly state
He lays his lifeless head upon the sand—
So 'twas with Samson."

Having quelled his rage for a while by slaying a tiger and a boar, he feels the old madness return at the lifting of his perfumed mantle to wipe his brow. Tearing off the tigerskin he had just put on, Samson turns back upon his steps, and ere eve we find him seated among the vines by Dalilah's house, plucking "the ringlets sour" to quench his thirst, and listening to the sounds of merriment not far off.

"And Samson felt so lone he well-nigh wept:
And from the melting mood a thought
flashed forth,
That yet there was one way by which he
might
Serve God, and not abandon Dalilah."

In his present mood the very softness of a summer eve woos him onward to his doom—

"Sweet was the dewy eve, and very still,
And shrinkingly the stars peep'd one by one
Through the blue sky, as though each fear'd
the day
Would see it, and grew bolder as it saw
Its sister bolder shine. The fireflies flash'd
And danced like little wingèd stars below.
Then Samson felt the mild reproof of eve,"

and hastened to put his purpose to the proof. It was a happy touch of art to make his better feelings the handmaids to his blind passion, with-

out doing the least violence to the facts related in the Bible. Throughout this poem, indeed, there is a truth-like breadth of portraiture which Tennyson's most ambitious pieces seldom if ever reach. Forgetting that the heart is deceitful above all things, the hapless Hebrew prepares himself for the meeting on which his charmer had forereckoned. That night's feasting is painted with a wealth of illustrative fancy which, elsewhere growing into a fault, seems here to add but the needful adornment to a most voluptuous theme. Spreading out wide "the milky wonder of her full round arms" to wind them round her truant lover, the cunning temptress draws him to her side, and, while the feast is making ready, sings to the music of her harp,

"holding aye
On him the magic of her dove-like eyes,"

and entrancing him with every charm by which art could set off her natural beauty.

"And, as she lay in grand simplicity,
A fulminating light of triumph glowed
All round about her, sure confiding in
Th' omnipotence of beauty, proud to be
As perfect beauty matched with perfect
strength."

After the banquet poor Samson unfolds his scheme in words pregnant with the simple earnestness of an old-world Israelite versed in the wonderful history of his race. Let them flee away together, he cries, and together live henceforth among his countrymen, praising the name of Israel's Jehovah. Turning on him "the melting fondness of love-languid eyes," Dalilah swears to any thing he will ask: a few words more reveal to her all she cared to know; and a drugged goblet leaves Israel's champion at the mercy of his foes. Dalilah herself receives a poetical justice at the hands of the rich merchant with whom she goes to live, and whom she afterwards forsakes for a wealthier paramour. And so ends a poem which few, we think, will read through without boding great things for its author's future, if only life be spared him, and the will to cultivate his powers to their utmost be not found flagging.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE dinner dressing-bell was ringing, as Ned reached the lodge, and he was glad enough to go straight to his own room without encountering either father or mother. Few lads spent less time at a looking-glass in general; but, on this occasion, few fair ladies would have spent more than he. In fact, the stone-splinter had left its mark upon his broad forehead pretty plainly; and he had much ado to master the unwonted task of coaxing one lock of his brown hair to hide it. When at last he came down stairs, he was glad to find a fourth person in the drawing-room, with Mr. and Mrs. Locksley. That would stave awkward questionings off a little.

"No fish, Ned?" said his father, "I suppose."

"Not a fin."

"Who left her without a kiss this morning?" said his mother, as he bent to her cheek over the back of her arm chair.

The fourth person was a man of business come to confer with Locksley upon some matter concerning my lord's estate. He was a well-informed and chatty man, whose conversation made the dinner unconstrained and tolerable. Once only, Ned felt his mother's look seeking what lay beneath the lock upon his forehead. She lifted it with her soft fingers as she passed him on her way out of the room, but dropped it without a word. "Only a mother's heart!" thought Ned, "only a mother's heart!" whilst the man of business was endeavouring to enlighten his father on the nature and value of railway scrip, a new and not over important item yet in the catalogue of marketable "securities." Clouds had come up at sunset, in spite of the past brilliancy of the day; so it was darker than might have been expected for the time of year.

"Any more claret, Mr. Robins?"

"No, thank you."

"And you must leave to-morrow morning?"

"Early, to meet the mail."

"Then I'm afraid we must shut

ourselves up in the study, spite of the pleasant coolness in the air after all this heat. It's an intricate business that Colnbrook mortgage, and will take us some time to look well through."

"Entirely at your service, my dear sir."

"Ned, tell your mother to send up a cup of tea down stairs later. I don't think she'll see us in the drawing-room again to-night."

He found her lying on a sofa, in an arched recess, by a window, the light from which went past, leaving her in half-gloom. He was glad of that shadowy darkness; he sat down in it close beside her on the floor, as he would have taken her hand in London. But she laid both hers gently upon his head, and drew it down to her own breast. Then she lifted the concealing lock again, and said, almost in a whisper—

"I fear the wound is deep, Ned."

"What! that scratch, mother?"

"No, Ned! not that wound; but the other!"

"What other?"

He disengaged himself from her hold on him, turned, faced her, and was sorry now for the deep twilight which lay upon her countenance, dimming the lights and lines whence he might have read an answer.

Both were silent. But, through the shadows, the soft light, streaming full of tenderness, grew luminous between her own eyes and her boy's. At last he saw, and saw that she saw. So he let his head sink, till it rested on her breast again, and said,

"Yes, mother, very deep, indeed."

His ear lay so close that it heard the quick throb quickening, and the words once more came thrilling him.

"Only a mother's heart!"

How could he think of wringing it by leaving her? He would carry out her hopes, as truly as his own regrets for burial, to that far East, towards which his face was set! By what right would he do so?

"Did you guess it, then, dear mother?"

"No, Ned. Fool that I was; how can I forgive myself!"

He was startled by a bitterness so little like her usual gentle mood. He put his hand upon her heart as he withdrew his head again, and felt the bound.

"Are you angry, then, with me for this?"

"No, my poor boy, my darling; not with you. Angry with *you*, indeed!"

"With whom, then, dearest? Not with *her*?"

Lucy was half-indignant at his eagerness to absolve, nay, to battle for her, who had filched his heart from himself and from his mother. But, half-ashamed at her own indignation, she said nothing.

"Who told you, then?"

"Her mother."

"Was *she* angry with me?"

"She said not; only sorry."

"Well, that was kind of her."

"Ah, but it hurt *me* more! I never knew till now the cruelty of pity."

Then, again, both were for some time silent.

"How came the cut upon your forehead?"

"From a splinter of a stone I smashed."

"Then *you* were angry; that's an old angry trick of yours. Angry with her, or with her mother, Ned!"

"With neither."

"With yourself?"

"I *should* have been."

"But were not. Tell me, then, with whom."

"I was high up on the moor, and could overlook the tree-tops at Rookenhams!"

"Oh, fool, and blind!" she cried, starting up. "Not you, Ned, no my darling, not you; but your mother, here. I never thought of Royston for her, no more than of you, my poor boy. Are you sure of it?"

"Almost. And I think Royston is."

Then he told her; for, somehow, he could keep nothing back just then, how near the Dresden vase on Lord Royston's mantelpiece had been to sharing the fate of the splintered stone. He told her also of Mrs. White's chattering surmises, and of the way in which her random words had stung him to the quick.

Lucy's purpose had not faltered during all the long hours of that day,

which had seemed weeks to her, waiting for this heart to heart talk with her son. Had it done so, his last words would at once have steadied it.

"He must go," she thought, "since it is plain that Lady Constance will not. If Rookenhams is to be her home for life, it is as if she were fixed her life long here at Cransdale. To be pricked to death with pin points is exquisite ignominy no less than exquisite pain. Severance may bring sadness; but continual contact, such as theirs would be, can only breed fretfulness or savagery. My Ned shall go, were pangs of parting to kill me."

Little wonder that the lad felt more and more as if the subtle, sympathetic stream between her eyes and his were searching out the very deep of the spirit within him. Part from her! It seemed as if the power to will—could he still wish it—were being drawn from out of him, by that strange magnetism of a mother's victorious love.

"But what took you, my dear boy, to Rookenhams? I should have thought it the last place where you would have gone to-day."

Then came the story of the idiot child and his sick mother.

"Poor woman! only think how she must have increased the hardship of the struggle for a livelihood by living miles off from her work up there. What a magnificent self-sacrifice!"

Oh, what luxury to hear him say so! To hear him marvel and admire at what she had it in her own heart to outdo. It sent a thrill through her, almost too delicious to be lawful. Stay! was that so, or was it not? Could self-indulgence be blameworthy rising, unsought, out of self-sacrifice?

"Yes, Ned! But she did it to keep her boy."

"To keep her boy," thought Edward; "so that is full explanation is it, and dwindles down the marvel in a mother's eyes? To keep her boy! That then is full satisfaction for a self-devoted mother's heart—'Only a mother's heart!' Ah, yes, I see. 'Only a mother's heart!' very true!"

Again there was a long spell of silence. Edward looked out at the open window, where a thinning space upon the cloudy sky-field, showed that the moon's forceful gentleness was melting the heat mists away. But he

still felt his mother's look stream on him, and knew that her eyes did not go wandering forth into the summer night.

He was now sitting on the lower end of the sofa and she near the head of it. Presently she drew nearer him, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, said :

"When do you go, Ned?"

"Go, dearest ; go where?"

"To India."

"Oh, mother, mother!" He put his arms about her so manful tenderly. "I was selfish, ungrateful, cowardly. I will stay here."

This also was delicious, with deliciousness pure beyond suspicion. She paused to drink it in and savour it. They had not stolen *all* his love from her!

"My Ned, I cried this morning in my first pain. My Ned, yes, *mine*, for he will stay with me."

And he was hers. Yet,—ah, she was spared knowledge of the cruel yet!—yet, as she put her mother lips upon the spot where Constance's had been upon his forehead, there was a shiver in his heart, as if the newly-buried love had stirred within its living grave, because the seal on it was touched.

"You stay here, Ned? Have you counted the cost?"

His was a very truthful soul ; a few moments therefore passed before his answering :

"Summed it up in the rough ; but hardly looked at items."

"And you are ready to pay?"

"Cost what cost will."

The moon's disk by this time was clear of mists. A silver beam came slanting into the arched recess. Her son could see by the moonlight, as her husband had seen by the glare of day, that a mystic smile was making some sweet glory upon her face ; but he was no better able than his father to spell its full meaning out.

She turned away from him on a sudden, passing her hands between the sofa and the angle of the wall. A clink, as of brass rings and buckles, struck his ear ; and a gleam, as of burnished metal, flashed on his eye when she turned again.

"See, Ned! I cannot give you your old lady-love ; but I can give you instead. Does not the 'Sword' call it a 'steel bride'?"

"What is it, mother, dear?"

But the words were idle ; for, as if a magnet drew his fingers, they had at once an iron grip upon the hilt.

"You know it well enough, Ned. Your grandfather's old sword."

One hand was on the hilt, the other on the scabbard. He drew it—scarce an inch or two, thrust the steel down quick into the sheath again and held it back towards her.

"Do not tempt me, dearest. I said 'cost what cost will.'"

"God bless you for your will to make the costly sacrifice, my son. May He accept it!—in such sort as we do—your father and I—taking the will for the deed ; for we are well resolved to take no more from you. I will not call your wound a mere boy's fancy, Ned. A sorrow piercing your heart wounds my own too deep for that. But young flesh and young spirit are akin, when both are pure and healthy as I joy to believe yours, my darling. Their wounds heal firm and clean when nothing frets and gangrenes. This home would be a sickly hospital for you. Here you would have a thousand petty throes to regain your heart's mastery ; and you might fritter away in them a thousand times the strength which would give it you, wrestling elsewhere."

She had fixed her eyes again upon him, and the love-stream flowed from them ; but not now as before. They were sitting upon the sofa, not side by side now, but almost face to face. Ned had both hands upon the hilt of the sword, which had its point upon the floor. His head was propped on them, and he was looking at his mother as if he would try to read her inmost thought. But living books can scarce be read save when their life is passive, or when its energy is not directed full on the would-be reader. And there was a might kindled in those soft eyes of his mother's which forbade the attempt to sit and merely read their meaning. His heart and mind seemed fairly subdued to hers.

"Something strange has waked up in me, dear boy. A pride *for* you of which my old pride *in* you had not made me yet aware. You know that I am sorry—oh, how sorry, how sorry!—for you, Ned, and for me. Yet, I am glad. This quiet nest-life

here, green summer-life, snug winter-life—it is no life for *you*, *your* pulse beats too quick for it.”

She stretched out her hand, whose soft fingers felt along his wrist for the veined passage where she might time his young blood's bounding.

“How could I think—it must have been wishing, not thinking, all along—that it would flow so gently dull as ours! I don't say now that I would have chosen a soldier's calling for you. But I would have you live a strong life; and since you have chosen, be it so—a strong soldier's.”

Then she drew near him, and passed her arm round his waist; and because she felt certain now that in herself and in her boy there was a strength that would not weaken nor grow soft, she drew his head once more upon her shoulder, and they sat silent and

still. When her lips once more touched that same spot on his forehead no pang quivered within. Presently they heard the father's footsteps on the stairs, and the parting “good-night” of his business guest. Then Locksley came in, and Lucy rose up with her boy and went across the room to meet him. She took one of his hands and laid it upon the hilt of the weapon, which Ned yet held in one of his, and said—

“Robert, you give your own son—do you not—your gallant father's sword? He wants to carry one, and I have told him that we wish it too.”

“Take it, Ned, as your mother says,” was all his answer. The film had come again across the summer moon, so the son saw not the salt beads which rolled over and out of his father's eyes.

CHAPTER X.

“WHAT'S up at the Locksley's, I wonder,” quoth his Lordship, sauntering into the room where his mother and Lady Constance were, his hairy doggie close upon his heels; “Ned and his father drove over before breakfast to meet the London mail; and there's something queer about Mrs. Locksley's eyes.”

A quick look passed between mother and daughter; but they were saved any need of speaking by the entrance of a servant with the post-bag.

“One for me,” said Philip, opening it. “Scotch post-mark; that's from Macphail, I bet, to know whether Skye came safe. Beg, Skye, beg; here's news from your kennel! One for my lady. Royston's fist apparently.” And he gave it to his mother.

“The next is a whopper!—official, as I'm alive! It must be my commission; and I'm a grenadier for good!—Hooray!”

Suddenly that “something queer” of his easy slang came into his own mother's eyes as well. No such need her's as Lucy's, to steel her heart against pangs of utter severance; still the boy was gone one step farther from her side. She drew him to her, almost unconsciously, and with nervous fingers would help him to break seals and tear envelopes. But Lady

Constance left the room, and presently the house.

She had seen the light quenched in her mother's looks as it kindled up in Philip's, and she could not rest for thinking of the blight which must have fallen upon Lucy's joy.

She wondered whether in her heart her old friend had begun to hate her. Next to her own mother, there was no woman whom she loved so well. At her knee, as at a second mother's, she had grown to womanhood. Countless memories, countless endearments, a thousand trifles, which make a girl's life sweet, bound her to Mrs. Locksley. And she felt, with unerring instinct, that Ned's love for herself had cost that dear friend her son.

On her heart's knees she longed to crave for pardon—but for what? For being lovely? For being lovable? At least for having seemed to be such in an almost brother's eyes? The very thought of having such self-consciousness made blushes burn under her satin skin.

Wherein had she wronged Edward? Not the strictest search of self could herein convict her of a single willing fault.

Wherein had she wronged Lucy? That were as hard to say. Wronged was not just the word. But if Lucy's son had missed his footing on some

towering cliff, and fallen, because Constance, clad in white, had neared him, all unknowingly, and he had taken her for some sad ghost—what then? Would she feel shriven of her guiltless guilt until his mother's very lips had spoken absolution?—No!

Therefore she must speak to Mrs. Locksley face to face. And because her heart was brave, as well as tender, she must needs speak at once. And when they were come face to face, either did seem ghostly to the other. Ghostly, not ghost-like, for it was broad daylight; and each stood revealed to the other in real shape and true proportion; but the ghostly element, the spirit which was in either, seemed to have unusual mastery over the outward frame and expression of them both.

They spoke and spoke plain to one another—neither uttering a word.

Lucy was sitting where Lady Cransdale had found her sitting the day before. The same bit of muslin-work in her hands; but both hands idle in her lap. She sat upright, and looked straight out—not on the green lawn, not at the feathery cedars, not over the brown moor, not up to the summer sky; but miles and miles off by the thousand, into the far East and into the coming years, looking at what should befall her boy.

Lady Constance came straight to the open window, and stood opposite her; and yet, for a long time, did not intercept her straining sight; and seemed at last to shape herself and grow distinct upon its field, gradually, as when a spy-glass is shortened till the focus is come true. And as Lucy felt fully conscious of her presence by degrees, so she felt conscious of a pleading power of rebuke in Constance's lovely violet eyes, as they looked on her. Constance knew nothing of that; but Lucy felt it in her inmost soul.

How dared she call her, last night, "his *proud* lady-love." Such heart-entreaty, such strong humility, such noble pitifulness, withal such consciousness of right, as now confronted her, what could these have to do with vulgar pride! "Unjust!" said the spirit within.

Love-light is complex; and though the glories of the passionate ray were wanting, yet Lucy saw that beautiful countenance—as she had never seen

before—in some rays of the light in all of which her son had seen its loveliness.

She shook her head, and said in a low voice, yet loud enough to fall on the girl's ear—"No wonder!"

As if the spell which had kept her across the threshold, were broken, Lady Constance came in, knelt down by Lucy's side, took her unresisting hands and kissed them, and murmured—

"Forgive me for breaking in upon your sorrow, Mrs. Locksley; but I could not keep away."

"Then, you know why he is gone?"

She hid her face in Lucy's lap, and said—

"I fear, because of me."

"And tell me, Lady Constance, do you know where he is going?"

Something harsh vibrated in her voice, whereat Constance, though still kneeling, looked up, as if to meet a challenge. Firm, in perfect gentleness, she looked her friend again in the face, and answered deliberately, though without hesitation—

"I think so; but am not quite sure."

Great deeps had been broken up in that mother's troubled soul, and strange lightnings were still playing over their turmoil. Constance caught one flash of them; but did not shrink from nor resent its glare.

Yes! It was hard hearing, that she who would have none of his love should yet have known his life-secrets before herself, who loved him more than life. But, after all, the storm was even now retreating; and though the flash were seen, no roll of angry thunder came.

"Dear Mrs. Locksley," said Lady Constance, rising and taking seat beside her, "I will hide nothing from you of what I know. It is only now, this moment, under your troubled glance, that I remember how words of mine may have influenced your son in any wish to leave you; if, indeed, as I gathered from what he told my mother the other day, he thinks of leaving you for India."

It was some sort of consolation to gather hence that the jealous surmise was not wholly true; that her boy's secret wish had not been long before-hand delivered into other keeping than her own.

"He is gone to town with his fa-

ther to seek an appointment in the Indian Army; but he is gone, Lady Constance," she spoke with tremulous eagerness, "at my own earnest entreaty and request."

"Thank God for that at least," said Constance.

"Why so?"

"Because—because—perhaps I am selfish; but I should have found this sorrow much more hard to bear, had dearest Ned's sad heart turned to rebellion against you—against a mother so loving, and I will answer for it too, so dearly loved."

"Why did you call that 'selfish, perhaps?'"

"Because in presence of your grief, and his, I had no sort of right to be thinking whether what sorrow I might have to bear were less or greater."

"That is very nobly said?"

"Is it? I did not know; but spoke the simple truth."

"Then you are sorry, indeed?"

She had no need to speak in answer to the question. Lucy saw that; but persisted:

"For whom are you sorry? For me?"

Constance raised her friend's hands to her lips, and kissed them, so tenderly.

A momentary gleam of a wild hope shot through Lucy.

"Look at me full once more, Lady Constance. Are you sorry—ever so little—sorry with ever so faint a shade of sorrow—for yourself?"

Her breath seemed cut off as she wrung the beautiful girl's hands in the agony of that inquiring, beseeching, almost despairing moment. It was like the failure of a dying person's grasp, to feel her fingers fall away, as she turned back her head from the truth-telling eyes of Constance.

"Ah, well! But you did say you were sorry for him, too. Have you none of that for him to which pity is kin? Do you not love him a little?"

"No, dear Mrs. Locksley, not a little. Because I do love him, as I told him, so very much. He is my brother, and must ever be so."

"Then you do not"—she hesitated, and her eye dropped before her younger's, and she felt a flush of shame at asking an unworthy question; but, there, it spoke as it had

spoken in her heart: and it was better to let it cross her lips and kill itself with its own sound, perhaps. "You do not despise him?"

"I should despise myself if I could do so. There must be something tenderer in ties of blood than of the earliest and closest intimacy. So, of my two brothers, there is a sense in which I love Philip best; but I never was blind to the nobler loveliness of Ned."

Sweet pain to hear her say so. Sweetness in the true verdict; pain, in the passionless calm of the true judge.

"What were those words of yours, then, which may have influenced his longing for this Indian soldiery?"

"Indeed, indeed, I never thought of influencing him; but we have often talked of India, and of that great Eastern Empire, and I spoke as I think of it."

"And how may that be?"

"As a grand field for a great-hearted Englishman."

"So you have sent him to reap there with a sword!"

"I never meant it so: never dreamt of doing it. But if I have done it, I will not say that my sorrow for him—for *him*, mind you, dear Mrs. Locksley—is on that account."

"Why not?"

"Because great fields want reapers of great heart, and Ned is one."

"Thank you! How well you know him! Oh, could you but have loved him as he loves you. Well, well! Forgive me! That could not be. No! could not. I understand now, Lady Constance, dear: it could not."

She was conscious of the stir within of yet one other question, which she had no right to put. But the wrong of putting would be too wrongful. She would not let it look out at her eyes, much less take frame upon the threshold of her lips. She was a woman even before a mother, therefore she would not yield to the temptation of affronting the frank and beautiful girl's womanliness. Her voice sunk at the "could not," without insinuating "why not?"

Constance rose to go. Lucy rose too, and by a mastering impulse held out her arms. And they were locked in close embrace, murmuring, "Forgive me," and, "I have nothing, no, nothing, to forgive."

Lucy's tears fell fast when she was once more alone: but calm was returning to her heart as the showery veil falling leaves the blue vault bright again.

"Hallo, Con!" cried the Earl, as his sister came back into the room where he and his mother were still in conference.

"Where on earth have you been all this time, and what the mischief makes you look so grave? Queer eyes seem all the go this morning."

There was no use in concealing what must so soon be known, so she answered:

"I have been to Mrs. Locksley's."

"Oh, you have! Well, what's up with Ned?"

"He's gone to London with Mr. Locksley to make interest at once for a commission in the Indian Army."

"What! Ned gone for a sodger, and a sepoy, too! Are you gone cracked and crazy, Con, or is he?"

"Not I, for certain; and I should think not he."

"This is a rum start! No wonder Mrs. Locksley's eyes were queer!"

Lady Cransdale shook her head—a shake which he rightly interpreted as against his own inveterate slang.

"No, don't, mammy dear, don't, and I won't. I'll use dictionary words all right. I can come out strong in that line at a pinch. But you must allow that there is something catastrophic in this unexpected development of Mr. Edward Locksley's predilections for a strategical career! Why, let me see, when was it? Only the day before yesterday, as we rode over about Tommy Wilmot in quod—I beg pardon—to the locality of Mr. Thomas Wilmot's temporary detention by the constabulary authorities of the county"—

"Don't be silly, Phil."

"Well, there's no pleasing you both. Lady Cransdale won't have slang, and Lady Constance won't stand the dictionary. But anyhow, as we rode out together two days ago, this would-be "griffin"—technical Indian term, my lady, not Eton slang—was discussing his prospects as a Freshman at Christchurch next October Term. So I've some right to call it a 'rum'—a remarkable catastrophic incident, I mean."

"There's something sudden about his determination," said Constance,

since something further must be said though she scarcely knew what: "but he must have turned his thoughts to India long ago, for we have often talked of it together."

Her brother looked at her sharply with an expression of extreme surprise.

"What, Con! Is your finger in the pie? Have you been recruiting for the Honourable E.L.C! What more I wonder?"

He jumped up, and was going out when his eye caught a letter on the floor under the table.

"Let's see, what letter's this. Why, it's Royston's. Is that the way you pitch about your correspondents, my lady?"

Lady Cransdale had dropped it unperceived, in her agitation at the receipt of Philip's official communication. He picked it up, and as he gave it to her, said:

"What says the Under-Sec., my lady?"

"Dear me!" cried his mother when the note was opened, "it's just as well the letter caught your eye, P. Ring the bell, will you, that I may have some one to have the rooms in the east wing ready."

"What, is he going to 'cut' the office for a day or two? I mean the noble lord about to tear himself from his public avocations in favour of a temporary rustication here?"

"Yes. His chief is come to town. he writes, and has given him three days' run. He'll be with us at dinner this evening."

Trouble upon trouble. Constance felt what brought him, uninvited, to spend his three days' holiday at Cransdale rather than at Rookenhams. It disturbed her deeply that he should have come just then. What would not Lucy's sore heart surmise, with its motherly pain to sharpen its womanly keenness! And poor dear Ned—Ned so truly dear—would he not think it cruel when he should hear that Royston was come, on the very day when he himself was driven from his childhood's home! Then, why did Philip eye her as he was doing—as he had done from the moment she had owned to some knowledge of Ned's Indian inclinations—as he had seemed to do with quickened inquisitiveness from the moment he had picked up Lord Royston's letter!

Did he suspect that she had wronged Ned; or did he fancy she would trifle with their kinsman; or, by what right did he imagine, if indeed he did, that there was any relation between her and him which could make trifling possible; or—but who can tell the million moods into which a maiden's heart will ripple under the breath of such thoughts and feelings as were moving Constance?

Firm and self-possessed as she was most times, she found it hard to keep an outward calm in this inward agitation. Do what she would the rising sob could not be kept from bringing teardrops up to hang on the long lashes of her eyes. As she left the room, still under inquisition of her brother's look, her mother followed and took her hand outside the door and pressed it, turning down the passage another way without a single word. What strengthening and consolation in that one gentle grasp of a mother's hand; what assurance of full understanding and pledge of hearty sympathy!

Small helps are great to strong spirits. Her nerves were strung again before Lord Royston came. Philip was at first full of his own affairs; so there was plenty of embryo guardsman's talk to keep conversation going. Then, in spite of the "not-a-soul-in-town" state of the metropolis, there were several somebodies about whose weal or woe, changes and chances, questions must be asked and answered, or information volunteered. Those were days before wires, and grand trunks were the only lines on which rails ran. Cransdale was remote from any such: the budget of London news was therefore fresher, and its unpacking less to be dispensed with than now-a-days.

"By-the-bye, Lady Cransdale, there's been one official change in which you may take some little interest. Sir James Macfarlane has got a 'liver,' so Barrington goes out to India in his stead. You know Barrington, don't you?"

"What! old Lord Bamford's son? Of course I do. Why, Royston, he's a connexion of yours, on your mother's side. Old Lady Bamford was a Fitzhugh."

"Was she? Well, I had forgotten; but your word is as good as 'Burke's

Peerage' for it. So Buffer Barrington's my cousin, is he? It's a pity I don't want any thing Indian, that I know of, or I would claim cousinship by the next post, and tender your ladyship in proof of pedigree."

Constance's heart leaped up at the words "Any thing Indian!" Could Barrington do "something Indian" for Ned Locksley? she wondered. And if he could, how bring herself to ask for Royston's interest with him? To ask a favour is, sometimes, to grant one, so great and so significant, that the giver, who has no misgiving as to the effect of the petition, has many touching the dangerous generosity of making it.

"But surely Barrington's young for such an appointment, Royston? And I don't know that he has ever distinguished himself so very much."

The Under Secretary laughed outright.

"It's rude of me, Lady Cransdale, but I can't help it, I declare."

"You silly fellow, what are you laughing at?"

"The notion of *young* Buffer Barrington! He's about the oldest fellow going, is the Buffer, I should have said."

"Just hear him!" retorted her ladyship.

"There are no young people now-a-days. I suppose, in five years' time, you'll be sending Phil out to command in chief."

"A very sensible notion, mammy," cried that recruit of to-day. "I shall have mastered the goose step in its remotest intricacies long before then, and be quite fit for high command. Now, mind you book that hint, Royston. I shouldn't so much mind a turn of Calcutta, if I went 'in chief;' but I go for nothing under."

"Do provincial governors have aides-de-camp?" ventured Lady Constance, who felt as if, after all, it would be treason to let slip such an opportunity.

"By George! well thought of, Con!" bounced Philip, with a sudden energy that showed her there was no use in cautious approaches any longer.

"A shoal of them if they like, I fancy. Lady Cransdale knows best. Your ladyship must remember how it was. But why do you want to know? Guardsmen are, I take it,

eligible ; but Phil says he won't go under command-in-chief. Aides-de-camp are a trifle below that mark."

"St. John's Wood is jungle enough for me," said Phil. "I'm not the aspiring aide-de-camp."

"Who, then?"

"I'm not sure that there is any in the case. But we were thinking of Ned Locksley."

"But Christchurch men can't be aides-de-camp, any more than ensigns can command-in-chief, eh?"

"Ensigns, indeed! Ensign and lieutenant, Mr. Under Secretary. None of your civilian sauce, if you please."

"Excuse 'a pékin's' inadvertency," quoth the other, with mock solemnity. "But what on earth do you mean by mixing up Ned Locksley with Indian aide-de-camps?"

"Fact is, some freak has taken him; he's gone for a sodger; struck his friends all of a heap, in consequence."

"Phil! Phil!" said his mother.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I wished to convey to your lordship intimation of the fact that Mr. Edward Locksley's embracing a military career has been somewhat precipitate, and productive of some perturbation in the circle of his immediate connexions. That's right now, mammy dear, isn't it?"

"The long and the short of it is," said Lady Cransdale, "that Ned has determined to enter the Indian service; indeed, he is gone to London to settle about his commission; and we, of course, are on the alert for any thing which can forward his interests in India."

Constance understood with what skilful and kind interest her mother had thrown out that "we, of course." She sent her across the table a glance of gratitude in return. Her mother saw it and readily understood its meaning. She would clear Constance at once of a petitioner's responsibility.

"Now really, Royston," she therefore went on to say, "I should take it as a personal kindness to myself if you could make play with 'Buffer Barrington,' as you call him, whether 'young' or 'old.' That is, if Ned goes to his Presidency. We shall soon know that."

"I'll move heaven and earth, Lady Cransdale—that is, such portions of

them as comprehend the Buffer's universe—to do your bidding. Indeed I should be very glad to do what I could for young Locksley's own sake. I don't know a more promising boy anywhere, though, somehow, he never seemed to take to me much."

"Boy!" mocked Philip. "Here's Royston coming the Pater conscriptus with a vengeance!"

"Oh, ah! Young man, I mean, of course, Phil, begging ten thousand pardons. I forgot Ned was your senior."

"Boy!" thought Constance, in her inmost heart. "Ah, poor dear Ned! If he could have heard *him* say it!"

She thought, moreover, deeper still within, that she could furnish Royston with a clue to that "somehow" which seemed inexplicable.

After dinner—the evening was exquisite—they went walking on the lawns and terraces. Constance kept close to her mother's side, and seemed to cling with nervous apprehension to her arm. She was usually so frank and fearless in every step and gesture, that her evident shrinking from him could not escape Lord Royston. The wit and wisdom of that rising young statesman suffered in consequence intense depression.

"Tell you what," said Phil at last; "you're about as jolly as a walking funeral, the lot of you. Skye, man, come here; we'll have a weed together, and let those solemn parties stalk about without the pleasure of our company." So he sat down on the grass, lit his cigar, and proceeded to worry the poor doggie with puffing smoke into his nostrils, till he snapped at him in desperation.

Lady Cransdale, after this, managed to get Lord Royston to the side of her, where Phil had been—a manoeuvre which by no means augmented the cheerfulness of that official nobleman, but for which Constance hugged the arm on which she was hanging. And so they went, in spasmodic conversation, up and down and round and round, till they found themselves upon the rim of the marble basin of Constance's corner. Some of her rose leaves still swam on the water; some were sodden, and had sunk under it. A caddis grub, or some such creature, had rolled one up and plastered it slimily with bits

of stick and small pebbles. Constance shuddered to see the crooked leglets of the wee crawling thing, moving it along the smooth bottom of the big marble cup.

"Are those your rose leaves, Con?" said her mother, she hardly knew why.

"I suppose they are. Let us go back, mammy dear."

As they turned to go, she saw that Royston did not at once turn with them; but though his knees were not yet bent to reach the rim, she felt that he would do as Ned had done, and skim some of her pulled rose leaves off the pond.

Quick as thought, and with as quick a pang of pain and girlish shame, she left her mother's arm and turned towards him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Please not, Lord Royston!"

He looked more hurt even than startled.

"Why not, dear Lady Con——No! Dearest Constance, why not?"

She only shook her head; hurt, likewise, at having let herself be startled into doing as she had done.

"No answer, but your sweet will? Well, that is law for me."

There was such grace of manliness in his submission, that Constance could not leave it quite unrewarded, so she said—

"You shall have an answer, but not now."

Then she went forward quickly, and linked her arm close into her mother's, as before. Royston was wise enough to take his place also where he had been, upon the other side of Lady Cransdale, and they went slowly towards the house, none making many words.

But Philip was ready to rattle away again when they came in, having to demonstrate, among other things, the urgent needfulness of a return to town with Royston, when his three days' leave should end. The new soldier togs and trappings must be bought and tried.

Lady Cransdale did not wish to part from him unnecessarily soon: she and Constance would go too. So Cransdale House stood empty by the time that Mr. Locksley returned with Ned, an officer in the Company's army.

CHAPTER XI.

"WELL, what sort are the 'griffs?' " asked Captain Rufford of Lieutenant Jones. "How many of 'em are there this time?"

"Three, seemingly," he continued, unhooking his sword-belt; "one's a milksop to look at; I didn't notice the others. Here! messman! kidneys with the coffee; and jump about a bit!"

"A little badger-bait's about the thing, then, eh? By way of introduction to barrack life?"

"Bait, by all means; but without a badger; unless the others are more 'varmint' than the one I noticed. He wouldn't snap if he were drawn out of a barrel by the bung-hole."

"Ugh! the sneaking animal! But there's no knowing, after all, my boy. Some sneaks will snap under judicious provocation."

"Ah, well, we'll see. Here! messman, bitter beer? But how about the Major, Ruff, my boy?"

"Major's a muff. I'd give a trifle to draw that old humbug's den itself.

He's gray enough to do the badger to the life, he is!"

"Gray enough? And grim enough, I believe ye. If he bit, he'd make the teeth meet, or I am a Dutchman."

"Wouldn't he?" re-echoed the Captain, with a scowl, which showed pretty plainly that he looked upon his senior officer with some worse feeling than a mere "fast" man feels against a mere "slow coach."

"Did you hear the old rascal's remark about that business with the cards at the Queen's depôt last Friday night?"

"Not I," said Jones, a cruder scamp than his companion, and more compunctious withal. "To tell you the truth, Ruff," and his voice lowered to the confidential pitch; "I've my doubts myself whether young Archer should have been allowed to play. He'd had an overdose of wine, you know."

"I can't say that, as a principle, it's a good plan, in the long run, to let 'green' parties drink so deep be-

fore they play ; specially when they're green enough to make play pleasant without it, Jones, my boy. But then, one mustn't look a gift-horse in the mouth ; and that amiable ensign's cheque for 'fifty' came at such a nick of time, that I couldn't afford to take the scrupulous view, do you see ?"

"What nick of time ? Any thing more amiss than usual ?"

"Don't you remember the thirty guineas lost upon the Battery-nag that won the hurdle-race. That Artillery Jenkins had been dunning me most inconveniently."

"Oh, ah, well, I'm glad you've paid him something ; stave him off me, perhaps, for I'm ten pound wrong with him on the transaction, I am."

"Humph ! What's the milksop's name you mentioned ?"

"Garrett, I think."

"A very nice name at the bottom of a cheque, no doubt. That sort of young man comes from home with credit at a bank most times. Quite as good a name as Archer, eh ? Do quite as well for Artillery Jenkins ?"

And Captain Rufford looked hard at Lieutenant Jones, half-sounding, half-suggesting.

"Perhaps he don't play."

"Perhaps not."

"But one might teach him. No ! confound it, Ruff ; that business of Archer's not blown over either !"

"Can't see that Archer's business is any of yours ; excuse me, Jones ; but I'm not prepared to say it's your downright duty to teach Mr. Garrett the use of his cards. He won't want for tutors, I dare say, should he wish for them."

"Certainly not ; no, certainly not."

And the lieutenant kept moving his coffee-cup round and round, half way between the table and himself, peering at the grouts in it, as if consulting some cabalistic oracle. After a considerable pause he began with diffidence again :

"Perhaps, if that's your game with him, we had better not have any badger-baiting ?"

"Whose game with whom ? You're coming out in the sphinx line, Jones."

"None o' that, Ruff ; you know what I mean."

"Do I ? Hum ! Well, speaking abstractedly, mind you, and without personal or particular reference ; but

as a mere general speculative theory, I am inclined to think that badger-baiting, upon first acquaintance, is a doubtful means for captivating the shy confidence of a junior ; but one can't be cock-sure of anything. Some colts want rough handling at once when taken up from grass, some coaxing."

"Ah, very true," said Jones ; "yours is what I call practical philosophy."

"Yes, very practical ;" wherewith the captain took to reading *Bell's Life* with determination. Jones knew there wasn't a word more to be got out of him just then.

Presently came in Major Anderson, commanding the Honourable Company's depôt at Chatterham. The dust had powdered his undress frock almost as gray as Indian service had grizzled his sandy locks. His adjutant was on the sick-list, and he had taken that duty on him this dry morning as well as his own command. The very slightest and stiffest courtesies, consistent with military etiquette, passed between him and his juniors ; and when he sat down at the long table, to his moderate refectation of tea and toast, he availed himself to the utmost of the privilege its length afforded, of keeping at a considerable distance from them.

By-and-bye the messroom door again was opened, with sound of rattle and clank outside, and loud calls upon the messman's immediate attention. Then came in, pell-mell, a whole squad of hungry youngsters, for the more part noisy, laughing, and talkative, the one graver face and steadier step among them being Ned Locksley's.

"Sharp-set with drill, young gentlemen ?"

It was a grating voice, with a rasp of drill-sergeant's hoarseness in it, but by no means unkindly ; nor was it an unkindly twinkle which came from the small gray eyes, whose corners were fine-drawn with crowsfeet.

"It's yourself I'd ate, Major," answered an unmistakable brogue, "if it wasn't for the Mutinee Act and Coorts-martial."

"Poor pickings you'd have of it," quoth the threatened one, "to say nothing of bones to choke such a cannibal, should you fall foul of my carcase, Mr. O'Brien."

"Well, Major, it's osseous iligance your figure displays, for certain, rather than fleshy divilopiment."

"Ah, well! Six months' cantonments at Churrucknagore will strip some vascular superfluities even from your sturdy frame, youngster, to say nothing of six-and-twenty years' campaigning."

"True for you, Major, dear; and I told me frinds to take a good look at me at parting; shure the better they'd know me now, the worse they'd recognise me whin home on lave again."

A laughing chorus of subalterns, easily pleased with a joke, was followed by a storm of shouts for the messman. He came in at last with a waiter in attendance, and three or four soldier-servants. A crash of knives and forks followed, with occasional pop of ale-cork or fizz from soda-water. Lieutenant Jones came down from the top of the table, and made his way out, nodding to one or two of the youngsters as he went. Captain Rufford sat where he was, not so wholly absorbed in his sporting oracle as not to keep his ears well open or not to send a searching glance round the corner of its broadsheet now and then.

"The military art stands on a praycarious footin'," began O'Brien, after the disappearance of a beefsteak of abnormal size.

"How so?" said the Major.

"Shure the goose-step as raycintly practised by the present company"——

"Shop!" cried another, "let's adone with drill for to-day, Pat."

"With all me heart—for to-morrow too, and the day after, into the bargain, savin' the Major's presence."

"Drill's better than dawdling," caught up another voice, "what's to be done till dinner-time?"

"There's cricketing somewhere down the Long Meadows," another answered.

"Cricket be blowed—it's too hot for out-of-door amusements, I say."

"Bedad, thin," broke in O'Brien, "if it's too hot for you here, Mansfield, it's little enjoyment you'll have of the Major's cantonments at Chokerychore, or whatever the name is."

"Claret cup and cards, with a nigger to keep a wet flap flapping, might help," suggested Mansfield.

Captain Rufford looked sharp and

hard round the corner of his paper at the utterer of such congenial sentiments. Major Anderson eyed the speaker also, with a very different expression, from his crowsfooted eyes. Mansfield was not a bad-looking boy, but of unwholesome complexion. There was an aping of premature manliness and an affectation of off-hand manner about him, which seemed to be a protest against his own evidently boyish appearance and age. Men of the Rufford stamp read "possible dupe and probable confederate" on such countenances as plain as on a placard.

"Humph, young gentleman!" said the Major; "if that's your notion of what an Indian officer's life should be in cantonments"——

"Ah, Major dear," rattled in the Irishman, "if it's Tilimachus ye're coming over us now; shure drill itself is an aisier divarsion for youngsters."

"Telemachus, sir?" asked the Major, rather sternly.

"Ten thousand pardons, Major," he answered, quite unabashed, "it's Mintor I mane, to be shure now."

Roars of laughter, in which the senior had the good sense himself to join, greeted the blunder, and under cover of it the party broke up. The Major and Locksley went out side by side, some of the others following. Three or four stayed on in the mess-room; among them young Mansfield and another subaltern, with whom Rufford was acquainted. The Captain put down his newspaper, and as he sauntered by, said to his acquaintance, "Introduce me to Mr. Mansfield, will you?"

Meanwhile the Major, whose gray peering eyes had scanned Ned's firm and handsome features closely as they crossed the barrack-yard together, made up his mind that their possessor was a lad worth looking after.

"Pray, Mr. Locksley, how do you think to kill time this afternoon? I didn't hear you say, when the other youngsters were in discussion."

"No use to murder such a determined suicide," said he.

"Well put, indeed. It's a foolish phrase for a more foolish thing. I'm glad you're of that mind, Mr. Locksley."

"My words are wiser than my wishes, I fear, Major, this morning;

for to tell you the truth, the latter are in the Long Meadows already."

"Oh! you're a cricketer?"

"I have been," answered Ned, with just the least unconscious touch of a very young man's assumption of old experiences.

"Belong to any club?"

"The Eton Eleven."

This, with a not unpleasant spice of the school pride, which an old soldier's "esprit de corps" could well appreciate. The Major made half a salute, with a genial gravity very pleasant to the younger man.

"Indeed! I beg a thousand pardons. They must be praying for you down there then, if they suspect so great an acquisition to the garrison side. But what keeps you from them?"

"Well, I had meant to 'sap' a bit this afternoon, till those fellows talked about the match, sir."

"Sap a bit? I didn't know there were siege operations to-day. Besides which, you're not for the Engineers, you know, so"—

Ned laughed outright.

"It's a bit of old Eton slang I should apologise for, Major; and being translated means to stick to one's books."

"So you read, do you?"

"A little."

"Of what, may I make bold to ask?"

"Well, of siege operations, I suppose," and he laughed quietly once more. "I've bought a book on fortification, and begun it; and I have got as far as cutting the leaves of a Hindustani grammar."

"So!" said the Major, whose self-esteem as a physiognomist rose many degrees forthwith. "I'm not much of an engineer myself; but a tolerable 'Moonshee.' If you want help with your Hindustani, I would do my best to give it you at any time."

"Really, Major, you could hardly do me a greater favour."

"I'll tell you what it is, sir, you come and take a quiet chop to-night, at seven, with Mrs. Anderson and me, unless you'd rather not miss dinner at the mess; and we'll settle about the grammar lessons out of hand."

Ned thanked him heartily, saluted, and on the strength of such educational assistance in prospect, thought himself entitled to exchange his regimentals for a suit of "flannels," and take his pleasure for that summer where wickets stood or fell.

His stood longer than most men's; and when a fatal "twister" took the legstump at last, the "garrison" side, as well they might, cheered loudly the new champion, at whose score the "citizens'" faces had been growing blanker and blanker still.

Mrs. Anderson was rather an insipid lady, not having perhaps always been destitute of vital savour; but having parted with much of it under fierce Indian suns. She was a well-bred woman, however, and received her husband's young guest as such an one should. Tasteless in the passive sense, she was not wholly without power of taste in the active. So Ned discovered when she roused herself to animation in praise of a certain Mrs. Grant, whose absence she regretted.

"How very provoking, Major, really. Didn't you say the Captain said his wife had promised him to be back by the early mail to-day?"

"Yes, I did, dear; for so he did," answered the Major, in words of one syllable, like a child's primer.

"Oh, Mr. Locksley, I can't tell you how disappointed I am. I feel confident you would appreciate Mrs. Grant. You've been brought up among great folk yourself, I hear, and so was she, poor thing, and is well worthy of any place among them now, for all you find her a poor paymaster's wife. I think her very beautiful still, though she's no longer so young as she was; and so does the Major, I believe, after all, though I reproach him with his indifference to her good looks. I don't see that a wife should be jealous if her husband admires one of her friends—do you, Mr. Locksley?"

"What a silly woman!" thought Ned; but he, luckily, did not think aloud, and only bowed acquiescence.

"No, certainly not; indeed, if he fails to do so, in a reasonable degree, he slights the sex, and vexes me; Major, I've often told you so."

"But Mrs. Grant's good looks, Mr. Locksley, faded or not, are nothing to her mind and manners, are they, Major?"

"Old Grant coming up, ma'am," said the Major. "Hear his bootheels on the stairs, better hush up!"

"Oh, Captain; you haven't brought her! how could you disappoint me so? She's been gone three weeks, the

day before yesterday; and said when she went, she wouldn't stay more than a fortnight."

"It's very kind of you, to miss her so," said Captain Grant, with a look of gratitude and satisfaction, which made Ned repent of his hasty judgment upon Mrs. Anderson. There must have been something better, on her part, than affected admiration of his wife, to make the captain speak and look thanks as he did.

"Well, and what has kept her?"

"Amy had a headache; and, though her mother thought it of no great consequence, and would have come away, her aunt wouldn't hear of it; so the 'route' was counter-ordered."

"But we shall have them to-morrow?"

"I suppose so; but I don't know by which coach, late or early."

"I won't ask her to come up here to-morrow, then, if she comes by the late one; but will drop in upon her myself after tea. You must promise, however, to dine here the day after. I want to introduce Mr. Locksley to her. I dare say they have friends in common. Do you know Mr. Locksley? Allow me; Captain Grant, Mr. Locksley."

Then she turned to Ned, and said, "I hope you *will* dine with us after to-morrow?"

He was half inclined to excuse himself, being bored beforehand with Mrs. Grant; but the Major's Hindustani was too precious to be jeopardised for a caprice. So he accepted. Captain Grant was likewise cordial enough upon a first acquaintance, when he had heard from his old friend, the Major, of Ned's studious turn.

"I shall be glad to see you at my quarters, Mr. Locksley," said he, as they sat over their wine. "I only regret, as Anderson does, that it's so hard, here especially, for oldsters to get on with youngsters!"

"Why specially here?" asked Ned.

"Because we are like a sieve here, with holes so large that every thing goes through. We are a mere passenger depôt, so to say."

"But don't you think the youngsters get younger now-a-days, Grant?" quoth the Major. "More boyish, and more thorough rattlepates altogether?"

"I am not so sure of that, Major; but I'm thinking it's more certain

that the oldsters get older. I can mind you with chestnut curls, Major, not to say red outright; and we are grey enough now, the pair of us."

"True man, very true; yes, very true indeed," said the Major, with a sigh, and a sip at the port. "There's one thing I will say for the credit of the modern griff; he don't drink as his forbears did."

"That's fifty per cent. increase upon his chances of coming out right at last," said the other.

"So it is; but there's that gambling is the curse of the garrison just now. I hope that's not one of your vices, Locksley?"

"'Tis a thing I hate and detest," said Ned.

"Ah, well; I needn't preach to you to be upon your guard on that score," said the Major, who looked into Ned's countenance, and read again there that neither lie nor craft were kin to the nature of its owner. He turned towards the Captain.

"Did you hear of that affair of Archer's, Grant?"

He nodded a grim assent.

"I hate a bark without a bite; but if I could only fix the thing upon that 'leg' of a Rufford, I'd bring him to a court-martial as sure as"—

"Coffee, sir! Mrs. Anderson bid me say, was in the drawing-room, to-night."

When Edward, two days after, met the Grants at the Major's, his estimation of Mrs. Anderson rose considerably. Admiration, so well placed, could not well be affected. Mrs. Grant was charming. Her "mind and manners" specially, little as Ned liked the term. As for her beauty, youngsters' eyes are less indulgent than oldsters' to that fading of charms which even Mrs. Anderson admitted. Ned's also were specially fastidious, having an image of rare perfection ever in them yet.

But there was no denying the grace of feature and expression, which gave a charm that would not fade to the face of the paymaster's wife.

There are some faces, winsome indeed of love; but which seem busier in giving than in winning it—faces on which the sorrow-lines show more of the sweetness wrought by sorrow than of the bitterness of its working-hours—faces on which the joy gleams are never insolent with selfish exulta-

tion ; but ever radiant with a generous, unselfish glory. A brother that had lost a loving sister, might find on such a face a life-like reminiscence of true sisterly sweetness. An orphan that had never known a mother, might almost spell out on it what mother's love may be. A lover, whose love should be thrown back on itself in deepest disappointment, might catch such consolation on it, as grows of learning how love looks, purified from passion. It was quite true, that, as Mrs. Anderson had phrased it, "she had been brought up among great folk ;" not among them only, but of them. Her manners had all that admirable self-possession, which scarcely true self-forgetfulness can give without the added advantage of the best social discipline ; yet she was so perfectly, and kindly, and naturally, at home, just where she was, that there was no sense of incongruity aroused between herself and what surrounded her ; none of that uncomfortable consciousness that one of the company has come down from a pedestal, expressly to be put upon a footing with the rest. There was music in her voice when she spoke ; melody, though little power, when she sang ; what is rarer, melodious music in her laughter at the loudest.

Her mental cultivation was evident even in the interchange of chance conversation with one of so poorly furnished mind as Mrs. Anderson. She knew some persons whom Edward knew, more yet about whom he knew ; so they were soon on almost intimate terms, though he had not yet accepted the Captain's invitation to visit them at their quarters. Perhaps he waited till it should come from her ; for she was the last lady in the world with whom, for all her sweetness, any one would venture to take a social liberty.

But Ned was often at the Major's, who was as good as his word in the matter of Hindustani, and who for all his long familiarity with the spoken language, found it no child's play to satisfy the grammatical and scholarly queries of one who had stood second in the sixth form at Eton.

One afternoon, as he came out from the Major's den, with grammar and lexicon under his arm, as he might have come erewhile out of the crusty presence of old Keate himself, he

heard a childish voice exclaim, in tones, which, but for transparency into treble, might have been Mrs. Grant's—

"What a big school-boy ! With a soldier's coat on !"

"Oh, for shame, Amy !" answered Mrs. Anderson.

"Why for shame, Aunt Susie ! I'm not ashamed ; and I don't think he is. He looks like a good boy, too."

"And so he is, Amy !" laughed the Major's wife. "Go and shake hands with him."

She hung down her head, and shook a forest of golden curls over her face, out of which her large eyes scanned him, then she shook back the silk-curtain, and with entire confidence went up to him, and put her fingers into his outstretched hand.

"My name is Amy—pray, what's yours ?"

"His name is Mr. Lockley," said Mrs. Anderson, before he could answer for himself.

"That's not a name at all," answered Miss Amy, pouting : "Nobody calls me Miss Grant ; and I call you Aunt Susie, though you know you're not my aunt a bit ; and other people call you Mrs. Anderson."

"My name is Edward—will that be better ?" he said, not a little amused.

"Is that what your brothers and sisters call you ?"

"I have none," he said.

"Oh, dear, that's just like me. Then you're an only child ?"

"Just so."

"Then what does your mother call you ?—you have a mother, I believe." She said these last words in a voice as silvery as her own mother's ; and her mobile face stole a sweet anxiety as if, child as she was, she dreaded having set inadvertently some chord in vibration in another's heart.

"Yes, thank God, I have, Aunt Amy, and a very, very dear one."

"And she calls you ?"

"Ned."

"Very well, so shall I."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Anderson, looking up suddenly just then at the clock, "it's nearly half-past five. What shall I do to get you home, Amy ? I promised your mother you should be home by this time. I can take you myself, for I have to go somewhere with the Major, and my little maid is not come in."

"Perhaps," said Ned, good-humouredly, "you would trust her with me, Mrs. Anderson."

"Well, if you would be so kind, I should be very much obliged to you."

So Amy's hat was tied on, and her gloves found, after considerable search, in possession of a tabby kitten, under a sofa; and after kissing Aunt Susie, who hugged her with the longing of a childless woman, unsoured by her childlessness, she set off in high spirits with her new friend. She insisted, however, upon his leaving the books behind; it looked so much more like a school-boy than a soldier to have them under his arm, she said.

"I like all soldiers, even drummer boys, for I've always lived where there were soldiers. But I don't like school-boys. There were three where we've been staying, mamma and me; and they were very rude to me; and tied knots in my hair; and one of them broke the nose of one of my dolls besides."

"That was a pity, certainly; but most dolls' noses get flattened some time or another, I believe."

"Yes, I believe they do. But then you know my dolls are not like most dolls—not a bit."

"Indeed! What are they like, then?"

"Oh, you shall see, since you are coming home with me. I like showing my dolls—to sensible people, that is—you know."

"And do you think I'm one?" he said, much amused with the child's grave way of saying it.

"I'm sure of it."

"Pray why? Because of the big dictionary?"

"Well, just a little bit for that, perhaps—not much though."

"For what else then, Amy? I should like to know."

"Should you? I'm not sure I shall say."

"Don't, if you don't like to."

They walked on for a minute, without a word from either. Then Amy shook her curls, and looked up at him, with her mother's own expression, and said—

"Yes, I will, then."

"Will what?"

"Why, tell you why I am quite sure that you are sensible."

"Well, and what makes you sure?"

"Because you are so good-natured and good-humoured; and yet your face is sad."

Ned winced a little under the diagnosis of the clever little physiognomist.

Presently he had another proof, as he took it, of her quickness at reading countenances.

"Who is that captain?" she asked, when two officers, coming the other way, had passed them.

"Which captain?"

"You know there was only one," she answered,

"Yes, I knew; but how did you?"

"How very silly! By the gold lace, to be sure. Didn't I tell you I had always lived where there were soldiers? Of course I know one officer's uniform from another, else I should be a little goose, you know."

As he made no reply to this, she returned to the charge.

"You didn't tell me who the captain was, though."

"His name is Captain Rufford."

"Do you like him? I don't."

Again he took no notice of her remark, so she went on again.

"Mamma says I am not to talk about my likes and dislikes. Perhaps you are going to say so too. But I can't help it: I don't like that captain. He looks so greedy."

Ned smiled; she noted it; and said quickly—

"We needn't talk about him any more, you know."

"This is Mr. Locksley, dear mamma," she said, taking his hand with graceful action, and leading him towards her mother, as they entered the little drawing-room of the paymaster's cottage.

"Yes, Amy, I know it is," answered Mrs. Grant, rising to shake hands with him.

"Oh, you know him, then!" cried Amy, disappointed. She had thought to have the whole credit of his first introduction at home.

"Yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting him at Major Anderson's."

"Perhaps, though," brightening up a little, "you don't know what his name is, mamma."

"His name, dear Amy! Why, Locksley, to be sure."

"That's not the name I mean; but his own name—what his mother calls—"

him. He says he has a very, very dear mother, and she calls him Ned. So shall I."

"Amy, dearest, you must not be rude, and take liberties."

"No, darling, I won't; but I shall call him Ned. Of course he likes that name best, since his mother calls him so. Come into this corner, Ned, and you shall see my dolls."

Mrs. Grant was about to remonstrate, but guessed, from Ned's manner, that any remonstrance would be as much against his grain as Amy's. She took up the work just laid aside, and left them to their own devices.

"You see the doll's box is not like a common box for dolls to live in, is it?"

"Not at all. It's a Ceylon box, is it not? I have seen some like it before, but never one so large or handsome. How beautifully it is inlaid!"

"Yes, isn't it?" It was given to me long before I can remember, by a brother officer of dear papa's. I was quite a tiny baby, then, and the regiment lay at a place called Tricky? Trickery? I can't remember."

"Trichinopoly?"

"Ah, yes! that's it. Mamma has got a gold chain made by the native jewellers there."

Then she threw open the lid of her ivory chest, and drew herself back to let Ned look in; and perhaps to judge the better of the effect which the sight of its treasures might produce upon the mind of the beholder.

"Not like most dolls, are they?"

"By no means, Amy. How well dressed they all are: and all differently!"

"Yes! This, you see, is the poor Ayah. It was her delicate nose those rude boys broke. I've had it glued on again, and the seam painted; but you can see where it was done, if you hold her up against the light. The nose-ring was lost, you know, which was a pity. The bangles on her arms and legs are all right though, and they are real silver. My Ayah was dressed as like this one as possible."

"Indeed? Had you an Ayah then to nurse you?"

"Yes; for I was born in India."

"So was she!" said Edward, dream-

Who? the Ayah? of course she

"No, not the Ayah; but a lady,—I mean some one I was thinking of." And he blushed up to the very roots of his hair, catching up the next doll to hide his confusion and escape farther questioning.

"This is a Welshwoman, is she not, with the linsey-woolsey petticoat, and a man's hat on her head?"

"Oh yes, she is the last of my family. Mamma dressed her for me not six months ago, when the regiment was at Pembroke. You see now what my plan is with the dolls. I have one in the costume of every station that we spend any time at. Here's a Greek from Corfu, I don't remember much about that though. And here's an Andalusian, that was copied exactly from a girl's dress at Gibraltar. But here's my pet of all, except poor Ayah." And she kissed the face so rudely mutilated by her enemies the school-boys.

"And pray what dress is hers? Another Spanish one, I suppose, with that black mantilla."

"Dear me, no! that's not a mantilla, but a 'faldette.'"

"Well I am no wiser for knowing that. So tell me what countrywoman this little lady is, with the black silk hood, that's not a mantilla?"

"Why, she is a Maltese, to be sure; and that's why I'm so fond of her. See, here's her Maltese cross, of real gold filigree. Oh, I remember Malta very well, and our little house at Sliema, and the orange-trees at Bosco, and picking mushrooms out at Gozo—just as well as if it were yesterday. Were you ever at Malta, Ned?"

"No, never; but I shall go there on my way out, you know."

"Out where?"

"To India. I am not a Queen's officer like your papa; but a soldier of the Indian Army."

"Shall you go soon?"

"Yes, very."

"Well, I am sorry for that; for I wanted to be great friends with you. I say, though, is India very large?"

"Very; what makes you ask?"

"Because you might meet Ayah if it wasn't: and I would give you a present for her. Mamma always says she was such a kind nurse to me."

Then she showed him the little drawers, inside the inlaid box, where there were a few spare dresses for

the dolls, and other childish treasures. When all was inspected, and he was about to leave the corner, she put her hand in his again, and asked :

"Are you going now, Ned?"

"Yes, I think I must ; so good-bye, Amy."

"Good-bye, Ned. But I want to ask you one more thing before you go."

"What is it?"

"I want to know the name of the

lady you were thinking of—the lady that was born in India too."

He hesitated ; had there been pertness in the child's face, he would not have answered, "Constance."

"Constance!—that's a very pretty name. And does she call you 'Ned?'"

"She used to."

"Oh, indeed ! Well, good-bye, Ned."

THE WELLINGTON PAPERS.

It is at all times an edifying spectacle to behold a son employed in doing honour to a father's memory. The homage of reverence and obedience inculcated in the Commandment was never meant to be merely personal, as regards parent or child. The duty survives, though he be dead who is to be honoured. The promise of length of days implies the world's approval of him who has fulfilled the pious obligation. The wisdom of the law manifests itself under a variety of aspects ; and many are the considerations which combine to render the petition appropriate, when we pray that our hearts may be inclined to keep it. In its primary acceptation it includes the principle of moral subordination. It is the sanction of parental authority, which is itself the groundwork of social order. But it has a higher and a more extensive significance, and suggests the tone the offspring should assume with regard to the parent, as the interpreter, the exponent, the advocate, the champion of his existence, standing forward to vindicate the memory of the dead in the eyes of the living, and exhibit the ancestral proportions as they deserve to be exhibited, and as they only can be, when the moulding hand of circumstances has ceased to find the clay plastic to its touch. But, further, to honour a parent is to do honour to one's self, whether the act be one of obedience to his precepts, compliance with his intentions, vindication of his character from obloquy, or, as in the remarkable in-

stance before us, illustration of that genius and those achievements which have rendered the inherited name amongst the most illustrious of even our illustrious aristocracy. This duty may be performed with more or less completeness, according to the degree of ability brought to the pious task, and the extent of zeal animating him who has undertaken it. There is scarcely a limit to its scope. For instance, it might reasonably be considered that the world had already in its hands the book of the life of the Duke of Wellington. Not only had innumerable memoirs of that great man's career familiarized us with its most trifling features, as well as with its main outlines ; but the literature of his official existence was supposed to have been gathered and garnered long ago ; and the world might have been justified in coming to the conclusion that it possessed, in what was already before it, the whole life of the man

"*Votivâ—veluti depicta tabellâ.*"

To what an extent it would have been mistaken had it thus judged, the present copious collection affords satisfactory proof—a collection not even yet exhausted, though volume after volume has issued from the press, and although it is known that a considerable number of papers, belonging to a period of extreme interest and importance, originally deposited in safe hands in this city with a view to their preservation, have hitherto eluded the most diligent search of the son, and are

most probably irretrievably lost. Vast, indeed, were the resources of the mind which poured itself out in such apparently inexhaustible streams—valuable indeed to the world of to-day is this irrigation, as it might be called, from these head-waters of wisdom—and of commensurate importance are the services of him who has undertaken to bring the flow within every man's reach, to be applied to the moral and social culture of the present and of the future.

It is not our intention to take up the whole of the series already published, containing as it does, the supplementary despatches, correspondence, and memoranda of the Duke of Wellington from the commencement of his public career to the year 1813, embracing both his civil and military achievements during that period. The subject is so extensive, that to attempt to increase the field of view sufficiently to include the whole, would be either to reduce the details to microscopic proportions, or to omit so much as to fail of making good the promise of our title. What we propose to do—and it is, after all, perhaps the most satisfactory course—is to turn to the volume having more especial reference to this country, and see how the genius of the man born to influence so powerfully the destinies of modern Europe, exhibited itself when brought into exercise in the comparatively subordinate position and confined sphere of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The present work, as we are told by the editor, will have its close at or about the epoch of the Battle of Waterloo. It will be left to a later day, and perhaps to another hand, to collect and give forth the memoranda of the subsequent periods of the life of the illustrious Irishman. With one of these periods—that of 1829—Irish interests were once more to be identified. Should we ever be put in possession of these, we shall have before us and be able to pronounce upon the motives which really induced what has been always considered as the most questionable, perhaps unintelligible, act of the Duke's life, considering his antecedents—however the modification of public opinion may have since led men to acquiesce in what he was then so conspicuously instrumental in bringing about. A

glance behind the scenes will often explain a mystery. Such a glance is seldom obtained till the actors are off the stage. In this case, a few linger still. We shall have the true story of the Peel and Wellington Administration then first revealed to the eyes of the world, when the last survivor amongst those who belonged to it has quitted the scene, and contemporary criticism has passed into history.

In the mean time, let us be thankful that we have so much. The policy according to which Ireland was governed during the first ten years after the union of the two kingdoms was effected, is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the correspondence under review. We say clearly illustrated, for one great merit these letters possess, and which gives them an emphatic historical value, is the healthy consistency of their tenor, affording evidence of their having been penned in conscientious and earnest conformity with certain rules of action carefully studied and deliberately adopted. The principles of government, such as they were, were those of the Viceroy, the Duke of Richmond, and the Ministers with whom he acted. The principles of action under which they were administered, and the prescribed policy of the Viceroy was carried out, were the Secretary's own. The distinction ought not to be lost sight of.

Few men saw more clearly than this young military importation from the plains of India how Ireland actually stood with respect to England, and as an integral part of the British empire, at the period at which he assumed the duties of Chief Secretary—namely, in April, 1807. It was at the spread of revolutionary opinions which at that time was most to be apprehended. Two attempts at rebellion, grounded on these principles, had been suppressed; and on the Continent the struggle of a great nation for liberty had ended in the riveting on of fetters scarcely less galling than those which had been broken and cast away. The danger at the moment was, that the great European military despot, who beheld in England the most powerful obstacle to his designs, might avail himself of the condition of Ireland, partly disaffected, inadequately defended, and advantageously circumstanced as the theatre of irre-

sion, and make a sudden descent upon that island, in the hope of establishing a footing there, by means of which he might attack England to advantage. To avert this danger the Government saw that there were two lines of proceeding which they might adopt simultaneously. One was, to strengthen the national defences of the country, and avail themselves of every advantage offered by its position, population, and resources; the other, to frame and carry out such a system of dealing with the existing political and social difficulties of the country as would have a tendency to remove the main grounds of complaint, and finally engender a feeling of mutual confidence between the governing and the governed.

A great obstacle still stood in the way of the adjustment of the Irish question. Mr. Pitt had, at the time of the discussion of the Legislative Union, pledged himself, in case it was accomplished, to the introduction of measures having for their object the admission of the Irish Roman Catholics to a participation of the benefits and privileges of the British Constitution. The fulfilment of this pledge was prevented by the scruples (conscientious no doubt, if mistaken) of the King, who considered that he was bound by his coronation oath to refuse his sanction to any recognition of the political rights of that section of his subjects. The effect of the disappointment was manifesting itself, at the time we speak of, in repeated representations and remonstrances from the Roman Catholic body in this country, and more especially from the priesthood. This was beyond the province of discussion. It was a state of things which could not be helped. The business of the local government was to prevent the mischief from spreading farther, and to make the best of things as they were. Unfortunately, a duty of another nature devolved upon the Irish Secretary. In the words of the editor of these volumes—

“The violence of the Opposition in Parliament increased the difficulties of government, and it was considered necessary to maintain a strong majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The attainment of this object was materially assisted by the exercise of patronage in the wide field afforded for its operation

by the separate executive establishments of Ireland, then abounding in appointments to light duties and heavy salaries.”

In short, we find two classes of responsibility imposed upon the Irish Secretary—conflicting to a certain extent, yet both having to be submitted to. He was expected to “job” the patronage; and he was to reform, and at the same time to fortify and protect the country. It is to the credit of the illustrious man who undertook to exercise these somewhat antagonistic functions, that the minutest details now brought to light do not exhibit the deviation of a hair’s breadth from the line of honour; and that demonstration is here afforded that, taking up, as he was made to do, a system admitting of so much that might be questionable and objectionable in its application, he applied it as conscientiously and as truthfully as if it had been perfect, and never allowed himself to aid, by a single act of duplicity or word of equivocation, measures which he was bound to carry out, and for the morality of which he was in no way responsible. A military disciplinarian himself, he took the word of command without questioning it; but he exercised it in the spirit of a soldier and of a gentleman. After a careful perusal of this volume we are enabled to state that he never even hinted promises which he did not think he was, or might be, able to fulfil; that he raised no hopes where he did not believe there might be a reasonable expectation of their being fulfilled; and that he reproved or threatened nobody except for acts or words in themselves really, or in the estimation of the Government, culpable. He took, we repeat, the word of command. His power was limited and circumscribed. He was, for certain purposes, no more than the local agent of the Minister in London. For other purposes, he was free to examine, to inquire, to learn, to compare, to conceive, to suggest, to undertake, to elaborate, to carry to completion. The task of strengthening the hands of Government in Parliament by inducements on the one hand, and by something little short of menace on the other, no doubt occasionally devolved upon him. He performed it scrupulously and to the letter. The work of developing the

resources of the country, of maintaining order, of encouraging industry, loyalty, enterprise, self-reliance, was gone through with equally indefatigable and conscientious assiduity, and with more heartiness. Certain passages in the correspondence show how little some of the duties expected to be discharged by him were to his taste—as, for instance, the following, which occur in a letter to Lord Manners, under the date of the 11th January, 1809 :—

“We are expected by the ministers in England to govern the country as it ought to be governed, and to dispose of the patronage to the best deserving; to secure a majority in both Houses of Parliament, and at the same time to grant the favours of the Crown to those who may have the ear of the Ministers and solicit them in England.

“It may be very proper to promote to the county chairs the candidates deemed the *most* deserving; it may also be very proper to attend to the claims of gentlemen residing in England for a share of the patronage of the government of Ireland; but, to use a vulgar phrase, ‘we cannot eat our cake and have our cake;’ and if this system be persevered in, Ireland cannot be governed, and the Ministers must not expect the support of the Irish members.

“I certainly feel strongly what I have said; not on my own account, for I have no personal objects in this country, and have not recommended to the Lord Lieutenant a person of any description, excepting on public or political grounds.”

Here was the rigidity of a system constraining the functionary who was bound to carry it out. See how liberally, and with what judicious consideration, he deals with a party question, using the name of the Lord Lieutenant, but evidently expressing his own sentiments :—

“*To Brigadier-Major Beevor.*

“Dublin Castle,

“SIR, 1st June, 1807.

“Sir Edward Littlehales has communicated to me your letter of the 29th May, relative to the wish expressed by certain of the corps of yeomanry in the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy to celebrate the battle of Vinegar Hill, which I have laid before the Lord Lieutenant.

“It can never be the wish of his Grace to check that sentiment among military men which prompts them to celebrate the achievements of themselves & their brother soldiers, convinced

as his Grace is that the encouragement of this sentiment and the recollection of former achievements urge those who have performed great actions to a repetition of their exertions, and to an imitation of them those who have not had such an opportunity. But in the case under consideration the wish of the corps of yeomanry does not apply only to the commemoration of a military achievement; and it appears impossible to celebrate the victory at Vinegar Hill without recalling to the recollection, not only of those who celebrate, but of the country in general, the persons over whom that victory was gained, and all the unfortunate circumstances of the times which concurred to bring about that state of affairs which rendered that battle and victory necessary. His Grace cannot believe that those who wish to commemorate their military achievement are desirous to hurt the feelings of others, however blamable and guilty they may have been; and he does not suppose that they can wish to perpetuate the memory of the unfortunate circumstances which led to the contest in question.

“Upon the whole, the Lord Lieutenant is desirous that this commemoration should be avoided, and that, if possible, these unfortunate disputes should be forgotten.—I have, &c.,

“ARTHUR WELLESLEY.”

And again, commenting upon a letter of Mr. R. Stearne Tighe, on the subject of National Education :—

“As you have desired it, I will tell you that in my opinion the great object of our policy in Ireland should be to endeavour to obliterate, as far as the law will allow us, the distinction between Protestants and Catholics, and that we ought to avoid any thing which can induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate and distinct from those of the other.”

Where the conduct of a military officer commanding a district is the subject, the rule of duty, though laid down clearly, is temperately expressed. In a letter to Brigadier-General Lee, under the date of the 7th of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley, after recommending that the commanding officers should make himself acquainted with the characters of those persons in his district on whom he will have to rely for information, proceeds as follows :—

“It frequently happens that the people who do commit outrages and disturbances have some reason to complain; but, in my opinion, that is not a subject for the

consideration of the general officer. He must aid in the preservation of the peace of the county, and in the support of the law; and he who breaks the law must be considered in the wrong, whatever may have been the nature of the provocation which he has received.

"It is possible that grievances may exist in the county of Limerick; provisions may be too dear, or too high a rent may be demanded for land; and there may be no Poor Laws, and the magistrates may not do their duty as they ought by the poor; but these circumstances afford no reason why the general officer should not give the military aid which he may have at his command to preserve the peace, to repress disturbance, and to bring those to justice who may have been guilty of a violation of the law."

A special object with those who were concerned in appointing to his Irish post the young officer who had recently distinguished himself so highly under his brother's administration in India, was the development of the defensive resources of Ireland against foreign invasion. The course of events, after the changes of half a century, having once more brought round a state of things in which apprehensions have been entertained, in some degree similar to those which prevailed in 1807, it becomes practically and not merely historically interesting to ascertain what were the views of the great military genius of the age on that question. It would appear, indeed, as if some of Sir Arthur Wellesley's ideas had been partially carried out at the present day, as in the instance of the permanent encampment on the Curragh; while the vast advance in the means of locomotion—and, what is more gratifying and more important, the improved spirit which pervades the population—suggest a certain modification in others; but in the main they possess their original value, and demand consideration in proportion to the authority of their author. In a letter to Lord Hawkesbury—the Earl of Liverpool of a later day—of the date of 7th May, 1807, Sir Arthur, replying to the inquiry of the minister, enters at some length into his views as to the measures best calculated to avert the consequences of a descent upon the shores of Ireland. The propositions he lays down are the following:—

"That Ireland is assailable by the ene-

my on all parts of its southern, its western, and its northern coast; that in case it should be attacked by a body of the enemy sufficiently large to give employment to a large proportion of the regular troops, the people in all parts of the country would rise in rebellion: that Ireland must ultimately depend for its defence upon the resources of men and military equipments which it should receive from Great Britain."

As a remedy for the evil stated in the first proposition, Sir Arthur Wellesley proposes to establish a naval station in Bantry Bay. This he merely touches upon, as he considers the evil stated in the second proposition as of much greater magnitude. He takes it for granted that the operations which the British army would have to carry on would be of the nature of those in an enemy's country. There was too much reason for coming to such a conclusion at that day. In this respect we may be permitted to hope that the observations of the strategist may be, in a great measure, inapplicable to the present time. Besides, as has been already remarked, some steps have been taken, in the interval, in the direction herein pointed out. Sir Arthur Wellesley states that there existed, at the time, no secure depôt of provisions or military stores, no magazine, no place of any description which might not be taken possession of by the insurgent population, under the direction of French officers. Thus all would depend on the event of one battle.

In conformity with these views, he lays it down that Ireland, in case of invasion, must be considered as an enemy's country; and, as such, he proposes that fortified places should be established in different parts of it. These fortified places are not intended to be places of refuge for an army, but magazines and stores along the lines of defence, to be selected with a view to the different points which may be attacked by an enemy. And they are to be constructed not with the idea of maintaining a defence against the enemy, but with reference to the protection of the magazines and stores against the insurgent population, and against a *coup de main*. He proceeds to state his conviction that such centres of defence will prove permanently useful in the government of the country; and in case

of any outbreak or insurrection, will form a rallying point and support to the operations of the force which might be employed in keeping the peace of those parts of the country not the immediate seat of disturbance.

In considering the last proposition, namely, that we must depend for support upon Great Britain, Sir Arthur Wellesley recommends that Dublin should be permanently fixed upon as the point of military connexion between the two countries. He gives his reasons for this, into which it is unnecessary now to enter, as it is not likely that anybody would be disposed to dispute the soundness of his proposition. The remainder of this remarkable communication is occupied with the subject of the maintenance and increase of an army in Ireland, with which we have but little to do at present.

In the winter of the year in which this letter was written, Sir Arthur writes as follows to the Earl of Harrington :—

“ Moore Abbey, 1st Dec., 1807.

“ MY DEAR LORD,—I enclose a paper, which contains the result of a very anxious consideration which I have given to the state of our [Ireland] defence, if the enemy should now attack us; and I submit it to you not because I am of opinion, even at present, that it proposes the best system that we can adopt, but because it will bring under your view the different points to which, if we should be attacked, we must attend, and will afford you a convenient mode of considering and deciding upon them. I am by no means wedded to my opinions; indeed I am not quite certain, that if I had the power, I should act in the manner proposed in the enclosed paper; and I am convinced it must be altered according to any change in the supposed mode of attack by the enemy. I beg, therefore, that it may be considered only as a sketch for others to work upon and make perfect, and by no means as a decided system to be adopted. —Ever, my dear Lord, &c.,

“ ARTHUR WELLESLEY.”

Appended to this letter is a memorandum, which the editor supposes to be the paper referred to, containing an elaborate statement of the writer's views upon the subject of a foreign invasion, and a careful summary of the means to be adopted for the purpose of resisting it. Here, again, the sagacity of the great Commander forces

itself upon the notice of the reader, who feels that he is a debtor to the wisdom of the Past, for many a suggestion which might prove of value and importance in the Future. Of the three elements out of which such considerations take their origin, the geographical features are permanent, the tactics are presumed to be still in accordance with the newest lights of science—the personal and social element alone has undergone a change, rendering, we encourage ourselves to hope, many of the assumptions of this memorandum inapplicable to the present time, amongst which let us include that under which the population of the country is considered a hostile one. Years of increased intercommunication, equalization of laws, the spread of enlightenment, and its natural fruits, have gone far towards fusing two nations into one people. In spite of the machinations of interested or malevolent persons, we encourage the conviction that the amalgamation of the rival populations has at last gone far enough to justify them relying upon each other in case a crisis of danger threatened either; and that a bond of union stricter than the legislative one has been established at length by an interchange of mutual good offices, and by the appreciation of reciprocal advantages, not hereafter likely to be severed by an attempt, on the part of one of them, to advance the designs of potentates who would tread with iron heel upon the land which they would deign to set their foot upon only as a stepping-stone to the subversion of Britain's empire.

Before quitting the subject of the defences of this country, it may be well to advert to certain additional suggestions offered by the Irish Secretary to the Minister in England, and grounded on a review of the abstract of the Report of the Committee of Engineers, respecting the proposed fortifications in Ireland. These suggestions are made after a consideration of the subject in concert with the Earl of Harrington; and have relation principally to a provision for the ease and security of the communication between Great Britain and Ireland. The Report had recommended the construction of a fort at the Pigeon-house, on the river Liffey. Sir Arthur Wellesley gives an accurate and de-

tailed description of that place, and of the neighbouring localities, including the suburb of Ringsend, the north and south walls of the Liffey, &c.; and appends to it his view of what would be necessary to complete the defences of the metropolis on that side:—

“ From this account of the relative situation of the Pigeon-house, Ringsend, and Dublin, it will be obvious that a fortification at the Pigeon-house will secure no more of the navigation of the river than to that point; and that unless Ringsend should be occupied as well as the Pigeon-house, the communication by land between the proposed fort and Dublin will be nearly impracticable in the face of an enemy in possession of Ringsend, and of the towers and ground on the south shore of the bay of Dublin. If the result of the consideration given to the suggestions should be a determination to occupy Ringsend as well as the Pigeon-house, it would be expedient to construct the principal work at the former, and the outwork at the latter. From the description above given of the ground, it is obvious that no establishment could be made by an enemy at the Pigeon-house, as long as possession should be kept of Ringsend; and from the nature of the ground at Ringsend, and the great command of water which it possesses, there is reason to believe that a fortress of considerable strength could be constructed there at no very large expense. In this view of the subject Ringsend appears far preferable to the Pigeon-house. The ground now existing at the latter must be purchased from the Ballast Office at a large expense, and the additional ground required for the principal fort near Dublin must be recovered from the sea. And the inconvenience attending this large establishment at the Pigeon-house is the want of water. There is none excepting what may be conveyed in pipes, which are liable to be cut off, or can be preserved in tanks or wells, which must be sunk; and it is not certain that works of this description in made ground, such as that at the Pigeon-house, will bear the firing of heavy cannon. I am, therefore,

of opinion, that the principal fort ought to be placed at Ringsend; that the Pigeon-house ought to be considered an outwork; and that no more ought to be done there than to strengthen the works already constructed, and to secure the place from surprise by an enemy crossing the sands at low water.”

It is deserving of consideration (though the construction of a harbour at Kingstown may, in some degree, have modified the question), how far the suggestions of the great Commander upon a subject so directly affecting the safety of our capital deserve reconsideration even now, with a view to carrying them out, should they be judged to retain their original value. Nothing has been done in the way of strengthening Ringsend from that time to this; yet it is plain to the most inexperienced eye, once its attention is directed to the point, that the Pigeon-house fort is absolutely useless as either a magazine or a place of fortification to secure the navigation of the river up to Dublin, so long as the adjoining shore, from which the mole called the Pigeon-house wall stretches, is undefended.* It has been stated that a certain foreign prince, during a recent visit to Dublin, openly expressed his astonishment that the harbour of Kingstown should be left unprotected by any adequate system of defensive works. Whether his surprise (though not allowed to escape his lips in words) may not have been greater at seeing the passage to the Customhouse and the metropolitan quarter of Carlisle-bridge left open to the attack of gun-boats, is a question which it is not very likely nor very desirable that we should ever have the means of answering. Should any thing happen, it is not the great Duke's fault; though, as far as defences of the capital on the side of the sea go, it cannot be said that “forewarned is forearmed.”

* A curious map of Dublin and its environs, executed towards the close of the seventeenth century, still exists. It is constructed with sufficient accuracy; and the plan of a large fort is laid down upon what at that time formed the extreme point of dry land nearest to the mouth of the river on the south side. This projected fort occupies the ground upon which Lower Mount-street has since been built; but, as a defence, it corresponds in principle with that recommended by Sir Arthur Wellesley, at Ringsend, 120 years later. It is considered, we are aware, by those best competent to judge, that the place to fortify would be Howth: but, assuming the enemy to have the command of the channel, and to be provided with gun-boats, a fortified position nearer the river would, we are inclined to think, be very useful.

Many of the letters before us have reference to civil arrangements in Ireland, adopted with a view to the internal security and prosperity of the country. A new system of metropolitan police was the subject of an animated correspondence with Mr. Trail, the Under Secretary. The subject of the internal navigation of Ireland drew forth a letter, exhibiting much sound good sense and practical sagacity, from Mr. Griffith, erroneously stated in a note to be the eminent engineer, the present Sir Richard Griffith; whereas it was his father, a man of equal energy, though of less conspicuous scientific attainments. Sir Arthur Wellesley, with characteristic discrimination, recognised the value of the communication, and in his reply expressed his wish for a personal interview with the writer. It is evident from a subsequent letter that an interview did take place between the parties; and it would further appear that Mr. Griffith's suggestions were duly appreciated, and had their influence on the measures recommended soon after by the Government of Ireland to the Secretary of State. There is something refreshing in the spectacle of a family transmitting the spirit of social and patriotic energy from father to son, and perpetuating in hereditary descent those qualities which go to make a useful subject and a distinguished citizen.

We have already stated that the variety of the topics embraced in this correspondence altogether precludes our entering into details. Here we find comments upon a riot at Rathdowney—there a discussion as to the objects of the Roman Catholics with respect to Bonaparte. In one page we have a request preferred to the Commander-in-Chief for an ensigncy for a young gentleman, named O'Reilly—in another a proposal for an increase of the silver coinage in Ireland. Early in the volume we have "a gentleman, named Mr. Croker," proving that he can carry the election for the borough of Downpatrick; while, further on, the following letter occurs:—

"To Sir Charles Saxton, Bart.

"London, 25th March, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I have moved for a new writ for the city of Cashel in the room of Mr. Quintin Dick;

and I shall be obliged to you if you will let Mr. Pennefather know that the person whom I wish should be returned is Mr. Peel. I will let you know his Christian name by express to-morrow. We wish to have him returned by the meeting of Parliament, after the recess.

"Ever yours most truly,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

To which the following is the appropriate sequel:—

"To Sir Charles Saxton, Bart.

"London, 28th March, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—The name of the gentleman to be returned for Cashel is Robert Peel, Esq., of Drayton Bassett, in the county of Stafford.

"Ever yours, &c.,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

Out of such small beginnings do great things grow! Could either of these personages, thus coming into casual contact for the first time, have anticipated that they were one day between them to rule the destinies of the empire? What a chapter might be written on the fortuitous collisions of greatness with greatness! How carefully would memorials of the kind be treasured up, if the slightest intimation was offered at the time, that they would eventually attain to the sanctity of relics!

But the time was approaching when Wellesley was to have work to do, of a nature different from that of detecting the frauds of excise officers, and revising police bills. In a letter to the Duke of Richmond, from London, on the 4th of June, 1808, the following passage occurs:—

"The government have lately been talking to me about taking the command of the corps destined for Spain, which is to be assembled at Cork; but nothing is yet settled about it."

On the 8th of June, the Duke's reply is written, dated from the Phoenix Park. It does him credit:—

"DEAR ARTHUR,—I think you quite right in accepting the offer of the command of the expedition if it be offered; and, for the sake of the expedition, it is right it should be given to you; but I much doubt if Ireland is not of more consequence than the expedition, and I am certain you are of much consequence to it.

"If you could return, so as to attend Parliament, I hope you would retain your office; but if you are wanted for a

more considerable time, of course the office must be filled up.

"You know I shall be particularly sorry to lose you, and I must say I think a change in your office is very troublesome. No man that has had a civil refusal from you will hesitate in making that a positive promise when you are out of the way. I wish you fully to understand that I am on every account anxious you should remain Secretary, and that I shall think nothing of additional trouble to ensure it."

By the middle of July the Irish Secretary (for such he continues to be) has slid quietly off to the shores of Portugal, whence, in the face of the army of Napoleon's general, he continues to despatch letters to the minister at home, touching collectors of customs in Cork, pensions to English ladies on the Irish Establishment, &c., just as if he were still in his office in the Castle-yard. And when, at the end of October, he had achieved the defeat of Junot without the assistance of Moore, we have him once more at Dublin Castle, detailing to Lord Hawkesbury the riots in Kerry, with as much earnestness and plainness as ever; and entering with his usual spirit upon the subject of the fees of the Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. The Peninsular affair, in fact, was merely a little interlude—an episode in the career of the Secretary—an autumnal recreation, like a couple of months' grouse-shooting.

But economists were on the watch. Oh, Sir Arthur Wellesley holds an office, with its emoluments, and leaves the duties undischarged, to perform others, for which he is paid likewise. The manly letter which refers to this charge deserves to be given entire:—

"To the Duke of Richmond.

"London, 3rd Feb., 1809.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—Mr. Whitbread asked me last night whether I was still Secretary in Ireland, whether I had been so while I was abroad, and whether I received my salary during that period.

"I answered, that when I had been appointed to the office of Chief Secretary in Ireland, it had been understood by the King's ministers that my being in that office should not prevent my serving with the army when a fit opportunity should offer, and that accordingly I had served with the army in Zealand, and likewise in Portugal; that when I went upon both those services, and particu-

larly when I went upon the last, I had clearly understood that I had no further claim upon my office, that you were at perfect liberty to appoint a successor when you pleased, and that I should have had no reason whatever to complain if a successor had been appointed. That, however, out of favour and kindness to me, and from a desire that I should continue to render you the assistance which you imagined I gave you, you had deferred to appoint a successor to me, in hopes that I might return; and that when I came home I found I was still in office, and renewed my duties. That in respect to my salary, I said that I was abroad from the 12th July to the beginning of October; that during that time I received my salary. That I did so upon this principle, that although the salary of the office was large, it was well known the expenses were large also; that I kept up my establishment in Ireland, and that I could not afford the expense of the office without the salary. I added, that I had not received my pay with the army during part of the time I was there; and that if I had remained any considerable time away from my office, and you had not appointed a successor, I should most probably not have taken the whole salary. But as it was, I assured him I was not richer now than when I took my office."

Events were occurring in Europe every day, which called for the intervention of genius and heroism. Up to the month of February, 1809, the daily drudgery of office work was, on the evidence of this volume, scrupulously performed by the Secretary. The Collector of Cavan should be a man of unexceptional character—so Colonel Barry is requested to ask Lord Farnham to make a proper appointment. The clause in the Mutiny Act respecting apprentices must be extended to Ireland—Sir James Pulteney is to see to that. Meantime, fate was forwarding its work. The following letters speak for themselves. They do equal credit to both parties:—

"The Earl of Rosse to Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"Dublin, 20th Feb., 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—As there have been rumours here that you may be employed in the south of Spain, and as I totally differ from Mr. Whitbread, thinking that every possible indulgence should be extended to those who are fighting the battles of our country, and therefore that it would be very hard that you should lose your office here, or its advantages during your absence, if I could be, in case of such an event, of

any use to you by acting for you here while absent, I will most cheerfully do so. It would make little difference to me, except spending a little more time in this town than I should do otherwise. Nor am I aware that there would be any impropriety in it. Something similar took place between Lord Castlereagh and Lord Chichester, when the latter had a severe illness.

"I am, my dear Sir Arthur, with the greatest regard, yours most truly,

"ROSSE."

"To the Earl of Rosse.

"London, 25th Feb., 1809.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I am very much obliged and flattered by the friendly offer contained in your letter of the 20th. I have no reason to believe that I am to be employed on any foreign service, excepting the general report of this town; but if I were to be so employed, I could not bring myself to take advantage of your Lordship's kind offer, and place you in a situation of much trouble and responsibility only for my convenience. His Majesty and his ministers must determine in what manner they will employ my services, and if they should employ me abroad, they must determine, in concert with the Lord Lieutenant, as they have done hitherto, who is to fill my office.

"I am, however, I assure you, equally sensible of your Lordship's friendship and kindness, and I beg you to believe me

"Ever yours, &c.,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

And so the Irish Secretary passes, almost imperceptibly, into the British General. But to the last he is conscientious; and there is something fine in the fidelity to duty which, on the 10th of April, from on board the transport in the harbour of Portsmouth, dictates *five* letters on Irish business, addressed to as many individuals in that country, concerning the Barrack Board, the Board of Works, Inland Navigation, the Paving Bill, Meath Advowsons, and the Freeman's Journal.

On the 16th he has sailed; and by the 13th of the next month has carefully packed and despatched to England a collection of orange trees for Mrs. Canning, in fulfilment of a promise; has crossed the Douro in the face of the enemy; and has taken Oporto. Thenceforward the Irish Secretary's career becomes history. This volume closes, and another opens. The proportions are expanded. Business has become policy, work has risen into

deeds, popularity has swelled into fame. Yet the same qualities which characterized the Secretary's administration are only more conspicuous in that of the Hero. The comprehensiveness of view, combined with attention to the minutest details—the caution in conceiving, the boldness in carrying into execution—the persevering adhesion to a premeditated system, and the readiness to adopt any advantageous modification presented by circumstances; all these, as they belonged to Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Castle of Dublin, so they continue to distinguish Lord Wellington in the great work of emancipating Europe from the tyranny of a military despotism. It is as an exemplification of these things that the *Irish volume* is so richly instructive. It lets us into the secret of the man's success; and points out the way in which success such as he attained can alone be achieved. Official despatches exhibit the character clad in conventional costume; an unreserved correspondence and familiar memoranda, such as are here opened to our perusal, show it in its natural shape and proportions, so that every lineament may be criticised, every member traced in its symmetrical development, as the connecting link between will and action. And when we step forward from behind the curtain of this semi-privacy, and behold the man out there more upon the stage of the world, with the waves of war raging about him, and all Europe breathlessly looking on, we recognise at a glance the features with which we had been already familiarized. Here, in the volume recently published, in the letter to "My dear Cooke," from France, after Salamanca had been fought, and the name of Wellington immortalized on the roll of greatness, we have the same shrewd tact in estimating character that evinced itself when "M^r. Thompson, of the Post Office," and "Ryan of Clonmel," was under review.

"Depend upon it that very few French generals are to be bought, and such certainly is not in the market. He is now gone to France. I don't say this because I think French generals less venal than others, but because Bonaparte outbids everybody. That is the secret of his policy. I don't know what could be given to Soult equal to what he would lose by treachery to his present master."

How soon the fidelity of these generals of Napoleon was to be put to the test, and with what result, was then in the womb of time. Meanwhile the British commander remains true to himself, to his character, and to his country. He has fairly earned the tribute communicated in the letter of the 5th of December, 1812:

"The Lord Chancellor to General the Marquis of Wellington.

"London, 5th Dec., 1812.

"The Lord Chancellor, as Speaker of the House of Lords, has the honour, by command of the House, to transmit to General the Marquis of Wellington the thanks of that House for the many and great services which he has rendered to this kingdom and to his Majesty's allies during the late campaign, and more particularly for the glorious and decisive victory obtained near Salamanca by the Allied Army under his Lordship's command, whereby the French power in Spain has been essentially diminished, the siege of Cadiz has been raised, and the southern provinces of the Peninsula have been rescued from the hands of the enemy.

"The Lord Chancellor is unable to express in adequate terms the value which the thanks of the House upon this occasion derive, not only from the unanimity with which they were given, but from the extreme anxiety which the whole House manifested to declare their inability to express their gratitude and that of the country to the Marquis of Wellington as the House and the country felt it. The Chancellor trusts that he need not add with what heartfelt satisfaction he conveys these thanks to the Marquis."

Nevertheless, though he has earned the thanks of the nation and of the world, he is true to himself, and grateful for a minor benefit. His brother

writes from Cadiz—"I have sent you a box of cigars; it is a small one, but I am told that the cigars are capital." We can well imagine that even the Garter presented about the same time by the Prince Regent, was scarcely received with more hearty and healthy satisfaction.

It is time we should take our leave of the Iron Duke. He has already, at the close of these volumes, made for himself a name—for his country a glory. Later achievements will elevate the one yet higher, and enhance the other still further. There is yet disparaging criticism to be endured. It will be heard in the Commons proceeding from Burdett, who will not admit that Salamanca will bear comparison with Blenheim, and asserts that the failure before Burgos counterbalances all the advantages of the campaign. But our countryman can afford to be hardly judged. He is, even now, only constructing what has yet to be brought to completion. The full proportions are still to be developed. In the process he is, moreover—as may be seen as page after page is turned over—producing the material for future conquest and renown. Note the names which meet the eye, as it glances along the correspondence—Combermere, Seaton, Napier, Gough, Hardinge, Baglan, Clyde. The triumphs of fifty years, in every part of the globe, have been, as it were, recruited from the ranks of the Peninsula. That land was not only the theatre but the school of greatness. Let Ireland be proud—for she has a right to be proud—that she has given to the empire, to fame, to futurity, the hero of modern times—the *vainqueur du vainqueur du monde*.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

A MASQUE FOR MUSIC.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

[The observances connected with the celebration of the festival of St. John the Baptist were amongst the earliest and most widely diffused in the Christian Church.

Of these the lighting of fires—a graft, probably, of the ceremonials of the Church of Rome upon heathen superstition—was the most notable, and the practice still obtains in Ireland, Spain, and other parts of the Continent. In England the observances were these:—Early in the morning herbs were culled that were noted for their odoriferous properties and medicinal virtues. Pyres of wood were placed upon hilltops, at the crossings of roads, or at other public places; and at nightfall the people went thither, the young wearing garlands of vervain and motherwort, and bearing bunches of violets and other flowers, the elder carrying lighted torches. The pyre was then set on fire in honour of the Saint, who was declared by Holy Writ to have been “a burning and a shining light” and also to drive away “dragons and evil spirits,” who were supposed to have special power over mankind on that night. When the fire was thoroughly kindled the people danced round it, then they threw in the herbs, praying heaven that as these were consumed in the fire so might all evil influences be destroyed, and that through the rest of the year they might be saved from agues, murrains, blights, and injury from the elements. When the fire sank low the ashes were flung in the air to scare the evil spirits supposed to be hovering about, and the brands that were still unconsumed were borne away to be placed in the houses as a protection against spiritual assaults.

In an ancient homily, “De Festi Sancti Johannes Baptiste,” we find these fires thus alluded to:—

“The second fyre was made of woode, for that will brenne lyght, and will be seene fyre. For it is the chefe of fyre to be seene farre, and betokenynge that Saynt Johan was a lantern of lyght to the people. Also the people made blases of fyre, for that they shalde be seene farre, and specyally in the nyght in token of St. Johan having beene seene from farre in the spirit by Jeremiah.”

The curious reader will find much information on this subject in Brand’s “Popular Antiquities,” in the elaborate work of Paciaudus, “De cultu S. Johannis Baptiste,” and in Jacob Grimm’s learned “Deutsche Mythologie,” title: *Johannisbend, Johannisfeuer.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR HUGO,	A sentimental knight returned from the crusade.
RALPH,	His squire—very unsentimental.
DE MONTFORT,	A baron.
LUBIN,	A peasant.
LUCY,	Daughter of De Montfort, betrothed to Hugo.
BERTHA,	Her nurse.
DORCAS,	A peasant.
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, }	Fairies.
WILL-O’-THE-WISP, }	

Angels. Fairies. Peasants.

PLACE.—England. TIME.—The Third Crusade—end of the twelfth century.

SCENE I.

NIGHT—A WILD MOOR.

WILL-O’-THE-WISP, ROBIN GOODFELLOW, AND FAIRIES.

Will-o’-the-Wisp.—

When the stars are dim in the darkling sky,
Ere the young moon looks from her bower
on high,
And the wind-sprite howls on the clouds
that fly

Thro’ the dreary waste of night,—
We watch the meteor’s fitful beam
On the dark-flowing streamlet’s bosom
gleam,
Or feed with vapour the mist’s cold flames.
And follow its treacherous flight.

Fairies.—We watch in the stream
The meteor's beam,
Or feed the Wisp's light
And follow its flight
Till the first beam of day
Chase us away
Away—away!

Robin.—
But soon as the moon, in her full-grown
pride,
Shines down on the vale and mountain's
side,
And deep in the streamlet's silver tide
Her beams of light are seen,
We dance all night long on the moonlit
glade
To the nightingale's song from the
thicket's shade,
And the grass that our footsteps lightly
tread
Is the fairy ring on the green.

Fairies.—We dance all night long
To the nightingale's song,
And our footsteps are seen
In the ring on the green,
Till the first beam of day
Chase us away
Away—away!

Robin.—
Hush!—I hear the sound of human feet
Near the wild rowan where our people
meet.

Fairies.—
Vanish!—vanish!—disappear!—
Into caverns—into mountains—
Into grottoes—into fountains,
Under leaves of wild-fern creep,
Under mushrooms let us sleep,
Clothe our limbs with vapoury shrouds
And wrap the pallid moon in clouds.
Vanish—vanish—disappear!

Robin.— I'll away
To sport and play
Up and down till break of day.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.—
With flitting ray
I'll lead astray
Belated folk till break of day.

Rob. } On our gambols let us go
Will } Merrily { Merrily—Ho! ho! ho!
Merrily { Till the cock shall crow.

(*Enter HUGO and RALPH.*)

Hugo.—
Heaven be praised! all dangers past,
We've reached our native land at last.

Ralph.—
Pray Heaven, that here we do not find
Worse things than war, or waves, or wind.

Hugo.—
Oh! what joy, when home returning,
All the warrior's battles o'er,
Love within his bosom burning,
Safe he treads his native shore.
Bright the story
Of his glory,
Fresh his laurels steeped with gore,
Proud he brings them
Till he flings them
Fondly his true love before.

Ralph.—
Oh! the pleasure of campaigning;
Oh! the soldier's merry life;
Every danger still disdaining,
Ever ready for the strife.
Squadrons dashing,
Helmets flashing,
Falchions clashing in the strife;
Clarions braying,
Chargers neighing,
Slain and slaying—death and life.

Hugo.—
Oh! what joy, when reunited
To the heart he holds most dear,
Parting vows, once sadly plighted,
Now redeemed by glad lips near.
Sweet they ponder
As they wander,
Feelings fonder warm each breast,
Till revealing
All the feeling
Of the love that makes them blest.

Ralph.—
Oh! the pleasure of campaigning,
When the battle-day is done,
Wine cups by the watch-fire draining
For the victory that's won.
Comrades resting,
Laughing, jesting,
Quaffing, feasting, full of glee;
With each dear one,
Sitting near one,
Still to cheer one merrily.

Hugo.—
Wheresoe'er the soldier wanders,
When in foreign lands he roves,
Still on home he fondly ponders,
Still he thinks on her he loves.
Still confessing
Her possessing
Is the blessing ne'er to cloy—
Hands for duty,
Hearts for beauty,
Love is still the soldier's joy.

Ralph.—
Wheresoe'er the soldier wanders
With a merry heart he roves,
What he wins he freely squanders,
Now he fights, and now he loves.
Wrongs redressing,
Foes repressing,

Maids caressing free or coy ;
 Hands for duty,
 Hearts for beauty,
 Love is still the soldier's joy.

Hugo.—
 How dark the summer midnight grows,
 How silent all around.

Ralph.—
 I scarce can see before my nose,
 Or grope along the ground.

Hugo.—
 I've missed the path upon the moor
 Tho' many a time I've cross'd it.

Ralph.—
 The way I cannot find, that's sure,
 Because I find I've lost it.

Hugo.—
 Let's call aloud—there may be some one
 near us.

Ralph.—
 Marry, there's nought but bats and owls
 to hear us.

Hugo.— Hillo! hillo!

Ralph.— Hillo! hillo!

Robin Goodfellow.—Ho! ho!

(*Then far away as an echo.*)—Ho! ho!

Hugo.—
 Some one answers to our hollo
 In the distance—let us follow.

Ralph.—
 Pray move warily, good master,
 Or you'll meet with some disaster.

Hugo.—Faster—faster.

Ralph.— Soft, good master.

Hugo.—Fear not danger or

Ralph.—Or you'll meet with some } disaster.

Robin.— Hillo! hillo!

Hugo.—
 Hark! the voice is surely near us,
 Shout again that he may hear us.

Ralph.—
 Hillo, friend, we've lost our way.
 Tell us where we'll find it, pray.

Robin.— Here.

Ralph.— Where?

Robin.— There.

Ralph.—
 I' faith the voice sounds everywhere.

(*Will-o'-the-Wisp shines.*)

Hugo.—
 See yon taper faintly gleaming,
 Through a cottage window beaming
 Thither let us make all speed
 To find some guidance in our need.

Ralph.—
 Cautious move or you may stumble.
 Over stocks and stones you'll tumble.

Hugo.—
 There, I'm tripped up by a bramble

Ralph.—
 Down I'm sinking, by the Mass.

Hugo.—
 Prithee help me quick to scramble
 From this treacherous morass.

Both.—
 Rambling, scrambling, to and fro—
 Stumbling, tumbling, on we go
 Through the bush, and thro' the briar—
 Into water—into mire.

SCENE II.

A VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF A HILL—A FIRE BURN IN THE DISTANCE—PEASANTS BEARING LIGHTED
 BRANDES MOVE UPWARDS.

Peasant.—
 Come out, come out, young men and
 maids—
 'Tis the blessed Saint John's night—
 With mother-wort and vervain braids,
 And flowers fair and bright.

Chorus.—Come out, come out,
 With a merry shout,
 And climb the village hill,
 Where we will light
 The fires to-night
 To scare the powers of ill.

Peasant.—
 Come out, come out, the night is dark.
 And spirits now have power,
 But we will bear the sacred spark
 To light the gloomy hour.

Chorus.—Come out, come out,
 With a merry shout,
 With holy hymn and prayer.
 And we will charm
 Away each harm
 That lurks in earth and air.

(They ascend the hill to the pyre.)

Peasant.—

Fire the pile, and let it flare
High into the midnight air,
With a roar, and a rush, and a glare!

(The pyre is lighted; peasants crowd around it; LUBIN and DORCAS apart from the rest.)

Lubin.—

Dorcas, now a year is past
Since I began a-wooing;
Prithee, give consent at last,
Reward my faithful sueing.

Dorcas.—

Prithee, Lubin, be content,
And cease to press and tease me;
Be sure I ne'er will give consent
To wed until—it please me.

Lubin.—

Take warning, e'er it be too late,
Or else you may discover
That she who scorns an honest mate
May also lose a lover.

Dorcas.—

The maid that weds in haste, too late
Will, to her cost, discover
That though she may secure a mate
She'll surely lose a lover.

Dorcas.—

So fare thee well—no longer sue,
When I've a mind I'll seek for you.

Lubin.—

So fare thee well—no more I'll sue,
The next time I'll be sought by you.
[Lubin goes away.]

Chorus.—

Round the boon-fire dance and sing
Men and maidens in a ring,
As the flame mounts high in air
With a crackle and a glare.

Dorcas.—

Ah! my love is gone away;
Silly Lubin, not to guess
When a maiden's tongue says 'Nay'
To her love, her heart says 'Yea.'
Ah! should he again return,
Ne'er more his love I'll spurn.
Let me try a spell to see
If my true love still he be.

[Goes aside and scatters seed, chanting.]

"Hempseed I sow,
Hempseed I hoe,
And he that is my true love come after
me and mow."

Lubin—(stealing behind her and catching her in his arms).—

"What you sow,
And you hoe,
Here your true love comes to mow."

Dorcas (screaming).— Ah!

Lubin.— } Now my { trials } all are over;
Dorcas.— } { follies }
Happy is my fate;
And you } shall not lose a lover
For I }
While { you } gain a mate.
I }

Chorus.—

Round the boon-fire dance and sing
Men and maidens in a ring,
As the flame mounts high in air
With a crackle and a glare.

Peasant.—

Herbs into the fire I cast,
Culled ere morning broke,
A charm against the tempest blast,
Thunder, and lightning stroke.

Chorus.—

Round the boon-fire dance and sing
Men and maidens in a ring,
As the flame mounts high in air
With a crackle and a glare.

Peasant.—

As the fragrant herbs are fuming,
In the holy fire consuming,
To heaven and to the saints we pray
That all things of evil may
Be consumed throughout the year.
No ague blight, or murrain harm,
Magic spell or witches' charm;
Let the angels now be nigh,
Hovering o'er us in the sky,
And our prayers upward bear.

Chorus of Angels (chanting).—

"Præcursoris et Baptiste
Dnem istum chorus iste
Generetur laudibus.
Vero die jam diescat
Et in nostris elucescat
Vernus dies mentibus."*

Hugo and Ralph

(in the distance).—Hillo! hillo!

Peasants.—

Hark! what shouts are those that come
Floating upwards through the gloom,
Nearer now, and still more near
Falls the sound upon the ear.
'Tis the cry of men in need,
To their succour let us speed,
Guide their steps with answering shout
Till they find our trysting out.

* The Latin verses are part of an ancient hymn of the Church attributed to Henricus Pistor.

Hugo and Ralph.— Hillo! hillo!

Peasants (answering).— Hillo! hillo!
This way—this way—cautious move
O'er the moor and thro' the grove—
Up the glen and 'cross the bridge
Till you gain the mountain ridge.
So, so, warily go,
He wendeth sure who wendeth slow.
[*They enter.*]

Peasant.—
Welcome, welcome! Who are ye
That come in such a plight?

Hugo.—
Way-worn travellers are we,
Wandering thro' the night.

Peasant.—
Tarry till our vigil holy
Round the fire is done,
Then seek within our hamlet lowly
Rest till rise of sun.

Hugo (retiring apart).—
Speed ye ebon shades of night,
While here I wait the morning light;
Angels good your vigils keep
O'er my gentle Lucy's sleep,
Till the happy day restore
To my arms my love once more.
[*Sings.*]

SONG.

1.

Far away from thee, my love,
I've lingered many a year,
But still where'er my steps might rove,
My heart was with my dear.
Far away from thee, my love,
Far away from thee,
How slow the flight
Of day and night
That keep my love from me.

2.
Far away from thee, my love,
My thoughts flee back again,
As to the Ark returned the dove
Across the cheerless main.
Far away from thee, my love,
Far away from thee,
Tho' seas divide
Still by thy side
In spirit shall I be.

3.
Far, no more, from thee, my love,
No doubt or fear alarms,
But winged by hope the moments move
That give thee to my arms.
Far away, no more, my love,
Far no more from thee;
My faithful breast
Shall be thy rest
For ever near to me.

Peasants.—
Now sinks the pyre,
Now wanes the fire,
And in the East a streak of gray
With stealthy light
Creeps on the night,
The herald of the coming day.

Let each in hand
A sacred brand
With holy chanting homeward bear.
And, as we sing,
The ashes fling
Around, each evil sprite to scare.

Chorus of Angels (chanting).—

"● *Incruna Verbi Dei*
Ad celestis nos duci
Ducit luminaria
Hos ad portum et hoc fatus.
Hos ad risum et hoc latus!
Christi trahat gratia!"

SCENE III.

THE BARON'S CASTLE—LUCY'S CHAMBER.

LUCY AND BERTHA.

Lucy (sings).—

1.

My heart it is dreary
With dark-boding fears,
My eyes they are weary
With fast-flowing tears.
Each daylight returning
I hope still again,
Each night brings back mourning
O'er hopes that are vain.

2.

Yet still, as I ponder
O'er joys that are gone,
My heart clings the fonder
To one love alone.
Ah! dark is that sorrow
When all hope is fled—
The grave has no morrow
Where slumber the dead!

The Baron (entering).—

Daughter, why thus ever weeping?
O'er the past why idly mourn?
In thy heart his memory keeping
Who shall never more return.

Cease thy grief, 'tis unavailing
Thus to mourn when hope is fled;
All thy tears, and sighs, and wailing
Never can recall the dead.

Bertha.—

Hush, my child,—this idle weeping
Pale thy cheek and dim thine eye
If she don't take food and sleeping,
By my fay, my bird will die.

Dry thine eyes, thy tears give over;
Tho' one lover thou dost lose,
Trust me we shall soon discover
Others thou wilt not refuse.

Lucy.—

Ah! in vain I seek to smother
Grief like mine, tho' hope is gone;
Never shall I love another,
True my heart to him alone.

Leave me, then, with sighs and weeping
Thus to consecrate my love,
Ever fresh his memory keeping
Till we meet in heaven above.

[Exit the Baron. Lucy reclines on
her couch, Bertha sits beside her.

Lucy.—

How slow the laggard hours are creeping,
I weary for the light.

Bertha.—

Beshrew me all the world is sleeping
Save you and me to-night.

(Will'-o-the-Wisp, Robin Goodfellow, and
Fairies enter.)

Will'-o-the-Wisp.—

Enter, enter, elfin group,
Thro' the chamber flit and troop;
Here hath been no anthem sung—
Here have been no ashes flung—
No burning brand was here to-night
To scare away each frolic sprite.

Chorus of Fairies.—

Enter, enter, elfin group,
Thro' the chamber flit and troop.

Lucy.—

In vain my wearied eyes I close—
In vain, in vain, I court repose;
My brain with fancies strange is filled,
My heart with ghostly fear is chilled,
And pallid phantoms stained with gore
Flit woefully mine eyes before.

Bertha.—

Hush, my child,
These fancies wild,
Heaven defend us from all evil.
'Tis the night
When every sprite
Roams abroad in elfin revel.

Lucy.—

Sing to me that ghostly tale
Of her whose love so true,
To keep the trysting did not fail
When her dead knight did sue.

BALLAD.

Bertha (sings).—

At dead of night, in the pale star-light,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
A knight rode down thro' the sleeping town
And stopt 'neath the bower of Rosalie.

'Where is the maid that is not afraid
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
To keep her faith thro' life and death,
And come to the trysting place with me?'

The maid arose, and donned her clothes,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
For the voice she knew, of her lover true,
That she wept as dead in a far countrie.

'Thro' life and death I'll keep my faith,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
With thee I'll go, come weal, come woe,
My own true love, I'll trust in thee.'

To the knight she clung—to the croup
she sprung,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
And away in the light of the stars, so
white,
Rode the mail-clad knight and Rosalie.

With lightning speed flees the snow-white
steed—
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
They dash thro' the flood, they sweep
thro' the wood,
Till they come at last to a far countrie.

At close of night, in the pale star-light,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
By a sculptured stone, in a churchyard
lone,
Sat the knight and the maiden Rosalie.

'Why sit we here, my true love dear?'
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
'Tis here I love best to take my rest—
'Tis our trysting place, my Rosalie.'

* * * * *

The morning breaks in cold gray streaks,
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
And daylight falls on the roofless walls
Of Saint Elfrida's monastrie.

There's a sculptured stone in that church-
yard lone—
(Sing hey, sing ho, the linden tree.)
'Tis a mail-clad knight on his war-horse
white,
And dead at their feet lies Rosalie.

[As Bertha ceases, Lucy falls asleep.

Will'-o-the-Wisp.—

Round the sleeping maid entwining
Wizard-spells, we'll softly go.
I, a light so ghostly shining—

Robin Goodfellow.—

I a mocking voice—he! ho!

Rob. and Will.—

Let us pour into her brain
Of her love a doleful strain.

DIRGE.

Will-'o-the-Wisp.—

Thy lover lies on the battle-plain,
 The death-dew on his brow,
 Amid the weltring heaps of slain—
 Thy love he'll ne'er return again,
 Nor keep his plighted vow.

Chorus.—

*Well-a-day, well-a-day, weep for the dead,
 The winds sing his dirge as they wail round
 his head.*

Will-'o-the-Wisp.—

No loving hand to close his eyes,
 No voice to soothe his pain,
 But the carrion-vulture round him flies
 Ere she swoops upon her festering prize—
 He'll ne'er return again.

Chorus.—

*Well-a-day, well-a-day, weep for the dead,
 The winds sing his dirge as they wail round
 his head.*

Will-'o-the-Wisp.—

His dying thoughts were given to thee,
 His last breath sighed thy name,
 His flesh is dust, but his soul is free,
 And it flutters round thee mournfully
 A cold and spectral flame.

Chorus.—

*Well-a-day, well-a-day, weep for the dead,
 The winds sing his dirge as they wail round
 his head.*

Bertha.—

Ah! she sighs and moans in sleeping,
 And her lids are wet with tears.
 Angels, have her in your keeping,
 Calm her sorrow, soothe her fears.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Weep no more, weep no more, tear-swoln
 eyes,
 Grieve no more, throbbing heart—hush
 all thy sighs.
 Sorrow and mourning shall pass like the
 night,
 Let Hope, returning, thy soul fill with
 light.

Lo, we shed over thee
 Balm-dew of sleep,
 Safely to cover thee,
 Dreamless and deep.
 Near to thee hover we,
 Fond watch to keep;
 Angel wings cover thee,
 Sleep, maiden, sleep.
 Sleep! sleep!

SCENE IV.

MORNING—IN FRONT OF THE BARON'S CASTLE—SIR HUGO AND RALPH BEFORE THE GATE—
 TRUMPET SOUNDS.

Hugo.—

Warder on the Castle wall—
 What ho!

Ralph.—

Porter in the Castle hall—
 Hollo!

Hugo.—

Bid the barred portcullis rise.

Ralph.—

Open quick your drowsy eyes.

Both.—

Here be friends that come from far,
 Bringing tidings of the war.
 Open quick, no parley staying,
 For our haste brooks no delaying.
 [Scene changes to the great hall.

The Baron (from his chamber).—

What is all this noise and clamour
 In the early morn?
 Who smites the gate with thundering
 hammer
 And blows the portal horn?

Hither page. Do not delay me,
 In hose and doublet quick array me.
 Gird me with my trusty blade,
 Place my morion on my head;
 Buckle now my hauberk bright
 On my breast, that like a knight

To meet those clamourers I wend,
 Be they foe or be they friend.

Bertha (enters).—

Holy mother! what's the matter?
 What can mean this noise and clatter?
 Some roystering guest, or I'm mistaken,
 My lady from her sleep to waken.

The Baron (enters armed cap-a-pie).—

Stand! and say or friend or foe?

Hugo.—

Friend I am, as you should know.

Ralph.—

Marry, he knows us not, I trow.

Bertha.—

Can my eyes deceive me? No.

Baron.—

Art thou dead or living? say.

Hugo.—

Living, by this light of day.

Ralph.—

Living, beyond yea or nay.

[Hugo and Ralph enter.

Lucy (enters).—

Oh heavens! is this a phantom come
 To mock my grief from out the tomb?

Hugo.—

My Lucy ; loved one that thou art,
Come to thy Hugo's faithful heart.

SONG.

Hugo and Lucy.—

Oh ! how blest, when all our sorrows
Fade away like shades of night,
Love a brighter glory borrows
From the grief that dimmed its light.

Every trial makes us dearer,
As we think on dangers past,
Years of absence draw us nearer
When in joy we meet at last.

Baron.—

Summon my retainers all
To a banquet in the hall.

Gather every loyal vassal
To partake our festive wassail.
Pierce the wine casks—let the ale
Flow in streams that shall not fail ;
The best our buttery can afford
Shall smoke upon the groaning board.
Thus we'll honour fitly do
To the brave and to the true.

Hugo, Lucy, Ralph, and Bertha.—

All our trials now are past,
All our sorrows over ;
Love and Truth restore at last
To each a faithful lover.

And, as each revolving year,
More fondly still we cleave,
We'll celebrate with holy cheer
THE BLESSED ST. JOHN'S EVE.

CAPTAIN BOYD.—A HERO'S OBSEQUIES.

THE pages of this Magazine have been devoted from time to time to the celebrities of Ireland. We have considered it our function and our privilege from the first, to bring into prominent notice whatever we esteemed deserving of permanent record connected with the lives and exploits of our countrymen. We believed that thus a foundation might be most fitly laid for the fair admission of the Irish element into future British history. Occupying the position we do in this country, and enjoying the favour we have attained to in the sister island, we wish to be understood as feeling that we hold our office in trust for Irish interests, so far as they are imperial ; and are thus bound to both countries to exhibit, interpret, and emphasize what is local and national, for the honour of our native land, and for the information and appreciation of the universal British Empire.

Called upon as we hold ourselves to be to exercise the function in question on a large scale, it may not, perhaps, be considered derogatory to ourselves, or foreign from the sphere of our duty, if we snatch from time to time the spirit of a less comprehensive theme, and seize upon an event or an episode of individual life, with the consciousness all the while that its claims are not strictly justified merely because it has excited a strong local and temporary interest. To lay down a rule upon the point would be very difficult. There are things which

speaking for themselves ; and in devoting a few pages to an incident which has recently not a little moved the sympathies and sensibilities of persons of all classes in this metropolis, it is not intended to exalt to an undue importance circumstances which address themselves to the heart and imagination with a force of their own.

On the first day of last month, the city of Dublin presented an unusual appearance. Multitudes of people thronged the principal thoroughfares, and windows and roofs were crowded with groups evidently in expectation of a passing pageant. By and by the melancholy wail of music was heard, and bodies of troops passed slowly by, preceding a gun-carriage, drawn and surrounded by a group of men-of-war's men, and upon which a coffin was borne, having a flag wrapped round it, and a hat and sword laid upon it. It was followed by the military staff of Dublin, the naval officers of the station, the municipal authorities, the fellows and students of the University, a body of clergy, and the carriages of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, and other distinguished personages. The procession, having passed through the great squares and streets, arrived at last at the ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick's, into which the coffin was carried, where a choral service was performed and the ritual for the dead gone through, and from whence the body was borne into the

adjoining churchyard, and there finally deposited in a grave, amidst a volley from three hundred soldiers and marines who filled the enclosure.

To explain this pageant, we must go back to the morning of the 8th of February. The weather in Dublin and its neighbourhood had been severe during the earlier part of the week, and upon Friday a stiff westerly breeze began to blow. Towards evening, however, the wind lulled and the sky cleared—the barometer at the same time rising. As midnight approached, the first indications of a storm manifested themselves. The wind changed rapidly, the sky became obscured, gusts, rising gradually into squalls, came on, and the rain, which had intermitted for a time, began to fall heavily. By 12 o'clock it blew a heavy gale from the north-east, a driving sleet accompanying it. As the morning advanced and the storm continued, apprehensions were entertained respecting the safety of a numerous fleet of coal-vessels which had been detained at the other side of the Channel during the earlier part of the week by the prevalence of westerly winds, and which were supposed to have taken advantage of the change, and to be now on their way from Whitehaven to the port of Dublin.

Those who are unacquainted with the localities of the metropolis and its neighbourhood will need to be informed that the river Liffey is only accessible for ships of a certain tonnage at certain times of the tide, and in certain winds; and that the harbour of Kingstown, near the southern extremity of the bay, was constructed about forty years ago, partly for the purpose of affording a temporary refuge for vessels of all classes during easterly winds, and partly as an asylum for ships which draw too much water to enter the port. This harbour, which was commenced in the year 1816, and was completed some years later, consists of two granite piers, of 3,500 feet and 4,950 feet in length respectively, having an open at the mouth of 760 feet, and comprising an area of 250 acres. Along the outer edge of the eastern pier, being that exposed to the sea, a breakwater, consisting of huge masses of granite rocks and rubble stone, drawn from the neighbouring hills of Dalkey and Killiney, has been more recently

constructed, with a view to the protection of the pier itself from the violence of the waves during a gale from the east or north-east.

On the morning of the 9th of February it was discovered at an early hour that there were vessels labouring outside this harbour; and, moreover, that some of them, either from having been disabled, or from being overloaded, or underhanded, appeared unlikely to be able to make the entrance and get into shelter. Their destruction appeared imminent. They were coal-brigs from Whitehaven. These vessels are, for the most part, ill-provided with sails and rigging, the scanty profits arising from the sale of their cargo preventing their owners from using ships that are thoroughly seaworthy, and from finding them with suitable cables and anchors. They run their chance, and are sure to take advantage of a North-easterly breeze, as being best calculated to carry them across. On the morning of the 9th, no pilot-boat would venture from her moorings. Even if she had, her services could have availed little. From three o'clock these brigs began to be perceived; many of them succeeded in getting in, though even when inside they were dashed against each other and against the walls of the inner, or coal, harbour, and became, most of them, hopeless wrecks. But some remained outside; they had got too far to leeward: they were driving before the gale:—it was too plain. Groups of people gathered on the pier, and endeavoured to keep their footing and escape the tremendous sweeps of water which passed clean over the summit of the breakwater and of the parapet, and rolled into the harbour at the other side; while they watched—they could only watch—the inevitable doom that awaited the vessels. Three of them—the Neptune, the Industry, and the Mary—drew nearer and nearer. The wind roared, and no voice could be heard; but the men could be seen, on the decks or in the rigging, making frantic signals for relief or assistance. The sea rolled in thundering masses upon the breakwater, alternately heaving the great granite blocks upwards, and sucking them downwards as if they had been pebble-stones. Good God, what was to be done!

Within the harbour of Kingstown

is stationed her Majesty's ship *Ajax*, of sixty guns, which is used as a training ship for the naval and coast-guard service. She is moored immediately within the eastern pier, and not far from the entrance of the harbour. The officer in command of this vessel on the morning we are speaking of, was Captain Boyd. This officer—as we learn from a short memoir, recently published—was a native of Londonderry. He entered the navy in 1825, as midshipman on board the *Cyrene*, Captain Alexander Campbell. In 1841 he got his lieutenancy; and after having served nine years as first lieutenant—first of the *Winchelsea*, on the Cape station; secondly, of the *Eurydice*, on the Channel station; and finally, of the *Thetis*, on the Mediterranean station—he was promoted to the rank of commander. By this time the merits of the man began to be understood and appreciated. The officers under whom he served bore testimony to his qualifications, which was corroborated by the state of efficiency and discipline in which the ships to which he was attached were invariably found. His conduct between the years 1850 and 1854, including the period of the expedition to the Baltic, in which he served in the *Royal George* under Captain, now Admiral, Codrington, added, we are told, considerably to his reputation. To quote the words of the memoir—

“In that campaign his previous experiments in gunnery became of practical value, for he demonstrated the possibility of giving to heavy guns a long and effective range, by maintaining a certain angle of elevation, and preventing power being lost in recoil, by the opposition of material resistance. Most of the officers engaged in those operations will recollect the disturbance created in the fortress of Kronstadt, by the lodgment of a shot in the earth-works, after a flight of upwards of three miles; and the perhaps prudent, but unwelcome recall which summoned him and his gun-boats' crews back to the fleet, while in the act of stealing upon a Russian steamer, in the dimness of early morning, with a view of cutting her out from under the guns of the fortifications. On Captain Boyd reaching his post-rank in 1856, the Admiralty seem to have been convinced that they had in him an officer singularly competent to carry out the important projects of establishing and maintaining a system of naval volunteers, for the manning of

our ships of war, and of bringing the coast-guard force into a condition of greater efficiency.”

In the coast-guard department Captain Boyd's first command was exercised in the *Conway*, a small-class frigate, stationed in the harbour of Cork. She was scarcely of sufficient size to give scope for the development of the system of training which he had elaborated, a training on which the success of that branch of the service so much depends. But, as he himself expressed it, “It is my duty to do the best I can with my means, and leave it to my masters to give me in time larger appliances.” It seems as if this deficiency was at last understood and recognised, as he was appointed not long afterwards to the command of the *Ajax*.

“It would be difficult to convey a full idea of the arduous character of the service in which Captain Boyd was now engaged. His home was nominally in the *Ajax*; but a large measure of his time was spent in visiting, inspecting, and improving the 145 stations and departments which fell to his care, and which are studded round the east, west, and north coasts of Ireland, from the harbour of Kingstown to the bay of Galway.”

This work he performed conscientiously, and in person. He delegated to none that which he ought to do, and could do, himself. The stations to be visited many of them lay far removed from railway approaches or ordinary roads. It was no light or pleasurable task to reach them. Indeed, it needed a sound constitution and a robust frame to accomplish those frequent forced journeys which Captain Boyd, as a practical man and a conscientious officer, deemed it his duty at all seasons and under all circumstances to perform. His friends, it is said, began to trace the effects of these exertions upon his health and strength, impaired already by previous services. But it was no use to preach to a man whose rule of life was, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” At times, indeed, as we are told, worn out by over-work, disheartened by the difficulties he experienced in reducing to practice and keeping in un-deviating operation the system he had so carefully devised, or discouraged by the opposition of local influ-

ences and individual apathy or want of cordial cooperation, he turned his eyes wistfully towards his ultimate retirement.

"Much of his thoughts and feelings were discovered, not so much by what he said, for he spoke sparingly on such points, as from his habit of writing down his ideas in private journals, or cutting scraps from books and papers which harmonized with his own mind. For example, this extract from some verses entitled 'My Garden Gate' lay in his portfolio, evidently the expression of sentiments which he adopted as his own:—

'Stand back, bewildering politics,
I've placed my fences round;
Pass on with all your party tricks,
Nor tread my holy ground.
Stand back—I'm weary of your talk,
Your squabbles, and your prate;
You cannot enter in this walk—
I've closed my garden gate.

'What boots continual glare and strife?
I cannot always climb:
I would not struggle all my life;
I need a breathing time.
Pass on—I've sanctified these grounds
To friendship, love, and lore;
You cannot come within these bounds—
I've shut my garden door.'

The outlying duties we have adverted to were, however, but a part of those Captain Boyd had to fulfil. It was on board his own ship that the character and mind of the master could be most distinctly traced. In the miniature world of the *Ajax* the very spirit of the man appears to have been walking abroad, penetrating every arrangement, visible in every department, and felt in every regulation and executive movement. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have ever borne testimony to the orderly conduct, the decorous behaviour of his men when on shore. When urged to riot or dissipation the sailors have often been heard to say that "they would not disgrace their Captain." In no ship was discipline better or more cheaply maintained. Chastisement was seldom resorted to.

"The records of the ship do not contain one instance of corporal punishment during the time she has been on the station. A kind rebuke, a solemn remonstrance, a grave yet affectionate expostulation, went farther with his men than irons or lashes. It was his pride and happiness to train up the boys and lads of the ship to be something better than mere obedient machines; for he

worked not so much on their fears as upon their consciences—not so much on their terrors as on their affections."

The "office work" on board the *Ajax* appears to have been no sine-cure. The records, correspondence, and returns of the stations of his command—145 in number—were arranged with precision and order. The amount of letter-writing which this branch of his duties entailed upon him was always considerable, and sometimes oppressive, occupying him during the greater part of the night.

"His correspondence with the coast-guard stations often bore upon complaints, suggestions, improvements, which required much and thoughtful consideration. He took notes in his various journeys of the accommodations provided for the coast-guard men; and one of his last pieces of mechanical or architectural invention was, the construction of a model dwelling-house for their more comfortable residence, and a machine for effecting a greater quantity of washing than could be quickly or conveniently managed by the hand."

It was expected of this officer that he should have his vessel in such a state as to be something more than a mere office for the management of the coast-guard service, or a school for the training of lads and boys. He was to have the *Ajax* in a state of efficiency as a man-of-war, equal to the performance of naval evolutions, and competent to take her place among other ships destined for the defence of the country.

"To unite these requisites, was necessarily a matter of difficulty in a ship for the most part stationary, with but few officers, and whose continually changing crew is below her complement, and composed, to a great degree, of very young seamen."

Captain Boyd, however, was able to "keep her up to her work," and to show that harbour life had not made her men inexperienced or unskilful. In the course of last summer the Coast-Guard District Squadron assembled at Torbay, for inspection and exercise.

"On that occasion the manner in which the *Ajax* performed the manœuvres by which the efficiency of the ship was tested, elicited from the Commodore the signal—"Well done, *Ajax*!" and drew from the Admiralty the following notice:—

"Admiralty, 10th August, 1882.
"The progress made in the training

of the Royal Naval Coast Volunteers, and their general good conduct, afford satisfactory proof of the care and attention which have been bestowed on the organization of this valuable force; and their Lordships desire *specially to notice the cleanliness and general efficiency* of Her Majesty's ships Hawk and Ajax, which have been stationed in Ireland.

"(Signed) W. S. ROMAINE."

In the midst of professional duties, Captain Boyd was able to turn his attention to the subject of the more extended education of naval cadets. He wrote a "Manual," of which a second and enlarged edition has recently appeared, for the special use of the "youngsters" of the service. It is stated that the work grew out of the preparation of a number of papers which he had drawn up from time to time, chiefly when acting as First Lieutenant of the *Thetis*—papers designed to explain familiarly the several points on which a sailor should be accurately instructed.

"They embraced a multitude of subjects, from the proper way of making a knot or hoisting a signal, up to the mode of performing the most critical and difficult evolutions. They were prepared originally without the slightest view to any other publicity than that which they obtained by circulation among the junior officers of the ship. He had found, in his long and varied experience, that, from want of some such definite instruction, many cadets had but dim notions on these points; and the desire to get them 'up to their work' led him to write down explanations and replies to supposed questions, and give them out for study. They formed, in fact, the basis of a large range of examination. As might be expected, these papers multiplied in his hands. In proportion to progress came the necessity for more and more advanced information, till at length some officers of experience suggested, that to collect, methodize, and print them, would be a real advantage to the service. They were submitted to the Admiralty, and were regarded by the Lords Commissioners as so valuable, as to induce him to arrange them for publication. This proved a much more difficult task than he had anticipated, for he found that it was necessary to begin at the beginning, and if possible to leave out nothing that was essential to a sailor's education. Before entering upon the practical part of his subject, it was needful that definitions, elementary explanations—the foundations, in fact, of problems connected with steam and navigation,

should be clearly laid down. And as this involved the principles of hydraulics, hydrostatics, mechanics, meteorology, and gravitation, his book necessarily assumed a much more scientific character than he had at first contemplated. For it was plainly impossible to make a learner understand the reasons of a vessel of one form or size being more likely to sail well than another of different form and size, without giving correct views of the displacement of fluids by bulk; or the power of levers, pulleys, and screws, without going into the elements of dynamics; or the power and application of steam, without explaining the laws of expansion and condensation. Nor, again, was it possible to speak of the phenomena of storms, without touching on the principles of the barometer, or of the use of the compass, without saying something on the subject of magnetism. The treatment of these and of many other principles bearing upon the practical parts of the book, of course dictated a wide range of thought and reference; while, at the same time, it was essential that a work designed to be a 'Manual,' should be as condensed as was consistent with clearness."

The proof that these various requisites were attained is afforded not only by the acceptance the book has met with from the service at large, but by the special approval of the Lords of the Admiralty. Previous to its being placed in the hands of the printers for "striking off," every proof-sheet of the "Manual," we are told, was submitted to their lordships consideration and approval. Suggestions were occasionally offered, and always attended to. Some of these appear to have been made by the express direction of Sir Charles Wood. But in general, the sheets went to press unaltered. When the work was published at last, the Lords Commissioners not only sanctioned authoritatively the dedication of it to themselves, but "voted £100 towards defraying the expenses of the publication, besides ordering three hundred copies from the publishers for issue to Her Majesty's fleet." This work was received with favour, and already possesses a standard authority.

The writer of the Memoir before us states that he has reason to believe Captain Boyd contemplated, when he should have time, the compilation of a Naval Dictionary, embracing the principal subjects arising out of modern changes and

improvements. Some steps towards the accomplishment of such a design appear to have been taken, in the noting down in a manuscript book, alphabetically prepared, several topics on which notices and articles were to have been written.

The man whose character and career have thus been hastily sketched, added a crowning quality to the whole, some mention of which must not be omitted. His heart was under the influence of a vital, though unobtrusive, Christianity. "He was not a systematic or studious disciple of divinity; perhaps, his fully occupied life, and the necessary desultoriness of a sailor's habits, forbade that." But "his well-read pocket Bible, dark and discoloured by long use, the constant companion of his voyages and journeys, tells its own tale of service." "To occupy the next bedroom to him, was to hear, in the stillness of midnight, the deep, solemn, subdued voice of supplication ascending to the Father above, sometimes preluded by the verse of a hymn sung to himself, but so softly, that but for the silence of the night, and the thinness of the intervening wall, it could not have excited notice."

He made careful arrangements for the religious improvement of his crew. There were short prayers on deck every morning, open to all, though nobody was forced to attend. On Sundays there was a performance of hymns and chants, with the aid of a harmonium. At all times, the Captain was ready with a word of Christian advice, or instruction, or warning, to a man or boy who needed it. He interfered with no man's religion, and he aided any man who wished to be religious. The men on board the *Ajax* saw he was sincere, and respected him and his teaching accordingly.

The truth is, he was just a good, honest, unpretending, simple, religious man. There is a touch of the pathetic in the quaintness of the following note, scratched upon a slip of paper, enclosed with two locks of his own hair in an envelope, and dated June 23rd, 1854 :—

"Royal George.

"We are steaming away up the Gulf of Finland; the great screw whirling and thumping; Leviathan pushing majestically along like a thing of life. Had my hair cut to-day; and on returning, after

my toils, to my little abode, I observed these stray curls, which had escaped my servant's broom, in the corner. They seem to me a message from old times. They are just grizzly enough to enforce the idea, that though the glory of a woman may be in her hair, a man's may teach him the wholesome lesson of decay. 'All flesh is grass—every man is but vanity.' Time was when my head might have been polled like Absalom's. Shall I live to see it hoary in the way of righteousness?"

One fault belonged to his nature which he was never able completely to eradicate. He was inclined to be hasty and impetuous. The bewildering hurry of business and the distracting turmoils of a sea life were at times too much for him; though every man who knew him was more ready to make allowances for the defect than he was himself to excuse it. And it was the same impetuosity of temper that inclined him to be somewhat rash when he saw people about him in danger. This was well known; and made some of his friends a little anxious. A very short time ago, his hand was on the bulwark of his ship in Kingstown Harbour, at the cry of "man overboard!" and he was in the act of springing over, when the word "saved!" arrested him. In the roadstead of Kronstadt, under similar circumstances, he was in the water in an instant at the same signal. Again,

"In the harbour of Kiel, when the increase of the winter's ice forced the ship farther seawards, and the severity of the season compelled him to wrap himself in thick clothing, and to wear the warm fur-boots required in that climate, the same call to duty arose, and, regardless of the impediments to swimming in which he was clad, he was in an instant at the drowning man's side, supporting him, till both, almost exhausted, were rescued by the boats. Keiug Bay was the scene of a similar exploit. In the operation of hoisting up a boat a man fell overboard. His commander waited not for the doubtful help which the boat, re-lowered, might give, but, at the risk of his own life, saved that of his shipmate."

On the morning of the 9th ultimo, as has been already stated, the three vessels, the *Neptune*, the *Industry*, and the *Mary*, were driven by the violence of the gale close upon the eastern pier of Kingstown Harbour. As soon as their danger became evident, Captain

Boyd, who had been watching them from the deck of the *Ajax*, called for volunteers to accompany him to the rescue; and in a very few minutes he and from fifty to sixty of his men, with several of his officers, had crossed over in boats, reaching the crest of the outer wall of the east pier just as the *Neptune* struck upon the stones of the breakwater beneath. The sequel of the story is well known. There is no necessity for going into details with which most of our readers, both in this country and elsewhere, are familiar. It was the work of a moment. A rope had been fastened round the person of one of the sailors, who moved forward with a line and a life-buoy, for the purpose of casting them towards the crew of the vessel, clinging to the rigging within a few yards of him. Captain Boyd had rushed after the man down the sloping wall, holding this rope, so as to be prepared to haul the man back if danger threatened him in the perilous hollow; attempting, at the same time, to attach a rope to another sailor, who was about to follow the first. At this instant a wave, larger than the rest, thundered up, rolled over the whole party, and as it recoiled, showed the place where they had stood, empty. Some were rescued—Boyd was drowned.

It was more than a fortnight before the body was recovered. In that fortnight a great deal of interest had been excited in the public mind, and much sympathy was felt for his bereaved family, and unremitting exertions were made, by means of diving apparatus and otherwise, to discover

the remains. The Bishop of Labuan preached a sermon on board the *Ajax* on the subject of the loss of the Captain, and hardy sailors were moved, and actually wept as they listened; for they had loved the man. A public testimonial was proposed to be raised to his memory; for which subscriptions were opened at once, and considerable sums received; and even in England the thing was taken up with ardour. It was intimated by the authorities to the officers of his vessel, that if it was agreeable to them and to the family, it was the wish of the General in command and of the garrison of Dublin, that the remains, in case they were recovered, should be honoured with a military funeral. And thus it was that the pageant of the 1st came about. When the body was at last found in its bed of sand, the population of our metropolis could not be persuaded but they must assemble in tens of thousands to do the man honour; for we are an impulsive race, and can understand heroism, and are quite carried away by our feelings occasionally. And so the coffin was borne to the grave on a gun, with the Union Jack wrapped round it; and the Captain's dog was led along behind it; and the multitude was much moved; and if they over-did the thing, who will take upon him to blame them? In short, the man had died the death of a hero;—yet, take up the Navy List, and you will find plenty of names of men who, under the same circumstances, would have done as Boyd did.

INCOME-TAX GRIEVANCES.

THAT "use doth breed a habit in a man," is a truth which Shakspeare was not the first, any more than we shall be the last, to deem worthy of passing comment. The fact itself is one which all of us are, more or less consciously, illustrating every day. If eels may never get used to being skinned, beings of a higher order will easily come to put up with treatment hardly less disagreeable or dangerous to their vital powers. Many who once cried out most wrathfully against railway travelling and the penny post, already begin to wonder how the world could have fared so long with stage-coaches, and letters costing from a shilling upwards. Most of us, in these days of world-wide adulteration, swallow poison enough, in the way of daily food, to set chemical science widely and laughably at fault. Do not some fond wives take as kindly to their husbands' daily scolding as others do to the daily kiss? Even our neighbours across the Channel may come, a few years hence, to look on a military despotism as the right sort of government for a great and civilized people. While they are yet thinking about it, John Bull seems already to have made up his mind on a subject not quite so important to the world at large, yet full of interest, speculative and practical, to himself.

That subject is the Income-tax. Twenty years ago it was a thing unknown to this generation, save by hearsay or historical reading. A year or more later it was laid on by Sir Robt. Peel as a temporary measure demanded by a temporary need. Since then it has gradually taken so firm a hold upon us, that, like a horse mastered by a skilful rider, we have almost given up trying to shake it off, and now only seek to bear our burden as we most comfortably may. Its amount has been raised or lowered by successive Ministers; and the very man who once stood foremost among those who pressed for its early removal, has but lately done his worst to annihilate the hopes of his own fostering. In the very year of our promised freedom Mr. Gladstone contrived to sink us into a more hopeless slavery than be-

fore. It was easy for a statesman so fruitful in sounding fallacies and sudden turns of mind, to simplify the fiscal processes by knocking off a host of small items from the Customs' future returns. But a wide-spread taste for light French wines has not yet begun to show itself outside the airy fabric of Mr. Gladstone's dreams; the duties he has surrendered are gone for ever; and in a time of outward peace the country is paying an Income-tax of tenpence in the pound, which, but for a timely rescue of the Paper Duty by the Upper House, might now have mounted up to one shilling.

With an exchequer continually gaping for more, and a direct tax which yields a good million for every penny taken in the pound, there is but small hope that future Chancellors will cease to avail themselves of a machine so simple in its nature and so regular in its results. Yet the tax itself is at best a mere makeshift, suited only to an abnormal state of things, and really available only up to a certain point. For times like these it has already been stretched far enough, and even now it covers but a seventh part of the nation's yearly outlay—a fact on which the admirers of direct taxation would do well to ruminare at their leisure. Impartial thinkers may also ask, whether a tax so workable, within certain bounds, does not tend to encourage a certain thriftlessness in those who manage the public purse. Far be it from us to mistake a sequence in time for a direct result, nor have there been wanting several good reasons for enlarging the national disbursements of late years; but after all said or supposed, it is curious to watch how steadily the drain upon John Bull's pocket has deepened from fifty-eight millions in 1841, to seventy millions in 1861. Does the whole of this large increase arise from causes justly deemed inevitable; or may not the recent displays of dockyard extravagance, official carelessness, and commercial dishonesty, be traced back, in some measure, to the opening out of a new financial "diggins," warranted to make up for all shortcomings in other quarters? Have we not been

treating our Income-tax much as some good-natured husbands are treated by their wives, whose taste for expensive millinery is fed by the assurance that their lords will never refuse to pay.

Be this as it may, the burden has fastened itself upon us, and, for the present at least, every one has made up his mind to grin and bear. Like true Britons, of course, we solace ourselves with an occasional growl—not against the burden itself, but against what many deem the uneven stress of it on different parts of the body taxable. To the great bulk of casual or interested thinkers, it has always seemed a hard thing that men who make their money, from year to year, by the sweat of their own brains and sinews, should be taxed in the same proportion as those who draw their incomes regularly, and without effort, from the land or the public debtor. They seem to think that, for taxing purposes, there is some marked difference between the yearly rental of a landed estate, and the yearly earnings of a given trade or profession. To their minds the lawyer, whose capital lies in his brain and bodily powers; the tradesman, whose capital is invested in goods which others may be slow to buy; and the merchant, whose fortunes may be staked on a leaky ship or an overstocked market, have larger claims on the tax-gatherer's forbearance than the landowner, whose property will always command a certain fair price, or the stockholder who receives, at regular seasons, a fixed per-centage for money virtually laid out for his own use and that of his heirs for ever. It is held, in short, that an Income-tax should be regulated not by the amount of our yearly incomes, but by the nature of the capital whence, and of the means whereby, those yearly incomes are severally obtained.

So widely, indeed, has this feeling spread, that, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's dissuasive earnestness and unwontedly practical logic, Mr. Hubbard, an erstwhile governor of the Bank of England, has at length persuaded a majority of the Commons to demand a committee for the re-consideration of this agreeable tax. By so doing he has made what may afterwards come to be a fatal breach in the system he only meant to improve. An inquiry “into the present mode of assessing

and collecting the Income-tax” seems, of itself, a harmless subject for a committee's labours. A like scrutiny had once been carried on for two years, under the guidance of Mr. Hume, only to end in leaving the question very much as it was before. But it seems clear, from the whole tenor of Mr. Hubbard's speech, that his committee would have very different fish to fry from Mr. Hume's. The question he would have them consider is not one of accidental or less marked details: it is one which seriously affects the whole system, whether for good or evil. From first to last, his parable turned on the unequal pressure of the tax as now levied on different classes of taxpayers; on the harsh measure dealt out to Schedule D, compared with the favour shown to Schedules A, B, C. He contrived, indeed, to raise up a mild grievance or two for the owners of houses, mines, and lands; but this was only a sort of graceful prelude to his statement of the sufferings borne by that large class whose incomes are supposed to be the fruits of their own industry. If the grievances of this class are twofold heavier than those of householders, and fourfold heavier than those of landlords, it follows that a committee of inquiry will take the line thus marked out for it, and devote its best energies to strike out some means of redressing the greater wrong. Mr. Hubbard may disclaim the wish to instruct his colleagues in the way they should go, but his demand for an inquiry into the present working of the Income-tax can only be read by the light of his proposal to lower the tax on all “industrial incomes” by one-third of their present rating.

In this early stage of the matter, however, it were idle to count on any particular upshot. The committee may work on no foregone conclusion towards an issue broadly different from that here supposed, or its recommendations may be set aside by another majority of members adverse to the change demanded by Mr. Hubbard. The evil or the good that each of us fears or wishes, may never come. But while the issue is thus doubtful, we should do well to consider carefully the grounds on which it has been brought to trial. Is the present mode of assessing the Income-tax less

fair to one class than to another? Will the plan adopted by Mr. Hubbard's partisans correct or heighten the supposed unfairness?

Let us remember that the Income-tax is simply what its name implies: a tax on income, not on capital or mere expenditure. In principle, every one who pays at all, is supposed to pay a certain equal share of the money that accrues to him year by year, no matter how that sum is obtainable, or how soon it may chance to fail him. Each man, in short, from the largest landowner to the smallest shopkeeper, from the richest banker to the humblest annuitant, is yearly taxable on exactly the same proportion of what he yearly has the power to spend. The Government gets from each man an equivalent for what each would else have paid in the shape of some tax on goods consumed or exported. No favour is shown to one class more than another. As the rain falls alike on just and unjust, so the tax-gatherer was to take an equal slice of the yearly rental alike from those who earned and those who only ate their bread—alike from those who had property to leave behind them and those who had to put by a part of their year's earning for the same end—alike from wealthy bachelors, without an incumbrance, and struggling house-fathers, with large families. In practice, however, the strict rule has, wisely or unwisely, been waived from time to time in accordance with some special need. In the case, at one time, of Ireland, in that of farmholders from the first, of people with incomes below a certain sum, of people who invest a certain part of their year's income in life or deferred annuities, anomalies have crept in, some of which may be justified by large views of practical statesmanship, while others can only be tolerated on purely sentimental grounds. It may be politic, for instance, to exempt from such a tax all whose incomes are below the level at which life commonly ceases to be a painful effort to live, though many a workman, making less than a hundred a-year, may have more real comforts about him than a family that pays the tax out of its hundred and fifty or two hundred a-year. The boundary line, if drawn anywhere, could only be drawn sweepingly. Perhaps, also, the tenant farmer

has some fair claim to the mercy shown him above all other tax-paying classes. But what, on the other hand, has a Chancellor of the Exchequer to do with rewarding those provident people who put by a sixth of their year's income for the benefit of their wives or kindred? Foresight and self-denial are excellent things to practise, but so, also, are many other virtues with whose growth all fiscal burdens, more or less harmfully, interfere.

Once open the door to a differential rating, and claimants of every kind seek to pour in. As long as the exceptions were few and limited, a short answer could be given to all who questioned the original rule. While all but a few favoured ones paid alike, the burden of the income-tax, however hard it fell on single persons here and there, was pretty equally shared between the two great classes of the tax-paying world. Out of partial evil came forth the general good. But when distinctions founded on sentiment began to influence the mode of rating, the leading principle of the tax was no longer safe. Its equal incidence was virtually given up when, with the approval of many high authorities, it was decreed that no tax should be levied on the sixth part of any income invested to that amount in life-assurances. On this very deduction it is, that Mr. Hubbard founds his plea for one yet larger in behalf of all industrial incomes. Instead of one-sixth, he deems himself moderate in asking that his clients may be let off one-third.

There is just that show of justice in this request which stands for sound reason with that large number of persons who think from the heart rather than the head. The very notion of taxing a precarious at the same rate as a permanent income, of measuring useful industry by the same standard as ornamental idleness, smacks to their minds of gross unfairness. Their fancies shape forth a touching picture of honest worth toiling without end at desk or counter to lay by a modest pittance for a household liable at any moment to lose its only prop, while the lord of many acres has nothing to do but sit in comfort by his own hearth, and receive the rents which another has been paid to draw for him. They virtually pit extreme cases of hardship on the side of

Schedule D against extreme cases of well-doing on the side of Schedule A, forgetting that for fiscal purposes one kind of income has no more intrinsic value than another; that an income tax means a tax on incomings, not on capital or positive outlay; that lands and houses have no slight burdens of their own; and that many an owner of a seemingly fair estate would cheerfully exchange lots with the wealthy banker who envies him his pride of place, or with the prosperous merchant who deems the pleasure of making twenty per cent. a poor atonement for the hardship of being assessed in the same proportion as his landed neighbour.

Others, taking higher theoretic ground, maintain that persons who draw rent from lands, houses, or the funds, should pay proportionately heavier taxes than the trading and industrious classes, because, forsooth, their interests are more at stake on the events of war, and it is for their protection that taxes are mainly needed. Such a theory will not bear much handling. Neither the Government nor the policeman dreams of protecting one kind of property more than another. All classes of Englishmen pay alike for the maintenance of a fleet strong enough to guard our commerce, and to keep the invader from our shores. If that commerce were ruined, what would become of the wealth and labour which our merchants and manufacturers keep ever in active motion? If our fields and houses were filled with foreign plunderers, would the blow fall heavily on the idler classes alone? Are not the safety and well-being of one class bound up with that of every other as closely as each part of the human organism is linked and intertwined with all the rest? Even if the tradesman had less stake in the country than his landlord, that alone would be no just reason for taxing him at a lower rate. If patriotism be more than a name; if English history be aught more precious than a bundle of old parchment; if the claims of individual life and property be no mere conventional phrase, every true Briton must feel bound by a common interest to provide, according to his means, both for the maintenance of social order and the defence of his fatherland from outward danger.

More practical, but hardly more tenable, are the reasons by which Mr. Hubbard takes his stand. These are twofold. Precarious incomes should be taxed less than others; because, in the first place, their owners have to make provision for themselves and families; and secondly, because many of those owners, in revenge for the fancied overcharge, return their incomes at much less than the correct amount. The first plea would have greater force, if it were true that only persons with precarious incomes were ever obliged to make provision for themselves or others. Unluckily, the same thing may very often be affirmed of persons revelling in permanent incomes. At least we were not aware that Providence had endowed any particular class of society with the special privilege of providing for possible widows, poor relatives, and blooming children. Looking, indeed, at probabilities, we might almost fancy that in this respect our sympathies would rather have to side with the unproductive classes. Here, at any rate, where fashion has reigned the longest, is the voice of kinship likely to be farthest heard. Taking one with another, we should say that a merchant's family would have more ways of shifting for itself than the family of a well-born country squire. The times have seriously changed since the day when Mr. Bright's romances of the aristocracy contained the slightest glimmering of a truth. While the younger son of a merchant or a banker may find an easy berth in his father's or uncle's office, the younger son of many a squire or nobleman has to fight his uphill way through all sorts of forbidding examinations, against a crowd of rivals pressing in from every quarter. Many a tradesman doing a steady business has much less cause of anxiety about the future, than has the owner of a landed estate heavily saddled with provision for needy clients, or the owner of houses whose worth depends on the fashion of an hour or the chances of a lucky season. A knavish lawyer or a bad tenant may do as much harm to the master of a permanent income, as swindling clerks or defaulting debtors may do to the maker of a precarious one. Nor does the uncertainty of life press hard enough on the bulk of persons comprised in Schedules D

and E to give them a special claim on the public sympathy. Whatever may be said in behalf of professional men and holders of public office—and even that would have little practical force—it will hardly be averred as a general rule, that bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, are wont to die unseasonably, and so leave their families in more or less real distress. If one of them does fall ill or die too early, there is generally a widow, son, or partner, to take his place, and carry out his schemes. If death or sickness were the only, or the worst dangers which his family had to fear, their lot in life would furnish very few topics for a compassionate tirade against the classes that are thought by the multitude neither to toil nor spin. Even in the case of professional incomes, the ravages caused by sickness and untimely death would most likely fade into comparative nothingness before the gatherings of an opposite experience.

The hardships of the industrial classes may even mount up to a higher sum than those of the non-industrial, though this, too, is not so clear as it seems, and yet their claim to a lower rating will not be a whit further strengthened thereby. It is not always the loudest screamers who suffer the most pain, and a world of hardship, at which outsiders can but faintly guess, may be borne in dignified silence by persons seemingly endowed with a due share of worldly blessings. But the question for either side turns on no amount of special cases, nor can it be settled by striking a balance between opposite pleas. Unless it can be shown in black and white that precarious incomes are liable, as a rule, to entail misfortunes on those that live by them, no claim can fairly be established for the fiscal preference of one class to another. We have nothing to do here with individual experience, or with facts true only of a very small class. That the broad results of a fair inquiry would disprove the existence of any such general tendency, is clear from the manifest well-doing of those very classes for whom our pity is now besought. If the pursuit of trade or manufacture were nearly as disastrous as we are asked to deem it, the daily papers would be always teeming with bankruptcies—Mr. Gladstone would never

have heard of so many businesses, worth from twenty to twenty-five years' purchase—and retired tradesmen would not be continually buying up the smartest new villas on the skirts of every rising country town.

Mr. Hubbard's second reason has still less to recommend it than the first. He would lower the rating on Schedule D because so many persons classed therein are given to make false returns of their yearly income. This seems to us like encouraging dishonesty with a vengeance. If a thief is picking your pocket, make him a present of the sum stolen. The fact that so much evasion does occur in the assessing of Schedule D, is at once held to prove the immoral working of the present rules. There must be injustice beneath so much robbery. Possibly there is here and there an ignorant sense of injustice, such as the poacher or the smuggler is sometimes supposed to feel. But no one would, on these grounds, maintain that smugglers and poachers should be confirmed in the ownership of their ill-gotten gains, or that game laws and excise duties are inevitably wrong, because some who think so wilfully break the laws. As long as men are men, laws of every kind, from the best to the worst, will always be evaded or set at nought by the unthinking and the ill-disposed. Any enactment that touches men's pockets will beget evasion, if evasion be possible; still more, if evasion be easy; and the cry of harshness serves equally to soothe the conscience or cloak the wickedness of an offender. But if the morality of a law is to be tested simply by the number of those who break it, it would be hard to say what clause in the whole of our statutes might be allowed to stand unaltered or unrepealed. In such a case, the only passable enactments would be those that pointed to an obsolete or imaginary state of things. For a dishonest person, one door will serve as well as another. The odds are, that most of those who now make false returns to the assessors of Income-tax, would continue to make them if the assessment were cut down by one-half. Mr. Hubbard's assumption that the culprits shirk payment only of that share from which he would have them relieved, hardly matches with Mr. Gladstone's story of those gentle-

men who claimed compensation from government on ten times the amount which they had returned for the Income-tax. Cases like this, which fell under Mr. Gladstone's own knowledge, prove nothing so much as the shameful eagerness wherewith so many people of a certain class seize upon every opening to indulge their dishonest greed for pelf. They add fresh links to that dark chain of evidence which the records of commercial knavery and manufacturing falsehood are continually lengthening. If that, too, be a fact, in which Mr. Gladstone avowedly believes, that the evasions under Schedule D, however gross and many, are confined to the lower circles of professional and mercantile life, the last leg of Mr. Hubbard's argument is utterly gone, and his cure for immorality turns out to be a sovereign method of heightening the disease.

If a tax-payer already cheats the revenue of more than the sum that we are asked to remit him, is he a whit less likely to cheat the revenue after he has gained that remission than before? If he has hitherto cheated only to the amount of what he deems would be wrongly taken from him, will he afterwards own to past shortcoming by rating himself no lower than he did before? If he has cheated beyond that amount, will he henceforth make up the difference, to his own loss and certain self-exposure? Should the tax remain as it is, will not Mr. Hubbard's speech have instilled into some minds and confirmed in others that notion of injustice, which even persons of average honesty are often too willing to turn to their own account? It is everywhere allowed that a large amount is yearly lost to the Exchequer under the heading of Schedule D. Will any one venture to say that such a loss will be abated rather than increased by an enactment lowering the amount of rateable income for that schedule?

Moreover, by Mr. Hubbard's plan the rogues who shirk paying are to be rewarded at the cost of others who cannot get off paying, even if they would. To lower the rating on behalf of one class, is tantamount to raising it on all the rest. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul. Such a process, however palatable to Mr. Bright,

would never be furthered by a body of sober Englishmen, if they would only venture to use their own eyes. Mr. Hubbard's reasoning in its favour we have already shown to be a broken reed. Like one who finds himself walking in doubtful places, he tries to strengthen his case by a show of consideration for one or two other classes. Schedule A should be remitted one-twelfth, Schedule B one-sixth of its former share, for necessary outgoings; but for Schedule C, with one slight exception, he has no pity at all. He would make people who draw their income from the funds, pay a third more than those who reap it from trade. And yet as good or even a better claim might be advanced for Schedule C, than he or any one else has yet advanced for Schedule D. There are thousands of fundholders whose scanty incomes are sorely burdened by a tax which numbers of wealthy tradesmen could pay twice over with much less drawback. A charge of six pounds a-year falls heavier, as a rule, on an income of a hundred and fifty, than one of sixty pounds a-year falls on an income of fifteen hundred. The poor shopkeeper can revenge himself, if he be so minded, by paying almost as little as he pleases. But for the public creditor of small means, no such redress is possible; his money is handed over to him ready cut by the myrmidons of the bank. His wrongs, however, have hitherto found no champion, nor has ever a voice been raised to demand a sweeping remission in favour of the class to which he belongs. In his case, at least, no one has tried to prove that one swallow makes a summer; while the champions of another class would specially shut out his own from the mercy they offer in varying slices to all the rest.

Mr. Hubbard's plan of remission for Schedules A and B, seems just as arbitrary as his proposals for Schedules D and E. A reduction of one-sixth upon their rating may be a tempting bait to owners of house-property; but in spite of the example already set us in India, the justice of such a measure has not yet been shown. If houses are regularly taxed upon their average rental—and house-property has not become a less gainful investment than it was some twenty years ago—the bulk of house-owners are neither

worse nor better off under the present rating than the bulk of any other class. The proposed allowance for repairs would be as much too large for the many, as it would be too small for the few. Here again we have to look at the broad results alone; and to protest against the efforts of partial theorists to build up whole schemes of practice out of a few extreme or isolated facts. In taking piecemeal views of things, their general scope and character are but too likely to be overlooked or misconceived. Præaphaelite principles are not less a mistake in political economy than in art. Piecemeal reforms can only be good when founded on some good leading principle; but those now demanded have not even the doubtful advantage of being piecemeal.

On the remission to landowners of a twelfth for "necessary outgoings," there is nothing special to say. Here as elsewhere the present impost falls, not unfairly, on the whole class, however hardly it may seem to press on particular members. The tax, moreover, has just as little to do with necessary outgoings, as with the different kinds of capital or the circumstances that control each person's expenditure. But, in truth, these latter remissions are but a careful gilding of the large pill which the champions of Schedule D would have us swallow on any terms. They would let us slide easily from one injustice to another. If we give a twelfth to one class, and a sixth to another, we shall make less ado at yielding twice the latter amount to a third. The arrangement will, no doubt, be agreeable to all parties, especially to the stockholders, who would bear the burdens of all. It will only be repeating, on a grander scale, the athletic feat of some "African Brother," who delights a crowded circle by carrying one man on each arm, and one or two more on the top of his head.

There seems, then, no reason to doubt that Mr. Hubbard's plan would only heighten the unfairness incidental to the present mode of levying the Income-tax. It would establish a new principle of rating, founded on loose conceptions of what an Income-tax should be, and on a careless inquiry into the claims of different classes. It would offer a large bribe

to the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the country, at the expense, in different degrees, of other interests quite as important, and not less deserving. Professing to do away with the unequal incidence of the present system, it would create distinctions yet more sweepingly unfair than those which the present system unavoidably maintains. It would give the wealthiest banker an immense advantage over the poorest stockholder, or the most encumbered landlord. It would punish the person who invests in the public funds or in real property, for exercising that very virtue of prudence which it takes such credit for encouraging in the shopkeeper. It promises, in short, to deal with the Income-tax as cleverly as some folk would deal with the world they live in, if only they had the power of righting its apparent wrongs. Whatever faults there may be in the present system, the way to amend them lies not in the burdening of one class for the good of another, nor in the adoption of intricate methods for the management of a very simple machine. The more complex an Income-tax is made, the more unfairly will it be found to work. Its greatest, if not its only merit, should be its simplicity both of outline and working power. At best, it is but a rude instrument for discovering, with a certain broad truthfulness, how much money the nation has ready to meet a sudden or unusual demand. As soon as we shirk the principle of a uniform rating for all kinds of income, or flounder into the soft ground of maudlin sentiment, we lay ourselves open to attacks from every side. Mr. Hubbard's successful demand for a new committee grew out of the partial concessions granted in 1853. What the committee may bring forth in its turn, we shall not attempt to forecast; only avowing our firm belief that the triumphant issue of a plan so thoroughly accordant with the selfish instincts of our most unEnglish democrats, would only lead to yet further efforts for shifting the bulk of fiscal payments on to the shoulders of a class already burdened to the utmost of its lawful share.

Perhaps there is one direction in which the Income-tax might bear reforming. Rather than meddle with the different *kinds*, let the committee

turn its attention to the different *degrees* of income. People with incomes of a hundred a-year are taxed proportionally less than their richer neighbours. From incomes of a hundred and fifty, however, the full amount is now taken. Might not the lower rate be carried up to incomes of two or three hundred, or even more? And ought not incomes of less than a thousand a-year to pay less in proportion than those of ten thousand? Such distinctions would sweep through all classes alike, nor would they be half so questionable as that already drawn in favour of the tenant farmer, who is taxed only on half his earnings, and has nothing at all to pay on less than three hundred a-year. But this is merely thrown out by the way, as a point for discussion, not a claim for acceptance. One thing, indeed, we would press on all concerned, namely, the superior justice and elasticity of indirect over direct taxation for all ends of ordinary outlay. For many years this truth has been virtually overlooked, even in many quarters openly denied. In the growing rage for free-trade, and under the widening influence of our commercial

classes, we seem to have almost forgotten that direct taxation is a weapon to wield only in the last resort, is at best a clumsy, and quite temporary, makeshift for the more natural methods represented by our customs and excise dues. For all its seeming advantages an Income-tax, however skilfully adjusted, must always press unfairly on a certain number of those who pay, whilst customs duties, levied as they now are, fit themselves with equal nicety to each man's spending power. An Income-tax, doubled to its present amount, would still fall short of the present Customs Returns; and the former is already screwed up to war-pitch, while the latter was never so little felt as now. Whenever shall come the happy moment for returning to that peaceful scale of expenditure from which the lowering aspect of foreign affairs has of late years so reasonably frightened us, we trust that the earliest sign of such a change will show itself in a large reduction of the tax which Sir Robert Peel had once demanded for a very short time in aid of a very peculiar need.

PRIZE POEMS.

FROM the earliest times the love of honour, and the desire of fame, have been proverbially characteristic of the poetic temperament. In almost all ages, except the present, the flame of poetical genius has been fanned by the breath of public competition. Isocrates mentions it to the glory of Athens, that she had instituted national prizes, not only for strength and swiftness, but for wisdom and literary composition. To us, who, since our college-days, recollect nothing in this way of more engrossing interest than the half-contemptuous curiosity which awaited the decision of the Crystal Palace judges of the Prize Poem on Burns, it seems strange to take down Plutarch, and read of the struggle between Sophocles and Æschylus for the Athenian "Newdigate." It was an Attic "Grand Commemoration." The return of Cimon from his famous expedition to Scyros added a more imposing grandeur to the solemnities

of the great Dionysia. It was as if Wellington, Lawrence, or Outram, were to grace an *Encœnia* with their presence. Feeling ran so high in reference to the poetic contest that the Archon, whose duty it was to nominate the judges, hesitated to proceed to draw lots for their election, until Cimon, with his colleagues, having entered the theatre, and made libations to Dionysus, the Archon detained them, and administered to them the oaths appointed for the judges in the dramatic competition. The contest was close. At last, the first prize was awarded to Sophocles, the second to Æschylus, who in bitter and passionate disappointment retired to Sicily. Such things, no doubt, happen occasionally in our Universities, even among the more mature competitors for Seatonians and Sacred Poems, and not unfrequently among the youthful aspirants to Newdigates and Chancellor's medals. Sigher of Balliol sends

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Perhaps there is one direction in which the Income-tax might bear reforming. Rather than meddle with the different *kinds*, let the committee

turn its attention to the different *degrees* of income. People with incomes of a hundred a-year are taxed proportionally less than their richer neighbours. From incomes of a hundred and fifty, however, the full amount is now taken. Might not the lower rate be carried up to incomes of two or three hundred, or even more? And ought not incomes of less than a thousand a-year to pay less in proportion than those of ten thousand? Such distinctions would sweep through all classes alike, nor would they be half so questionable as that already drawn in favour of the tenant farmer, who is taxed only on half his earnings, and has nothing at all to pay on less than three hundred a-year. But this is merely thrown out by the way, as a point for discussion, not a claim for acceptance. One thing, indeed, we would press on all concerned, namely, the superior justice and elasticity of indirect over direct taxation for all ends of ordinary outlay. For many years this truth has been virtually overlooked, even in many quarters openly denied. In the growing rage for free-trade, and under the widening influence of our commercial

classes, we seem to have almost forgotten that direct taxation is a weapon to wield only in the last resort, is at best a clumsy, and quite temporary, makeshift for the more natural methods represented by our customs and excise dues. For all its seeming advantages an Income-tax, however skilfully adjusted, must always press unfairly on a certain number of those who pay, whilst customs duties, levied as they now are, fit themselves with equal nicety to each man's spending power. An Income-tax, doubled to its present amount, would still fall short of the present Customs Returns; and the former is already screwed up to war-pitch, while the latter was never so little felt as now. Whenever shall come the happy moment for returning to that peaceful scale of expenditure from which the lowering aspect of foreign affairs has of late years so reasonably frightened us, we trust that the earliest sign of such a change will show itself in a large reduction of the tax which Sir Robert Peel had once demanded for a very short time in aid of a very peculiar need.

PRIZE POEMS.

FROM the earliest times the love of honour, and the desire of fame, have been proverbially characteristic of the poetic temperament. In almost all ages, except the present, the flame of poetical genius has been fanned by the breath of public competition. Isocrates mentions it to the glory of Athens, that she had instituted national prizes, not only for strength and swiftness, but for wisdom and literary composition. To us, who, since our college-days, recollect nothing in this way of more engrossing interest than the half-contemptuous curiosity which awaited the decision of the Crystal Palace judges of the Prize Poem on Burns, it seems strange to take down Plutarch, and read of the struggle between Sophocles and Æschylus for the Athenian "Newdigate." It was an Attic "Grand Commemoration." The return of Cimon from his famous expedition to Scyros added a more imposing grandeur to the solemnities

of the great Dionysia. It was as if Wellington, Lawrence, or Outram, were to grace an *Encoenia* with their presence. Feeling ran so high in reference to the poetic contest that the Archon, whose duty it was to nominate the judges, hesitated to proceed to draw lots for their election, until Cimon, with his colleagues, having entered the theatre, and made libations to Dionysus, the Archon detained them, and administered to them the oaths appointed for the judges in the dramatic competition. The contest was close. At last, the first prize was awarded to Sophocles, the second to Æschylus, who in bitter and passionate disappointment retired to Sicily. Such things, no doubt, happen occasionally in our Universities, even among the more mature competitors for Seatonians and Sacred Poems, and not unfrequently among the youthful aspirants to Newdigates and Chancellor's medals. Sigher of Balliol sends

in a graceful poem in Tennysonian blank verse, or in the musical quatrain which has been made classical by the "Legend of Fair Women," and, after much deliberation, the judges prefer it to an exercise by Smith, of Brasenose, to which, however, they award the distinction of an *Accessit*. The latter gentleman immediately retreats to Wales for "the Long," and puffs away his disappointment on the ridges of Snowdon. But Smith's sorrows hardly touch the heart of a nation. An epigram of Martial shows that Latin poets were crowned with an oak garland in the capitol.

"O cui Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus,
Et meritas primâ cingere fronde comas.
"O thou who justly didst thy locks entwine
With the first poet-wreath of oaks Capitoline."

This passage is curious, as showing that Petrarch's intense desire to be crowned with *laurel* on the capitol, from which ceremony the title of Laureate is derived, was founded upon an *inaccuracy*. Readers of Gibbon will probably remember the poetic coronation of Petrarch in Rome, described in his seventieth chapter. Patricians, in scarlet and green robes, accompanied the poet in a splendid procession to the foot of a throne, occupied by the Count of Anguillara, who presented him with a laurel crown amidst the acclamations of the people. "In the act or diploma which was presented to Petrarch," says Gibbon, "the title and prerogatives of poet-laureate are revived in the capitol, after the lapse of thirteen hundred years; and he receives the perpetual privilege of wearing, at his choice, a crown of laurel, ivy, or myrtle, of assuming the poetic habit, and of teaching, disputing, interpreting, and composing, in all places whatsoever, and on all subjects of literature." We find in Selden's "Titles of Honour," that a Royal degree of Master or Doctor in the art of Poetry was introduced among the academical honors of the three faculties. In the "Life of St. Francis," we are told of a visit which he received from a poet, who had been crowned by the emperor, and in consequence was styled the *Rex versuum*. In our times, among our neighbours, the French Academy, we believe, frequently proposes large prizes for a poetical *concursus*.

What have we among ourselves to

correspond to these distinctions of the Prize poets of ancient Rome and Greece, of mediæval Italy, and of modern France? There is nothing, except in our Universities. From the year 1768 prizes were offered almost annually in the University of Oxford for English verses. Sir Roger Newdigate, who died in 1806, left an annual prize for a poem, which, by the terms of the bequest, was to be in English Heroics, not more than sixty lines long, and on ancient sculpture, painting, or architecture. The rule in favour of rhymed heroics appeared to be relaxed during Mr. Claughton's tenure of the chair of Poetry. In 1853, Mr. Reynolds, of Exeter, startled the Sheldonian Theatre by a blank verse Newdigate on "The Ruins of Egyptian Thebes." This was followed by two more pretty productions in the same measure—"The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons," by Mr. Lee of St. George's notoriety, and "The Mosque rising in the place of the Temple of Solomon," by Mr. Edward Hayden Osborne. The Newdigate for 1856, by William Powell James, seemed to be pitched in the same key as a certain ode which had been recited in the Sheldonian Theatre a few years before at Lord Derby's installation. Mr. James's style will be seen by his opening. "King Alfred surveying Oxford University at the present time," thus commences:—

"The night had come, and fair in light and shade
The sleeping city lay beneath the moon,
Still as the green heart of a forest-glade
In summer's breathless noon."

This innovation seems to have startled the "dons," as a rescript appeared insisting upon a recurrence to the rhymed heroic couplet. But the poems are no longer restricted in length, and the subjects have long ceased to be exclusively artistic. At Cambridge, Prize Poems for undergraduates first appeared in 1813. Since that date the Chancellor has annually given a gold medal to the best English Poem, which is recited in the Senate House at the commencements. On the other hand, Cambridge had enjoyed since about the year 1747 the Seatonian Foundation. The Rev. Thomas Seaton, M.A., bequeathed to that University the rents of a small estate, producing about £40 per annum to be given yearly "to

that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject." Occasionally a much larger sum is given. The late Mr. Hawkinson, whose poems have reached a fifth edition, obtained the Prize *nine times*. The Rev. John Mason Neale has also, we believe, *seven times* succeeded. Oxford has but lately possessed a similar Prize. Dr. Cramer, Dean of Carlisle, in 1848, presented £1,000 to the University, the interest to be given once every three years for an English Poem on a sacred subject. The chief regulations are, that the composition must not exceed three hundred lines, and that the competition is open to all members of the University, who, at the time the subject is announced, have passed the Degree examination. The Prize has been awarded but four times since its foundation. Our own University has lately taken steps to place her poetical Prize for undergraduates on the same footing with the Newdigate and the Chancellor's medal, and has provided for a public recitation of compositions of superior merit; but she has as yet nothing to correspond with the English foundations for sacred Poems.

We shall now consider how far these Prizes may be considered as tests either of general talent, or of true poetical ability. We shall then glance at, and give some extracts from, some of their number. And we shall conclude by a few suggestions as to the mode of taking off reproach from Prize Poems, and making them answer their end more truly.

No Prize list of any University can, we apprehend, compete with the English essay list at Oxford. We do not mean to say that Oxford has produced more eminent men than Dublin or Cambridge. Far from it. We only mean to say, that no list of Prizemen in any given subject, not even the senior wranglers, can display so many eminent names. Between the years 1770 and 1848 there were seventy-eight English essayists only. We take the latter date, because the essayists since that period have not had time to come into the first rank. Let us see how many of these seventy-eight have become highly distinguished in different pursuits. Lord Eldon, Lord Sidmouth, Bishop Burgess, Dean Hall, Lord Tenterden, Judge Taunton,

Bishops Philpotts, Copleston, Mant, Dean Jackson, Bishop Daniel Wilson, Reginald Heber, Chief Justice Grey, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Keble, Judge Coleridge, Bishop Hampden, Dr. Arnold, Dean Milman, Bishop Hinds, Mr. A. Macdonell, Professor Sandford, Bishop Shirley, Dr. Moberly, Mr. Sewell, Archdeacon Denison, Mr. Herman Merivale, Mr. Wall, Mr. Anstice, Mr. Mozley, Professor Vaughan, Bishop Claughton, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Froude, Mr. Prichard, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Professors Goldwin Smith, and Conington. It will be seen that of these seventy-eight prizemen at least half have risen to distinction in after-life. And this we venture to say can be predicated of no other University test whatever. This seems to point to the conclusion that English prose composition on well-chosen subjects is the very best touchstone of general ability, supposing the judges to be careful and competent. Let us examine the Oxford Newdigate list from 1808 to 1848, and the Cambridge Chancellor's Medal list from 1819 to 1848.

The forty-five Newdigates give us the following eminent names. Professor Wilson, Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, Mr. Macdonnell, Mr. Ewart, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Anstice, Professor Claughton, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Stanley, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Burgon, Mr. Matthew Arnold. That is, the Oxford list of Prize Poets can show out of every three names one who has become more eminent than his fellows.

Of the Cambridge thirty-five, we select the following:—Dr. Whewell, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Whytehead. Some of these names are more eminent than any of their Oxford rivals, but they are fewer in number.

The conclusion, we think, follows, that these poetical competitions, though not so unquestionably *prophetic* as essays in prose, are eminently indicative of after power, perhaps, indeed, partly productive of it. Pope reminds us, in one of his elegant comparisons, that—

"Though the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond
blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower."

It is to be confessed, that the University Prize Poem is not a gem much oftener than once in a dozen or twenty years. It is generally at best a hot-house flower, forced and precocious. Yet, not very seldom, it is a flower which will, indeed, soon fall off, and which belongs to a branch that will never blossom more; but which announces that we are to expect fruit. Most persons recollect Dr. Johnson's generalization, from the fact of Cowley having found Spenser's "Fairy Queen" in the window of his mother's apartment. "Such," he observes, "are the accidents, which, sometimes remembered, and sometimes, perhaps, forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius, is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." Questionable as is the general doctrine of this passage, it throws some light upon the fact, that prize poems are generally won by able men, who are *not* poets. "Minds of large general powers," by the accidental impulse of ambition, are "determined in this particular direction."

But if prize poems are, on the whole, excellent guages of general power; if we may *generally* predicate of a Newdigate, or Chancellor's medallist, that he is "a clever fellow," are such poems equally satisfactory guages of specially poetical ability—are we warranted in saying of the young laureate who descends from the rostrum with general applause, that he will probably be a poet? This question we must answer in the negative. Of the Newdigates, Heber, Milman, Edwin, and Matthew Arnold, are the only poets in the least known to the world as such, while beside the great names of Tennyson, Macaulay, and Bulwer, Cambridge has only one or two pretty writers, such as Whytehead, Praed, and Farrar. In reference to the poems, judged by their own intrinsic merits, we think the palm must be given to Oxford. It is singular, how often Oxford undergraduates have either come out with poems which surpassed any of their subsequent productions, or stood out alone as the single birth of their poetic genius. Milman has written thousands of lines, but nothing equal,

simile aut secundum, to his classic lines on the Belvidere Apollo. Edwin Arnold's "Feast of Belshazzar" is many degrees above the Cockney elegance of his other poems. Stanley's "Gipsies" has never been followed up. The author's poetic genius has died like a bee upon a single sting. Mr. Burgon has written nothing worthy of his ability, except the little poems in the *Times*, one on Wellington's funeral, another on Dr. Routh's death. The diffusive and vapid elegance of Macaulay's "Pompeii" and "Evening," or the mystic meanderings of Alfred Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," are not to be named in the same breath with a few of the Oxonians. Heber's "Palestine," the work of a boy of eighteen, will last with the English language. The "Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?" of Milman's Belvidere Apollo, is the magnificent opening of a poem that never falters to its close. No wonder that that marble form melted into the dreams of "the Maid of France," until she died of love. Lord Carlisle's "Pæstum," is almost faultlessly elegant. The lines are steeped in the light of old Italian summers, and well recall the time

"When her light soil bore plants of every hue,
And twice each year her storied roses blew."

In later years, Mr. Burgon's "Petra," though too long and redundant, and sometimes rather prosaic, rises to a wonderful height in the passage which ends,

"Match me such marvel save in eastern clime,
A rose-red city, half as old as Time."

Matthew Arnold's "Cromwell" is in some parts not unworthy of the matured genius of the author of "Balder Dead." Edwin Arnold's "Feast of Belshazzar," by the omission of about a hundred lines, might be rendered one of the most beautiful descriptive poems in the language. And Mr. Worsley's "Temple of Janus" is a very noble attempt, full of thought and power just beginning to be conscious of itself. It is, however, but just to say, that, perhaps, the *strongest* poem in the two collections, is "Plato," by William Johnson, King's College, Cambridge, 1843. We should suppose that the writer must have been older than undergraduates generally are.

We proceed to specialize some of these prize compositions.

The collected volume of Oxford prize poems does not read below the year 1839. Reginald Heber's "Palestine" needs no citation; it is too well known to every lover of English literature. Milman's "Belvidere Apollo,"

"Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love,"

is to a certain extent classical. Faber's "Knights of St. John" is familiar to many readers, having been included in a collection, which at one time enjoyed rather extensive popularity. It is curious enough, that the successive generations of undergraduates who admire, or used to admire—

"Yet though we part
With these fair *superstitions of the heart*,"

do not seem to have discovered that the expression is borrowed from Burke's "Reflections on the Revolutions in France." Mr. Graham's "Granada" is a pretty poem; and the same gentleman appears again with some very stirring lines, addressed to the Duke of Wellington. The story used to go that their author came up from an exile in the country to stand a second time in the rostrum; and the *Times* of that date (June, 1834) describes the outburst of enthusiasm which their recitation produced. The name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, of Balliol, is appended to the "Gipsies" in 1837. We have never seen any other verses from the pen of the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, yet surely the author of the following lines must have something more than the mere knack of versification:—

"Say can it be, that while this world was young—

While yet Heaven's glory round her childhood hung,

In lonely splendour walked upon the earth
The swarthy sires whence these derive their birth

Of giant power, of eagle's piercing ken,
Wise and mightiest of the sons of men?
What if in yonder chief, of tattered vest,
Glowed the same blood that warmed a Pharaoh's breast?

If in the fiery eye, the haughty mien,
The tawny hue of yonder Gipsy Queen
Still dwells the light of Cleopatra's charms,
The winning grace that roused the world to arms—

That called Rome's legions to a watery grave,
And bound earth's lord to be a woman's slave.

Lo Misraim's kingcraft, of its glory reft,
Is shrunk to petty deeds of midnight theft,
Lo Egypt's wisdom only lives to pry
Thro' the dark arts of paltry palmistry;
The salt that lacked all savour from above,
The daring pride that knew no humble love,
The priestly lore that worshipped all, save God,
Beneath the foot of man must evermore be trod.

Remnant of ages, from thy glory cast—
Dread link between the present and the past—

Where are the tribes that bowed beneath thy might—

That drank from thee as from a fount of light?

One only race of all thy great compeers
Still moves with thee along this vale of tears.
Long since ye parted by the Red Sea strand,
Now, face to face, ye meet in every land;
Alone amid a new-born world ye dwell,
Egypt's lone people—outcast Israel.

Like the two forms in sackcloth garb arrayed,

By the rapt Seer from Patmos shore surveyed;

Prophets of ill, that stand in speechless woe,
On Earth's highway, to bid the nations know

How fallen they who shone so bright of yore,
One skilled in human, one in holier lore.
How dark their fate who turn to uses base
Earth's highest wisdom, Heaven's divinest grace.

Wanderers, farewell! 'tis not for erring man
The mystic rule of God's decrees to scan.

Dark is the past, yet still in clear expanse,
The future spreads to Hope's imploring glance.

It cannot be—so drear, so dark a spot
God's glorious universe for aye should blot;
It cannot be—at once with awful cry
The thousand kindreds of His earth reply.

We, too, are fallen; we, too, in deserts stray,

With bliss in sight, with home beside our way:

We, too, are deaf to messages of love—
Angels unheeded round our footsteps move.
This is a solemn world, a dreadful spot,
The gate of heaven, and yet we know it not."

Mr. Ruskin is the author of "Salsette and Elephanta." We think the young poet's exercise does not display much promise of the genius which he has proved himself to possess. It is vague and sounding, but rather feeble, and is sometimes very near sonorous nonsense. Thus:—

"Thou, too, dark isle, whose shadow on the sea

Lies like the gloom that mocks our memory,
When some bright instant of our former lot,
Some grief remembered, but were guilt forgot."

The year 1840 produced a Newdigate of almost ridiculous mediocrity on the "Judgment of Brutus."

"He left the west—O, whither should he go,
That man of deep, unutterable woe?
Woe like that island-monarch, when his
son—
His first-born—his beloved—his only one—
Found in the surges of the stormy wave," &c.

Matthew Arnold, now Professor of Poetry, graced the academic laurels in 1843. The poem was full of beautiful touches. The opening lines, in which Wordsworth's thought of the two voices of the mountain and of the sea is applied to the fact of Cromwell's birth in a fen-country, are quite majestic:—

"High fate is theirs, ye sleepless waves,
whose car
Learns freedom's lesson from your voice of
fear;
High fate is theirs who, where the silent sky
Stoops to the soaring mountains, live and
die;
Who scale the cloud-capp'd height, or sink
to rest
In the deep stillness of its sheltering breast;
Around whose feet the exulting waves have
sung,
The eternal hills their giant shadows flung.
No wonders nurs'd thy childhood: not for
thee
Did the waves chant their song of liberty!
Thine was no mountain home, where Free-
dom's form
Abides enthroned amidst the mist and storm,
And whispers to the listening winds that
swell
With solemn cadence round her citadel.
'These had no charm for thee; that cold,
calm eye,
Lit with no rapture as the storm pass'd by,
'To mark, with shiver'd crest, the reeling
wave
Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave;
Or hear, 'mid circling crags, the impatient cry
Of the pent winds that scream in agony."

Nor was Matthew Arnold only a master of the simplest style of declamation. His poem abounds in thoughts, sometimes profound, sometimes tender, and in lovely images. Calm years of a life preceded and followed by care and trouble are—

"Green happy places, like a flowery lea
Between the barren mountains and the
stormy sea."

Here are one or two other thoughts:

"Repentant prayers that had been strong to
save,
And the first sorrow which is childhood's
grave.
. . . Thoughts that were but outlines
Time engraves
Deep on man's life, and childhood's baby
waves,
Made round with care, become the change-
ful sea,
Stemm'd by the strength of manhood fear-
lessly."

Milton is well described: Laud beautifully:—

"There Laud, with noiseless step and glitter-
ing eye,
In priestly garb, a frail old man, went by:
His head was drooping on his aged breast;
His arms were folded like a saint at rest."

Mr. Burgon's *Petra*, 1845, rises very far above the average. In parts, indeed, it is flat—a sort of Palestine and water; but the description of *Petra* is of the highest order:—

"From the rock, as if by magic grown,
Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone.
Not virgin white, like that old Doric shrine,
Where once Athena held her rites divine;
Not saintly grey, like many a minster fane
That crowns the hill, or sanctifies the plain;
But rosy red, as if the blood of dawn
Which once beheld them were not yet with-
drawn;
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which men call'd old two thousand years
ago,
Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,
A rose-red city, half as old as Time."

The "Feast of Belshazzar," 1852, by Edwin Arnold, is a splendid production. Fortunately we have not a copy at hand, or we should extract half the poem. Mr. Worsley's "Temple of Janus," 1857, is full of promise. Witness this on the meeting of Numa and Egeria:—

"There is a gentle and familiar page
Read by the child, and pondered by the
sage,
Where Fable, dreaming back a happier
prime,
Lavished her loveliest gifts on Numa's time,
Like purple hills against a distant sky,
More glorious than the near reality.
That far-off patriarchal age appears
Islanded in the silvery mist of years,
For—so they tell—when every wind was
still,
And darkening pines were silent on the hill,
While Phoebus, sinking in the arms of sleep,
Lit with broad lines of gold the Tuscan deep,
Numa, and one of more than mortal mien,
Met in the stillness of the summer scene,
And spake, while Dian from her throne
above
Rained her pure beams upon their purer
love:
They came, where Nature charming every
sense,
Sinks in the heart her voiceless eloquence.
Man, the profaner there, had not yet marred
The native tufa, and the sylvan sward,
And a cold fountain, sole companion sweet,
Bubbled its singing murmur at their feet,
Making more musical the words which fell
From seraph's lips, and adding spell to spell.
Love knit their hearts together—so that he,
Touched with a spark of pure divinity,

Grew into more than human loving her;
And the bright nymph from her immortal
sphere
Drawn to the sorrows and the joys of this;
Took yet a holier print of tenderness."

The less said of "Lucknow" and the
"Escorial," the better.

In the Cambridge collection the
eminent name of William Whewell
will hardly win much attention to
Boadicea, which is very much in the
Bombastes Furioso vein. Pompeii, by
Thomas Babington Macaulay, is hardly
what we should have expected from
its author, and is chiefly remarkable
as having been stolen wholesale by
Mr. R. S. Hawker, in his *Newdigate*
on the same subject, in 1827. It is
curious that, as Macaulay's juvenile
poetry was "appropriated" by Hawker,
so one of his earlier articles was "in-
corporated," by Mr. Disraeli in a chap-
ter of a novel. Macaulay won a se-
cond gold medal in 1821, on "Evening."
This poem is characterised by grace
and eloquence, and a delighted appre-
ciation of poetical literature. It is as
little as possible original. Here are
its closing, and its best lines:—

"Nor less, enchantress, to thy reign belong
The mines of science and the flowers of song,
And every glorious deed and thought sublime,
By virtue or by genius match'd with time.
I love to trim the taper o'er the page
Where lives the mind of poet or of sage,
Then as that beauteous and imperial lay,
Renowned in many a wild Ausonian lay,
Crowds with fair shapes and paints with
glorious dyes
The sparkling azure of Sicilian skies.
And hangs her pillar'd domes and waving
shades,
Her terraced streets and marble colonnades,
On the bright waters of that sapphire sea
Which laves thy sunny realms, Parthenope.
So o'er the soul the Muse's spells diffuse
The pomp of graceful forms, and lovely hues;
Things uncreated, men unborn appear,
The past is present, and the distant near.
In long array on fancy's wondering eyes
Visions of beauty or of terror rise,
The cauldron mantling with the drugs of hell,
The suppliant charms of purest Isabel;
Or that dire huntsman whom, with shudd'ring
awe,
The love-sick wand'rer of Ravenna saw.
Now led by Milton's mighty hand, she roves
Through the dark verdure of primeval groves.
The rose-crown'd priest of love and wine
she sees
Lead his quaint pageant thro' the moonlight
trees;
She roams through proud Duesse's gilded hall,
She melts in anguish o'er Olarissa's pall.
The fabled East pours forth its witching dreams,
Sweet as its gales and gorgeous as its beams.
The Gothic muse recounts in northern rhyme
The sterner legends of a sterner clime,

Her tales of trophied knights and rescued
maids,
Of haunted fountains and enchanted blades.
To graver themes shall wit and mirth succeed,
And urge the lingering hours to fleetest speed.
Again Parolles shall seek his luckless drum,
And Falstaff jest, and Epicene be dumb;
The city's champion wield his flaming mace,
And dear Sir Roger lead the joyous chase.
Come ever thus, sweet Eve, and let thy smile
The sorrows and the toils of day beguile;
And as thy starlight dew and cooling breeze
Revive the swarthy turf and drooping trees,
Paint every sunburnt flower with richer bloom,
And bathe the plains in moisture and perfume,
Thus let thy moral charms, with influence kind,
Repair the wither'd verdure of the mind;
And thus to fresher life and brighter hue,
Each languid hope and faded joy renew.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed rises
above Macaulay in "Australasia and
Athens." E. G. Lytton Bulwer, Fel-
low Commoner of Trinity Hall, exceeds
either, in "Sculpture," the poem for
1825. It is interesting to see how
one could write thirty-five years ago,
who has since stamped himself as dra-
matist, novelist, and orator. We ques-
tion whether he has ever written
better poetry.

"The winds were hush'd on Pindu, and the
day,
Balm'd by a thousand sweets, had died away;
The wave beneath, the laurel on the hill,
Bask'd in th' heaven's blue beauty, and were
still—
Pomp, silence, night, were reigning on the
earth.
Nymph whom my rude verse worships, at thy
birth
The Muses rear'd thee in their starry caves,
Laved thy fair limbs beneath their holiest
waves,
And taught the wild soul, speaking from thine
eye,
To quaff the light of genius from the sky.
There, by lone mount, and dale, and deep
brow'd dell—
There, by the bee-loved flowers and mossy
cell—
There, by the glories of the summer noon,
And the sweet sadness of the midnight moon,
Thy spirit, stored within its still recess,
The myriad forms of nature's loveliness,
The grand, the soft, the lofty, and the fair,
Wooded thy warm thoughts, and made their
dwelling there.
'Tis said—what minstrel doubts the legend's
truth—
The Day-god loved thee from thy earliest youth,
And poured around the musings of thy heart
The shadowy splendours of his holiest art—
To substance fix'd the bright thoughts all his
own,
And breath'd the life of poesy to stone.

And though no more by cool Cephissus stream
The queen of beauty haunts the minstrel's
dream,
Though now no more on Tempe's classic vale
Apollo's locks win worship from the gale,

Yet still thy spells preserve them to the eye,
Chain to the earth the bright forms of the sky,
And raise high spirits from the mine and ore,
That crowds may gaze and genius may adore.

Is it a goddess? Lo! I bend the knee,
Dream of Heaven's beauty let me worship thee!

Thou art, indeed, too lovely for the earth,
As earth is now—thy charms are of the birth
Of her first morn, when every flower was trod,

And every fount was hallow'd by its god,
And brighter beings wander'd from above
To win the treasure of a mortals love.

Oh, o'er the sculptor's spirit pour'd each ray,
That memory hoarded of that golden day.
All which the soul deems bright, or passion clear,

When his wild fancy turn'd and fixed them here.

Oft at deep noon, what time the wearied gale
Slept on the violets, while the shadowy vale,
The green leaves laughing in the quivering beams,

Lull'd the luxurious spirit in wild dreams.

Oft hath the marvel of thy beauty stole
Sweet shape along the visions of my soul;
E'en as when young Adonis wooed thy vow,
E'en as thou glowest from the marble now;
E'en as thou stood'st mid vanquish'd gods above,

In breathing palpable, embodied love;
E'en thus of old the Cyprian sculptor viewed
The star-like form which blessed his solitude.
From earth and earthly beauty he had flown,
And graved a dream of loveliness on stone,
And made a temple of his beating heart,
To worship the perfection of his art.

And, aye, he knelt adoring—none were near
The impassioned homage of his vows to hear;
The mystic language of the rushing wind,
Nursed the voluptuous madness of his mind.
He rain'd warm kisses on th' unconscious face,
Woo'd the mute marble to his wild embrace,
Gazed till the cell swam round his reeling eyes,

And the chill air was burning with his sighs,
Hung on that lip, alas! so vainly fair,
And breath'd at last his very being there.
O'er the cold cheek rose Passion's blushing hue,

Slowly to life the kindling statue grew,
Caught the warm spirit from his soul's excess,
And breath'd and moved in living loveliness."

"Timbuctoo," 1829, is by one who was destined to become a greater poet than Bulwer or Macaulay—Alfred Tennyson. Dreamy and indefinite as the poem may be in outline, long and involved as are the sentences, and harsh in portions the versification, the "Idylls" and the "Princes" are there as the oak is potentially in the acorn. It is creditable to the penetration of the judges that they should have detected genius under a style which had then no associations to recommend it, and venturing upon the academical audacity of blank verse. Cannot the reader

catch the true Tennysonian trick already?

"Where are ye,
Thrones of the western wave—fair islands green—

Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms—

The blossoming abysses of your hills?

Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays,

Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds!"

Here is a thought which was to roll long in the deep ocean-like roll of the poet's mind, until at last it was rounded into the perfect shape which it wears in the "Two Voices:"

"My thoughts, which long have grovelled in the slime

Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house

Beneath unshaken waters; but at once

Upon some earth-awakening day of spring,

Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft

Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides

Double display of stained wings, which burn

Fan-like, and gilded with intensest bloom.

E'en so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt

Unutterable buoyancy and strength."

Except Mr. Whytehead's verses on the "Empire of the Sea," there is little to reward attention down to 1842; the "Birth of the Prince of Wales," by H. J. Sumner Maine. Mr. Maine sets off in splendid style—

"Which of all sweetest things, that long delayed,

Are by their lingering yet more precious made,

Has power to clothe the moment of its birth

With that rich joy, that welcomes thee to earth;

Ne'er, when we watched for spring, was half so sweet

The early violet bending at our feet.

No restless mourner, counting on their way

The stealing hours that usher in the day,

Started with such ecstatic joy to see

The darkness melted to transparency.

"O, that the power who stains the twilight sea,

Would weave some gorgeous phantasy for thee,

That gently swimming o'er the mystic glass,

Thy native land might in its beauty pass.

Then pillar'd halls should glide beneath thy ken,

And cities twinkling with the feet of men.

And then, with clustering vessels darkened o'er,

The crisped wave should kiss its yellow shore,

And islands should'st thou see, that in the west,

The broad Atlantic pillows on his breast.

turn its attention to the different degrees of income. People with incomes of a hundred a-year are taxed proportionally less than their richer neighbours. From incomes of a hundred and fifty, however, the full amount is now taken. Might not the lower rate be carried up to incomes of two or three hundred, or even more? And ought not incomes of less than a thousand a-year to pay less in proportion than those of ten thousand? Such distinctions would sweep through all classes alike, nor would they be half so questionable as that already drawn in favour of the tenant farmer, who is taxed only on half his earnings, and has nothing at all to pay on less than three hundred a-year. But this is merely thrown out by the way, as a point for discussion, not a claim for acceptance. One thing, indeed, we would press on all concerned, namely, the superior justice and elasticity of indirect over direct taxation for all ends of ordinary outlay. For many years this truth has been virtually overlooked, even in many quarters openly denied. In the growing rage for free-trade, and under the widening influence of our commercial

classes, we seem to have almost forgotten that direct taxation is a weapon to wield only in the last resort, is at best a clumsy, and quite temporary, makeshift for the more natural methods represented by our customs and excise dues. For all its seeming advantages an Income-tax, however skilfully adjusted, must always press unfairly on a certain number of those who pay, whilst customs duties, levied as they now are, fit themselves with equal nicety to each man's spending power. An Income-tax, doubled to its present amount, would still fall short of the present Customs Returns; and the former is already screwed up to war-pitch, while the latter was never so little felt as now. Whenever shall come the happy moment for returning to that peaceful scale of expenditure from which the lowering aspect of foreign affairs has of late years so reasonably frightened us, we trust that the earliest sign of such a change will show itself in a large reduction of the tax which Sir Robert Peel had once demanded for a very short time in aid of a very peculiar need.

PRIZE POEMS.

FROM the earliest times the love of honour, and the desire of fame, have been proverbially characteristic of the poetic temperament. In almost all ages, except the present, the flame of poetical genius has been fanned by the breath of public competition. Isocrates mentions it to the glory of Athens, that she had instituted national prizes, not only for strength and swiftness, but for wisdom and literary composition. To us, who, since our college-days, recollect nothing in this way of more engrossing interest than the half-contemptuous curiosity which awaited the decision of the Crystal Palace judges of the Prize Poem on Burns, it seems strange to take down Plutarch, and read of the struggle between Sophocles and Æschylus for the Athenian "Newdigate." It was an Attic "Grand Commemoration." The return of Cimon from his famous expedition to Scyros added a more imposing grandeur to the solemnities

of the great Dionysia. It was as if Wellington, Lawrence, or Outram, were to grace an *Encænia* with their presence. Feeling ran so high in reference to the poetic contest that the Archon, whose duty it was to nominate the judges, hesitated to proceed to draw lots for their election, until Cimon, with his colleagues, having entered the theatre, and made libations to Dionysus, the Archon detained them, and administered to them the oaths appointed for the judges in the dramatic competition. The contest was close. At last, the first prize was awarded to Sophocles, the second to Æschylus, who in bitter and passionate disappointment retired to Sicily. Such things, no doubt, happen occasionally in our Universities, even among the more mature competitors for Seatonians and Sacred Poems, and not unfrequently among the youthful aspirants to Newdigates and Chancellor's medals. Sigher of Balliol sends

worse nor better off under the present rating than the bulk of any other class. The proposed allowance for repairs would be as much too large for the many, as it would be too small for the few. Here again we have to look at the broad results alone; and to protest against the efforts of partial theorists to build up whole schemes of practice out of a few extreme or isolated facts. In taking piecemeal views of things, their general scope and character are but too likely to be overlooked or misconceived. Preraphaelite principles are not less a mistake in political economy than in art. Piecemeal reforms can only be good when founded on some good leading principle; but those now demanded have not even the doubtful advantage of being piecemeal.

On the remission to landowners of a twelfth for "necessary outgoings," there is nothing special to say. Here as elsewhere the present impost falls, not unfairly, on the whole class, however hardly it may seem to press on particular members. The tax, moreover, has just as little to do with necessary outgoings, as with the different kinds of capital or the circumstances that control each person's expenditure. But, in truth, these latter remissions are but a careful gilding of the large pill which the champions of Schedule D would have us swallow on any terms. They would let us slide easily from one injustice to another. If we give a twelfth to one class, and a sixth to another, we shall make less ado at yielding twice the latter amount to a third. The arrangement will, no doubt, be agreeable to all parties, especially to the stockholders, who would bear the burdens of all. It will only be repeating, on a grander scale, the athletic feat of some "African Brother," who delights a crowded circle by carrying one man on each arm, and one or two more on the top of his head.

There seems, then, no reason to doubt that Mr. Hubbard's plan would only heighten the unfairness incidental to the present mode of levying the Income-tax. It would establish a new principle of rating, founded on loose conceptions of what an Income-tax should be, and on a careless inquiry into the claims of different classes. It would offer a large bribe

to the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the country, at the expense, in different degrees, of other interests quite as important, and less deserving. Professing to draw, with the unequal incidence of the present system, it would create distinctions yet more sweepingly unequal than those which the present system unavoidably maintains. It would give the wealthiest banker an immense advantage over the poorest smallholder, or the most encumbered landlord. It would punish the person who invests in the public funds, or real property, for exercising that virtue of prudence which it takes such credit for encouraging in the shopkeeper. It promises, in dealing with the Income-tax as clerks, as some folk would deal with the world they live in, if only they had the power of righting its apparent wrongs. Whatever faults there may be in the present system, the way to amend them lies not in the burdening of one class for the good of another, nor in the adoption of intricate methods in the management of a very simple machine. The more complex a tax is made, the more unlikely will it be found to work. Its greatness, if not its only merit, should be its simplicity both of outline and working power. At best, it is but a rough instrument for discovering, with a certain broad truthfulness, how much money the nation has ready to meet a sudden or unusual demand. As soon as we shirk the principle of a uniform rating for all kinds of income, or flounder into the soft ground of maudlin sentiment, we lay ourselves open to attacks from every side. Mr. Hubbard's successful demand for a new committee grew out of the partial concessions granted in 1853. When the committee may bring forth its report, we shall not attempt to forestall it, only avowing our firm belief in the triumphant issue of a plan thoroughly accordant with the instincts of our most unEnglish democrats, would only lead to further efforts for shifting the burden of fiscal payments on to the shoulders of a class already burdened to the utmost of its lawful share.

Perhaps there is one direction in which the Income-tax might be re-forming. Rather than meddling with the different kinds, let the committee

turn its attention to the different *degrees* of income. People with incomes of a hundred a-year are taxed proportionally less than their richer neighbours. From incomes of a hundred and fifty, however, the full amount is now taken. Might not the lower rate be carried up to incomes of two or three hundred, or even more? And ought not incomes of less than a thousand a-year to pay less in proportion than those of ten thousand? Such distinctions would sweep through all classes alike, nor would they be half so questionable as that already drawn in favour of the tenant farmer, who is taxed only on half his earnings, and has nothing at all to pay on less than three hundred a-year. But this is merely thrown out by the way, as a point for discussion, not a claim for acceptance. One thing, indeed, we would press on all concerned, namely, the superior justice and elasticity of indirect over direct taxation for all ends of ordinary outlay. For many years this truth has been virtually overlooked, even in many quarters openly denied. In the growing rage for free-trade, and under the widening influence of our commercial

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told, may be learned in six months ; but the loom-owner demands four years' gratuitous labour from the child he teaches, and during this time the child's parents are compelled to feed him.

In Lyons, women are on a par with men—that is, men and women are paid the same price for weaving a *mètre* of silk. If the women earn less than the men it is because they have not the strength of the men.* Yet the wife of a loom-owner may earn three francs a-day, all expenses paid. It is her business also to carry work home to the merchant, and to receive fresh work from him. She concludes bargains, and is, in all respects, the business equal of her husband. She is mother of a family, and in comfortable circumstances. She may indulge in certain toilette vanities, but she is hardly more extravagant than her less fortunate sister, who lives alone, and depends for her bread upon her individual labour, part of which she cedes to the loom proprietor. We find that, taking a liberal view of her gains, she earns £21 a year, for 300 days' work. She is, consequently, badly housed, poorly clad, ill fed, and overworked. But still she is the aristocrat of the female workers of Lyons. The poor dressers and winders—whose earnings waver between eighty centimes and one franc per day, who live upon a halfpennyworth of soup for breakfast, and a twopenny-halfpenny dish at noon, helped by any bread or wine they may be able to add to this scanty fare—must look up to the weavers with envy. The winders have two supplies of soup per diem, provided, at a halfpenny per bowl, by their employers ; but their condition, with their thirteen or fourteen hours' work a day, is sad enough. The warpers are often better off. They are paid an annual salary, and lodged and fed in their masters' house ; but their wages are

between £4 and £6 per annum only. There are other female departments in the silk manufactories of Lyons, in some of which the female operatives earn four francs a day ; but the vast majority are miserable while unmarried, and solely dependent upon their own exertions for their means of living. The prospect for the unmarried is woful. They cannot earn enough to save for their old age, or to carry them through long periods of sickness. Their work is uncertain, even when they are able to do it. They lose many hours wandering from workshop to workshop in search of a job. A commercial crisis comes, when hardly a skein of silk goes to the looms. What then ? Why, hunger from one end of the great city to the other—hunger with all its frightful accompaniments. Children in Lyons are horribly overworked. There are no inspectors in France who can enter the workshops of these small Lyonnese loom proprietors. There are also two or three peculiar factories where young girls past thirteen years sign engagements for three years. Here thirteen hours are given to work, and apprentices have a right to go out for a holiday only once in six weeks. Sundays are given to instruction, worship, and to walks under the care of the presiding sisters. The apprentices are never left alone ; they work, walk, pray, and sleep under surveillance. These apprentices are well cared for, but are they not too constantly, too painfully overlooked ? They are kept from the temptations of the streets of Lyons, but they are kept with a rod of iron.†

The time is coming, however, when machinery, driven by water-power or steam, will break up the hand-looms of Lyons. M. Simon has examined very carefully the cause of Lyons' prosperity, with the hand-looms, in competition with the power-looms of England. He traces this successful

* M. Simon declares that, taking the average daily gains of the man weaver at two francs and a-half, those of the female weaver are one franc seventy-five centimes.

† At Mulhausen a better plan has been adopted. Here, in an humble convent, work-girls are received, housed, and clothed at a very low price, and they are permitted to go to their work outside during the day. Some live here entirely ; others use the convent only while they are seeking work in a respectable family. The superior takes care of their savings, and permits them to buy, by instalments, the bed upon which they sleep.

that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject." Occasionally a much larger sum is given. The late Mr. Hawkinson, whose poems have reached a fifth edition, obtained the Prize nine times. The Rev. John Mason Neale has also, we believe, *seven times* succeeded. Oxford has but lately possessed a similar Prize. Dr. Cramer, Dean of Carlisle, in 1848, presented £1,000 to the University, the interest to be given once every three years for an English Poem on a sacred subject. The chief regulations are, that the composition must not exceed three hundred lines, and that the competition is open to all members of the University, who, at the time the subject is announced, have passed the Degree examination. The Prize has been awarded but four times since its foundation. Our own University has lately taken steps to place her poetical Prize for undergraduates on the same footing with the Newdigate and the Chancellor's medal, and has provided for a public recitation of compositions of superior merit; but she has as yet nothing to correspond with the English foundations for sacred Poems.

We shall now consider how far these Prizes may be considered as tests either of general talent, or of true poetical ability. We shall then glance at, and give some extracts from, some of their number. And we shall conclude by a few suggestions as to the mode of taking off reproach from Prize Poems, and making them answer their end more truly.

No Prize list of any University can, we apprehend, compete with the English essay list at Oxford. We do not mean to say that Oxford has produced more eminent men than Dublin or Cambridge. Far from it. We only mean to say, that no list of Prizemen in any given subject, not even the senior wranglers, can display so many eminent names. Between the years 1770 and 1848 there were seventy-eight English essayists only. We take the latter date, because the essayists since that period have not had time to come into the first rank. Let us see how many of these seventy-eight have become highly distinguished in different pursuits. Lord Eldon, Lord Sidmouth, Bishop Burgess, Dean Hall, Lord Tenterden, Judge Taunton,

Bishops Philpotts, Copleston, Mant, Dean Jackson, Bishop Daniel Wilson, Reginald Heber, Chief Justice Grey, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Keble, Judge Coleridge, Bishop Hampden, Dr. Arnold, Dean Milman, Bishop Hinds, Mr. A. Macdonell, Professor Sandford, Bishop Shirley, Dr. Moberly, Mr. Sewell, Archdeacon Denison, Mr. Herman Merivale, Mr. Wall, Mr. Anstice, Mr. Mozley, Professor Vaughan, Bishop Claughton, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Froude, Mr. Prichard, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Professors Goldwin Smith, and Conington. It will be seen that of these seventy-eight prizemen at least half have risen to distinction in after-life. And this we venture to say can be predicated of no other University test whatever. This seems to point to the conclusion that English prose composition on well-chosen subjects is the very best touchstone of general ability, supposing the judges to be careful and competent. Let us examine the Oxford Newdigate list from 1808 to 1848, and the Cambridge Chancellor's Medal list from 1819 to 1848.

The forty-five Newdigates give us the following eminent names. Professor Wilson, Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, Mr. Macdonnell, Mr. Ewart, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Anstice, Professor Claughton, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Stanley, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Burgon, Mr. Matthew Arnold. That is, the Oxford list of Prize Poets can show out of every three names one who has become more eminent than his fellows.

Of the Cambridge thirty-five, we select the following:—Dr. Whewell, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Whytehead. Some of these names are more eminent than any of their Oxford rivals, but they are fewer in number.

The conclusion, we think, follows, that these poetical competitions, though not so unquestionably *prophetic* as essays in prose, are eminently indicative of after power, perhaps, indeed, partly productive of it. Pope reminds us, in one of his elegant comparisons, that—

"Though the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower."

iron. The busy bees alight along the mountain slopes, as well as in the valleys. Rive-de-Gier is a wonderful sample of a manufacturing town. Here every man is a workman—working with his hands, whether he be rich or poor. According to M. Audiganne, there is no idle class—no middle class. Men worth thousands may be seen, upon a bare-backed horse, ambling to the valley to cut hay. But this is their leisure—won by years of hard work at the forge, or in the glass-works of this black, busy place. Rive-de-Gier is remarkable for its bottle and window-glass manufactories, or works. But there is a busy place higher upon the mountain slopes—Saint Chaumont. Here are some iron and steel works; and, in addition, factories where eight thousand hands are employed in the manufacture of laces. The mountain streams form the motive power of this industry, which is principally conducted by women. Women also work the few silk mills. Men, on the other hand, work exclusively in the nailers' shops. But we pass rapidly on—past the wild gorge in which the famous iron-works of Terre-Noire are situated—to the bleak plateau of Saint Etienne. Saint Etienne has fine waterways to the ocean and to the Mediterranean. The coal close at hand has made this cold region a great industrial centre, as coal has given gigantic life to our wonderful Black Country. Here are a slate manufactory, and manufactures of arms and iron ware, that date back to the time of Francis the First. Saint Etienne is an ancient city, that owes all its present importance to its modern industries, especially to its riband manufactories. It has left the old capital, Feurs, in the shade. It has gained little or nothing in elegance; it is a smoky, unattractive place, devoted to hard work, and to hard work only. The industrial products of the Saint Etienne districts must now exceed £5,000,000 annually. The riband manufacture is conducted on the Lyons plan, by master-weavers who possess a few looms, let to journeymen, or worked by apprentices. The manufacture of velvet ribands, however, is conducted by capitalists who own groups of looms, worked under the eye of an overlooker. There are riband looms, worked by women in the rural districts, as about Lyons silks are

woven. Here, however, unlike Lyons, the operatives work only twelve hours a-day. The best remunerated operatives of this district are those who fashion *passementerie*. At this work a man may earn £5 a month.

The men employed in the manufacture of hardware and of arms work at home, and with their own tools, and on materials bought by themselves. But the workers in hardware are poorly off. Great establishments in the North and in the Rhine provinces are sapping the foundations of their industry. Their wares, made under disadvantages, when sold, leave them hardly ten shillings a week, as the result of their severe labour. Their home labour brings only half the wages earned in the great workshops of Rive-de-Gier. Then must they pack up, and turn from home to these great works? It would seem so. The workers in the glass works earn higher wages than the workers in hardware; but life in a glass factory is a sad and unhealthy one. They may earn £3 a week, but the money is gained at the expense of health. It is difficult to decide whether these men, or the poor coal-miners, who pass their days in black depths underground, have the better life. It is certain that life is no long holiday to either. Their diverse industries, carried on in one broad district, have, as it will be readily understood, produced varieties of character—distinct classes of men and women. There are aristocrats and plebs—the lace-weavers and the glass-workers being the former, and the coal-miners the latter. The men's characters are governed and formed by their work, and by the comfort or indigence in which it places them, also by its rough or delicate nature. It is said that the riband-weavers employed all day in elaborating bright silks into beautiful patterns, exhibit a taste for a showy exterior; while the men who wield the hammer give themselves up to the brutal enjoyment of the bottle. The miners, again, whose labour is regular, the wages of which are regular, have an independent, careless manner. The glass-workers, on the other hand, have privileges to maintain, and exhibit a defiant self-assertion. These live, being able to enjoy themselves with their high wages, freely. But among all these the

We proceed to specialize some of these prize compositions.

The collected volume of Oxford prize poems does not read below the year 1839. Reginald Heber's "Palestine" needs no citation; it is too well known to every lover of English literature. Milman's "Belvidere Apollo,"

"Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love,"

is to a certain extent classical. Faber's "Knights of St. John" is familiar to many readers, having been included in a collection, which at one time enjoyed rather extensive popularity. It is curious enough, that the successive generations of undergraduates who admire, or used to admire—

"Yet though we part
With these fair superstitions of the heart,"

do not seem to have discovered that the expression is borrowed from Burke's "Reflections on the Revolutions in France." Mr. Graham's "Granada" is a pretty poem; and the same gentleman appears again with some very stirring lines, addressed to the Duke of Wellington. The story used to go that their author came up from an exile in the country to stand a second time in the rostrum; and the *Times* of that date (June, 1834) describes the outburst of enthusiasm which their recitation produced. The name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, of Balliol, is appended to the "Gipsies" in 1837. We have never seen any other verses from the pen of the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, yet surely the author of the following lines must have something more than the mere knack of versification:—

"Say can it be, that while this world was young—

While yet Heaven's glory round her childhood hung,

In lonely splendour walked upon the earth
The swarthy sires whence these derive their birth

Of giant power, of eagle's piercing ken,
Wisest and mightiest of the sons of men?
What if in yonder chief, of tattered vest,
Glows the same blood that warmed a Pharaoh's breast?

If in the fiery eye, the haughty mien,
The tawny hue of yonder Gipsy Queen
Still dwells the light of Cleopatra's charms,
The winning grace that roused the world to arms—

That called Rome's legions to a watery grave,
And bound earth's lord to be a woman's slave.

Lo Misraim's kingcraft, of its glory reft,
Is shrunk to petty deeds of midnight theft,
Lo Egypt's wisdom only lives to pry
Thro' the dark arts of paltry palmistry;
The salt that lacked all savour from above,
The daring pride that knew no humble love,
The priestly lore that worshipped all, save God,
Beneath the foot of man must evermore be trod.

Remnant of ages, from thy glory cast—
Dread link between the present and the past—

Where are the tribes that bowed beneath thy might—

That drank from thee as from a fount of light?

One only race of all thy great compeers
Still moves with thee along this vale of tears.
Long since ye parted by the Red Sea strand,
Now, face to face, ye meet in every land;
Alone amid a new-born world ye dwell,
Egypt's lone people—outcast Israel.

Like the two forms in sackcloth garb arrayed,

By the rapt Seer from Patmos shore surveyed;

Prophets of ill, that stand in speechless woe,
On Earth's highway, to bid the nations know

How fallen they who shone so bright of yore,
One skilled in human, one in holier lore.
How dark their fate who turn to uses base
Earth's highest wisdom, Heaven's divinest grace.

Wanderers, farewell! 'tis not for erring man
The mystic rule of God's decrees to scan.

Dark is the past, yet still in clear expanse,
The future spreads to Hope's imploring glance.

It cannot be—so drear, so dark a spot
God's glorious universe for aye should blot;
It cannot be—at once with awful cry

The thousand kindreds of His earth reply.
We, too, are fallen; we, too, in deserts stray,

With bliss in sight, with home beside our way:

We, too, are deaf to messages of love—
Angels unheeded round our footsteps move.

This is a solemn world, a dreadful spot,
The gate of heaven, and yet we know it not."

Mr. Ruskin is the author of "Salsette and Elephanta." We think the young poet's exercise does not display much promise of the genius which he has proved himself to possess. It is vague and sounding, but rather feeble, and is sometimes very near sonorous nonsense. Thus:—

"Thou, too, dark isle, whose shadow on the sea

Lies like the gloom that mocks our memory,
When some bright instant of our former lot,
Some grief remembered, but were guilt forgot."

The year 1840 produced a Newdigate of almost ridiculous mediocrity on the "Judgment of Brutus."

"He left the west—O, whither should he go,
That man of deep, unutterable woe?
Woe like that island-monarch, when his
son—

His first-born—his beloved—his only one—
Found in the surges of the stormy wave," &c.

Matthew Arnold, now Professor of Poetry, graced the academic laurels in 1843. The poem was full of beautiful touches. The opening lines, in which Wordsworth's thought of the two voices of the mountain and of the sea is applied to the fact of Cromwell's birth in a fen-country, are quite majestic:—

"High fate is theirs, ye sleepless waves,
whose car
Learns freedom's lesson from your voice of
fear;
High fate is theirs who, where the silent sky
Stoops to the soaring mountains, live and
die;
Who scale the cloud-capp'd height, or sink
to rest
In the deep stillness of its sheltering breast;
Around whose feet the exulting waves have
sung,
The eternal hills their giant shadows flung.
No wonders nurs'd thy childhood: not for
thee
Did the waves chant their song of liberty!
Thine was no mountain home, where Free-
dom's form
Abides enthroned amidst the mist and storm,
And whispers to the listening winds that
swell
With solemn cadence round her citadel.
'These had no charm for thee; that cold,
calm eye,
Lit with no rapture as the storm pass'd by,
'To mark, with shiver'd crest, the reeling
wave
Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave;
Or hear, 'mid circling crags, the impatient cry
Of the pent winds that scream in agony."

Nor was Matthew Arnold only a master of the simplest style of declamation. His poem abounds in thoughts, sometimes profound, sometimes tender, and in lovely images. Calm years of a life preceded and followed by care and trouble are—

"Green happy places, like a flowery lea
Between the barren mountains and the
stormy sea."

Here are one or two other thoughts:

"Repentant prayers that had been strong to
save,
And the first sorrow which is childhood's
grave.
Thoughts that were but outlines
Time engraves
Deep on man's life, and childhood's baby
waves,
Made round with care, become the change-
ful sea,
Stemm'd by the strength of manhood fear-
lessly."

Milton is well described: Land beau-
tifully:—

"There Laud, with noiseless step and glitter-
ing eye,
In priestly garb, a frail old man, went by:
His head was drooping on his aged breast;
His arms were folded like a saint at rest."

Mr. Burgon's *Petra*, 1845, rises very far above the average. In parts, indeed, it is flat—a sort of Palestine and water; but the description of *Petra* is of the highest order:—

"From the rock, as if by magic grown,
Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone.
Not virgin white, like that old Doric shrine,
Where once Athena held her rites divine;
Not saintly grey, like many a minster fane
That crowns the hill, or sanctifies the plain;
But rosy red, as if the blood of dawn
Which once beheld them were not yet with-
drawn;
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which men call'd old two thousand years
ago,
Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,
A rose-red city, half as old as Time."

The "Feast of Belshazzar," 1852, by Edwin Arnold, is a splendid production. Fortunately we have not a copy at hand, or we should extract half the poem. Mr. Worsley's "Temple of Janus," 1857, is full of promise. Witness this on the meeting of Numa and Egeria:—

"There is a gentle and familiar page
Read by the child, and pondered by the
sage,
Where Fable, dreaming back a happier
prime,
Lavished her loveliest gifts on Numa's time,
Like purple hills against a distant sky,
More glorious than the near reality.
That far-off patriarchal age appears
Islanded in the silvery mist of years,
For—so they tell—when every wind was
still,
And darkening pines were silent on the hill,
While Phœbus, sinking in the arms of sleep,
Lit with broad lines of gold the Tuscan deep,
Numa, and one of more than mortal mien,
Met in the stillness of the summer scene,
And spake, while Dian from her throne
above
Rained her pure beams upon their purer
love:
They came, where Nature charming every
sense,
Sinks in the heart her voiceless eloquence.
Man, the profaner there, had not yet marred
The native tufa, and the sylvan sward,
And a cold fountain, sole companion sweet,
Bubbled its singing murmur at their feet,
Making more musical the words which fell
From seraph's lips, and adding spell to spell.
Love knit their hearts together—so that he,
Touched with a spark of pure divinity,

Grow into more than human loving her;
And the bright nymph from her immortal
sphere
Drawn to the sorrows and the joys of this;
Took yet a holier print of tenderness."

The less said of "Lucknow" and the
"Escorial," the better.

In the Cambridge collection the
eminent name of William Whewell
will hardly win much attention to
Boadicea, which is very much in the
Bombastes Furioso vein. Pompeii, by
Thomas Babington Macaulay, is hardly
what we should have expected from
its author, and is chiefly remarkable
as having been stolen wholesale by
Mr. R. S. Hawker, in his *Newdigate*
on the same subject, in 1827. It is
curious that, as Macaulay's juvenile
poetry was "appropriated" by Hawker,
so one of his earlier articles was "in-
corporated," by Mr. Disraeli in a chap-
ter of a novel. Macaulay won a se-
cond gold medal in 1821, on "Evening."
This poem is characterised by grace
and eloquence, and a delighted appre-
ciation of poetical literature. It is as
little as possible original. Here are
its closing, and its best lines:—

"Nor less, enchantress, to thy reign belong
The mines of science and the flowers of song,
And every glorious deed and thought sublime,
By virtue or by genius match'd with time.
I love to trim the taper o'er the page
Where lives the mind of poet or of sage,
Then as that beauteous and imperial lay,
Renowned in many a wild Ausonian lay,
Crowds with fair shapes and paints with
glorious dyes
The sparkling azure of Sicilian skies.
And hangs her pillar'd domes and waving
shades,
Her terraced streets and marble colonnades,
On the bright waters of that sapphire sea
Which laves thy sunny realms, Parthenope.
So o'er the soul the Muse's spells diffuse
The pomp of graceful forms, and lovely hues;
Things uncreated, men unborn appear,
The past is present, and the distant near.
In long array on fancy's wondering eyes
Visions of beauty or of terror rise,
The cauldron mantling with the drugs of hell,
The suppliant charms of purest Isabel;
Or that dire huntsman whom, with shudd'ring
awe,
The love-sick wand'rer of Ravenna saw.
Now led by Milton's mighty hand, she roves
Through the dark verdure of primeval groves.
The rose-crown'd priest of love and wine
she sees
Lead his quaint pageant thro' the moonlight
trees;
She roams through proud Duesza's gilded hall,
She melts in anguish o'er Olarissa's pall.
The fabled East pours forth its witching dreams,
Sweet as its gales and gorgeous as its beams.
The Gothic muse recounts in northern rhyme
The sterner legends of a sterner clime,

Her tales of trophied knights and rescued
maids,
Of haunted fountains and enchanted blades.
To graver themes shall wit and mirth succeed,
And urge the lingering hours to fleet speed.
Again Parolles shall seek his luckless drum,
And Falstaff jest, and Epicene be dumb;
The city's champion wield his flaming mace,
And dear Sir Roger lead the joyous chase.
Come ever thus, sweet Eve, and let thy smile
The sorrows and the toils of day beguile;
And as thy starlight dew and cooling breeze
Revive the swarthy turf and drooping trees,
Paint every sunburnt flower with richer bloom,
And bathe the plains in moisture and perfume,
Thus let thy moral charms, with influence kind,
Repair the wither'd verdure of the mind;
And thus to fresher life and brighter hue,
Each languid hope and faded joy renew.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed rises
above Macaulay in "Australasia and
Athens." E. G. Lytton Bulwer, Fel-
low Commoner of Trinity Hall, exceeds
either, in "Sculpture," the poem for
1825. It is interesting to see how
one could write thirty-five years ago,
who has since stamped himself as dra-
matist, novelist, and orator. We ques-
tion whether he has ever written
better poetry.

"The winds were hush'd on Pindu, and the
day,
Balm'd by a thousand sweets, had died away;
The wave beneath, the laurel on the hill,
Bask'd in the heaven's blue beauty, and were
still—
Pomp, silence, night, were reigning on the
earth.
Nymph whom my rude verse worships, at thy
birth
The Muses rear'd thee in their starry caves,
Laved thy fair limbs beneath their holiest
waves,
And taught the wild soul, speaking from thine
eye,
To quaff the light of genius from the sky.
There, by lone mount, and dale, and deep
brow'd dell—
There, by the bee-loved flowers and mossy
cell—
There, by the glories of the summer noon,
And the sweet sadness of the midnight moon,
Thy spirit, stored within its still recess,
The myriad forms of nature's loveliness,
The grand, the soft, the lofty, and the fair,
Wooded thy warm thoughts, and made their
dwelling there.
'Tis said—what minstrel doubts the legend's
truth—
The Day-god loved thee from thy earliest youth,
And poured around the musings of thy heart
The shadowy splendours of his holiest art—
To substance fix'd the bright thoughts all his
own,
And breath'd the life of poesy to stone.

And though no more by cool Cephissus stream
The queen of beauty haunts the minstrel's
dream,
Though now no more on Tempe's classic vale
Apollo's locks win worship from the gale,

Yet still thy spells preserve them to the eye,
Chain to the earth the bright forms of the sky,
And raise high spirits from the mine and ore,
That crowds may gaze and genius may adore.

Is it a goddess? Lo! I bend the knee,
Dream of Heaven's beauty let me worship thee!

Thou art, indeed, too lovely for the earth,
As earth is now—thy charms are of the birth
Of her first morn, when every flower was trod,

And every fount was hallow'd by its god,
And brighter beings wander'd from above
To win the treasure of a mortals love.

Oh, o'er the sculptor's spirit pour'd each ray,
That memory hoarded of that golden day.
All which the soul deems bright, or passion clear,

When his wild fancy turn'd and fixed them here.

Oft at deep noon, what time the wearied gale
Slept on the violets, while the shadowy vale,
The green leaves laughing in the quivering beams,

Lull'd the luxurious spirit in wild dreams.

Oft hath the marvel of thy beauty stole
Sweet shape along the visions of my soul;
E'en as when young Adonis wooed thy vow,
E'en as thou glowest from the marble now;
E'en as thou stoou'st mid vanquish'd gods above,

In breathing palpable, embodied love;
E'en thus of old the Cyprian sculptor viewed
The star-like form which blessed his solitude.
From earth and earthly beauty he had flown,
And graved a dream of loveliness on stone,
And made a temple of his beating heart,
To worship the perfection of his art.

And, aye, he knelt adoring—none were near
The impassioned homage of his vows to hear;
The mystic language of the rushing wind,
Nursed the voluptuous madness of his mind.
He rain'd warm kisses on th' unconscious face,
Woo'd the mute marble to his wild embrace,
Gazed till the cell swam round his reeling eyes,

And the chill air was burning with his sighs,
Hung on that lip, alas! so vainly fair,
And breath'd at last his very being there.
O'er the cold cheek rose Passion's blushing hue,

Slowly to life the kindling statue grew,
Caught the warm spirit from his soul's excess,
And breath'd and moved in living loveliness."

"Timbuctoo," 1829, is by one who was destined to become a greater poet than Bulwer or Macaulay—Alfred Tennyson. Dreamy and indefinite as the poem may be in outline, long and involved as are the sentences, and harsh in portions the versification, the "Idylls" and the "Princes" are there as the oak is potentially in the acorn. It is creditable to the penetration of the judges that they should have detected genius under a style which had then no associations to recommend it, and venturing upon the academical audacity of blank verse. Cannot the reader

catch the true Tennysonian trick already?

"Where are ye,
Thrones of the western wave—fair islands green—

Where are your moonlight halls, your eastern glooms—

The blossoming abysses of your hills?

Your flowering capes, and your gold-matted bays,

Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?"

Here is a thought which was to roll long in the deep ocean-like rill of the poet's mind, until at last it was rounded into the perfect shape which it wears in the "Two Voices:"

"My thoughts, which long have grovelled in the slime

Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house

Beneath unshaken waters; but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of spring.

Do pass from gloom to glory, and alack

Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of stained wings, which burn

Fan-like, and gilded with intensest bloom.

E'en so my thoughts, erewhile so low,
now felt

Unutterable buoyancy and strength."

Except Mr. Whytehead's verses on the "Empire of the Sea," there is little to reward attention down to 1842; the "Birth of the Prince of Wales" by H. J. Sumner Maine. Mr. Maine sets off in splendid style—

"Which of all sweetest things, that long delayed,

Are by their lingering yet more precious made,

Has power to clothe the moment of its birth
With that rich joy, that welcomes thee to earth;

Ne'er, when we watched for spring, was half so sweet

The early violet bending at our feet.

No restless mourner, counting on their way

The stealing hours that usher in the day.

Started with such ecstatic joy to see

The darkness melted to transparency.

"O, that the power who stains the twilight sea,

Would weave some gorgeous phantasy for thee,

That gently swimming o'er the mystic glass,

Thy native land might in its beauty pass.

Then pillard halls should glide beneath thy ken,

And cities twinkling with the feet of men.

And then, with clustering vessels darkened o'er,

The crisped wave should kiss its yellow shore,

And islands should 'st thou see, that in the west,

The broad Atlantic pillows on his breast.

These are thine heritage; and yet of all
That e'er was present to enchanter's call,
What care hast thou?"

It is amusing, if it were not a pity, to see the poem close with some schoolboy stuff about "Granta, a nymph," &c. And then, funnily enough, the foundation of the Jerusalem Bishopric by the King of Prussia about the same time, gives the young laureate an excuse for dying away into the millennium. "Plato," by William Johnson, Scholar of King's College, we are inclined to rate higher than any composition in the two volumes. It possesses the power of which other prize poems merely give promise. We will only quote a section where the most famous students of Plato are grouped together.

"A glorious throng!—the brave, the meek,
the wise,
In one admiring glance we recognize:
Great heirs of human love and human
power,
Who own'd and used their intellectual
dower,
In nurturing every truth that conscience
taught,
And taking forms of good from vital
thought.
Here walk Athenian youths of gentle mien,
Moulding high words in colloquy serene—
Calm, bright-eyed neophytes, with sunny
brows,
Bearing symphosial wreaths of myrtle
boughs."
With buoyant step, and free lips, and the
air
Of men with minds to think and hearts to
dare.
And mingling with that hopeful crowd we
see
Grey fathers of a holier family—
Sages who scorn these gentle forms to search
For some rare type of the eternal Church,
And love, with tender faith, to contemplate
The wondrous image of that model state,
Which, though it were but bodied forth in
speech,
The scope of human wants doth well-nigh
reach,
And hath a glorious meaning e'en for us
Who gaze on symbols more miraculous.
Here, too, the studious peers, who graced of
yore
The fair Laurentian haunts on Latian shore,
And 'mid the wakening arts in classic shade,
By urn, and fount, and rose-clad balustrade,
Would crowd, like trustful children, to
unroll
The recovered treasures of some living
scroll.
These—the enthusiasts of bright Fiesole—
Join with the shadowy crowd; and must
not she
Who sat with Phædo's volume on her knee;

And when the blithe hunt was on foot for
her,
When horns were clamorous and the woods
astir,
And echoes of the noon-day joyance fell
On the sweet stillness of her oriel,
Just looked up once to see the merry men,
Then bent her frail neck o'er the page again.
And though she loved the forest, dared
prefer
To talk with Life's and Death's interpreter."

From 1843 to 1858 we find no poem of common prettiness, except the "Arctic Regions," by Frederic William Farrar, 1853. The subjects are ill-chosen, being almost, without exception, of a clap-trap character. But "Delhi" attains to a bathos which we should almost have supposed impossible. We will only quote six lines:—

"When shrieking children saw their hapless
sire
Wrench'd at their feet in mutilation dire."
"By village boors he falls, ignobly slain,
Where churlish staves his generous life-
blood drain."
"Mid smoke and dust, and cinders' burning
showers,
Explosion's roar proclaim the day is ours."

Of Seatonian poems, we have at present before us *nine*, by Thomas Edwards Hankinson, M.A. These verses have attained the honour of a fifth edition. That they are not without merit we do not deny, but it is merit of a superficial kind. The taste is generally execrable. In "St. Paul at Philippi" the demons—so we presume we are to render "haughty gnomes"—hold "stern divan," and unfold their plans in octosyllabics of Hudibrastic cadence:—

"We've proved how vain is open force
To check the bright invader's course."

In "Jacob" the poem turns upon a description of the day on which the patriarch died, and the weather in sunny Egypt is taken from a North of England scene. The "Ministry of Angels" is as like "Paradise and the Peri" as one apple is to another. Take Byron, Scott, and Moore, shake them up with Tate and Brady, and "Weyman's Melodia Sacra," and you have one of Mr. Hankinson's Seatonians. Yet now and then a gem flashes on the eye from a mass of glass and paste jewellery; and over the weak, lady-like jingle of the piano there rises a master's voice that surprises and delights, and then is lost again.

Of Mr. Neale's Scatonians we possess but two, "Egypt" and "Ruth." "Egypt" is commonplace in the extreme. But to it is appended another poem from the same hand, in English hexameters, to which a second prize was awarded, and which is a production of a much higher order. "Ruth" is Hankinson over again, with less glaring bad taste, and a flavour of more distinct churchmanship. But four Oxford Sacred Prize Poems have yet appeared: one of these, the "Dedication of the Temple," by the Rev. W. E. Green, is a poor performance. "St. Paul at Athens," by the Rev. John G. Sheppard, D.C.L., is scholarly and able. It is singular, however, that Dr. Sheppard should have condescended to plagiarize two lines from Mr. Hankinson's "St. Paul at Philippi:—

"Like unreturning moments to the deep,"
and

"Like the pulsations of a joyous heart;".

And the poem is disfigured by two monstrosities—blank verse Alexandrines—

"Onward, like unreturning moments to the
deep
Of Him whom universal instinct strove to
grasp."

Professor Pearson's "Death of Jacob" is musical and sustained, and has one or two very beautiful verses.

"Where the silent years no shadow cast,
All master works of manhood, heart or
brain,
Like crosses set on mountains mark the
past—
God's undisturbed domain.
.

The meeting, where the lost stands
The home, where cradled in love's arms
once more,
Old age is rocked to sleep, as vessels lie
And heave, but hold the shore.

Then, as the silence deepens in the gloom,
By a sweet impulse quickened, every heart
Knows that a shadow grows upon the room,
And feels a life depart.
Yet not with angry plash the waves of
death,
Or sullen moaning beat upon the shore:
It seems a longer pause, a fainter breath,
A hush, and nothing more."

Mr. Alexander's "Waters of Babylon" has already been reviewed.

We conclude by a suggestion for making the Sacred Prize Poems more useful. Poetry recited is a much more powerful instrument for good or evil than people are apt to imagine. In Mr. Jones's "Political Songs," certain rebellious verses elicited a perfect clamour of applause. At one who was present at Lord Derby's installation, must have remarked the emotion produced in the enormous audience by the recitation of the English poems. The inordinate length of the Cambridge poems should be reduced within the Oxford limits. At a fresh stimulus would be given by a recitation in public, while true and noble sentiments imbibed in melodious verse, would come home to many hearts with unexpected power. If Oxford and Cambridge will not turn their considerable endowments for sacred poetry to the best account, we hope that our own University will soon possess a corresponding prize, in which a solemn public recitation may give an effect that cannot be attained by merely printing a brief poetic pamphlet.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

ON a first visit to a Lyonnese manufacturer, or merchant, rather, according to M. Jules Simon,* one is surprised to find him in a small warehouse, and surrounded by two or three clerks. But let the reader remember that this dealer neither spins nor weaves. He buys silk, employs Lyons weavers, and then sells the goods. Yet his business requires great care and a clear intelligence. Silk is so dear (according to M. Simon it is worth exactly its weight in gold) that a mistake in a purchase is a serious calamity. Again, fashions change so rapidly that he may suddenly find himself the unlucky possessor of a stock, representing a vast outlay, that has become useless. He must be a master in matters of taste. This is the man who is brought in direct contact with the Lyons weaver. We have peeped into little weavers' homes where there are about two or three looms, and we have there seen master-weavers doing their day's work like their journeymen. We are assured that they are not constantly seeking to hang themselves on to the skirts of gentility when they have become much better off than the journeymen whom they employ. Their own labour is paid at precisely the same price as that of their journeymen. All their advantage as masters is, that they are small capitalists who can make journeymen without capital, pay for the use of their looms. These journeymen are as independent as lodgers; they dress like the master-weavers. If the master-weavers are to be distinguished from journeymen, it is by their more orderly manner. These men have saved and own property, and they have the forethought of which this property is the first fruit. They are ardent supporters of mutual benefit societies; they strive to save, for by saving they may become able to cope with the *patrons*. The proprietor of five

or six looms, who has apprentices as well as journeymen, may be said to be in a highly comfortable position. It is true that he works like his journeymen and apprentices; but then, his day's work is as valuable as theirs, and he receives, it is estimated, as pure profit, a quarter of all his journeymen earn. Then, his apprentices bring him money, or give him gratuitous service. This class of master-workman—and it is estimated at one-third of the working population of Lyons—is certainly one that the weavers of Preston or Blackburn may reasonably envy. Every journeyman of decent conduct may, in his turn, become the owner of two or three looms; every apprentice, therefore, goes to work with the assurance that he has a comfortable home in prospect—that he will become journeyman, and afterwards owner of looms, for a succeeding generation of journeymen and apprentices. But his way through the dangers of the journeyman's career is beset with temptations. The journeyman has to depend on his own earnings of thirteen hours' daily labour. From the produce of this labour one-fourth goes to the owner of the loom upon which he works. He is too poor to live with the loom-owner; he probably dines at his *cabaret*, and often yields to its fatal temptations. He is a bachelor; his reason alone, then, speaks to him, warning him to save. He has nobody dependent upon him, he is free as the air. Self-discipline, through this period of freedom from responsibility, will alone carry the workman to the comforts which are enjoyed by the frugal owner of looms. These loom-owners feel the advantage of their position, and, by their terms for apprentices, the poorest part of the Lyonnese population are prevented from putting their children to silk weaving. Silk weaving, we are

* See an excellent treatise called "L'Ouvrière," by M. Jules Simon. Paris: Hachette and Co.

told, may be learned in six months ; but the loom-owner demands four years' gratuitous labour from the child he teaches, and during this time the child's parents are compelled to feed him.

In Lyons, women are on a par with men—that is, men and women are paid the same price for weaving a *mètre* of silk. If the women earn less than the men it is because they have not the strength of the men.* Yet the wife of a loom-owner may earn three francs a-day, all expenses paid. It is her business also to carry work home to the merchant, and to receive fresh work from him. She concludes bargains, and is, in all respects, the business equal of her husband. She is mother of a family, and in comfortable circumstances. She may indulge in certain toilette vanities, but she is hardly more extravagant than her less fortunate sister, who lives alone, and depends for her bread upon her individual labour, part of which she cedes to the loom proprietor. We find that, taking a liberal view of her gains, she earns £21 a year, for 300 days' work. She is, consequently, badly housed, poorly clad, ill fed, and overworked. But still she is the aristocrat of the female workers of Lyons. The poor dressers and winders—whose earnings waver between eighty centimes and one franc per day, who live upon a halfpennyworth of soup for breakfast, and a twopenny-halfpenny dish at noon, helped by any bread or wine they may be able to add to this scanty fare—must look up to the weavers with envy. The winders have two supplies of soup per diem, provided, at a halfpenny per bowl, by their employers ; but their condition, with their thirteen or fourteen hours' work a day, is sad enough. The warpers are often better off. They are paid an annual salary, and lodged and fed in their masters' house ; but their wages are

between £4 and £6 per annum only. There are other female departments in the silk manufactories of Lyons, in some of which the female operatives earn four francs a day ; but the vast majority are miserable while unmarried, and solely dependent upon their own exertions for their means of living. The prospect for the unmarried is woful. They cannot earn enough to save for their old age, or to carry them through long periods of sickness. Their work is uncertain, even when they are able to do it. They lose many hours wandering from workshop to workshop in search of a job. A commercial crisis comes, when hardly a skin of silk goes to the looms. What then ? Why, hunger from one end of the great city to the other—hunger with all its frightful accompaniments. Children in Lyons are horribly overworked. There are no inspectors in France who can enter the workshops of these small Lyonnese loom proprietors. There are also two or three peculiar factories where young girls past thirteen years sign engagements for three years. Here thirteen hours are given to work, and apprentices have a right to go out for a holiday only once in six weeks. Sundays are given to instruction, worship, and to walks under the care of the presiding sisters. The apprentices are never left alone ; they work, walk, pray, and sleep under surveillance. These apprentices are well cared for, but are they not too constantly, too painfully overlooked ? They are kept from the temptations of the streets of Lyons, but they are kept with a rod of iron.†

The time is coming, however, when machinery, driven by water-power or steam, will break up the hand-looms of Lyons. M. Simon has examined very carefully the cause of Lyons' prosperity, with the hand-looms, in competition with the power-looms of England. He traces this successful

* M. Simon declares that, taking the average daily gains of the man weaver at two francs and a-half, those of the female weaver are one franc seventy-five centimes.

† At Mulhausen a better plan has been adopted. Here, in an humble convent, work-girls are received, housed, and clothed at a very low price, and they are permitted to go to their work outside during the day. Some live here entirely ; others use the convent only while they are seeking work in a respectable family. The superior takes care of their savings, and permits them to buy, by instalments, the bed upon which they sleep.

competition to the cash payments of the *négociants* who buy silk, and employ the weavers. These merchants buy silk at sixty days, and pay interest on their purchase if they do not discharge the debt within ten days; but the rule is to pay within ten days. For result, we are begged to observe, that Lyons hardly produces one bankrupt per annum. These merchants can restrict or expand their dealings easily, and with little risk. They have not vast machinery, representing gigantic capital, which they must keep in movement whether they receive orders or not. The Lyons system of weaving has been extended through the surrounding country; and its cheapness has enabled Lyons merchants to produce cheap as well as expensive silk fabrics. M. Simon is the advocate of a home manufacturing system, which enables the wife, away from the dearness and temptations of a great city, to do her duty to her children, and to contribute largely to their support. In times of slack work, there is the patch of ground to cultivate. Facilities given to Lyonnese journeymen to obtain looms of their own, again, would tend to weaken the profits of the present loom proprietors, it is true, but it would disseminate comfort among the mass. Even small power-looms might, we are assured, be worked with great advantage by families around Lyons. We are referred to Zurich, where the wives work at the looms, and the husbands at the plough—a natural division of labour. This picture is set before the public of France, as offering a solution of that tendency of rural populations to towns, which threatens to make the fields of France so many deserts. We have often been

struck with the melancholy fact, that in French farms women appear to do even the heaviest of the work. Their wages are much lower than the wages of men; and they are worked like horses. We agree with M. Simon that it would be pleasant to see these poor creatures taken from the stables and the fields, and set to work at looms, erected hard by, near some stream that would give power to a loom. There is an irresistible attraction in this view of the development of manufactures. Many kinds of institutions have been projected to supply the place of the mother who is taken at daybreak from her home, to some great factory. But we may invent day-nurseries, protected playgrounds, and the like. The child's place is at its mother's feet, or upon her knee—education and health are for it in her smiles and kisses; there is safety for it only in her tender arms. Every observer of a great manufacturing centre must have remarked, with dismay or with regret, according to the depth of his observation, that here the relations of parent and child are relaxed; that debauchery is general among the young; that there is no home. Let him ask himself how this is to end: this great hive, with scarcely a pure hearth within its vast circle?

French writers have seen the sorry spectacle. M. Simon points to Manchester. And he is in breathless haste to warn his countrymen and countrywomen from parallel destruction of home. Is it possible, about Lyons, still to keep mothers with their children, and to give them looms to work near the cradles they alone can protect? We can only hope.

CHAPTER X.

IN the midst of mountainous ranges, between the Rhone and the Loire—from Givors through Rive-de-Gier and Saint Chaumont, beyond Saint Etienne, stretch irregular valleys, enlivened by torrents—now bare and barren, now green and fruitful—where divers industries of importance have found a magnificent home. Here are weavers of ribands; workers in iron, over the fierce fires of the forge, or where glass runs liquid as the

mountain streams; miners seeking coal in the bowels of the earth, for the lusty iron-workers. A hundred and fifty thousand creatures here weave and spin, and delve and forge, with the great mountains overlooking them, and giving echoes to their clanging hammers.

The workmen of the Loire lie in dense masses between Lyons and Saint Etienne; and the air is clouded with smoke, and black with coal and

iron. The busy bees alight along the mountain slopes, as well as in the valleys. Rive-de-Gier is a wonderful sample of a manufacturing town. Here every man is a workman—working with his hands, whether he be rich or poor. According to M. Audiganne, there is no idle class—no middle class. Men worth thousands may be seen, upon a bare-backed horse, ambling to the valley to cut hay. But this is their leisure—won by years of hard work at the forge, or in the glass-works of this black, busy place. Rive-de-Gier is remarkable for its bottle and window-glass manufactories, or works. But there is a busy place higher upon the mountain slopes—Saint Etienne. Here are some iron and steel works; and, in addition, factories where eight thousand hands are employed in the manufacture of laces. The mountain streams form the motive power of this industry, which is principally conducted by women. Women also work the few silk mills. Men, on the other hand, work exclusively in the nailers' shops. But we pass rapidly on—past the wild gorge in which the famous iron-works of Terre-Noire are situated—to the bleak plateau of Saint Etienne. Saint Etienne has fine waterways to the ocean and to the Mediterranean. The coal close at hand has made this cold region a great industrial centre, as coal has given gigantic life to our wonderful Black Country. Here are a slate manufactory, and manufactures of arms and iron ware, that date back to the time of Francis the First. Saint Etienne is an ancient city, that owes all its present importance to its modern industries, especially to its riband manufactories. It has left the old capital, Feurs, in the shade. It has gained little or nothing in elegance; it is a smoky, unattractive place, devoted to hard work, and to hard work only. The industrial products of the Saint Etienne districts must now exceed £5,000,000 annually. The riband manufacture is conducted on the Lyons plan, by master-weavers who possess a few looms, let to journeymen, or worked by apprentices. The manufacture of velvet ribands, however, is conducted by capitalists who own groups of looms, worked under the eye of an overlooker. There are riband looms, worked by women in the rural districts, as about Lyons silks are

woven. Here, however, unlike Lyons, the operatives work only twelve hours a-day. The best remunerated operatives of this district are those of the fashion *passementerie*. At this work a man may earn £3 a month.

The men employed in the manufacture of hardware and of arms work at home, and with their own tools and on materials bought by themselves. But the workers in hardware are poorly off. Great establishments in the North and in the Rhine provinces are sapping the foundations of their industry. Their wages, moreover, are under disadvantages, when sold, being them hardly ten shillings a week, as the result of their severe labour. Their home labour brings only half the wages earned in the great workshops of Rive-de-Gier. Then they pack up, and turn from these great works! It would be so. The workers in the glass-works earn higher wages than the workers in hardware; but life in a glass factory is a sad and unhealthy one. They may earn £3 a week, but no money is gained at the expense of health. It is difficult to decide whether these men, or the poor coal-miners, who pass their days in the depths underground, have the harder life. It is certain that life is no holiday to either. Their diverse industries, carried on in one broad district, have, as it will be readily understood, produced varieties of character—distinct classes of men and manners. There are aristocrats and plebeians. The lace-weavers and the glass-workers being the former, and the coal-miners the latter. The men's characters are governed and formed by their work, and by the comfort or indigence in which it places them, also by its regular or delicate nature. It is said that the riband-weavers employed all day in elaborating bright silks into beautiful patterns, exhibit a taste for a shabby exterior; while the men who wield the hammer give themselves up to the brutal enjoyment of the bottle. The miners, again, whose labour is regular, the wages of which are regular, have an independent, careful manner. The glass-workers, on the other hand, have privileges to maintain, and exhibit a defiant self-assertion. These live, being able to enjoy themselves with their high wages, freely. But among all these the

home is not destroyed. The wife is employed either exclusively with her *ménage* (as at Rive-de-Gier), or when the riband-weaver of Saint Etienne, works at home, in treating about his work with the manufacturers. The curse of the district—as alas! of most manufacturing districts—is drunkenness; yet these Loire people are stricter in their religious observances than the Lyonnese. The lace-workers are the most educated (wanting most education to keep their little daily accounts); and the coal-miners are the most ignorant, their labour approaching nearest to brute labour.

The labouring populations of the districts under notice were too near the great, turbulent Lyons, not to feel the effect of the Lyonnese demonstrations, to which we have alluded in a previous chapter. They had their revolutionary outburst; they pillaged and burned convents; they made mad demands for uniform rates of wages. The miners being the most ignorant, were the most brutal. They regarded the kind advances of their masters with suspicion; and received their help without thankfulness. Yet certain masters have done much good hereabouts. At Terre-Noire, for instance, the workmen have schools for their children, evening classes for adults, schools for young girls, a mutual benefit society, to which the masters contribute largely; an infirmary, open to any member of the working-class. These are sound, helpful institutions. Then there is the great Loire Coal Mining Company. This company has built a series of workmen's houses, surrounded by gardens and fields; including an hospital for miners wounded at their work; and schools and workshops for female children. Gratuitous medical advice is always at the disposal of the miners and their families. They have also mutual benefit societies, for the support of which a deduction is made from their wages. To these societies the disciplinary fines are added. The great popular Society of St. Etienne, which took a political complexion, but which had the germ of good fruit in it, was dissolved as "dangerous," by order of General de Castellane, on the 3rd of January, 1852, to the lasting regret of the riband-weavers and lace-weavers.

The important question which the

drunkenness, and the attendant evils and immoralities of drunkenness, which are observable among the highly-paid artisans of the Loire must suggest to the observer, is: are these vices the invariable accompaniments of high wages? M. Villermé, the Commissioner of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, gave evidence to the effect that workmen who enjoy high wages are, as a rule, more dissolute than the recipients of low wages. But such a verdict should be received with suspicion. Where a population is given to drunkenness, it follows, naturally, that the man who is best able to buy alcohol will buy it, and consume it in larger quantities than the man whose purse is limited to a narrow expenditure. We find that the well-paid file-makers of Sheffield, who can subsist on four days' work a week, will, with their high wages, pass at least a couple of days in the week in debauchery. At St. Quentin we have found operatives so deplorably debauched—so determined to drink their earnings to the last *liard*—that their unhappy wives have been provided with sheds without the *cabarets*, where they wait and weep until their brutal lords, exhausted, will consent to be led to their neglected homes. The workmen of Amiens are said to consume 80,000 little glasses of brandy daily. But here are the seeds of drunkenness already sown. More money to spend, consequently brings more drunkenness. Where home influences have been destroyed, this drunkenness rages everywhere. M. Simon shows us that at Wesserling, Sedan, and Mulhausen, the workman, as his resources increase, thinks of those who are dependent upon him, and whom he loves. He takes care to save, that he may buy his son out of military service; he puts by for the hour of sickness and for old age. An augmentation of wages brings debauchery only where there was debauchery to the extent of workmen's means before. Will fines, or severe regulations, meet this great evil? Both have been tried, and without success. At Rombaix some manufacturers endeavoured to pay their hands in the middle of the week; others have paid on Mondays, after the repose of Sunday; others have excluded Monday absences from their mills. But these are

repressive, not curative, processes. The drunkard is an obstinate sensualist, and he will not be drilled into sobriety. Besides, turned from one factory, he may repair to another where there are no restrictions that affect the free indulgence of this detestable vice. The policeman may step in to warn the drunkard from his wine-shop at an early hour; but neither law nor police can reform the nature of a man. The Maine Liquor Law might be adopted at Lille, and Amiens, and St. Etienne, and still the men inclined to the bottle would find the bottle somewhere. An endeavour was once made to close the *cabarets* of Lille at nine o'clock in the evening; and the men insisted, as a compensation, that the coffee-houses, at any rate, should remain open till midnight. The consequence was, that drunkenness had a complete triumph. The habits of the sot profit so many dealers that they will find means to serve him with safety, under the severest penalties.

And what do we find in the wake of the sot? M. Simon's brush shall paint the picture:—

"Immorality is at once the consequence and the cause of drunkenness. One will never be destroyed without the other, because there is but one remedy for both; and this is, to teach workmen to be happy with their family, and to give them the means to be happy. Very young girls and children are packed in a factory, with women of a certain age, who are destitute of moral principle. Who watches over them? A foreman, who has to direct and give energy to their work; to these points his duty is limited. If the foreman be a libertine, and the girl pretty, he uses his authority to lead her to evil courses. The manufacturer shuts his eyes, so long as nothing that is compromising takes place within the factory. These young workwomen who, on their return home, find a father brutalized by drunkenness, and a mother without conduct or principle, have they a single chance of escaping from corruption? Instead of looking after their daughters, and teaching them a sense of honour, there are mothers who unblushingly direct their daughters to seek a lover, hoping to realize some profit for themselves. These young work-girls are mothers at sixteen, and even earlier. M. Villermé states, that, at Rheims, they are women at twelve."

This picture of great French manu-

facturing centres is appalling. We have no reason to believe that it is over-coloured. We must remember that at Lille, (ay, and not only at Lille,) unmarried mothers are preferred in highly respectable families as wet-nurses. M. Simon spent more than a year in visiting the chief centres of French industry. The results of his observations are just given to the world. He is constrained to own that his worst fears have been realized. He hopes to inspire his readers with the profound sensations which stirred in him, when he saw all this suffering and degradation. His summary of the past and present in French manufacturing districts is interesting:—

"I am, most certainly, far from denying the happy amelioration in the social condition of the working-classes within half a century. The Revolution had freed them as men, by making them equal before the law, and as workmen, by suppressing the corporations. The law of 1833 on Primary Education, delivered them from a still heavier slavery, by creating gratuitous schools even in the humblest villages, and by multiplying adult schools in the towns—schools which open all careers to perseverance and talent. It is possible still to lack sufficient bread and shelter in France; but nobody need lack the first elements of education. As it was impossible to suppress an inequality of fortunes (the causes of inequality being permanent and necessary), endeavours have been made to mitigate the evils of poverty as far as possible, by placing comforts within the reach of the poor—hence the establishment of day nurseries, of asylums, of the law on unhealthy lodgings, the erection of public baths and washhouses; the provision stores, where food is retailed at wholesale prices. The progress of industry has been, in itself, an immense good to the people, since it has at once given them work and products, which before could only be bought for their weight in gold. The savings banks, the mutual benefit societies, and the annuity societies, give them the means of doing battle with these powerful enemies: slack-time, illness, and old age.

"In the interior of factories, above all, where the workman passes the greater part of his life, it is that his success and his comfort have been looked after. Thirty years ago, what struck one in a factory, was a disregard of the human machine; now one is struck with the care that is taken of his health. The ceilings have been raised, more space has been afforded between the looms, vast windows

have been made in the walls, giving air and light; the ground has been drained; costly apparatus diffuses an equal heat everywhere; there are dining-rooms and enclosures for recreation; the most minute precautions have been taken against accidents by machinery; and science has accomplished real prodigies, to make unhealthy places salubrious, and to transform machines which had long been feared into inoffensive instruments of human will and intelligence. When we consider all this benevolent activity, and when we see daily its happy consequences in the workshops and homes of the labouring classes, we should like to persuade ourselves that misery has been vanquished; we should be glad to believe, at least, that misery is losing ground, and that between the gaunt figure and us only a question of time remains. But there is a terrible vice in our economic organization, which generates misery, and which must be subdued at any cost, if we are not to perish

—this is the suppression of domestic life.”

This threatened suppression—how shall it be combated? And the means of restoring home to the miserable children, whose fathers and mothers are away from cock-crow to sunset in the clattering factory yonder? We agree with M. Simon, that the question is a very grave one; and we know, from our own close observation, that domestic life has been already more rudely shaken in the manufacturing districts of England, even than in the great working towns of France. We may well cross our arms, and ask ourselves what next?—when our whirring mills forbid the thousands of mothers they engulph, to suckle their children. The children cry in their lonely cradles—and we have cheap cloth!

DISMAL DOBBS; OR, A NIGHT AT CROW-STREET THEATRE.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, writing of the Dublin theatres in his time, tells us:—

“The play-houses were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles, hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very droll. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes, always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle, whilst the pit, as being full of critics and wisemen, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the University occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imaginary, to a member of their body, on which occasions all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat and turn out the residue of the audience, and to break every thing that came within their reach.”

Matters theatrical were not quite so bad in my day; but I remember that one evening, long ago, when the Marquess of Wellesley, brother to “the Duke,” was Lord Lieutenant of

Ireland, I was invited, after “Commons,” to wine, that is, to drink whiskey-punch with Bob Jackson in his rooms. The rain was falling heavily, and the pleasant companionship of Thé Billing, Hugh Singleton, and Bob himself was more attractive than the eloquence of Demosthenes or the Astronomy of Brinkley in a solitary chamber, so, without remonstrance or objection, I accompanied them to No. 51 in Library-square. We were soon joined by a few others, college-men, each, to my surprise, producing as he entered some article of wearing apparel. Troke, I remember, brought forth an iron-gray hunting-coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons as large as saucers; but this was at once pronounced too remarkable, and too well known by all who hunted with George Longfield’s hounds, which were then kept at Green Hills by “Fisty Murphy,” as he was called, from the circumstance of his having a short arm, as a man I knew in Limerick was called “Panther,” because his father once kept a bear. A dark claret-coloured coat of Boyton’s was adopted in place of Troke’s iron-gray. An often-washed vest of yellowish kerseymere, which

appertained to Robert Duncan, was added to it, and both were closed around two good sized bolsters, which had been cribbed from poor Purdon's chambers. Then followed Oxford-gray inexpressibles, and a pair of very old Wellington boots, both stuffed with straw, the continuity of the whole being preserved by sundry stitches, made with a large packing-needle and twine. Here, then, was a man complete, with the exception of "the human face divine," and a hat. A shocking bad specimen of the latter was not difficult to find, the former exhausted all the pictorial art of the assembled collegians, and when finished, the suggestion of Troke, that one eye and cheek, with part of the forehead, should be covered by a bandage of silk handkerchief, was hailed as a splendid device to conceal imperfections. When all was completed, the shabby-genteel gentleman was placed sitting upright on a chair, at the side of the table on which stood the tumblers and materials; the large black iron kettle, which had for some time been "singing songs of family glee" on the fire, was put into requisition, the punch was made, and then Bob Duncan, in a speech compounded of Greek, Latin, English, and Irish, proposed his health, defending him at the same time from the imputation of being merely a "a man of straw," and demonstrating the calumny that he was "feather-brained," by pointing out the exemplary quietude and consistent prudence of his conduct under the present exciting circumstances. Ottiwell, who was a capital ventriloquist, replied for our friend very humorously, winding up by declaring that he would forfeit life itself rather than flinch for a moment from the important duty which it had devolved upon him to discharge before the night was over; a declaration which was received with a deafening round of cheers. Bob Jackson then took from his pocket a bundle of small, soiled tickets, on each of which was inscribed, "Theatre Royal, Crowstreet; Middle Gallery, Admit One," observing, that as it was a "Command night," he thought it well to procure them beforehand, lest we should have any delay at the doors, which, in the present dropping weather, would be far from pleasant. This was all perfectly understood by those present,

except myself, but even upon me the conviction soon dawned that, for some purpose or other, we were to be accompanied in our visit to the theatre by our friend the Lay Figure, and that the tickets had been obtained for the purpose of facilitating his admission. It was approaching seven o'clock, the hour at which the doors of the theatre were opened in those days, when I observed some five or six of our party straining at the buttons of their overcoats to get them to fit into the button-holes over a pillow, which each appeared determined to carry with him, and to conceal. "The night was dark and dreary," when Troke put his bugle to the window and sounded two or three notes of Garryowen, and then Ottiwell offered his arm to our dummy friend on one side, and Bob Jackson on the other, and so they descended the stairs, the remainder of us following.

When we reached the court it was evident that we were expected by a large body of students, who were lingering about, and who, as soon as they saw us, moved off in twos and threes, towards College-green, some preceding and others following, but all vigilant, lest there should be any interruption to the progress of the gentleman in the claret-coloured coat. Fortune favours the bold; and walking steadily along, with an umbrella over his head, our two friends, well defended in front and carefully guarded in the rear, safely conveyed our silent friend through College-green, Damestreet, and Fownes's-street, to the middle gallery door of the theatre in Crowstreet, which was not yet open. Then came a moment of thrilling apprehension, for at this period Lord Wellesley was not peculiarly popular in Dublin, and the theatre was surrounded by a large body of watchmen and mounted police, beside the guard of honour at the entrance to the boxes. But the teeming rain, the darkness—for there were no gas-lamps in those days—the multitudinous umbrellas, the noisy crowd about the doors waiting for admittance, and the serried phalanx of college-men by whom we were surrounded, favoured our object, and after a few moments of painful anxiety, the doors were opened, the rush was made, our ready tickets enabled us to pass the mob, who had to pay for theirs, and we passed the cheque-

takers, exclaiming that "poor Dobbs was terribly hurt in the crush at the door," and got quietly and comfortably seated in the second row of seats, very near the centre of the middle gallery, still surrounded by a cordon of good men and true, who took care to resent at once any impertinent observations on the very evident incapability of our lay friend.

On looking round I found that the house was crowded in every part, with the exception of the state box, which, magnificently fitted up with crimson drapery, mirrors, the royal arms, and two heavily gilt arm-chairs, was reserved for His Excellency, the Marchioness and suite, who had not yet arrived. In the middle box of the dress circle was the Lord Mayor, in his gorgeous robe of scarlet and ermine, with the collar of S.S. round his neck and over his shoulders, the mace being conspicuously displayed in front of him; beside him was the blooming Lady Mayoress, and behind him were the Sheriffs, Recorder, and many members of the Common Council. Immediately opposite the state box, on the left of the stage, was the Commander of the Forces, with a brilliant staff, aides-de-camp, adjutant-generals, quarter-master generals, commissary generals, and all other kinds of generals. Military uniforms were plentifully scattered over the boxes, which were full to repletion with the beauty and fashion of Dublin. On taking a more careful survey of the galleries, I perceived that knots of college-men were stationed in several parts of them, and

"What gave rise
To no little surprise"

on my part, was seeing four of the six men who had enlarged their figures by the concealment of Purdon's pillows, sitting quietly, two at each side, in the slips or upper boxes, which were somewhat too near the ceiling to be pleasant positions in a crowded assembly, and subsequently recognising the other two in the front row, at either end of the middle gallery.

But my observations were soon interrupted by the flare of trumpets, announcing that the guard of honour was presenting arms, as His Excellency the most noble the Marquess of Wellesley descended from his carriage to honour the theatre with the august presence of the representative of the

Majesty of England. Then everybody in every portion of the house, stood up, peered over, and stretched their necks, in order to get a good view of the viceregal party, and then was seen a large man, clothed in sables, with a white wand in his hand, walking backwards into the state box, bowing at the same time most profoundly, followed quickly by a short, shrivelled, white-haired old man, in a uniform of blue and gold, with a glittering star upon his breast, and a magnificent, blooming, beautiful, large sized, happy looking woman, formerly Mrs. Patterson, of American origin, but then Marchioness of Wellesley. As they entered they bowed to the right and to the left and all round the house, and were received with clapping of hands, cheers, and ear-piercing whistles from the upper gallery. Their box was soon filled by pages, equerries, aides-de-camp, and other officers of the household, amongst others, Sir Stewart Bruce, of stately presence; Sir Charles Vernon, the best storyteller of his time; Bob Williams, afterwards Master of the Horse; and Jack Rich, then and since a gallant soldier at Sebastopol; then dear little pages, in full scarlet uniform, with their hair powdered. As soon as all were within the box, the man in black, Mr. Frederick Jones, lessee of the theatre, bowed himself out, no one taking any notice of him, and the green curtain was rung up, displaying on the stage the whole body of the performers, who proceeded to sing "God save the King,"—we were not blessed with a Queen at that time—in a strain far more vigorous than musical; then every one cheered, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the greater part of the audience joined in the chorus.

During this uproar there were frequent cries from an individual in the middle gallery, of "Hats off!" and "Stand up!" evidently directed towards our Silent Figure; and this was soon taken up by others, who were annoyed at seeing a man sitting down with his hat on during the singing of the National Anthem; but suddenly the man who was most vociferous in his anger got a smart crack on his cranium from a blackthorn stick, and a blow in the face from a powerful fist, and while in a state of obfuscation, from the suddenness of the attack, was dragged out of the gallery

by three or four college-men, who loudly charged him with making a murderous attack upon an unoffending gentleman; and having thus removed him from the house, by the judicious administration of a couple of half-crowns to as many old "Charlies," they had him comfortably lodged in St. Andrew's-street watch-house for the night, when they returned to their evening's amusement at the theatre. In the meantime, to prevent further annoyance of the same description, Ottiwell and Jackson contrived to make their silent friend assume an erect position between them, and, taking off his hat, appeared to wipe from his brows the evidences of the cruel assault to which he had been so innocently subjected.

The singing of "God save the King" came to a close, and then he was at liberty to resume his seat, until the repeated calls and shouts for the air of "Patrick's Day" were complied with, when he had again to be held upright, while the orchestra played that beautiful air three or four times, the occupants of the galleries beating time to it with their sticks and iron-shod heels. The Lord Lieutenant then again bowed to the house, all round, took his seat and a pinch of snuff, and the play commenced.

I cannot, at this distance of time, call to mind what the performances were which had been "commanded" for that evening's amusement, but I perfectly recollect that, amongst the actresses on the occasion, were Miss Walstein and Mrs. Williams; and amongst the actors were Fulham, and Talbot, and Barry, and Williams—all great favourites on the Dublin boards, especially the last, who was as much esteemed as a man as he was admired as an actor. His manner on the stage has been admirably caricatured in "Familiar Epistles," which were generally attributed to the pen of John Wilson Croker, but which Frederick Jones, the lessee and manager of the theatre, whom they seriously injured, believed to have been written by the late Baron Smith. The lines upon Ned Williams are as follows:—

"Next Williams comes, the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff,
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
Escorns each fine and easy motion:
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins.

Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast and points his toe;
Is merriment to be expressed,
He points his toe and slaps his breast.
His turns are swings—his step a jump—
His feelings fits—his touch a thump.
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts, and moves by starts."

Whatever the play was, there was but little intellectual enjoyment to be derived from it, for in every part of the house, except the dress circle, there were continual disturbances. They appeared to commence in the pit, where the words, "You lie, you scoundrel!" were uttered in a loud voice, followed immediately by the exhibition of two men making vigorous blows at each other, others interfering, and talking loudly, and ending in three or four of the party retiring from the house, soon, however, to appear in another part of it. Then came a desperate uproar from the upper gallery, which was no sooner quelled than a regular boxing-match, in which eight or nine men were engaged, took place on the right of the middle gallery, followed quickly by a scrimmage on the left of it.

At this period the orderly and well-disposed portion of the audience began to become impatient at the continual uproar and confusion, and cries of "Shame, shame," were heard from the pit, and even from the dress circle; these were re-echoed loudly by the galleries, and cries of "Turn him out," "Knock him down," and various other exclamations indicative of very forcible intentions, were uttered in loud and angry voices. To me, who had been admitted in some degree to understand what was going on, it was quite evident that all the fights which had hitherto taken place in the different parts of the house were sham fights; that the noise, and the complaints, and the threats which issued from the pit and the galleries were got up by confederates, for the purpose of disturbing the progress of the play, and rendering the audience angry and impatient, and that these confederates were chiefly college-men.

However, the storm appeared to subside; one act of the play proceeded in peace and quietness, and it was evident, from the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" which lighted up the dress circle that the ladies had become reassured, and that the dark clouds of rising anger were dispelled

from the breasts of their male companions, who devoted themselves assiduously to the duty of rendering things as agreeable as possible. The actors did every thing in their power to attract the attention of the audience to the stage, and were in some degree successful, for the house was evidently beginning to sympathize with the sorrows of the heroine, and Williams's indignant slap on his breast and emphatic pointing of his toe received their usual allowance of applause, when suddenly there was a tremendous uproar in the middle gallery, sticks rattling upon hats and heads, cries of terror from women, shouts and curses from men, exclamations from many of "Turn him out!" "Throw him over!" "It was you, sir!" "You lie, sir!" and other elegant expressions. The several parties of belligerents appeared to be fighting their way from the back and sides of the gallery towards its centre, near which sat our lay friend as quiet as a mouse, and as silent as a fish. At length every man in the middle gallery appeared to be engaged in the *mêlée*, while it was evident to the initiated that few of the blows which were given and received were aimed in anger, or intended to inflict punishment, but to those at a distance it seemed to be a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. The heady fight still swayed to and fro, approaching gradually nearer the centre of the middle gallery; the audience in the pit were all looking upwards; and it became impossible, even to the representative of the sovereign or his straight-laced suite, to preserve their *nonchalance*. All eyes were fixed upon the spot where our friend in the claret-coloured coat sat, when suddenly three of the fiercest of the belligerents made a rush at him, struck him violently, exclaiming loudly that he must be quiet or leave the house. This was resented with apparently great vigour by Bob Jackson and Ottiwell, and then came cries from the upper gallery, and the back part of the middle gallery of "Down with Dobbs!" "Put him out!" "Throw him over!"

From the violence of the attack our lay friend was thrust from his original seat on the second bench to the front, and there the fight raged with in-

creased fury, while the cries of "Down with Dobbs!" "Throw him over!" were echoed from all parts of the house.

At this moment, I perceived my four friends in the lattices, or upper boxes, and my two friends at each end of the middle gallery, quietly shaking the pillows, which they had concealed under their coats, having previously ripped them up, over the pit. In a moment the whole atmosphere of the house was filled with feathers, floating away gently in every direction, causing laughter from some, anger in others, and inducing almost every man in the pit to put up his umbrella. But the cries and shouts and blows around the unhappy Dobbs, as our lay figure was now denominated, soon attracted all attention; for he was seen as if struggling on the parapet which protected the front row of the gallery, while Jackson and Ottiwell were making desperate efforts to loosen his hold from it, and cries of "Throw him over" were uttered more vociferously than ever, with cheers and groans as each party appeared to be getting the better of the other. At last, poor Dobbs, after receiving a dreadful blow on the head from a bludgeon, appeared lifeless. When Jackson and Ottiwell took him up in their arms, and, giving him a swing backwards and then forwards, sent him flying through the feathers, into the pit, amidst groans, yells, shouts, and shrieks, from all parts of the house.

He fell upon his face, about the middle of the pit, the occupiers of which surged aside in every direction, where he lay with his face downwards, apparently bereft of life. The actors fled from the stage; the galleries were suddenly emptied; the Lord Lieutenant and suite, with the Commander of the Forces, and Lord Mayor, left the house, and Pasley, the Coroner, as he passed along the corridor, called upon every man he met, in the King's name, to sit upon the inquest.

This was the last I saw of the transaction, for, in a few minutes, I found myself at the Carlingford Oyster House, where, after a frugal supper, I retired to my bed. Next day, however, I heard that a very quiet and inoffensive young man, a favourite

pupil of Singer, the Fellow, who, from his studious habits and solitary mode of life, was called "Dismal Dobba," had been summoned before the board, and was rusticated for a riot in the Theatre. Many years afterwards, I

was informed that he had taken dera, went as a missionary to Canada, where he was brutally murdered in an engagement between Vashti Rogers and the savage chief of Wolf Island.

A LEGEND OF THE EUPHRATES.

[Tradition says that the Prophet Ezekiel was murdered in Babylon by some Jewish priest whom he had convicted of idolatry. Epiphanius writes that he was buried in the tomb of Shem and Arphaxad, on the banks of the Euphrates. The tomb was shown a few days since by a Jew from Bagdad, and was called "habitaculum elegantis." A lamp was kept there continually burning; and the autograph copy of the prophecies was said to be there preserved. This tomb is mentioned by Pietro de la Valle, and fully described in the Itinerary of Benjamin, of Tudela.—Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible"—Article, Ezekiel.]

THERE is a tomb near Bagdad,
A place of memories, wonderful and solemn;
The river rushes by the gray old wall;
Inside, a silver lamp lets its rays fall
Upon the parchment of an open'd volume,
A light perpetual!

Far in the old-world ages,
Two awful Patriarchs there were laid to rest,
Shem—and to Shem, with laughter sweet, sweet tears,
Who came the first-born of his baby peers,
Arphaxad—now a beard is on his breast,
Snow'd by four hundred years.

And there in long procession,
The Arab bent, the Hebrew pilgrim knelt;
Each one bare jewels wrapp'd in crimson fold,
Bare pearl or ingot, till the dark and old
Sepulchre, like the night heaven's black blue belt,
Glimmer'd with starry gold.

On swept the years like billows,
And great man after great man dropp'd and fell,
Like blossom after blossom from the stem
Of human life; but wise men said of them
Each one, that he had wrought or thought full well,
But not attain'd to Shem.

On swept the years—still onward—
But to those awful twain there came no mate,
And evermore the silver lamp burn'd lone,
And on two faces white its rays were thrown.
No third came to them in their awful state,
Their peer and equal known.

At last a prophet slumber'd.
The elders gather'd of the sons of Eber,
And all the sages of the mystic East,
To judge about Ezekiel the Priest,
Who saw the vision by the river Chebar.
And when the parley ceased,

Uprose a snow beard ancient—
“And I have read,” he said, “each prophet scroll,
Divinest melodies of love and death,
* The golden song, the dawn-blush'd Ajeleth,
Beautiful minstrelsies, lilies of the soul,
Blown by God's gentlest breath.

“Yet Asaph and King David,
Have not won them the glory of this grave.
To sleep this charmed lamplight on their face,
To sleep with father Shem, in this fair place,
To sleep beside the silver-washing wave,
They have not won such grace.

“Now to the son of Buzi,
Men, brethren, fathers, I award this crown ;
Not for high anthem or majestic hymn,
Not for the visions of the cherubim,
Not for the lamentations raining down,
Through clouds of music dim :

“But for the human sorrow,
There, where he calls his wife, his eye's desire,
For that sweet touch of nature let him rest
Ensepulchred among earth's holiest,
And fasten ye his scroll with silver wire,
Here shall ye keep it best.”

A wild tradition, truly !—
Yet wisely teaching that the song most human,
Wins immortality no others have.
The poet rests sublimer by Time's wave—
Who sings one tender truth of man or woman,
Wants not a glorious grave.

* Headings of Psalms.—Michtam, a Golden Psalm ; Ajeleth Shahar, Hind of the Morning ; Upon Shoshannim, Lilies.

THE FRENCH NAVY IN 1861.

A FULL and important article, extending to thirty-nine pages, on *La Marine Française* in 1861, having appeared in the *Revue Contemporaine* of 28th February last, we present our readers with the following extracts from this unusual and enlightening account of the French Navy. The writer is Comte G. de la Tour, *Député au Corps Législatif*, and it would seem that, besides availing himself of much of the information contained in Captain Foullioy's treatise, to which we recently drew our readers' notice, he has been put in possession of other valuable information. Certainly he has been enabled to write a comprehensive paper on a warlike topic, which is now engaging the warm attention of our neighbours across the Channel, and has probably done so because the success of the "Gloire" is not only a source of pride, but of hope for an honourable and perhaps glorious struggle with the English, should unforeseen and unhappy circumstances bring about war. The object of the article, in a Review having Imperialist prepossessions, is to excite this national attention into action, in order that, by demonstrating the inferiority of the French fleet as compared with the British, a strong desire may be manifested by the French people for the augmentation of their navy.

By way of exordium, Count de la Tour remarks that the theory of peace is by no means carried into practice, and whilst deprecating "ambitious rivalries between Christian nations, pushed to actual combat by pride of strength," is of opinion that war will not cease under the existing constitution of human nature.

"Philanthropists and financiers," he says, "are entirely right in developing, theoretically, this pacific theme: on this ground they agree with all social and Christian principles. But if from the domain of ideas we pass to facts, what do we perceive? The permanent necessity of the defence of man against man. Nothing is rarer than fraternal charity in the human heart. Every one is obliged to keep watch over his personal safety; and amongst nations, even more than

among individuals, improvident weakness would not long remain sheltered from aggression. The more prompt may be the attack, the more important it is to prepare the defence. At the present moment steam and electricity allow of such formidable concentrations, and of so rapid invasions, that the necessary preventive vigilance was never more evident. Never was it more necessary than every Government should have at its disposal forces capable of protecting its national interests, of guarding its frontiers and sparing the blood of the citizens.

"This duty is yet more especially imposed on the powers charged with watching over the welfare and security of France, for if the French have warm hearts, ardent patriotism, and love of war, they have more fire than perseverance—they are more impetuous than steadfast. To them war must present itself as lively, brilliant, successful, or at least be marked by a series of exploits. The *début* is to them of capital importance. Repeated reverses at the commencement of a campaign discourage our country: it becomes troubled, agitated; the chiefs are accused, often a cry of treason is raised; it then becomes difficult to repair losses, and sometimes to avoid disasters.

"It is, therefore, necessary, that our forces should always be maintained in excellent conditions of disposability, organization, and armament. Wars will be decided more and more by sudden strokes, skilfully combined, and rapidly carried. These terrible strokes, we are in a state to bring down on any empire of the Continent whatever, as we have not to fear a coalition. Our navy, capable of seconding the impetuosity of our soldiers, admirably complements our Continental power. In one word, we could defend ourselves victoriously on all our land frontiers, however vulnerable they may be on the Rhine side. But can we say the same as regards our coasts? Is our magnificent maritime frontier of 2,400 kilometres screened from a sudden blow? Could it, at the moment, repulse a vigorously-conducted attack? Is our nautical progress proportioned to that of England? Should we be sufficiently swiftly prepared for an aggressive resistance, if the honour of France and the liberty of the seas were contested? These questions are to be examined."

From his political point of view, M. de la Tour, complacently regarding the power of the imperial army to resist any continental coalition, points to the royal seaports of England as the spots whence the only danger to France might issue, in case of a combination of which England might be a party. Looking inland, he makes these remarks on British Volunteers, which show that he, at least, does not accord this patriotic force even the minor measure of value, as a defence, that some of his compatriots allow it:

“ Let us first throw a glance over the movement which has lately operated in England. This country is in effervescence, as if it saw the enemy at its gates; and during this time every thing with us sleeps. Beyond the Channel 150,000 volunteers answer very seriously to the defiance of some writers who, on this side, in a day of folly, invited France to the conquest of the British Islands. Without diminishing the valour of our neighbours and allies, it is allowable that our soldiers, tried in battle, should smile a little at the thought of this motley army, and be able to contemplate, without terror, the devil's regiment (Devil's Own) of London lawyers, and the company of barristers in Edinburgh, in a pitched battle: they might even, if the God of armies was favourable to them, hope, without too great a degree of pride, to put to flight those troops *d'élite*; and we dare to wager that, in the heat of the combat, the cohort of six-foot English giants (six-foot volunteer guards) would not be able to resist the carbines and bayonets of a battalion of our little Chasseurs. But as a symptom and manifestation of a national sentiment, this almost unanimous arming of the English is of real importance. A powerful and warlike people, conscious of their force, become tired of always trembling; a moment comes when they will rush straight into the danger, in order to dissipate it. Might not this be the calculation of the English statesmen who have given motion to the agitation? Without precisely seeking for war, have they not endeavoured to assure themselves of the means of eventually sustaining it, in the best possible conditions, if it should suddenly break out? This supposition alone explains the alarmist language of the leaders, against which a single politician, Mr. Bright, has hitherto protested. Lord Palmerston, in spite of his seventy-five years, has enrolled himself in a brigade of riflemen; the Duke of Cambridge is in command of another; the Government blows the flame from time to time, instead of seeking to ap-

pease it. It is therefore allowable to ask if the English will be always inoffensive and calm in their foreign politics? And it is very necessary to give a serious attention to the enormous expenses they have, during some years, imposed upon themselves, especially a year since, in order to acquire a crushing preponderance over the French navy.”

Our author proceeds to show how this preponderance has been obtained in the place of a proportion so different and startling that, when it was announced, “ England was sleeping, full of confidence ;” but was awakened by the bugle call that France had stolen a march on her “ during her torpor.” “ Now !” cries this legislative deputy, M. de la Tour, arousing his country as if he were the watchman on the tower—“ now, it is France that sleeps, although England has placed her navy on a war footing. France seems to sleep in her security, as if the seas would always preserve the peace they enjoy to-day.”

There are not wanting in France, he says, people who excel in showing the constituent vices of the army and navy of England, and who imagine that the sword of France would enter there up to the hilt. They indicate, as an extreme cause of relative weakness, the difficulty of recruitment, and the increasing number of foreign sailors, which are not less, at present, than 20,000, in the British fleet.

Our author does not contradict this exaggeration, so we take upon ourselves to do so. Then, the number of registered seamen is calculated by him at 228,000; and he justly observes, that this register cannot be compared with the *inscription*, since it excludes fishermen, boatmen, and the crew of the fleet. It is difficult, he remarks, to know, even approximately, the real number of English sailors. Some estimate it at 322,000; others at 420,000; and he believes that the mean sum of 370,000 would, perhaps, be nearer the truth. Yet doubtless, he says, England possesses from three to four times more *gens de mer* (seafaring men) than France, although the latter country has 15,000 merchant vessels against the former's 26,000. The tonnage of the shipping of England is 4,600,000 tons. The much smaller tonnage of the latter's vessels, and the fewer number of her fishermen, explain the

difference. As to the actual number of sailors employed in the former's commercial marine, he calculates it at 250,000. Notwithstanding the magnitude of this resource, the recruitment of the British navy is not, remarks he, easy for the Admiralty. Of the measures taken by this department for the purpose, he justly praises the training ships for boys, which, last year, he says, contained 8,535 boys, forming "a good nursery of sub-officers." Here the Count is mistaken: the number he mentions is that of all the boys in the navy.

From this most important point, *personnel*, M. de la Tour passes to the seaport arsenals and harbours of refuge on the southern coast of England, and observes that, in advance of this line of defence and attack, a formidable post has been created, "*uniquely offensive*," namely, the new port of Alderney, which, he pronounces, commands and menaces Cherbourg, "*the sole refuge of the French Navy in the Channel*." Further, he states that the port of Alderney can contain double the number of men-of-war necessary to neutralize and even assail Cherbourg. It may be suspected that our author has never seen the harbour in question, or he would not have over-rated its capacity to such a degree.

Having completed his short study of the British navy, he exclaims: "See what England has organized within a few years! . . . Verily, our neighbours have given themselves all sorts of right to repose; they may sleep in peace if they have, as we please ourselves in believing, only defensive intentions." His wonder that the English should fear invasion is thus expressed:—

"How can a people so intelligent, and understanding so well their interests, in the midst of these precautions, fear invasion? It would not be possible, save on the condition that their maritime forces were held in check. If Ireland were in a state of insurrection—if a new Pretender had numerous partisans in one of the two British islands, it would, without doubt, be possible for France to renew the unfortunate attempts of Louis XIV. and the Republic. A fleet carrying some thousands of men would have much chance, thanks to steam, of escaping the enemies' vessels, and of disembarking an auxiliary force on the British shores. But with an inferior fleet, it

would be senseless to expose an army of 150,000 men to the hazards of a naval engagement, and even to throw it on the English littoral, although certain that it could disembark without a contest. What would become, in the end, of such an army, deprived of the means of victualling and of succour? Suppose that it had traversed victoriously the entire territory of Great Britain—its victories alone would have weakened it—the circle of its enemies would form themselves without cessation around it, and the first check would infallibly be followed by disaster. The English, united, and masters of the Channel, are perfectly sheltered from invasion. It would be more than rash to go and seek, without reserve, without a point of support, without a base of operations, without refuge, a mortal combat with a great people, which is surpassed by no other in bravery, in tenacity, and in patriotic pride."

Our author considers that the English have better reason to occupy themselves with the progress of Russia, which has advanced so rapidly towards the Mediterranean and the Indian Sea. Turning from politics to the theme, his first chapter of the article ends by promising to examine, comparatively, the state of the French marine, its personnel and materiel, in seeking to point out desirable and possible ameliorations. The second chapter, on the *personnel* of the French navy, is prefaced by the axiom, that true maritime power consists in the number and aptitude of the sailors. With money, the *matériel* can be easily formed; but seafaring men cannot be improvised. Then he proceeds to show that, although present progress will raise the fleet to ninety line-of-battle ships, or their equivalents in large frigates, in eleven more years, there will be neither officers nor men enough to man this force, if steps are not speedily taken to increase the crews, and also the contingent furnished (as marine gunners) by the military conscription. To 6,000 officers of the English navy, the French oppose but 1,574, and the career of the former is affirmed to be much the most advantageous. Thus, while among the former, more than one-fourth of the lieutenants can become captains, among the latter, one only in six profits by the same chance. To the officers, the service is declared to present few chances of promotion, meagre emoluments, and

nearly incessant work. From conversation with some of these officers of a gallant but not best used service, we can say that the insufficiency of their numbers and position is severely felt in the junior ranks. Sufficient pay, prospects, leave, and liberty, are all wanting; and many of the ships are under-officered. On this point we cull the following paragraph, advocating the claims of gentlemen, whose pay has not been increased comparatively with recent rise of prices:—

“Vessels manned with 1,100 men, in the Crimean squadron, had no more than five officers, while a battalion of 1,000 men in the army has twenty-six. Batteries of thirty-two pieces were under the command of a single officer. The transport vessels, of which the rôle was so active, possessed but three or four officers. If the struggle had been prolonged, their calling would have become intolerable; at that period it was necessary for two years successively to recruit the crews with aspirants who had hardly gone through a year of school, and who were obliged afterwards to resume their interrupted studies on ship or on land. During the short Italian expedition even, the arming of the fleet was not achieved without difficulty. Instead of six regimentary lieutenants to each vessel of the line, hardly four could be reckoned. The watch was often served by subordinate officers, called *enseignes de vaisseau*, the number of which was equally insufficient; their services had been claimed for the squadron in the Adriatic, and for the command of the gunboats. Finally, in these latter days, when the government decided on the second expedition into China, so great a discouragement took place in the corps of officers of the marine, that the minister, in a few months, received 59 resignations, and anticipated demands for permission to retire. What is there astonishing that men, who have attained the age of forty or five-and-forty, in the lower grades, should be discouraged, when, after twenty years of navigation, government sends them, without any serious hope of advance-

ment, to a distance of 3,000 leagues from their family (so often left in the most painful circumstances), for a scanty pay, from which expedition they bring back but little glory and new infirmities. Thus the state loses the flower of its officers—for it is not the worst who retire—it sees escaping from its service men full of knowledge and devotion, hardened to all perils, inured to all privations; for the most part cultivated minds, who carried to the furthest shores, at the same time with the flag of France, the flame of her genius and her chivalric spirit. The evil is great, and must be attacked at its two sources—the insufficiency of treatment and retirements, the still greater insufficiency of complements and the chances of advancement.”

The contrast of the larger number and other advantages of English naval officers of senior rank is then drawn. In this account it is stated that their rapid advancement is owing to the great extent of the list of admirals, and that it is not rare to find post-captains under forty years of age. On the other hand, if we may trust a recent pamphlet, entitled “Reasons for an Inquiry into the Position of the Executive Officers of the Royal Navy,” this class are dissatisfied, because now, and hereafter, a greater number of captains will not attain the rank of admiral until they arrive at an age, when, in the French service, naval officers are compelled to retire from the active duties of their profession.

Why, let us humbly ask, should officers be forced to retire? Surely efficient men might be selected, employed, and promoted, without casting a severe slur on gentlemen less favourably endowed. From this consideration we revert to the French Navy, to quote the ensuing valuable statistical table of its materiel and personnel:—

“If we examine now the situation of our officer crews, with regard to our means, their inadequacy becomes apparent to all eyes. We have—

Screw Ships Afloat or in Construction.

			Captains of vessels.	Captains of frigates.	Lieutenants.
Vessels,	.	38 requiring	38	38	205
Frigates,	.	35 „	35	35	175
Corvettes,	.	7 „	35	7	7
Despatch boats,	.	36 „	35	10	36
Floating batteries,	.	14 „	35	14	56
Gun-boats,	.	53 „	35	14	53
Transports,	.	39 „	35	35	39

			Captains of vessels.	Captains of riggs.	Lieutenants
<i>Vessels with Paddles.</i>					
Frigates,	.	18 requiring	18	18	20
Corvettes,	.	10	18	10	10
Despatch boats,	.	76	18	7	76
<i>Sailing Vessels.</i>					
Vessels,	.	9	9	9	43
Frigates,	.	27	27	27	130
Corvettes,	.	14	14	14	70
Brigs,	.	46	14	17	46
Transports,	.	31	14	31	31
Total,			141	272	1,076

"To satisfy the service of this fleet of 453 vessels, we have but 110 captains of vessels, 230 captains of frigates, 650 lieutenants of vessels, and 550 ensigns. In case of war we could not then arm all our material; it would be necessary to furnish it with an incomplete staff of officers, and employ auxiliary officers. Both extremes are dangerous. It is truly to be remarked, that the greater part of our light vessels, rendered useless, would return to harbour and disarm, and this would produce a supplement of about twenty captains of frigate, and about 100 lieutenants of vessels."

The above tabular account of the French Navy may be relied upon as correct. Of the frigates enumerated, six are iron-cased. The senior and junior ranks of the French service being pronounced to demand augmentation, both of numbers and adequate remuneration, a certain increase is proposed, which the author recommends thus:—

"These figures will be hardly sufficient for the service of our *matériel*; but they will be enough to favour advancement in subaltern grades, and to maintain the sacred fire there which is now nearly extinguished. The love of country is a very fine thing; it is glorious to serve one's country, and to die for her; but at the same time, that country should not be ungrateful, and, while waiting for the hour of sacrifice, she ought to provide a livelihood for those who intend to give their lives for her."

Of a truth, if a man's country expects him to devote his life to service, and to be ready *mourir pour la patrie*, she should give him *quoi vivre*. At present, French officers are ill paid, and French seamen flock into the service. On the first point M. de la Tour writes:—

"One ought to acknowledge the embarrassments and perils which result from the feeble state of our present staff, if a war was to break out with England. We will be forced to draw our crews, and to have, besides, recourse to captains of commerce. In a naval combat, what vessel would not be compromised, if it carry but three or four officers capable of commanding it? The valour and experience of the officers of the Republic could not prevent disasters, because they wanted chiefs. Their recollection should never be forgotten."

The third chapter of this work passes from the commissioned officers to the crews, and especially treats of the maritime inscription. In the matter of seamen on service, the numbers and ability is acknowledged, particularly of practised seamen, with the warning that, unless steps be taken in time to remedy this manly deficiency, the national interest will infallibly suffer, is rendered somewhat admonitory. Of the 26,000 men borne on the budget, the author derives their real number to be 31,000, which shows that only two-thirds have been

* The French naval estimates are very mystifying. The budget for the present year is £5,040,000, being a slight increase, £57,000, on last year, having to provide for the maintenance of 152 vessels of various classes in commission, and 24,336 seamen afloat. But that these estimates are a guide to the probable expenditure of the next twelve months is a mistake to suppose, as we are well aware that at the present, there are about 35,000 men actually employed, in about 340 vessels of all classes. As a proof of this, in 1859, being the epoch of the Italian war, at commencement of the Chinese expedition, the estimates being 123 millions of francs, supplemental or extraordinary credits were taken for upwards of 100 millions, and for 1860, a year of peace, with the exception of the affair in China, the estimates being 124½ millions, supplementary credits, amounting to upwards of 100 millions, have yet to be laid before the Corps Legislatif. As this Corps must pass or reject each separate department *en totalité*, the items are insufficiently scrutinized.

taken from the inscription, the other third being derived from the land service conscription. The following remarks on the system of inscription are highly interesting:—

“The organization of our maritime inscription places at the disposal of the state nearly all the resources of France as regards seamen. It would thus be possible for us immediately to arm a powerful fleet, if the materiel was disposable. But naval wars are not less bloody than others; the means of dispensing death have been at least as much perfected on shipboard as the means of defence. Sickness and tempests do not spare vessels at sea; the Black Sea and the Baltic have only too well proved it. The war in the East, without being naval, has made tens of thousands of widows on our coasts. In order that France should be perfectly assured of maintaining, under good conditions, a struggle of four or five years against a naval power of first rank, she would require a reserve at least the double of the crews which would at first be launched against the enemy. We do not possess this indispensable reserve, and until this day nothing has been done to form it; this so essential element of true power has been altogether neglected. From the first year of struggle, we will be obliged to put in action more than three-quarters of our real resources in exercised men; and how shall we be able to fill up the void?

“The *recruitment* furnishes us with ten to eleven thousand sailors, and we possess, on paper, about 100,000 *inscrits*, novices included. Is this a reason to say that our navy disposes of 110,000 men? No; certainly not. In 1850, the number of the inscribed amounted to 93,000. The legislative commission dissolved it, abated the non-values, the captains of the merchant-service, the novices, and reduced to 71,000 the number of sailors from twenty to forty years. Let us suppress a tenth of invalids and absentees, we will have about 60,000 disposable men, and even this number is perhaps exaggerated; for many fathers of families are attacked with sudden illness when ordered on service, and a large part of our sailors are in distant seas, from whence it would not be easy to bring them back in case of a naval war. With the quotient furnished by recruitment, we can, therefore, reckon, at the most, upon 70,000 men, while the English have 84,000 on board in time of peace.”

(This latter estimate is an exaggeration.)

“If a maritime war were to break out,

we could not fail to double our present personnel of 30,000 seamen. Thus, 10,000 inscribed sailors would form our only reserve; a number which would perhaps hardly replace the sailors sick, killed, and wounded, during the three first months of hostilities.”

The Count proceeds to show that the gradual increase of the *inscription* is insufficient to furnish the required supplement; and he argues, that it is indispensable to force a development of this supplement, and to seek to fill it from elsewhere. Not only must, he declares, the *inscription* be maintained, but other measures must be taken to force a growth of sailors. He is frank in acknowledging that the ready-made seamen would not serve in the Imperial navy unless compelled. More than half of them he allows would prefer the higher pay of merchant ships to subjecting themselves to the severe discipline of men-of-war, and to exposing lives precious to their families to the risk of battle. It would, therefore, be necessary, in case of war, to resort to regiments of the line for a large portion of the crew of the fleet; but the Count is quite sensible of the disadvantages under which such men would labour. The above admissions are the most important parts of the Count's treatise, since they betray the weak point in the French navy—want of seamen. Although the system of inscription enables a fleet to be manned instantly, and though the force it at present has at disposal is adequate to the existing materiel of that navy, yet, at the same time, it is seriously doubted whether it is sufficient for supplying an adequate reserve in the event of war. Consequently, propositions are made for making what we may call artificial sailors, and every year a larger contingent is drawn by *recruitment* from the army conscripts. So severely is the inscription enforced, that the men drawn for service are not suffered to provide a qualified substitute. The number of soldiers drafted on board ship is increasing, and the Count states, that the experience of some years has proved that half the crew of a line-of-battle ship can, without inconvenience, be composed of men furnished by this mode of recruiting, which was adopted by decree of 5th June, 1856. However, at the present time, two-thirds of the gunners are

derived from the inscription. Naval officers admit, it appears, that three trained seamen-gunners, three trained *fusiliers*, and a little fewer than two topmen, for each gun, would constitute the most suitable complement. It is, therefore, thought possible to embark a much larger number of men provided by conscription, and so form yearly four or five thousand seamen more. Calculating the sailors enrolled by inscription, and those on service in the navy, at about 75,000 men, our author says, that, by the course proposed, there would be 100,000 efficient seamen within seven years, and insists that France should not be content with a less number.

The fourth chapter treats of the civil administration of the French Navy, and will be read with interest at this moment, when the constitution of our Admiralty is under consideration. M. de la Tour remarks that, on comparing the composition and working of the French and English administrations, the abstract result is advantageous to the former. In the latter, he says, the supreme direction is given to a civilian, who has five civil functionaries under him; but, says he, "unity of direction is better assured in Paris, by means of a responsible minister, surrounded by competent functionaries, and assisted by special councils." It seems that the officer corresponding to our "Controller of the Victualling" possesses a union of "more power and responsibility" than any other functionary in the empire. A word or two on the position of our Admiralty. Practically, this department is the servant of the House of Commons, a body which, since the accession of James I., has been formed by what that sovereign pleasantly called "the Four Hundred Kings of England," increased, in course of time, to the Six Hundred and Fifty Kings of Great Britain and Ireland. On the other hand, the Paris department is the servant of Napoleon III. There can be little doubt but that, if this Emperor was as much bent on developing his navy as his army, the measures he would take would be far more cogent and extensive than those which are now leading our government towards increasing and improving our fleet; but modern history does not supply any example of a sea-king, whose master

passion is to wield a sea force, as Frederick of Prussia, or Napoleon I., wielded a land power. Nevertheless, the Third Napoleon is the absolute initiator of whatever proceedings he deems proper for the Imperial navy, and his senate and legislative body have not hitherto shown themselves ready to cavil at his expenditure. Hence arises a degree of originaive force, and of authority to experimentalize at the public cost, in France, which is by no means permitted in England, where public opinion, acting through the House of Commons, either cramps the power of the Executive department, or would, in case of gross failures of great experiments undertaken on mere Ministerial responsibility, punish the delinquents severely. As we have a popular and party form of government, our Government must follow more than lead; and so long as the Lords of the Admiralty hold their appointments on so precarious a tenure as the stability of party government, political influence will affect all its conduct, even to paralyzing its energy.

In his fourth chapter M. de la Tour examines the situation of the material defences, fixed and floating, of France, beginning thus:—

"We will not invite our country to imitate the enormous expenditure of England, and to sacrifice, in five or six years, a thousand millions of extraordinary resources to augment and shelter our naval *matériel*. The state of our finances, and of our taxes, require a strict economy. It would, however, be imprudent to put ourselves, relatively, on a level with the efforts of our neighbours. To the *quantity* of vessels and ports, we ought especially to endeavour to oppose *quality*. A small number of great military ports and ports of refuge, but carefully fortified; not many ships, but of a superior weight and construction, as perfectly equipped and armed as possible; such ought to be our programme. Let us not regard as perfectly fixed the estimate of forty vessels and fifty frigates, which we are to possess in 1872. Let us somewhat augment the number and the quality of our war instruments, paying particular attention to the discoveries of science, and we can face, if it is necessary, the double or triple forces of England."

The Count, oddly enough, is oblivious that no patent right to war inventions is acknowledged between nations, and that his countrymen have

only to produce an improvement for us to adopt and reproduce it as speedily as may be desirable. Indeed, considering the fact that our naval executive cannot prudently assume the initiative in the matter of costly experiments, unless authorized to do so by a vote of the House of Commons, and seeing also that no immediate danger threatens the country, reasonable caution in following French inventive genius conduces to British state economy. Should the House, reviewing the administration of the Admiralty Board during many years past, when, as we are well aware, many cases occurred in which valuable inventions did not receive the attention their importance demanded—failing to do so because of difficulties both as to funds and as to science sufficient for judging of them—Parliamentary votes will probably meet these wants for the future by allocating a special vote for experimental uses, and, perhaps, also by establishing a permanent council of functionaries possessed of more scientific qualifications than those hitherto generally possessed by our Admiralty officials. To argue by analogy, the sciences involved in naval architecture under its present development, and which may be compared to those needful for the preparation of legislative measures, require that the services of the ablest professional men should be enlisted in our naval department, just as the framing of a civil or a criminal code, or a fishery bill, or any other technical enactment, demands special knowledge. On the interesting topic of iron-coated ships, we cull the ensuing paragraph from M. de la Tour, who, it will be seen, thoroughly recognises the value of these strong and rapid vessels of war, whether as floating batteries for defence, or for purposes of aggression :

“In endowing the navy with two new and terrible instruments of combat, the nautical cuirass and rifled cannon, throwing a percussion projectile, science has overthrown nearly all the ancient theories. Naval offensive power is be-

come much more formidable. Perhaps the vessel of the line is already a superannuated type, because of the surface of her walls, and of her weight, which render it very difficult to cover her with a cuirass. The type to be found should be a swift vessel, invulnerable, capable of resisting the sea, armed for the shock of the solid head of a vessel. With a special fleet of this nature, so appropriate to the ardour of our nation, and to its military aptitude, we could partially destroy the enemy's vessels, and certainly give a terrible chase to the thousands of ships of British commerce. The value of the immense materiel afloat, which England possesses, would thus be almost reduced to nothing. With these swift iron-cased ships, we could quickly arrive at a hand-to-hand struggle, in which our crews excel. Until this reform be accomplished, the maritime frontiers of France remain exposed to the insults of her enemies.”

Space does not permit us to follow the Count in his interesting statement respecting this new class of vessel, on which he calculates so much as to exclaim : “A hundred cuirassed frigates, manned by 50 to 60,000 sailors, would give us a very respectable attitude in war time.” But he deprecates hurry, declaring that two or three years will not suffice to obtain that result, for, says he, “we do not wish to imitate English precipitation.”

English precipitation ! So, then, it is our Admiralty that has erred in too suddenly launching a new and extravagant fleet. The Count refers, of course, to the activity the Board displayed under the Earl of Derby's government,* as contrasted with the recent apathy of Lord Palmerston's, which is peculiarly favourable to French developments, in matters of alliance, commerce, and manufacture. In this case, political influences measured the degrees of energy and its reverse, the Conservative cabinet being ready to oppose force to force, if necessary ; and the Whig ministry, less devoted to security, more dependent on popularity, and, therefore, more apprehensive of responsibility, awaiting the turn of public opinion.

The Paris Admiralty being, com-

* If the French senator's statistics, as follows, are correct, it was high time to be active: he says: “In 1858 our marine had a floating material capable of resisting the English fleets. We possessed twenty-nine screw line-of-battle ships and forty-six steam frigates, while England had only twenty line-of-battle ships and thirty-four frigates.”

paratively with the London office, a less public and responsible one, there is more disposition to accept new discoveries.

Imitation is for the French a duty, observes our author, who remarks that, since the English, having recognised the great superiority of floating batteries over fixed, have constructed a good number of these citadels, his government may follow this lead with economy. For aggressive purposes, his hopes rest on the class of large frigates, of 1,500 horse power, carrying from thirty-six to forty guns, and cuirassed with plates from four to five inches thick, forming a type of vessel that apparently will replace the line-of-battle ship. In the following argument he preaches caution in adopting inventions, combined with diligence in seeking out means for augmentation of resources :

"All experiments should be adopted in our navy with extreme care. It has less resources than that of our neighbours, it is then obliged, by duty and reason, to concentrate all its efforts on a small number of types, carefully studied and sensibly perfectionated. Steam has increased our relative force, in greatly diminishing the necessary number of sailors; and if we can arrive at diminishing the combustible by means of dried vapour or re-heated steam, it will be a new benefit to us, who have less coal and pay dearer for it than the English do."

"Let us profit," concludes the French Count, "by the gifts of Providence, but let us know how to deserve that the God of Battles should keep an account of our foresight, as he has, without doubt, kept an account of our valour." "But," observes he, "it has often been said that forethought is not our forte. To convince oneself of this fact it would suffice to cast one's eyes upon our coasts, nearly everywhere defenceless, and without harbours of refuge. Our large harbours of war, even, have not been protected in proportion to our new offensive faculties. The days are past of superiority of land batteries over naval. Formerly, the vessel having but the wind for a propelling force could not make its way through narrow and fortified straits, without great risk of being dismantled; and if she lost her masts and rigging, she was powerless to withdraw from under fire. The transformation of fleets has modified, in an inverse sense, the conditions of combat, so that the actual defences of our arsenals and of our harbours answer no longer the end proposed. Iron-cased

vessels, gun-boats, steam-rams, rifled cannon, long-range rifles, the submarine propeller, and steamers *à grande vitesse*, have prodigiously weakened the resisting faculty of coast batteries. Often, without much risk on their side, the enemy might devastate a port and an arsenal. According to the experiments made at Vincennes and at Gavre, at a distance of 300 metres, a plate of forged iron, of the thickness of ten to twelve centimetres, can resist the shock of 14 30-pound bullets per square metre of surface, before splitting and leaving bare the wooden wall. At 800 metres the bullet of 50 has scarcely any effect. It even appears that a bullet of 50, fired at a distance of 30 metres upon a proof plate, was able but to crack and compress it. Rifled cannon have no advantage, at this rate of firing, over the ordinary cannon, except at a superior distance of 1,200 metres. It therefore results from these experiments, that forts, however well armed they may be, cannot prevent iron-cased ships from clearing a passage of about 600 metres. It has been acknowledged, on the other hand, that bullets of 50, rifled or not rifled, fired at a distance of 400 to 1,000 metres, rapidly demolish the most solid masonry. Thus the disadvantage and inferiority of fixed batteries in comparison with floating ones seems to be perfectly proved. On the other side, incendiary projectiles can be thrown to such incredible distances from on board an iron-cased ship, beyond the efficacious fire of the batteries, that but a small number of our arsenals can be considered safe from this danger. In case of necessity, besides, the enemy, masters of the sea, would not willingly risk and sacrifice a few floating batteries in order to burn the immense materiel of one of our large ports. Let us reflect on this contingency, which threatens our great commercial ports as well as our great military ones, and let us not spare any trouble to avert this terrible danger. The movable defence ought evidently to be everywhere joined to the fixed defence; and it is necessary that the former be composed of rapid, solid, almost invulnerable vessels, capable of executing sorties and charges upon the bombarding ships, without the enemy's vessels of the line being able to oppose a serious obstacle to such sorties. The roads of Cherbourg, in particular, more exposed than any other to attack, have need of being protected by the most scientific preparations; and no precautions would be excessive for this purpose."

From this consideration the Count passes to remark on the want of ports on the coast between the Belgian

frontier and Cape Finisterre. With the exception of Cherbourg, and but one other, this great length of coast does not afford shelter to a single line-of-battle ship. The other exception is Dunkirk, the famous seaport purchased under the sage advice of Colbert, from England, in 1662, for £500,000; "one of our past glories and present resources," writes the Count, remarking, however, that it is allowed to remain encumbered by a vast mole, which would be easy to pierce and possible to remove. To supply the absolute want of a good harbour on the northern coast of Brittany, the road of Lezardrieux is recommended. This place has hitherto been neglected, because the narrowness and length of its channel was inconvenient for sailing vessels; but as this would be no objection to steamers, the proposed haven is pointed out as offering a shelter to French vessels when engaged in a conflict, of which the Channel Islands' sea would be the theatre; and the expense of improving it is estimated as low as six millions of francs.

The sixth chapter treats of the French fisheries, both home and foreign. It is declared that the abandonment of the prohibitive system, as applied to the entry of foreign fish, will probably soon destroy, on one part of the coast, a branch of industry which furnishes the best contingent to the inscription, and thus render manning the fleet more difficult. Fishermen form the major part of French sailors, and are, therefore, one of the most considerable elements in the naval power of France. Hence peculiar privileges were accorded them, to render them liable to inscription, and yet give them the monopoly of coast fishing, a protective duty on fish from abroad, and some other advantages. Whilst, for each 100 tons of shipping, the coasting-trade employs only six men, long voyages eight, the fishery of Newfoundland Bank employs thirteen; the Iceland fishery, seventeen; the Newfoundland coasts, thirty; the herring fishery off Scotland, and the mackerel fishing in the Sorlingue, thirty-six. A decree of 30th November last, prepared by the Minister of Commerce, without consulting the Minister of Marine, has disturbed this latter branch of industry. This law, re-

ducing the duties on foreign-taken fish is expected, by experienced persons, to have the effect of causing numbers of fishermen to quit their pursuit for other callings. What will become of the navy, asks the Count, if a trade, which costs the state nothing and forms the best mariners, may thus be annihilated? Protection against foreign imports cannot, however, be said to cost nothing, if it compels a nation consuming fish largely to pay a high price to home producers for what they can get cheaper from abroad. M. de la Tour admits that, without inscription, it will be impossible for France to form a respectable fleet; he is of opinion that the prohibitive system alone can guarantee continuance of the inscription, and therefore regards the protective principle as the palladium of her naval power. He proceeds to say, that if the maritime population is abandoned to the chances of commercial speculation and to the risks of industrial competition, the English will crush the industries which constitute the base of French maritime force. According to his view, English fresh sea-fish, admitted at so low a duty as ten per cent., instead of forty-four, will probably depreciate the French commodity, and yet without lowering the price. The competition of the Scottish fisheries threatens what is specially termed *salaisons*, i.e., provision of salt fish. It seems that the canny Scots have totally routed Dutch and other competition in the markets recently opened by the lowering of duties, such as Hamburg, Dantzic, &c., the entrepôts whence herrings find their way into Holland, Denmark, and Germany. This result was prophesied in a report of the Fishery Board of 1852, showing that, if prohibitive duties were suppressed in Europe, Scotch-cured fish would obtain the monopoly of supplying the Continent, on account of the low price at which this superior article could be sold. The truth is, a fisherman of Wick is as much better situated for herring fishing than his rival at Dieppe, as a Marseilles merchant than a London one for importing Maltese oranges. As our author says, the English are at home in the North Sea; they fish from small boats, may use all sorts of nets, fish at all seasons, and have not to submit to

certain conditions to which French fishermen are subject, while these have to go far to seek the fish, to fit out large vessels, which shipowners hire out at high rents, and to submit to a number of governmental shackles. Already the reduction of the duty to ten per cent. has caused fishing-vessels now building to be sold at twenty-five per cent. under cost price. "It is," the Count concludes, "a veritable catastrophe for the navy." This is a sorrow in which we cannot sympathise, especially since there will be general joy if our neighbours, rendered less bellicose by a course of fish diet, shall reduce their army and navy, and trade instead of fight with us and the rest of the world.

Count de la Tour's eighth and last chapter is a summary of his foregoing recommendations. One of these is, that the French fleet should principally consist of three divisions, viz., a screw fleet of great speed; a fleet of screw transports capable of transporting, at one voyage, a numerous army to any point in Europe and in the Mediterranean; and a large number of gunboats. Another is, to increase, by a certain number of swift, iron-cased frigates, the complement of ninety large men-of-war which France, he says, "ought to possess in 1872." Non-content with the present amount of expenditure, this member of the legislative corps even advises that money be borrowed to augment the materiel of the Imperial navy, doing so while announcing that the personnel is deficient and diminishing, and showing himself blind to the truth that the fact of the former having been pushed beyond the latter's capacity is evidence to all but his countrymen of their unwarrantable ambition. France must have a grand fleet, is his theory, which he would have carried out by such forced operations as keeping up pet fishermen by high prohibitive duties, transforming recruits for the army, who have never seen the sea, into salt-water sailors, and heaping additional debt on the nation, to enable "a respectable naval war" to be maintained with Great Britain. Agreeably with his own admission, the whole disposable force of mariners, under the forced system of inscription, cannot amount to more than 60,000 men. But we must bear in mind that his

object is to frighten his countrymen, and we believe the number may be estimated at above 70,000. He insists that 100,000 are indispensable for the protection of the French coast and "the national grandeur." French military men seem to be making less loud calls for army expenditure, which, indeed, has not been proportionous. Every day, writes the author, people repeat that the army budget, so rapidly augmented, cannot be reduced, because it is indispensable to maintain disposable an effectif of 600,000 soldiers, in face of 2,500,000 men of Prussia, the 600,000 of Austria, and the 800,000 of Russia. Such being the armed state of the Continental powers, it would, the Count says, be illogical not to make an effort to protect the maritime as well as the land frontier, particularly considering that the means of foreign aggression are doubly strong against the former. For similar logical reasons, let us say, Spain should maintain a huge fleet and army, especially as she is the near neighbour of a very invasively-disposed nation. In the ensuing closing paragraph the Count clearly points out the liability to quarrel with the real naval power.

"The costs of the preventive measures we advise will not reach a fifth part of the sums devoted by England to analogous precautions; this latter country will, therefore, have no motive in alarming herself. Our idea, besides, has nothing in it particularly hostile to her. We often find a rival in English policy which is, in time of peace, more revolutionary than is agreeable to the repose of France and Europe; as regards us it has often been unjust and violent; it is evidently very hostile to us with respect to Italy, and the jealousy which it nourishes against us influences the English government to the degree of causing it to assume a disagreeable attitude in Syria. God forbid that the blood of the Christians of this country be sacrificed to it! The experience we have had of the past commands us to be vigilant and energetic; but the time no longer exists when England would have had a chance of dismembering France. We can foresee the day when the exaggerated principle of nationalities, on the contrary, embraced with eagerness by despotism, will command France and England to unite once more against what we call to-day the freed nations, to save the compromised liberty of the West. On the other hand, however, there are so

many threats against us as there is patriotism among the leaders of the Unitarian parties, as much beyond the Alps as beyond the Rhine, and it has not yet been proved that the kingdom of Italy, the germ of which has been fructified by the blood of our soldiers, will not one day present to us the bayonets of her battalions and the beaks of her fleet in a fresh coalition prepared by England."

Such is the prospect presented by the prophetic mind of this Deputy of the Corps Législatif of France, rousing him, in his quality of counsellor and senator, to demand that the recent Treaty of Commerce with us be repealed in the matter of fish, that the number of mariners his country has naturally be doubled artificially, and that, after twenty years' alliance with England has consolidated the Bonaparte dynasty, France should possess a fleet equivalent to ninety line-of-battle ships, in order that she

may carry on a respectable naval war. For what? Evidently for the sake of the French idol, the "national grandeur," since, if that country were as powerless as Portugal, we should doubtless always trade and never fight with her. This conclusion of ours brings us back to his opening remarks, viz., that pride of strength in ambitious rival nations pushes them to actual combat, and that war will not cease while human nature is constituted as it is. *Cedant arma togæ* is not the motto of this counsellor, and he plainly would not abate a single man-of-war for the sake of a Scotch herring; so, if French senators are in this temper, the warriors they should curb must be getting beyond control, and may become wantonly warlike until the Treaty, by cheapening fish, shall have effected some alteration in their nature.

LEGEND LAYS OF IRELAND.

NO. III.—LEGEND OF ORMONDE CASTLE.

I.

"THE cawing rook shall build her nest on Ormonde Castle's pinnacle,*
Ere Irish blood shall flow from bands divided and inimical :
Twelve moons shall fill their orbs before fulfilment of that omen,
And then those parted bands shall meet, in battle-fields, as foemen."

II.

So ran the Seer's prediction, and the peasant long had sought her,
The messenger of discord, and the harbinger of slaughter;
When ninety-seven brought the sign of death and desolation,
And ninety-eight conviction spread, around a mourning nation.†

* The situation of Ormonde Castle, on the banks of the river Nore, and adjoining the city of Kilkenny, is exceedingly picturesque; and the fine old feudal mansion has many historic reminiscences connected with its time-honoured walls. The interior contains many beautiful priceless works of art, and the *Evidence Chamber* abounds in manuscript materials of great archæological value to the genealogist and antiquary. The late lamented Marquess of Ormonde intended to publish many of these memorials, which would serve to illustrate the actions of his distinguished progenitors and some of the most remarkable events in the general history of Ireland. It is to be hoped that this intention, frustrated by his untimely death, will yet be realized; and it is rumoured, in literary circles, that one of our most accomplished antiquarians will shortly bring those valuable relics to light, under the auspices of Government.

† It is stated by the inhabitants of the "fair citie" of Kilkenny, an old prophecy had decreed, that when a rook should build her nest on the highest turret of Or-

NO. IV.—LEGEND OF LOUGH REA.

I.

Woe to the land! for the warning is given,
 Through the mist of the lake, at the gloaming of day;
 And dimly disclosed, through the curtain of even,
 The death-sign is seen from the shores of Lough Rea.*

II.

Youth of the land! be the white garland dresses
 Prepared for the grave-yard procession's array:†
 For the wild breeze shall sweep o'er the snowy wand-tresses
 That wave on thy funeral barrows, Lough Rea.

III.

Death to the land! and a death-stroke entailing,
 On the homestead deserted the shriek of dismay;
 The light laugh of mirth shall be changed into wailing,
 The living shall weep for the dead of Lough Rea.

LAGENIENSIS.

monde Castle, the following year was to be characterized by a civil war throughout Ireland. The curious incident predicted is said to have taken place in the year 1797; and a recollection of the words of this prophecy, as also the singularity of the circumstance itself, attracted the regards of the peasantry, who flocked from even distant parts of our Island, to witness the baneful prognostic. The disastrous Rebellion of 1798 and its results are too well known, in connexion with the general history of this country, and were supposed to have had a necessary connexion with this prophetic indication of the preceding year.

* The picturesque lake, bearing this name, and situated in the county of Galway, is bounded on the south and east with verdant hills. Three beautiful islets crown its waters. It is said that once in seven years a black coffin may be seen on the waters of Lough Rea, and this apparition is called *the sign*, by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. It is usually thought to herald the approach of pestilence and mortality; and the people remark, that almost immediately after its appearance, great numbers of persons from the neighbourhood are consigned to the tomb.

† It was customary, in many parts of Ireland, on the death of unmarried persons, beloved and respected for their virtues, to decorate a long staff with bowed projections on the sides—the wood-work being concealed by fringes of white calico, linen, or paper, overlaid in regular ranges. This was properly called *the garland*. A cross was prepared in like manner, together with twelve small and slender wands. The tips of the latter, and the projections of the former, were for the most part looped with knots of pink ribbon. The garland-bearer went foremost in the funeral procession, and immediately preceding the coffin: twelve young persons followed two and two, whilst the cross-bearer brought up the rear. If the deceased happened to be a maiden, the processionists were also unmarried females, clothed in white dresses. If the deceased were a young man, the garland, wands, and cross were borne by unmarried persons of the same sex. Having arrived at the grave, the garland-bearer stood at the head, the cross-bearer at the foot, the wand-bearers ranging themselves, six on each side. After the last had been laid over the deceased, all the bearers stuck down their frail materials in the earth, according to the order in which they were placed. These mementoes remained, until blown down by the wind.

THE MONTH'S CALENDAR.

It is often said of March, that it "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." This is remarkably the case this year in the political world. There have been suppressed whispers all through the winter that Garibaldi would sally forth from Caprera on or about the 1st of March, to carry war into the enemy's country, and strike a final blow for the deliverance of Italy by striking at the heart of Austria. Caprera was thought to be another Elba, too small to contain so great a man for long, and that as in March, 1815, Napoleon sailed from his palace prison on a rock off the coast of Tuscany, so in March 1861 Garibaldi would be off to the Adriatic to make a descent on Hungary through Fiume, or to take the Austrians in flank in Venetia.

The Ides of March have come and the Ides of March have gone, but Garibaldi makes no sign as yet, and it is evident that the time is not ripe for the menaced movement on Hungary. The pot is seething and hissing, the scum of discontent is rising to the surface, but it has not yet reached boiling point—the witch caldron is still bubble, bubble, toil, and trouble, but the last charm has not been thrown in, which will consist of a packet of bank notes, with Kossuth's name, to supplant the paper money of Austria with the paper money of the Revolution.

Meanwhile our Court of Chancery has been applied to to put a stop to these sinews of war—if paper florins deserve such a name—being poured into Hungary. The Austrian ambassador has applied for an injunction to stop Mr. Day the lithographer, *pendente lite*, from issuing Hungarian notes bearing the royal arms and the signature of Kossuth. It is a curious question to bring before an English court of justice, "Who is king in Hungary?" Gallio-like, it should be no judge in these matters. Strictly speaking, there is no king in Hungary—an interregnum has continued ever since poor old Francis shuffled off the crown, but not his mortal coil, in 1848.

Francis Joseph, it is true, has put the crown on his own head, as Napoleon once did the iron crown of Lombardy; but Francis Joseph is not a king of men, as the conqueror of Lodi and Arcola, and the Hungarians have never since ceased to denounce him as a usurper. Thus there are the old style and the new style in Hungary. The people hold by the old style, and ignore the proceedings of the Court of Vienna, and the Court of Vienna holds by the new style, and ignores the ancient rights of the Hungarian nation. Diplomacy, it is true, only knows the king *de facto*, and Francis Joseph has undoubtedly the right of possession to the crown of Hungary; but it is a delicate matter to bring into an English court of law. The whole controversy appears to us to be *extra curiam*; and if we might be permitted to advise the Vienna government, we should recommend it to keep Hungary quiet, as best it can, but to ask no assistance or sympathy from us: free England is in no humour to play into the hands of despotic Austria. Like our American cousins of the Northern States, we are more inclined to help the underground railway for political runaways, than to carry out the Dred Scott decisions which diplomacy would impose upon us.

From Austria to Missouri is not an unnatural transition. The slave Anderson has been discharged from the Toronto gaol. The Canadian judges have discovered some flaw in the indictment, and so Shylock down south will lose his pound of flesh, and Missouri be spared the infliction of another outrage on humanity. The rapid break up of the Union has probably opened the eyes of Canadian judges; they can now laugh at the threat of annexation with which the States once used to bully Canada into the extradition of slaves. The talk of annexation is now beginning to turn the other way. Our friend Sam Slick once shut up a Yankee who was talking big, by putting in the quiet threat that if the States did not moderate their tongue, Canada would pass a

vote and annex the States, taking them in tow into a British port, as the Shannon did the Chesapeake. The joke is now beginning to look serious, as the state of Maine is already debating disunion in a northerly direction. The Queen may have, before the year is old, a province or two hooked on to her already too lengthy train of colonies. We have no wish on the subject; but if the Americans call for it, and Canada does not object, Great Britain will not forbid the banns.

Meanwhile, disunion has done its work in the south, and a new Republic of confederated states has sprung into being. The American banner has been torn in two, the stars remaining with the North, and the stripes with the South. Montgomery is to rival Washington, and Jefferson Davis, its new President, to overshadow Lincoln. The new Republic is so like the old that it seems like a swarm of bees who have taken themselves off to hive by themselves, after electing a queen bee of their own. Whether we are to push the resemblance further, and there is to be war between the old swarm and the new for the possession of the hive, remains to be seen. If war is to break out, we hope that it will be a civil war, conducted on the polite principle, with which bees settle their little differences about the presidency of their republic. A ring is enclosed by the worker bees, and the two queens, mother and daughter, fight furiously till one drops dead or exhausted, when the party of the conqueror takes possession, and the vanquished quietly secede, taking themselves off to fresh fields and pastures new. Asia could not bear two suns, as Alexander, mad with pride and conquest, said; but surely North America is big enough to contain two Republics; or if not, let the United States unite themselves to Canada and the Confederated States confederate with Mexico. The two Republics, indeed, gravitate towards England and Spain, as if the good genius of English colonization dwelt in the north, and the evil genius of Spanish colonization lingered on in the south. Mexico has relapsed into a state of savagery under factions who have learned enough religion to hate each other, and have just enough Spanish blood in

their veins to spoil the Indian. The Spanish race, deteriorated by intermarriage with Indians in Mexico, and the Saxon race, deteriorated by slavery in the States, may run into each other and mix, but what the result will be no one can foretell; but it is certain that North and South have separated never to be reunited. Lincoln will imitate General Jackson's nullification policy to no effect—he is nullified himself in attempting it—and he will cut a poor figure before the world enacting Lord North's policy over again, as if calling men rebels will bring them down on their knees, with ropes round their necks to sue for pardon of the President whom they have set aside.

Warsaw's last champion appears to have been stirring in his grave, for, on the thirtieth anniversary of the drawn battle of Grochow, the Poles went out in procession to commemorate the brave who had fallen on their side, and found the Russians also employed in the same pious work. It was evident that both nations could not chant their *Te Deum* side by side, and so the Poles withdrew in presence of superior force, only to renew the demonstration within the city. Stones were flung at the troops, who fired on the people; and so Warsaw is now in mourning, not for the dead of 1831, but for the slain of 1861. Worse far than the letting out of water is the letting out of blood between nations so unreconciled yet to each other as the Russians and the Poles; and it is easy to foresee that, in acknowledging Italy, we have not done with the Nationality question. The example is too encouraging not to be imitated; and we shall be puzzled to hear what learned *distinguo* the doctors of Berlin will make between Teutonic and Slavonic nationality. The German Fatherland claims Trieste and Holstein, and what will it say to Posen and Warsaw. "Sauce for the goose" is a proverb which is not beyond the reach of Polish ingenuity, and we wait for some transcendental distinction, worthy of the philosopher of Konigsmark, who set the fashion going—

"In the land which produced one Kant with
a K,
And many more Cants with a C."

We have nothing more to do in this dear old England of ours, the inviolate isle, the "Maiden City" of freedom, than to stand by and watch the conflict. What have we to say to dynasties on the one hand, or to nationalities on the other? Tories of the old school, like Sir Archibald Alison, may call on us to ally ourselves with the dynasties; and Radicals, like Miss Martineau, of whom Father Prout says "*Fœmina dictavit propria quæ maribus*," may call on us to befriend the nations. We stand by and chant our "*Quare fremuerunt gentes*;" for both kings and people set out from principles with which the bulk of our people have little in common—

"A love of freedom rarely felt—
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England—not the schoolboy beat,
The wild hysteric of the Celt."

The Celtic element, which we are working off by emigration, may go off in hysterics for the Pope and Austria; the Celtic Millennium may set in when King MacMahon reigns in Ireland, and King Pius in Rome has cast his shoe over enslaved Italy again; but till these times arrive, we can afford to smile at the busy plottings of a few Ultramontanes to enlist the Conservative party on their side on the Italian question. It will not do. Lord Derby puts them off with a joke, as Lord Palmerston would the "Asylum for Diseased Dogs Society," if that new bantling of philanthropy came on deputation to ask for a parliamentary grant. We must treat the refugees of Leicester-square and those of York-place with strict impartiality. Kossuth and Cardinal Wiseman gather round them a little knot of Englishmen, perverts to their views of governing the world. The *bonnet rouge* of the one and the *bas rouge* of the other are to us equally matters of indifference. These gentlemen, with divided views of politics, may come and go, and no question is asked, what are Kossuth's secret relations with Hungary, or Cardinal Wiseman's secret relations with Rome; but we must undeceive both these gentlemen as to their real influence on the British Senate and people. A member with a crotchet for a Pansclavonic republic may find himself, by

some happy accident, a British M.P., as David Urquhart once did; a Knight of Malta, like Sir George Bowyer, may buckle on his sword for the Pope on the floor of the House of Commons—but we leave the two crazes to neutralize each other. These gentlemen as little represent public opinion as the locust of the desert who was borne on the tempest one midsummer into the middle of Hyde park. The insect is a nine days' wonder, and then forgotten; for a plague of locusts and a plague of Ultramontanes are equally remote contingencies in these northern latitudes.

If Parliament can settle the affairs of the nation, we will excuse its attempting to settle the affairs of Hungary, Italy, or Poland. The Session promises to be unusually mild, and the amount of serious legislation as little as we can possibly imagine. Reform has not even been put off to the end of the Session, to die with the Innocents who are massacred on the eve of the Whitebait dinner. "Where's the baby?" John Bright has frantically asked of that "*injusta noveria*," Lord John Russell, who has walked away from its pitiful cries for help with all the *nonchalance* of a Chinese step-mother. The infant has been given an opium pill, and is now out of pain; and even the Radical members below the gangway are beginning to wipe their eyes, and to put a merry face on the matter. They have buried their pledges in the coffin with the baby; and their constituents have agreed to ask no questions, either about the bill or who made away with it.

Bit by bit Reform is the talk of the day. The small boroughs are put on their good behaviour, and a political Dr. Letheby has been appointed to test the sanitary state of each constituency, and at once to report where an open drain has been discovered, or a sink where money is thrown in as bribery and comes out as corruption. But the difficulty is when the large boroughs are detected in corrupt practices as well as the small. It is easy to disfranchise Maldon or St. Ives, but what can be done with Wakefield or Gloucester? An oath, we know, in a captain's lips, is but a hasty word, which, in a soldier, is a deadly sin; but how are

we to deal with hard swearing in Wakefield, or wholesale corruption in Gloucester? It is easy to arch in Fleet ditch, but how can we shut up the Thames? To turn it into one vast conduit for stinking water, from Westminster to Wapping, is more than brick and mortar can do. We can say to the ditch, be dry; but who can say to the Thames, be pure?

"The river Rhine flows by Cologne.
But tell me, O! ye Sacred Nine,
What streams can wash the river Rhine."

This is the puzzle which Parliament will be called to solve. Perhaps the only solution is to disfranchise small boroughs, and to unseat the members of large boroughs on every case of conviction before a bribery committee.

Aspiring senators will be slow to embark £5,000 in a contest for Marylebone, when they may spend their money, and leave their seat to the fortunate rival who has kept his hands clean. This is all we can do in the matter, until the day arrives when picking and stealing shall come to an end, and the eighth commandment become a dead letter in the Decalogue.

Bit by bit reform is called for in other courts besides the High Court of Parliament. The bankruptcy laws require to be dealt with, and some protection given, in these free-and-easy days of credit, to the fair trader who starts on his own capital, and not the accommodation loans of a bank. In good old times men made money before they dreamed of spending it. The successful merchant began life with a horse-shoe, and bartering that, went on to amass thousands. But that horse-shoe was his chattel real—it was capital of its kind, and not accommodation only. But now we scorn those small beginnings. The young trader goes to a bank, puts a bold face on, and sets in circulation an amount of paper, as if he had discovered the secret of transmuting rags into coin, or credit into capital. We have carried the credit system too far; and if we would avoid the gigantic failures and panics which happen every now and then in America, we should import into trade the wise restrictions of Sir Robert Peel's Bank Act. Credit is the top-rigging,

but capital is the ballast of the ship; and for every yard of canvas we spread we should lay in another ton of ballast. The improvements in the law of Bankruptcy contained in the English Attorney-General's Bill, must be introduced into this country. It would be an anomaly to have different principles at work where the trade of the two islands is so closely interwoven.

The Admiralty have gone by the board this time at last. It is not some bluff old admiral who has turned his private wrongs into public grievance, and who airs his injuries before a yawning House on an idle Wednesday. It is the country at large which demands that the whole administration shall be overlooked, and the ship careened to see is her bottom sound. The dry-rot is suspected to be at work in Whitehall, and "My Lords" will be probably called to give an account of all their proceedings. The very office of Lord High Admiral carries us back to the days of Harry the Eighth, and has a most unparliamentary sound. Tonnage and poundage a Parliamentary Committee will demand of the Board for every ship in the Queen's navy, and the wasteful mode of constructing the navy one year to reconstruct it the next, thoroughly revised. Military tailoring was costly enough, but what are coatees of scarlet to steel cuirasses, stocks of leather to the wooden stocks of Chatham and Pembroke. Ships in stays was a nautical term in the old days of sail, but a ship in stays in these days of steam means a steel-plated frigate *blindée* down her sides, but with her stem and stern open to the enemy's fire. This is now an admitted mistake; and the question is, are we to overhaul the Warrior and Black Prince, or to send them out as they are, and build no more like them. A cuirass is all very well when there is a helmet of greaves to match, but it would be awkward if the enemy gave Cæsar's order at Pharsalia, *feri faciem*, fire at her bows. The Warrior would soon be water-logged in front, with her screw out of the water, and her hull a target for the enemy's fire. *Humanum est errare* may be all very true, but some of the mistakes of the Board are more than human. They are the joint-stock contributions of

men who so disagree about what is sensible and advisable, that they only agree in the end to mingle their crotchets together. Nothing is stronger, we know, than its weakest point, and it would be more than we have a right to expect that in a body of five there should not be one crotchety and unpractical lord. Divided responsibility is the bane of the Board; and if we had a Lord High Admiral without his unparliamentary powers, old England would carry her flag more proudly than she now does under the management of Lords Commissioners.

Alas for poor India, where no sooner has one of God's four sore judgments, the sword, gone through the land, than another judgment stalks on its heels to continue the work of death. The mutiny slew its thousands, but the famine is slaying its tens of thousands. For fifteen months the heavens have been as brass, and the earth as iron, the spring rains did not bring the requisite supply of water to the north-west provinces in 1860, and the consequence is that the population are dying at the rate of 500 daily. Mothers sell their children for a morsel of food, and even caste barriers have been broken down, clean and unclean eat together whatever can be found to allay the pangs of hunger. It is pitiable to read of these things, and to feel that we are too far off, and our help too late in coming. But our countrymen in India have set a noble example of Christian benevolence. Thirty thousand rupees were collected in a few days in Calcutta, and to this the Europeans, and not the natives, were the sole contributors. There are rich Babus and native merchants in Calcutta, but they look upon these things with their wonted apathy. Life is cheap in the East, and among a nation demoralized by a false philosophy, it is hard to rouse them to feel as we do for the sufferings of a fellow-man. Philanthropy or a fellow-feeling to man as such, was a fine sentiment of the Greek philosopher, which became a reality under Christian culture. But in the East, where all life is one and the same emanation from the Deity, the life of an ant and the life of a man are held in equal estimation. The story is told of a Brahmin of Benares who founded an hospital for sick cats and monkeys.

His excuse was, that as he could not afford to relieve as many men, and that as life was life in the one case as much as the other, he was earning as much merit by the one good deed as the other, and so could not be made to understand the difference between a man and a monkey. We commend his excuse to the attention of the secretary of the new asylum for diseased dogs in London, who, if he would escape the ridiculous, had better fall back upon the sublime of the emanation theory. Perhaps he is a converted Buddhist, who very consistently conducts the Animals' Friend Society. Meanwhile we wish we could indoctrinate Hindus with our compassion for life: Christianity alone can do this. It alone can give worth to man's life, because it gives worth to man's soul; for Bacon has well put it among his Christian paradoxes, that the religion which teaches us contempt of this life is the only religion which can help us on through this life; the religion which teaches that mortality shall be swallowed up of life lends a dignity even to that mortality which the soul will soon cast aside.

So long as droughts are periodic in India, famines must be periodic as well; but a system of irrigation would protect the country against the consequence of a short supply of water for a single year. Till the rain ceases to fall on the Himalayan hills, till the snows have all melted off them, the plains of North India should never run entirely dry. But India to be cultivated properly must be cultivated as Egypt was of old—a land watered by the government. We are the Pharaohs of India, and if the people die it is through our neglect; for works of irrigation are not like other public works, to be suspended when the treasury is empty, and to be carried on only when money is plentiful. Railroads are important, but canals are a matter of life and death. If every other public work in India be stopped, these canals and water-courses must be dug. The return of profit which works of irrigation bring in is almost fabulous in that land of large return for money spent. This is the true Pactolus of India which we have let flow down uselessly from the Himalayas to the ocean, letting the riches of India slip through our

fingers for want of a few embankments to dam the rivers, and a few tanks to stow the waters in. We lay by here against a rainy day, but in India against a day of drought; here we make hay while the sun shines, there they fill their wells when the rain falls, for proverbial philosophy, which is always racy of the soil, should have taught our Indian statesmen long since what was the real wants of the country.

"You may judge a man by the way he puts his hat on," is a proverb which tells against us with damaging effect in India. We are such incorrigible Britishers even in the burning climate of India that we must still wear felt hats—we are the *topee-wallah*, or hat-wearing caste of the wondering Hindus—still do we wear broadcloth, like the honest man of Cowper:—

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart
within."

Roast beef—or the nearest approach to it, a buffalo's haunch—still smokes on our board at Calcutta; and hams from Wiltshire, pies from Leicester, and porter from Dublin, are the meats and drinks which we consume at enormous cost among the rice-eating Gymnosophists of the Ganges. No wonder they stare at us, as some Viking would at his first peep into Valhalla. We eat and drink as the gods do in Scandinavia; and the Hindu fears us while he fawns on us. We have not learned the art of adapting ourselves to India. We do not acclimatize either in food or in dress, and therefore we are not quick to discern the want of India. It is an exceptional case when a European can converse with a native on any matter out of the common routine of business. We do not reach the heart of the people, and therefore, as much from ignorance as from indifference, we allow public works to languish, which should be pushed forward while there is a rupee left in the public treasury.

Lord Grey has brought our relations with China before Parliament, in a speech which is too true to be altogether agreeable to our national vanity. We have often heard of China from a British point of view; now we have Britain from a Chinese point of view. Lord Grey puts on the button and

peacock feather, to read us a lecture in the best style of Governor Lin; and though it may be said that Lin is no better than we are, and that it is impertinent for a Chinese to preach good morals to us, there is no doubt that we deserve the rebuke. Our trade with China is something between piracy and smuggling. We draw from China the drug which cheers and not inebriates, and we pay back with the drug which inebriates and does not cheer. It is a one-sided reciprocity, like that of the sailors who pelt the monkeys with stones, to make the monkeys pelt them with cocoa-nuts. It is the old story of the pedlar and the soldier over again. We came into India with a pack on our back, craving only for permission to barter; and when strong enough we threw away the pack, and drew the sword which was hid under our cloak. Whether we mean it or not, China is dying of European intervention, and do what we will we cannot help it. Gutzlaff the Missionary, on board an opium smuggler, distributing Bibles out of the same hold which contained chests of poison, is only too common a type of the inconsistent and opposite relations we keep up with the Chinese. We cannot help it. We are Christian Vikings, and religious Red Rovers, and all we can do is to endeavour to make up with one hand the mischief we cause with another. Achilles' spear healed the wounds it made, so our excuse to the Lin of the House of Lords is, that if we send out opium agents, we also send medical and clerical missionaries to the Chinese. If we land chests of opium, we also run in bales of Bibles; and that the Christian portion of the community who send the Bibles, hate and abhor the opium which causes such scandal to the authorities there. We are accountable for the break-down of the Tartar government in China; for the indemnity which we demanded as satisfaction on the close of the opium war exhausted the imperial treasury, and lowered the government in the eyes of the people; while at the same time a tract put into the hands of a youth who came down to Canton for a literary examination, led to the insurgent movement which has rent China in two, and given the whole south to the adherents of the Ming

dynasty. So trade and religion have conspired together to break up the old state of things in China, and we are accomplices, whether we avow it or not, in the disintegration of the oldest commonwealth in the world. But though the debate in the House of Lords elicited many just sentiments of this kind, nothing can come of these complaints. Lord Grey may be the Cassandra of China, but he will not avert the fate of nodding Ilium. We respect his motives—we agree in all that he has said; but in a practical age like this, we are forced to pass to the previous question.

The expression of the poet, *pœna pede claudo*, is true in another sense than that in which he intended it. It seems as if police reform has limped with halting foot far in the rear of our political and economical reforms. We have been politically free for nearly two centuries, and have toasted the Constitution which Dutch William restored to us, until nothing more can be said on the subject. The Habeas Corpus, trial by jury, a free press, septennial parliaments, have been our boast and our peculiar privilege among the nations of Europe; yet it cannot be said that we have carried reform far enough, and enjoy the same immunity from crime which we do from political oppression. During the eighteenth century, England was the land of political and religious liberty; but crime stalked abroad, Dick Turpin disputed the king's highway, and forgers and coiners clipped the king's money, although the gaols were never empty, nor the gallows ever idle. The prosecution of crime furnished even fresh incentives to crime, for when one of a gang was caught and hanged at Newgate, another was ready to take his place. The tree of crime, like the fabled tree of the poet, never suffered from the loppings so constantly applied to its boughs.

In those days it was never thought that the law could lay the axe at the root of the tree. To impound and impale a single victim was all the law could do, but to break up the community of crime, to turn the river of reform into the Augean stable, and wash away the very cribs and receptacles of filth and crime, was not so much as even attempted. To begin

this enterprise has been the achievement of the nineteenth century; and we heartily wish our social reformers success in their attempts to get at the roots of crime, and to break up the criminal class who still infest our large cities.

To do this at all, we want, in the first place, a more efficient police than we have hitherto possessed. And here a difficulty meets us at the outset. The word police still has almost as suspicious a sound in the ears of your genuine Englishman, high in constitutional traditions of liberty, as the word "standing army" had in the days of Pulteney and Pitt. He would like to send back the ugly word to where it came from, the Continent. There policemen seem to grow, as niggers do in Carolina. Naples was handed over to the police, for instance, during the last ten years of bitter bondage there under the Bourbons. Above the law, above the army, above even the Church, "squat like a toad" beside Eve's ear, the chief of police was the monarch's confidant, his confessor, his conscience keeper; to him all bowed; his will was Kismet or destiny to the wretched court and people of Naples; his frown was the bow-string, from which there was no escape. The police in Naples thus became the hateful instrument of a lawless tyranny; but it was as powerless in checking crime as it was powerful in tracking out and detecting political conspiracy. The Neapolitan bandit thrived under the old régime; for the police were too busy with the proscribed for conspiracy to pay much attention to the proscribed for crime. Half the vigilance shown in hunting up the hundred and eighty thousand *attendibili*, or men suspected of disaffection to the adorable and absolute Ferdinand, would have purged the land of crime, and made a bandit in Naples as innocuous as at a masked ball in Paris.

The police on the Continent is used as an instrument of political repression; but we need not shrink, therefore, from intrusting the police of this country with the necessary powers for breaking up crime confederacies, and extirpating, if possible, the criminal classes. Mr. Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, has long been of opinion, that it is our own fault if we do not

cause *systematic* crime to cease in the land. Crime then will become as rare as insanity committed when the mind is inflamed by drink or incited by cupidity. But the hereditary criminal ought to disappear from among us, as wolves and wild boars have long since done. The child born in crime, lapped in crime, apprenticed to crime, and passing his days between the stone-jug and the cider-cellar, where the gains of iniquity are drunk away, ought to pass off and be no more seen. Like the monsters of geology, they ought to be extinct specimens of society in one of its early forms of depravity. Can this be brought about? Such is the distinct proposal of one of our foremost social reformers, the eminent prison disciplinarian, Captain Walter Crofton, C.B., now Chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons in Ireland. He has given it as his deliberate opinion, in a pamphlet which we have read with great interest,* that all our measures hitherto have been palliatives only; but that preventives to crime, not palliatives, are wanted. We are paying £57,000 per annum for the support of reformatory schools in Great Britain; and on the other hand we refrain from reclaiming the *capital stock* of crime. Captain Crofton thinks that the time has come when, consistently with humanity, we can both amend offenders and render them less obnoxious to the public. "I do not believe," he says, "that the subject will brook delay, or that the criminal classes can be any longer suffered to band together with immunity, as Cammoristi, without very serious detriment to our social state. Our readers are not probably aware that there are streets and localities in London, at the present time, in which honest men dare not walk even in the light of day. If they are not, I am; and that it is the case within a few yards of our busiest thoroughfares. The police are not to be blamed, but are much to be pitied, they have all knowledge, but no power. The criminal classes *rule* in these streets." The plans by which he proposes to

break up this crime community are, first, by exercising supervision over habitual criminals; second, by systematically proving former convictions; and third, by inflicting on habitual offenders a sentence of not less than seven years penal servitude.

It is evident that Captain Crofton aims at introducing a new principle in jurisprudence. Hitherto—it may be on account of the infirmity of the law, but so it has been—we have aimed only at punishing the crime; we took no notice of the criminal as such. Certain acts entailed certain sentences. A man served his time in prison, and then the law had done with him. Now Captain Crofton proposes to classify offenders, to sift out the weak and tempted from the hardened and self-willed offenders, and to put the latter in a lower circle of punishment by themselves. A thousand objections start up to this proposal. It will be said that we are assigning to the magistrate the office of the Searcher of hearts—that we are handing over the free-born Englishman to an arbitrary police like the Continent. But there is nothing so easy as to start objections. Those who make them are bound, we think, to propose something better in their stead. The evil is acknowledged on all hands; the only question is how to provide a remedy. What ought to be done, for instance, with Henry Williams, *alias* Daniel Macdonald, *alias* Daniel M'Carthy, *alias* John Smith, *alias* Thomas Collins, who, as the Scotch say, is "by habit and repute a thief." He is only eighteen years of age, and yet has spent three years and twenty-four days of the last four years of his life in passing from committal to committal, and from prison to prison. Committed at the age of fourteen as a juvenile offender, he began his prison apprenticeship with a lock-up for fourteen days. Again and again he has been arrested, and now that he is discharged for the tenth time, the *West Surrey Times* very reasonably asks, how long is this young offender to keep up this game

* "The Immunity of Habitual Criminals, with a proposition for reducing their number by means of longer sentences of penal servitude, intermediate convict prisons, conditional liberation, and police supervision." By Captain Walter Crofton, C.B. London: Bell and Daldy. Dublin: A. Thom and Sons.

of hide and seek with the police? Is there no way of protecting society from such an incorrigible offender? How many petty larcenies will it take to make up the same amount of guilt as one burglary; for, in all fairness, these thefts should be looked on as accumulated offences coming one on the head of another. The theory that every sentence should whitewash the offender of all past culpability, may be carried too far; and it is just at this point that Captain Crofton steps in and asks the legislature to give the police authority to keep this man of many names from picking and stealing in future.

Church matters have aroused more attention than usual during the past month. The Church-rate question has again been debated in the House of Commons, and on this occasion the majority for the abolition of Church Rates has considerably diminished. Whether this can be taken as a sign that the Establishment is rising in popular estimation within or without the House, it would be premature to say; but it seems to us, that any compromise which the Church can accept consistent with her position as the Established Church, she would be wise to close with. In Ireland, the parish cess was a sore and a scandal until the appointment of a Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners out of the revenue of ten suppressed bishoprics; since which time the churches have been better maintained than they were ever before, and a standing grievance of the Roman Catholic party has been removed. Is there no such solution possible in England? Are there no Church revenues that might be advantageously so employed? Are there no drones who might be taxed to lighten the burdens of others? Are there no overpaid persons, out of whose abundance relief might flow for the necessities of the underpaid working clergy of our manufacturing towns?

The answer to these queries comes to us from Haughton-le-Skerne. A pleasant village in the outskirts of Darlington has been made notorious through the bold nepotism of the Bishop of Durham. This Right Reverend Father-in-law, as *Punch* has dubbed him, as in private duty bound, has appointed his son-in-law, a well-

dressed young graduate, fresh from Balliol, to a benefice worth £1,300 per annum. The case is nothing less than a scandalous abuse of trust; for patronage, we presume, is something different from private property, though bishops have been too long accustomed to look upon the good things in their gift as rewards for their hangers on and connexions. In this case the Bishop cannot plead the excuse of ignorance, or the *non possumus* with which the Pope answers all demands to give up kidnapped children. The churchwardens of Darlington, and the landed proprietors of the neighbourhood, entreated the Bishop to embrace the opportunity of dividing the living, or, at least, apportioning some of the revenue to the support of the poor perpetual curacies of Darlington. But the Father-in-law was too strong for the Father-in-God, and so the ancient family from Cheshire are quartered for life on the revenues of the Church.

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves."

It is high time to call for some redistribution of Church property in England. If the Establishment is to last these abuses must be reformed. It is only the Bright party who would wish these scandals retained, for without them one of their fairest arguments against an Established Church would be at once swept away. Sydney Smith, who set up to be a Church reformer, but who stopped half way, when his own pet sinecure was aimed at, is partly responsible for the retention of one great anomaly—the inequality of livings. By his theory of prizes and blanks he justified the hardships that Crawley should starve on a pittance in Hoggingdean, while Mark Roberts leads the life of a gentleman in Framley, close by. Why should Crawley draw a blank and Roberts a prize? Is the lottery such a moral institution in civil life that we should introduce it into religion? Or shall we turn the service of Christ into a gaming table, with Dame Fortune dealing out deaneries and doles, like the croupier at a Baden gambling house? The excuse, too, is hollow on this account. Were they prizes, in any sense of the word, the

inequality of income, though unjust, would, at least, be intelligible. But the truth is, there is no principle in the matter whatever. One parish has been despoiled of its tithes—its neighbour has been more fortunate and escaped. All this occurred three hundred years ago, and yet the inequality continues to this day; and the ecclesiastical map of England appears like a great chess-board with white and black squares, according as the church revenues are in lay or clerical hands. Now, poor Crawley, who has drawn a blank and is dropped on a black square on the chess-board, will never, in any human probability, be moved on to a white square; for the prize is a piece of private property, and the ancient family in Cheshire are entitled to a pre-emption of all prizes. For all practical purposes the National Church is not one service, but many. It is not like the army where captains all draw the same pay, whether men of fortune or not. It is not like the bar or medicine, where men work their way by the force of merit alone. Neither seniority nor eminent service in the least enti-

ties to a prize, so that it is difficult to say whether those who draw prizes or those who draw blanks are most injured by the present partial distribution of patronage.

All pay and no work—all work and no pay—is the chequered appearance of the Church in this country. The land is dotted over with cures *sine* stipend, and stipends *sine* cure,—Haughtons and Darlington alternate up and down the land, as if to remind us that Dives and Lazarus dwell side by side in the Church, and so to teach poor laymen to be content with their lot. It may be so—there may be these uses of adversity; but we do not give the upholders of the present system of prizes and blanks credit for such intentions, in keeping things as they are. Dr. Montagu Villiers has given, however unwillingly, a most powerful impulse to Church reform, and before next Session of Parliament some measure will be brought in to equalize Church incomes and to throw some of the great burden of Church rates on the non-effective members of the Church militant.

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INDICATIONS OF ANTAGONISM IN "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

IN disallowing the disclaimer of joint responsibility made by the contributors to this much controverted volume, not a few of their opponents seem to us to overlook the antagonism which appears in some instances to exist between their several opinions. Unjustifiable as we are inclined to think the fastening upon these seven writers of the now notorious designation, "*Septem contra Christum*," we have been surprised that those who originated or adopted it should have been slack to point out the coincidence of a threatened disruption in the sevenfold camp. A sense of what is due to comrades, even when comradeship is advertised to mean no confederacy, seals hitherto the lips of all, in spite of moving appeals made to some, that they should clear themselves explicitly from suspicion of consent with others. No tent has been struck or carried without the camp, if camp it really be.

But we may venture to predict, that if the camp remain a camp, there will be fighting within; unless, unhappily, some fusion be forwarded by pressure from without. The followers at least will fall on one another if the chiefs contrive to keep their strange companionship, "without concert or comparison." Mr. Jowett, indeed, announces to our astonished minds the cessation of the strife of critics upon German battle-fields. "Among German commentators," he tells us, "there is, for the first time in

the history of the world, an approach to agreement and certainty. For example, the diversity among German writers on prophecy is far less than among English ones. That is a new phenomenon to be acknowledged." So new, that we doubt if it be true; and must own, moreover, that if it were, we should hardly know with what feelings to make the necessary acknowledgment.

"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

There is silence enough in the desert, because no man dwelleth on its waste.

No "noise of archers" is "in the places of drawing water" there, because springs from beneath or dews from above are soaked up and lost in its dreary sand.

When we shall have made the prophets mere historians, robbing their histories of any "predictive value;" when by reason of the quaint strength of Bunsen's remark, that there is "no historical event in revelation," the religious value of their historical compositions shall have altered; when the critical spirit of our age shall have recognised the chronological absurdities of their uncritical times; and when we shall have owned the folly or presumption of their pretensions to superior illumination, thereby demolishing their claims to reverence as safe moral and spiritual guides, it is very possible that we too may hush our talk about their correct interpre-

tation, and leave all farther exegetical disputes to the curious in ancient literature. As things are, however, we take leave to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Jowett's report, as also to indicate at least one element of future strife existing, if we mistake not, in the independent opinions of our essayists and reviewers.

Professor Jowett himself lays down for us the broad bold canon, "interpret the Scripture like any other book." From its adoption he ventures to promise us certain admirable results. "It is no exaggeration," he assures us, "to say that he who in the present state of knowledge will confine himself to the plain meaning of words and the study of their context, may know more of the original spirit and intention of the authors of the New Testament than all the controversial writers of former ages put together."

It is true that the *prima facie* simplicity of this rule tends to disappear, and the attainment of this promise to withdraw from close contact, when we are presently told that "Scripture is a world of itself . . . to get inside which is an effort of thought and imagination requiring the sense of a poet as well as a critic, demanding much more than learning a degree of original power and intensity of mind." It is true that we find it perhaps still harder to reconcile with the practical use of this ordinary canon the assurance that he who would enter into the meaning of the most important words in all the book, the words of our Lord himself, he who would "attempt to illustrate or draw them out in detail, even to guard against their abuse . . . needs nothing short of fashioning in himself the image of the mind of Christ," . . . has to be born again into a new spiritual or intellectual world, from which the thoughts of this world are shut out. Nevertheless, we can easily conceive the adoption of the canon itself "in the rough," as we might say, by some studious reader of Mr. Jowett's essay. Indeed, the student might in despite of such difficulties be the more encouraged to adopt it, *crassa Minerva*, in his poor homely way, from the encouragement elsewhere given in this announcement "that the original meaning of Scripture is beginning to be clearly under-

stood." By whom, and in what sense, he is, unhappily, not informed; but may fairly infer that in whatever sense its original meaning is being cleared, the clearance is being effected by wielders of the weapon which the canon itself furnishes. Armed with that sharp axe, then, he determines to go forth, not before sharpening it once more on the whetstone of this dictum of his professor: "the apprehension of the original meaning is inconsistent with the reception of a typical or conventional one."

At the entrance of the wood he encounters the *ideologist*. Can they two go peaceably to the work together? Mr. Wilson seems to say, "yes;" we venture to think, "no."

"The *ideologist* is evidently in possession of a principle which will enable him to stand in charitable relation to persons of very different opinions from his own, and of very different opinions mutually. And if he has perceived to how great extent the history of the origin itself of Christianity rests ultimately upon *probable* evidence, this will relieve him from many difficulties which might otherwise be very disturbing. For relations which may repose on doubtful grounds as matters of history, and, as history, be incapable of being ascertained or verified, may yet be equally suggestive of true ideas with facts absolutely certain. The spiritual significance is the same of the transfiguration, of opening blind eyes, of causing the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly, of feeding multitudes with bread in the wilderness, of cleansing leprosy, whatever links may be deficient in the traditional record of particular events. Or let us suppose one to be uncertain, whether our Lord were born of the house and lineage of David, or of the tribe of Levi, and even to be driven to conclude that the genealogies of Him have little historic value; nevertheless, in idea, Jesus is both Son of David and Son of Aaron, both Prince of Peace and High Priest of our profession; as He is under another idea, though not literally, 'without father and without mother.' And He is none the less Son of David, Priest Aaronical, or Royal Priest Melchizedecan, in idea and spiritually, even if it be unproved, whether He were any of them in historic fact. In like manner, it need not trouble us, if, in consistency, we should have to suppose both an ideal origin and to apply an ideal meaning to the birth in the city of David, and to other circumstances of the infancy. So, again, the incarnation of the divine Immanuel remains, although the angelic appearances which

herald it in the narratives of the Evangelists may be of ideal origin according to the conceptions of former days. The ideologian may sometimes be thought sceptical, and be sceptical or doubtful, as to the historical value of related facts; but the historical value is not always to him the most important; frequently it is quite secondary. And consequently, discrepancies in narratives, scientific difficulties, defects in evidence, do not disturb him as they do the literalist."

Such is Mr. Wilson's account of the ideologian; and being such, we doubt whether he and our canonist can go far a-field together. The single assumption of calm superiority to the disturbances which may agitate the literalist, bodes ill for their continued charitable relationship.

"The apprehension of the original meaning is inconsistent with the reception of a typical or conventional one." But what can be more conventional than the express and continuous conversion into mere ideas of facts relating to the actual bodily needs and miseries of men? We are not they who would dispute the "spiritual significance of opening blind eyes;" but we are they who utterly refuse to believe that any man "interpreting the Scripture like any other book" would take "a spiritual significance" of any kind to be the "original meaning" of the narrative which the author of the Gospel attributed to St. John, has set forth concerning the man blind from his birth, whom the Saviour sent to wash in the pool after anointing his blind eyes with the moistened clay. This topic appears to us worth following up. We open the treatise inscribed "the Gospel according to St. Luke," fully determined to abide by Mr. Jowett's rule; we will "interpret that Scripture as we would any other book;" nay, farther, we will lay it down, as he bids us elsewhere, that this "Scripture has one meaning—the meaning which it had to the mind of the prophet or evangelist who first uttered or wrote, to the hearers or readers who first received it." We find the writer's purpose declared by himself to be that the reader of his treatise "might know the certainty of those things wherein he had been instructed"—things "surely believed," as he states, because "delivered" by them "which from the beginning were eye-witness-

es;" things whereof the writer also asserts himself to have had "perfect understanding from the very first."

Thereupon the narrative opens with an historical date—"There was in the days of Herod the king of Judæa;" these days themselves to be presently more particularly fixed, "when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." Nor is this enough of historical precision to satisfy the writer; but at the next break in his story he starts again:—"Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituræa and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests." These dates may have "little historic value:" that is not our point; but valuable or valueless they determine pretty precisely the point whether the writer meant to make historical statements or not—whether, moreover, he meant or not to make geographical, or at least topographical statements, when he speaks of coming "from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem." But further, we have a treatise professedly written by the same hand—written as a sequel to the former narrative—taking, as one may say, for granted the actual occurrence of the events recorded in that former, whether abnormal, miraculous, or otherwise; and this sequel-treatise sets forth, in the most simple and straightforward way, the *acts* of certain of those eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, to whose testimony the first work of the author had appealed. This new narrative takes us away from Jerusalem—away from the city of symbolical name and significance—and walks us up and down the matter-of-fact provinces of historical and geographical Rome. It takes us to Antioch, amidst a frivolous mongrel rabble of Greeks and Orientals; a population of play-goers and horse-racers, the broils of whose turbulent factions rarely rose to dispute for government or freedom, but spent a degraded energy on the rivalries of charioteers in blue or green. It takes us to the down-lands of Lycaonia, amidst half-barbarous shepherds and flock-masters and wool-staplers of

Lystra and of Derbe, their market towns, amidst a Celtic population, disfiguring, in Galatian jargon, the old Greek tales of Jupiter and Mercury, and of "gods come down in the likeness of men." It takes us within the pale of the outpost soldier-citizens who colonize Philippi, and along the bustling quays of thriving Thessalonica, and thence to the busy streets of Corinth, the revived emporium of trade and commerce, the unreformed head-quarters of wallowing "savoir-vivre." We walk anon beneath the sculptured pillars and painted colonnades of the Athenian agora; we climb the steps of the famous hill of Ares, amid the men of curious brain and restless intellect, dealers in words and letters rather than in acts and deeds. By-and-by we are at Ephesus, whose hideous Artemis, with pendulous breasts and intermingled heads of animals beneath the human type, reminds us rather of Hindoo than of Greek mythology. Here be the mutterers of "Babylonian numbers," to whom the preacher of the Gospel gives, on other grounds, the same advice that Horace gave—"attempt them not." Later again, we knock about the wintry Midland sea in company of convicts and of a convict guard, aboard the craft of an obstinate and, as some sailors tell us, a blundering corn-skipper from Alexandria; and then at length we come to the world's worldliest—to the seat and throne of materialistic matter of fact—to the city that thrones on sunny hills, and whose most ancient monument is a city sewer—to Rome, the epitome of all the shame and glory of that ancient world, where, among Cæsar's household, we make friends with gallant captains of the Prætorian guard, and lordly senators such as the noble Pudens; where also we pick up, out of the dregs of the great city, such waifs and strays as Onesimus, the slave that had run away.

Now, when we have read this book, its reading, willy-nilly, must react upon our reading of the other. More especially will it needs do so, the more strictly the reader has endeavoured to follow the manner of reading so sedulously inculcated by Professor Jowett.

"The office of the interpreter," says "is not to add another, but to recover original one; the meaning that is,

of the words as they first struck on the ears, or flashed before the eyes of those who heard and read them. He has to transfer himself to another age, to imagine that he is a disciple of Christ or of Paul; to disengage himself from all that follows The simple words of that book he tries to preserve *absolutely pure from the refinements or distinctions* of later times The greater part of his learning is a knowledge of the text itself; he has no delight in the voluminous literature which has overgrown it. He has no theory of interpretation; a few rules guarding against common errors are enough for him. His object is to read Scripture like any other book, with a *real interest, and not merely a conventional one*. He wants to be able to open his eyes, and see or imagine things *as they really are*."

Let the reader of the Acts of the Apostles do this. Let him imagine himself to be, not generally "a disciple of Paul," as suggested; but "*the* disciple" specifically, whose writing of that memoir we do not understand that either Mr. Jowett or Mr. Wilson dispute. Then, let him ask the question, was he writing a complex allegory, a Pauline Pilgrim's Progress, when he wrote down that book of travels and adventures, or did he mean, *bond fide*, to write, as we have called it, a memoir? We don't want, and we won't have, "any refinements or distinctions;" no, not even that distinction, which God forbid we should forget, between the divine and human element in the inspiration, whatever it may have been, of "Luke the physician." We want to know from any ordinary reader this one thing, first and foremost: does he gather from reading that book, as he would any other, that the writer meant allegory, or meant history?

Because Professor Jowett emphatically tells us, that "we have no reason to attribute to the prophet or evangelist *any second or hidden sense*, different from that which appears on the surface;" and the book of Acts being confessedly, upon the author's own showing, a sequel to his Gospel, arising out of it, and having the most intimate organic relation to it, the kind of sense upon the surface of the one must be the kind of sense upon the surface of the other. In asserting so much, we believe that we may claim the sanction, even of one so jea-

lous as our professor of the truth, that "not all the parts of Scripture are to be regarded as an undistinguishable mass." We do not forget that he charges us to observe how

"The Old Testament is not to be confounded with the New, nor the Law with the Prophets, nor the Gospels with the Epistles, nor the Epistles of St. Paul to be violently harmonized with the Epistle of St. James."

But we think, that even he could not quarrel with our demand to gather the sense of the same writer in his two treatises addressed to the same Theophilus, from a comparison of his language and apparent intention in them both. This is in nowise to transgress his own rule, that "illustration of one part of Scripture by another should be confined to writings of the same age and the same authors."

We now return to Mr. Wilson's description of the uses whereunto his ideologist will put the principle of which he is in possession; and therein we find him dealing with certain events, narrated, as by other Gospel writers, so with this special writer of the treatises addressed to Theophilus. The first named is the Transfiguration. The writer to Theophilus informs us, *more suo*, with that precision, or pretence of it, which seems to mark his possession or affectation of an historic sense so remarkable, that "about an eight days" after certain recorded sayings the Son of Man took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain, where the event known by the name of Transfiguration took place. He details the "heaviness with sleep" which lay upon the three disciples, and specifies their waking. He gives the words of Peter, and notes the frame of mind in which he uttered them. He then informs us, that "the next day, when they were come down from the hill," certain other words were spoken and deeds done. This account may or may not be credible; but one thing, we think, is unquestionable, that whether rightly or wrongly informed; whether deceived or deceiving, the writer, being such an one as we know him to be, meant to narrate an event and not a parable of spiritual or other significance. State him to have written "ideologically," and you neces-

sarily destroy all consistency of the narrative with his known habits and subjects of narration. If there is to be "no other second or hidden sense" attributed to the Evangelist, "different from that which appears on the surface," we fear we must imperatively bid the man who tenders us the "spiritual significance" of the Transfiguration to get out of the way, as standing between ourselves and the manifest meaning of our author, whether veracious or the reverse. When next we pass on to records of miracles of healing asserted to have been wrought by the Son of Man, we find an additional presumption against the theory, that such records may be read ideologically, in the fact that this one writer of them was himself a physician, a man of a class as little likely as any on earth to be satisfied with an ideological cure of an actual patient. The spiritual significance of a miracle is, doubtless, often great, and may be, as the ideologist informs us, "equally suggestive of true ideas with facts absolutely certain." But material results are what medical practitioners look for, rather than ideas by the bed-side of any other than mere "malades imaginaires." The last man likely to have loaded his narrative, and perplexed his friend's mind, with statements about opening blind eyes, loosing stammering tongues, cleansing lepers, as mere metaphysical metaphors, would surely be the man whose study and practice of the medical art, rudimentary as they may have been, must have given him a special insight into the material aspects of these cases of healing, and a lively interest in their physical results.

And on the question in what sense this writer would have us understand his accounts of miraculous healing powers, it may be further observed, that, both in the Gospel and in the Book of Acts, he affirms their exercise by others than that One Son of Man, whom adoring affection and awe might unconsciously invest with attributes ideal rather actual. Whatever "theory of inspiration" he may have held in respect of the word of prophecy—a theory on which we think it were an easy task to prove him at variance with many assertions of our essayists and reviewers—he attributed to inspiration the bestowal

of certain curative powers upon the inspired.

For he tells us in his Gospel, how Christ the Lord "called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases, and sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to cure the sick." He tells us how that, "after these things, the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face," with similar commission, and kindred powers. Then, in his Book of Acts, after speaking of the interval during which the disciples "waited," according to their Master's word, "for the promise of the Father, which they had heard of him," he gives us the detailed and particular account of its fulfilment, and thenceforth continually weaves into his history clear instances of the exercise of those "gifts of healing," which Paul, his great master and companion in toil and travel, asserts expressly to be "divided unto every man by the self-same Spirit" whose Pentecostal advent Luke himself describes.

Now, it is fair to ask whether the miracles of the Acts, as well as those of the Gospel, of this writer are to be understood and accepted ideologically. Was it ideal "strength" which the beggar's "feet and ankle bones" received at the beautiful gate of the temple? Were those imaginary antics of his, and was it a mere spiritual grip in which the lame man held Peter and John, as "the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering?" And if we must answer such questions in the affirmative, may we do so in virtue of Mr. Jowett's teaching concerning the sense upon the surface?

Supposing, again, that our author, in recounting Paul's subsequent similar act at Lystra, means us to understand that the cure of the cripple there was ideological, does he mean us also to consider as ideal the stones wherewith the Lycaonians, set on by Jews from Antioch and Iconium, pelted him till they supposed he had been dead? Let any reader of the story, in Greek original or English version, tell us whether this be or be not a "hidden sense" in the narrator's narrative—"a refinement and a distinction of later times." By-and-

by we come in company both with Paul and this physician, Luke himself, into the house of the chief man of an island, on which they have been castaway, "whose name was Publius, who received us courteously. And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever, and of a bloody flux (*δυσεντερία*), to whom Paul entered in and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him. So when this was done others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed." It almost amounts to profane jesting, should one inquire whether this cure also is to be counted ideological. But if not this one, why the last one? Is dysentery any more material and physical than congenital malformation—the case of the cripple at Lystra—the case, again, of the lame beggar at the beautiful gate? The treatise would lose even common coherency were we thus to distinguish between cases which themselves are but stray specimens, taken almost at random from the story. But the intention of the Acts carries, as we contend, that of the Gospel; and in his relation of miraculous bodily cures in the latter, this writer must mean, as he does in the former, rather to state "facts absolutely certain," than to suggest "true ideas." Any attempt to filch from them their material significance, in exchange for a so-called "spiritual," may be safely left to the demolishing powers of critics, formed in the canonical school of Mr. Jowett. And what has been said of St. Luke's meaning on the foregoing points, will be seen at once to apply to those others, whereat his Gospel comes in contact with the list of historical uncertainties, spiritualized into true ideas by Mr. Wilson's ideologist. St. Luke's genealogy of our Lord, as Son of David, may or may not contribute any thing towards proof of his descent, in point of historic fact. The "birth in the city of David," so circumstantially related by him, together "with other circumstances of the infancy," may or may not have "an ideal origin," and require the application of "an ideal meaning." But, however that may be, the assignment of such origin—the application of such meaning—must be made, we venture to submit, in the teeth of the ascertainable intention of the writer.

and so in the teeth of the formidable canon, that "Scripture is to be interpreted like any other book."

"The same fact," says Mr. Jowett, "cannot be true and untrue, any more than the same words can have two opposite meanings. The same fact cannot be true in religion, when seen by the light of faith, and untrue in science, when looked at through the medium of evidence or experiment."

Whatever we may think of the special use to which he puts this "dictum," in the passage whence we select it, we think it an admirable corrective to purge the lurking error in such a passage from his fellow-essayist, as the following:—

"The same may take place with ourselves, and history and tradition be employed emblematically, without, on that account, being regarded as untrue. We do not apply the term 'untrue' to parable, fable, or proverb, although their words correspond with ideas, not with material facts; as little should we do so, when narratives have been the spontaneous product of true ideas, and are capable of producing them."

There is a confusion, surely, between the nature and use, respectively, of "history and tradition," "parable, fable, and proverb," against which the foregoing quotation may do good service. The historical fact of a cripple walking for the first time since his mother's womb, may very well be "used emblematically;" but if the fact be historical, that use cannot convert it in itself into "parable, fable, or proverb." He walked or he did not. The fact itself "cannot be true in religion when seen by the light of faith, and untrue in science when looked at through the medium of evidence."

Whatever force Mr. Jowett's oft repeated cautions may possess against the "mystical and allegorical explanations" of the fathers, must needs tell with increased effect against the ideological method vaunted by Mr. Wilson. The mystical interpretation may darken, the allegorical may overlay, but the ideological destroys the certainty of the word to be explained. "There's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it don't signify," is a dreary creed enough; but it has at least a charm of consistency not owned by the ideological dogma,

"there's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it has a spiritual significance." This latter is provocative of a contempt which the former at least leaves dormant.

"Since the world began," said one in a certain place, "was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind?"

If the asserted fact were not asserted in good faith or in earnest, there was, indeed, no novelty; the blind remained as blind as ever, and the story meant just nothing at all. But if we must determine the "spiritual significance" of the fact that a man's bodily eyes, said in earnest to have been opened by a Giver of Light, remained as tight shut as ever, we opine that it amounts to this, that the proclaimed enlightener of the blind has not any light to give, and that the evidence of his power to gift blind souls with light is on a par with that of his power to gift blind bodies therewith. This is an active negation of the hopes of enlightenment more hopeless than the former passive denial of them. It signifies the existence of a "slough of despond," in which one may sink deeper than in the dry pit of indifference. That is no nice moral stomach, we fear, which will not turn sooner or later in disgust from the digestion of the "spiritual significance" of documents, professing to be specially truthful, yet stuffed by fraud or folly with material untruths. We do not conceal it from ourselves, that in speaking thus we may be doing scant justice to Mr. Wilson in respect of his understanding of what truth and untruth are. For we are at considerable loss to fix what meaning he attaches not only to such an expression as "true ideas;" but even to that of "historical truth." We find it hard, indeed, to extract any such fixed meaning out of such passages as these:—

"As Churchmen, or as Christians, we may vary as to their value in particulars—(the value of the historical parts of the Bible)—that is, as to the extent of the verbal accuracy of a history, or of its spiritual significance, without breaking with our communion, or denying our sacred name. These varieties will be determined partly by the peculiarities of men's mental condition; partly by the nature of their education, circumstances, and special studies. And neither

should the idealist condemn the literalist, nor the literalist assume the right of excommunicating the idealist. They are really fed with the same *truths*: the literalist unconsciously, the idealist with reflection."

The same *truths*. What, then, are truths? Shall we select any of the "many narratives of marvels and catastrophes in the Old Testament referred to in the New, as emblems, without either denying or asserting their literal truth—such as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire from heaven, and the Noachian deluge?"

One man shall hold that fire did come down from heaven and scorch with doom the filthy cities; another shall maintain—what? That there fell no such fire? That there stood no such cities? That their crimes are figments of the Genesis writer's brain? We do not touch the question, whether these two men have, indeed, a right of mutual condemnation—a duty of mutual excommunication; but we want to know in what sense they are fed with the same *truths*? Are negation and affirmation, not even of the same doctrines, but of the same definite facts all one?

"Black is not black, nor white so very white."

Is it equally *true*, that there was, and was not a Noachian deluge? That the "flood" did and did not "come and sweep them all away?" This is "an hard saying." Mr. Wilson himself supplies us with these specimens of divergence in belief as to the *literal truth* of these narratives. Such a divergence, unless he strangely misuses language, must be very different from a mere disagreement about "verbal accuracy." A disagreement, for instance, about the verbal accuracy of the dimensions of Noah's Ark, in the Book of Genesis, may or may not be tolerable; but, at any rate, it is quite another thing from a dispute as to whether Noah's contemporaries were really drowned or not.

Wearied of this juggle between the truth and untruth, apparently asserted to be possibly co-existent in the self-same statements of Scripture—perplexed and perhaps indignant at being assured that "an historical representation," which can no longer claim an "undoubted historical" became the "concrete expres-

sion of a great moral truth"—we are glad enough to apply to this shifting ideology the words which Mr. Jowett aims at mystical and allegorical interpretation, "an instrument is introduced of such subtlety and pliability as to make the Scriptures mean any thing—'*Gallus in campanili*' as the Waldenses described it, 'the weathercock on the church tower,' which is turned hither and thither by every wind of doctrine."

We may not partake—for ourselves, indeed, we may say outright that we do not partake—in the Professor's sanguine expectations of what "critical" interpretation, even when conducted in strictest conformity with his own canons, may do for the benefit of Christendom; but to minds enticed into slippery places by the attraction of Mr. Wilson's ideological principle, we heartily commend the considerations which he phrases thus:—

"Where there is no critical interpretation of Scripture there will be a mystical or rhetorical one. If words have more than one meaning they may have any meaning. Instead of being a rule of life and faith, Scripture becomes the expression of the everchanging aspect of religious opinions. The unchangeable Word of God, in the name of which we repose, is changed by each age and each generation in accordance with its passing fancy. The book in which we believe all religious truth to be contained is the most uncertain of all books, because interpreted by arbitrary and uncertain methods."

We have no desire to inflict upon our readers a mere cento of quotations, but we submit to them that such words, whatever be their intrinsic worth, may not be unprofitably contrasted with those we now give from the other essayist:—

"Not the same thoughts—very far from the same thoughts—pass through the mind of the well and the less instructed on contemplating the same face of the natural world. In like manner are the thoughts of men various, in form at least if not in substance, when they read the same Scripture histories and use the same Scripture phrases. Histories to some become parables to others, and facts to those are emblems to these."

Who doubts it? But who cares to know it? Has the natural world a face indeed, or does it only "make

faces?" Useful interpretations may be all very well for such as despair of "absolute" and are in search only of "regulative" truth. But there are who will ask for somewhat else, and who will repeat their demand, however champions or assailers of orthodoxy may put them off time after time. There are who will say, "What are these thoughts, and thoughts, and thoughts again, of men to us? Many men, many minds; but what we long, pine, toil, struggle, pray for, is the mind of Christ, the thought of God."

Such men, we think, though they may discover many things wherefrom they differ in Dr. Temple's contribution to the *Essays and Reviews*—though they may reckon the specific failures of its analogy numerous, obvious, and, indeed, absurd enough, will yet be conscious that adoption of its fundamental axiom may deliver them from many irrelevancies as from many downright errors which will appear to them in other papers in this incongruous volume. Minds, for instance, imbued with the conviction that the Bible is emphatically, and not simply—as Mr. Wilson says of some of its historical parts—"in some sense from God," must needs lay much stress upon that unity in diversity which seems to stamp it as in deed and truth the very word and revelation of Him who is Triune. And such minds will hardly be satisfied with this language of Professor Jowett:—

"In this consideration of the separate books of Scripture it is not to be forgotten that they have a sort of continuity. We make a separate study of the subject—the mode of thought, in some degree also of the language of each book. And at length the idea arises in our minds of a common literature, a pervading life, an overruling law. It may be compared to the effect of some natural scene in which we suddenly perceive a harmony or picture, or to the imperfect appearance of design which suggests itself in looking at the surface of the globe. *That is to say, there is nothing miraculous or artificial in the arrangement of the books of Scripture; it is the result not the design which appears in them when bound in the same volume.* Or, if we like so to say, there is design, but a natural design which is revealed to after ages."

We must premise that the sentence in italics is of our underlining, the single copulative verb in the next is underlined by the writer himself. We may mistake the true force of the words. "A natural design" *may* mean, the providential design of Him whose Spirit breathes from the first verse of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse. If so, we submit that that one word invalidates the propositions which have immediately preceded. But, if otherwise, we gather from them that the Professor considers the Bible to be a publication on the plan of the "*Essays and Reviews*" themselves; in which we, for our part, allow, in opposition to many of those who join with us in condemning it, that "result"—sufficiently deplorable—appears rather than "design." Is it possible that the authors of those separate books of Scripture, which "have a sort of continuity," might be as anxious as those of the seven papers "written in entire independence and without concert and comparison" to be held "responsible for their respective articles only?" This might smooth some difficulties if it were generally known. It would enable the sterner and more literally truthful of the Old Testament prophets, for instance, to cut adrift, if they so pleased, that speculative "Hebrew Descartes or Newton," whom Mr. Goodwin regards as the author of the *Mosaic Cosmogony*, that "writer who asserts so solemnly and unhesitatingly that for which he must have known that he had no authority;" and would clear the Psalmist who "did not exercise himself in great matters which were too high for him, but refrained his soul and kept it low, like as a child that is weaned from his mother" of all complicity in the audacious assumptions of him who would unveil the supreme act of creation, whilst yet undisciplined in that "modesty of assertion which the true spirit of science has taught us."

Perhaps a preface to the books of Scripture, when bound up in one volume, as a result rather than a design, might be useful in this respect. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge might see to it; and Mr. Wilson, perhaps, if no other essayist, might find its inditing a task

against the policy which Lord Auckland and the English Government were alike bent on pursuing. The plea of irrelevance having been utterly destroyed, first by the appearance of Mr. Kaye's history, and again, by the amended blue book of 1859, we are put off with another yet more pitifully unsound. Sir A. Burnes dissented from his superiors, but his reasons for so doing were not given to the world, because he was clearly misled by his credulous nature, and because, moreover, it is not usual "to state all the reasons which the Government have refused to accept, and upon which they do not act." His opinions, in fact, were only worth recording on the side of Government, and on that side they were, therefore, made to marshal themselves by a careful sifting out of every phrase and passage that helped to convict them of an opposite leaning. But why was this process adopted at all? Of what use on the side of Government was the witness of such a man as Sir A. Burnes is now alleged to have been? If the picture now drawn of him be, indeed, the truest one, why was his name so prominently paraded among the chief defenders of a policy from which he utterly disagreed, while disagreement seemed practically open? On this man whose evidence we are now asked to scout, there lay for many years after his death no small part of the blame accruing to all who aided in getting up the wild and wanton invasion of Afghanistan. Nothing was then heard of his insignificant standing—of his unfitness for the duties specially intrusted to him—of his over-seal in doing what he thought best for his country's good. In spite of the few, who, knowing better themselves, sought also to enlighten others, his name was long coupled with that

most leaders in the policy and its Nemesis among the fuddled, and the knives of Ghilzye fanatics. And in this head the many are as well as the few, the thereby removed from one Burnes's fame, is wantonly another side by one of those original fallacy had screened due share of the blame as himself had done so little.

It is not an enviable strait in which his lordship has thus cooped

himself. Let him wriggle out of it whichever way he will, the stain upon his character will be left behind. If the evidence of Burnes was not worth having, why was it presented under a false guise? If his letters were once deemed worthy of publication, even in a garbled form, what is the meaning of this attempt to slander an ill-used public servant in revenge for the exposure of a previous wrong? Either way, the course pursued towards Sir A. Burnes has been one of gross injustice and glaring treachery, a course unworthy alike of a Christian gentleman and the first minister of a God-fearing British nation.

Nor was the case improved by Lord Palmerston's frank admission that other despatches had been suppressed besides those of the Cabul envoy. If passages written by the latter were struck out as "irrelevant," of course, it was needful to make all square by leaving out "a despatch written by Sir William Macnaghten, at the order of Lord Auckland, censuring in very severe terms, and totally disavowing the policy of Lieutenant Burnes." To take credit for this seems much as if the lamented Daniel Good had plumed himself on his humanity in hiding away the limbs of his murdered victim. His lordship's frankness forgot also to name the suppression of certain passages in the letters of Captain Wade, another political agent whose opinions nearly tallied with those of "Lieutenant Burnes."

It is painful to write in this strain about a nobleman whose character commends itself in so many ways to the respect of his countrymen. But common justice and sound policy alike forbid our silence in regard to so wanton a breach of both. No one had charged his lordship with the wrong originally done to a British envoy. In moving for a committee of inquiry into the cause and nature of the discrepancies found between the old and the later blue book, Mr. Duntlop had nothing to say or hint in impeachment of any one for deeds long past. After Lord Broughton's bold avowal, some years back, of the chief part he took in starting the Afghan war, no one could have looked on his former colleague as bound at this time of day to stand up in defence of schemes for which he had long ceased

dered in answer to him who is inquiring, not what the prophet intended, but what the Divine Educator intended, and still intends, who has used the prophet in his scheme of training.

The objections of Mr. Williams, again, to the predictive force or value of prophecy, which we have elsewhere* considered more particularly, amount to little or nothing, unless he shall deny the probability or the possibility that an Educator through the ages should, as all educators through a lifetime do, give intimation beforehand of the course which, even in particulars, it was his fixed intention to pursue.

Indeed, any convinced and zealous disciple of the Head of Rugby must needs fall foul of the Vice-Principal of Lampeter, as soon and as irretrievably as he needs must of the Oxford Professor. Dr. Williams tells us that:

"We should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture and of human nature. These would neither exclude the idea of fallibility among Israelites of old nor teach us to quench the Spirit in true hearts for ever. But if any one prefers thinking the sacred writers passionless machines, and calling Luther and Milton 'uninspired,' let him co-operate in researches by which his theory, if true, will be triumphantly confirmed."

The tone and temper of these words may seem to strike no discord with Mr. Jowett's strange assertions, that "for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration there is not any foundation in the Gospels or Epistles;" that "there is no appearance in their writings that the Evangelists or Apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them different from that of preaching and teaching which they daily exercised." But we humbly submit to any casual reader the impossibility of conciliating this manner of talk with the gist and drift of the subjoined words of Dr. Temple:

"Since the days of the Apostles no further revelation has been granted, nor has any other system of religion sprung up spontaneously within the limits which the Church has covered. No prophets have communicated messages from hea-

ven; no infallible inspiration has guided any teacher or preacher."

Here, surely, points are taken for granted, axioms admitted, inferences indicated, for which Dr. Rowland Williams, no very courteous controversialist, would be disposed to make the utterer feel the rough side of his tongue, were the words uttered elsewhere than in "Essays and Reviews." We wonder what comment that admirer of Bunsen's theology may have to make upon the distinction drawn by Dr. Temple between "systems of law, given also by God, though *not given by revelation*, but by the working of nature, and consequently so distorted and adulterated that in lapse of time the divine element in them had almost perished." Dr. Williams will not tolerate a theory of revelation which "involves a comparative mistrust ever afterwards of the channels ordained" by Providence for the reception of its guidance; what, therefore, can he think of a law, which, because given "by the working of nature," was distorted, adulterated, and well-nigh lost? How long, we should be likewise glad to know, would one of his turn of mind be kept from turning fiercely upon the ideologian of Mr. Wilson's school? The latter, as we have already quoted him, refuses to "apply the term *untrue* to parable, *fable*, or proverb, although their words correspond with ideas not with material facts." As little will he do so "when narratives have been the spontaneous product of true ideas, and are capable of reproducing them." How long would such a critic walk without broken bones in company of that same fervid colleague, who bursts into verse in exultation at Bunsen's historical havoc—

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congenial to the tenor of his own words :

"There is no book indeed, or collection of books, so rich in words which address themselves intelligibly to the unlearned and learned alike. *But those who are able to do so ought to lead the less-educated to distinguish between the different kinds of words which it contains, between the dark patches of human passion and error which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within.*"

The suggestion, we will allow, is incidental. What, however, is not so, is the antagonism between the notions of Scriptural unity and continuity which we gather from Professor Jowett's words, or from the teaching of Dr. Temple.

For, in that teaching, all turns upon the thought of an Education by design, a design predetermined and constant. The several books of Scripture are the successive words of One Educator, determining the order and arrangement of the legal, moral, spiritual training that shall be given to the colossal, collective, man. How their combination can possibly be a "result," instead of a design, upon that theory, at least, we are powerless to conceive or comprehend.

"First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child, under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example to which all ages should turn was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within."

That Spirit, however, having been sent no less than that Son.

Whether Dr. Temple does or does not assign to Roman policy and Greek art functions in the education of his fancied human colossus of such importance as to trench upon the special glories of the Hebrew discipline we do not care at this time to discuss ; but we must, in simple justice, claim for his Essay the merit of asserting unequivocally the express action of a personal Educator on the training of human kind. And since that Educator is the Being with whom is neither "variableness nor shadow of turning," it would be strange indeed if there were not a designed and ex-

pressed continuity and consistency in the voices uttered by the agents—be they never so many—whom He sent to discipline the conscience of that selected race, whom He also himself selected, according to our writer, to discipline the conscience of the world.

Mr. Jowett tells us of a "sort of conflict arising between scientific criticism and popular opinion." Dr. Temple's theory ratifies, as against all scientific criticism whatever, the true verdict of that instructive popular opinion, which by the very name "the Bible" pronounces for that substantial unity of the separate books of Scripture, which, after all, we trust that even the most thorough-going partisans of so-called scientific criticism have no desire to deny.

But Dr. Temple's theory, when contrasted with much of Mr. Jowett's language, has this peculiarity as well, that it delivers from all the Professor's accusations of paltering with the sense of Scripture those who, though they refuse to tamper with what seems to them the double dealing of the ideologian, do look for meanings, true meanings, intentional meanings, meanings of most useful as well as of most lofty purpose,—in words, of which the utterance or penmanship may not have signified such meanings to the prophet or the scribe himself.

How futile it becomes to say that the time approaches "when educated men will be no more able to believe that the words, 'out of Egypt have I called my son' (Matthew, ii., 15, Hosea, xi., 1) were intended by the prophet to refer to the return of Joseph and Mary from Egypt," when once the educated man has laid it down that his own education is but a part of the wider education given by an Educator, who is eternal and omniscient, to the prophet who first uttered; to the evangelist who next applied; to himself, who now reads the word and accepts the prophet's utterance with the evangelist's application, as together constituting the use of the word intended by Him who gave it.

The assurances that "all that the prophet meant may not have been consciously present to his mind:" that "there were depths which, to himself also, were but half revealed," admirably just as they are, are yet entirely beside the purpose, if ten-

dered in answer to him who is inquiring, not what the prophet intended, but what the Divine Educator intended, and still intends, who has used the prophet in his scheme of training.

The objections of Mr. Williams, again, to the predictive force or value of prophecy, which we have elsewhere* considered more particularly, amount to little or nothing, unless he shall deny the probability or the possibility that an Educator through the ages should, as all educators through a lifetime do, give intimation beforehand of the course which, even in particulars, it was his fixed intention to pursue.

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But if we might do so without danger of exhausting the patience of our readers, we would assure them that we have by no means exhausted even our primary list of dissensions

indicated in germ in the several papers under review.

Dr. Temple is clear that "the Bible is a history," and rejoices to think that even its "doctrinal parts are cast in a historical form." Now this conviction, as it seems to us, must bring him in whom it exists, sooner or later, into that collision with the ideological principle of Mr. Wilson, into which an attempt to apply Mr. Jowett's canon of interpretation forthwith brought ourselves. If the mossiness, and puffiness, and semi-elastic flabbiness of ideology act as a buffer in this case, and prevent a crash, what shall prevent splinters from flying when the manlier consistency of Dr. Temple's theory shall come full tilt against "the quaint strength," as Dr. Williams has it, of Bunsen's famous declaration, "there is no historical event in revelation?"

So we might ask again, whether the supremacy apparently assigned to criticism as an interpreter by Mr. Jowett, must not clash at last with Dr. Temple's claim that conscience be recognised as the sole supreme interpreter. So again, whether Dr. Temple's statement, that "the interpretation of the Bible *varies slightly* from age to age, and always in one direction," does not extract the very pith and marrow from the introductory lucubrations of Mr. Jowett, and silence as superfluous his wonderment and complaint over the "strange though familiar fact that *great differences* of opinion exist respecting the interpretation of Scripture, the book remaining as at the first, the commentators seeming rather to reflect the changing atmosphere of the world or of the Church."

Putting aside, however, now, these more obvious and immediate discrepancies, and still taking Dr. Temple's essay as our text, we think we are justified in remarking that the idea which animates it is in essential contradiction to that which pervades the paper of Mr. Baden Powell. Not, perhaps, that such contradiction finds, as in those other cases, a formal and precise expression; but that we find, if we will yield our mind to the influence of the one, a sort of instructive forecasting of future conflict with the other. Here is an Almighty Educator, Lord of both worlds, the moral the material. He takes in hand,

and that on a designed system, the education of a being, in whose very constitution he himself has brought the moral and the material into a close relationship. Take him singly, take him in the mass, the human being unites in his own person these two elements in some respects so widely dissociated. He is sent to school on earth; but that is not a mere grammar school, if we may dare the word; it is first and foremost an Industrial school. With the Paradise story in your Genesis: the man-scholar is in a garden of the Lord which he must "dress and keep." Strike out that story if you will; and still we are agreed that the man-scholar's mission upon the earth is to "subdue and replenish" it. Material things he is to master, not, of course, by disobedience to the laws which rule and order their existence, but by obedience to them on discovery: that discovery consciously exercising his intellect, that obedience unconsciously moulding his moral character. But that material order, of which he is to discover the laws, and which he can only master on condition of obedience to them when discovered, may possibly master him, paralyzing his intellect and enslaving even his moral being. That is no imaginary danger in a world where men have bowed down to air, and earth, and sea, to sun, and moon, and stars, to holy trees, and sacred stones, and mystic herbs; to leave aside all mention of the worship of animated things.

Meanwhile the Divine Educator is allowed to have interfered with the moral laws which rule the man under education. Not in the sense of weakening, altering, or repealing them; but in the sense of specially revealing, enacting, enforcing, illustrating, expanding them. Are we content to believe that such an Educator, in the face of that position of his scholar towards material things which existed and must exist, has left him without lessons which should stamp upon his very sense and mind the lesson that he may master material things, because, indeed, material things have an absolute Lord and Master in Him who has set him here on earth at school? Mankind never has been content to think so.

Dr. Temple, if we do not misunderstand him grievously, means to

protest in eloquent terms against all forms of such a creed. He seems to recoil from the notion "of a world of mere phenomena, where all events are bound to one another by a rigid law of cause and effect." He will not hear of "a universe" which shall be "a dead machine," of an "order of all things" which should become "not merely an iron rule, from which nothing can ever swerve," but "an iron rule which guides to nothing and ends in nothing."

Is it not just such a world of mere phenomena, which the essay of the late Savilian Professor evokes before the eye of our intellect? What other image rises up amidst its teaching, about "the universal self-sustaining and self-evolving powers which pervade all nature?" Far be it, indeed, from us to "disparage the necessity for some conviction of permanent order, as the basis of all probability;" but by order, we understand arrangement by the will of One that orders. We fully recognise "the impossibility, even of any two material atoms subsisting together without a determinate relation;" but we demand express acknowledgment of a Personal *determining* Will, before we will stir an inch farther in agreement with the reasoner; and if we be told of the impossibility—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connexion—we demand of the propounder of these scientific sesquipedalia, whether he is or is not simply baiting for us the old trap of theological puzzle touching freedom of action, and fore-ordination of all things by Almighty God. When so much is said concerning law, with so scanty mention of a Lawgiver, we may be fairly excused for doubting whether Mr. Baden Powell's "grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature," may not simply amount to the proclamation of that "iron rule which guides to nothing, and ends in nothing;" whereof we share most heartily Dr. Temple's detestation.

It does not escape us, indeed, that the last-named writer appears to concede, perhaps rather less guardedly than he might, the possibility of a difference between the material and

the spiritual world, in respect of subjection to such a rule as this. For his purpose there was no necessity to question its probability; because his argument is then opening out in respect only of the moral instruments of human education, wielded by its Divine conductor. But we contend, that in view of the Person of that Educator—of the nature of the creature he designs to educate, and of the place of education—a presumption does naturally arise in our minds concerning his probable use of material things in the conduct of that education—that is, a presumption in favour of the occurrence of miracles.

It is easy to talk glibly—easy to write with a quasi-force of logic about the "necessary dissociation of the spiritual from the physical;" but that dissociation is one in which we believe that the spirit of man never entirely acquiesces. His protests against the reality of such dissociation may take occasionally the most grotesque and unphilosophical forms, but they express a philosophical instinct which lies very deep, and has not even yet been proved not to be true. We are apt to lose sight of this, if, in discussing the relation between faith and miracles, we confine ourselves, as Mr. Powell appears to do, to the question of the power miracles may possess in the production of faith. But a believer in the New Testament, no matter by what means his belief therein has been brought about, must surely believe in another very different relation between faith and miracles—to wit, the power which the former possess to work the latter. Decide as you will the question of miracles working faith, there remains the question of faith working miracles:—

"Matters of clear and positive fact," says Mr. Baden Powell, "investigated on critical grounds, and supported by exact evidence, are properly matters of knowledge, not of faith. It is rather in points of less definite character that any exercise of faith can take place; it is rather with matters of religious belief, belonging to a higher and less conceivable class of truths, with the mysterious things of the unseen world, that faith owns connexion, and more readily associates itself with spiritual ideas, than with external evidence, or physical events; and it is generally admitted, that many points of important religious

instruction, even conveyed under the form of fictions (as in the instances of doctrines inculcated through parables), are more congenial to the spirit of faith than any relations of historical events could be. The more knowledge advances, the more it has been and will be acknowledged that Christianity, as a real religion, must be viewed apart from connexion with physical things."

We take leave to doubt the certainty that such a prediction will be realized, fashionable as the utterance of it seems to be, now-a-days, with men of various theological or scientific schools. We do not wonder at the appeal made here to the ideologist; but we will be bold enough to avow our conviction that the "advance of knowledge" itself will, in due time, make it unnecessary; nay, will stultify such hasty help as that sublimator of fact into fiction may feel inclined to afford. Believing, as what Theist does not? that the ultimate original cause of all physical causation lies in the determining will of a Being who is not physical, we claim the liberty to refuse unqualified assent to the doctrine of this necessary dissociation between the physical and spiritual. We deny that there is no clear meaning in the words cited by Mr. Baden Powell from Dean Trench: we perceive great force of meaning in the expression of the latter concerning "moral laws controlling physical." It may or may not be true that "faith owns connexion and more readily associates with spiritual ideas than with physical events;" but we assert that faith has a living energy which concerns other things than mere inculcation of doctrines. We do not wish to pick fastidious quarrels with language so fully justified by general use, as "the acknowledgment of Christianity as a real religion;" but we are not ashamed to avow our conviction of its utter insufficiency. Faith concerns rather "the acknowledgment of Christ" as a real living Lord, over both elements spiritual and physical, which, if they must needs be acknowledged to meet in man in a connexion apparently indissoluble, must be acknowledged to meet in yet deeper, more significant, more effective union in the person of the God-man. For, let it be well understood, that the truth, "in idea," of the Incarnation, which is all that,

apparently, some ideologists tender to our faith, true as it is, is not enough of truth for human souls in earnest. These have it, and hold it as true "in fact," no less than "in idea," and it will be seen at once that, if they do so, they must refuse to be elbowed out into that "boundless region of spiritual things which is the sole dominion of faith," according to the Savilian Professor, "beyond the dominion of physical causation, and the possible conceptions of intellect or knowledge."

One great difficulty of arguing fairly, even with any one special writer, in a hap-hazard manual of objections to received beliefs, such as the volume before us, arises from the impossibility of knowing what common axioms are held, or even likely to be held by the writers mutually, and by each one of them with ourselves; therefore we cannot pretend to say, whether we should, in the mind of one who approved of Mr. Baden Powell's essay, be weakening or strengthening the reasonableness of our suggestions by an appeal to the recorded words of Christ. But Professor Jowett has a sentence towards whose writer any warm-hearted Christian man must feel a yearning, spite of hostility to many of his conclusions. "It is one of the highest tasks," says he, "on which the labour of a life can be spent, to bring the words of Christ a little nearer the heart of man." Those who feel thus, however they may reason, will not take it amiss if we import into the discussion certain recorded words of His which, to our mind, reveal how near the heart of man must lie the conviction that the dissociation of the physical from the spiritual is no reality after all. Whether falsely or truly attributed to him, the attribution is no chance one, for Matthew, Mark, and Luke repeat them, and record a repetition of them in effect, by Him, on more than one occasion.

Matthew tells us (xvii. 14—20), that when the Son of Man came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, a certain lunatic child was brought to him, whom the disciples, in his absence, had been unable to cure.

"And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour.

"Then came the disciples to Jesus

apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out?

"And Jesus said unto them, *Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*"

Mark (ix. 23) gives the words more generally, but fraught with equal decision.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

Luke (ix. 41), lays the stress of the rebuke then uttered upon the "faithlessness" of them that could not effect the cure.

But this Evangelist (xvii. 5, 6), introduces Christ as teaching this doctrine on another occasion.

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.

"And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you."

And once again, as the days of his ministry drew to an end, both Matthew (xxi. 21), and Mark (xi. 23), represent him as uttering these words to his disciples all agape at the withering of the fig-tree, spite of their familiarity with miraculous deeds of his.

"And presently the fig-tree withered away. And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig-tree withered away!

"Jesus answered, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, *If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree; but also, if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done.*"

Now, it is a fundamental principle with an enlightened Christian man, to believe that his Lord is a fulfiller, not a destroyer, of law, even when apparently he may be interrupting, or suspending, or modifying it.

If in their zeal to assert and defend the reality, no less than the significance, of a certain class of deeds done by Jesus Christ, his disciples in any age, utter words, construct arguments, write treatises, in which they shall be betrayed into forgetting, or making others forget, that He did come to

fulfil, instead of destroying the law of Him who gives law both to the spiritual and to the physical world—they commit an error, and may be thankful even for the keenest rebukes from "such as oppose themselves," when such rebukes enforce more considerate and reverential speech.

But the fulfiller was also the revealer of law; and whilst allowing that His revelation is essentially of spiritual law, we may refuse to deny, that it makes incidental disclosures touching the relation of that spiritual law to the physical. Holding that all law emanates from, and is controlled by, a Supreme Spirit, we conceive that there may be in any spiritual being a *potentiality* of control over some at least of the laws which govern matter; and we perceive in the foregone words of our Lord an intimation of one condition under which such latent power may become active. Not forgetting, that ideology offers us another method of interpreting such words, we reject it advisedly; because, if it seem to satisfy some weak misgiving of the intellect, it seems no less to ignore or outrage some strong instinct of the mind and soul.

We are as anxious as any to recognise, proclaim, and reverence "the subordination of fact to law;" but the existence of certain facts subordinate to a law not yet discovered, perhaps, not discoverable at all by us, does not involve any disturbance of such subordination. We should have thought this a truism, were it not that Mr. Baden Powell's essay argues throughout, as if the believer in miracles was animated by some desire to proclaim the insubordination of fact to law. This desire we utterly repudiate for ourselves.

It is time, however, to conclude this paper. In so doing, we venture to recall an expression, which we did not use at random in the course of it.

We did not scruple to call this volume "*a hap-hazard* manual of objections to received beliefs." We maintain that expression; and must express our astonishment, that men of the character, and in the position, of these seven writers, should ever have consented to an advance in such "loose formation" against opinions or systems which they really wished to impugn or to reform.

Earnest assaulters of current theories, or earnest apologists for them, should alike have conducted attack or defence, as it seems to us, upon some more concerted plan. If some be assaulters, some defenders, and the volume meant for a mere tilting-field, barriers should have been fixed, heralds should have made proclamation, crests and colours should have shown to lookers-on, at which side, even in a "mêlée," blows were aimed and dealt. In the absence of such precautions we are almost reminded of the "free-fight" of a backwoodsman's brawl. Revolvers pop and bowie-knives are plied with little regard to life and limb either of friend or foe. Whether this be, indeed, the "free handling," from which "it is hoped" in the preface, that "advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth" may be "illustrated" we can hardly venture to surmise; but we are certain, that the event has illustrated the signal disadvantage of the method and the sad

frustration of that hope. The most impartial critic finds himself confounded in the face of this conflicting assemblage of essayists. Magazines are not models of consistency; but the impress of the editor's mind gives some approach to an unity of purpose, which it is only fair to say, is absent from this most objectionable book. Collective sentence, if we have read it right, cannot be justly passed upon it.

There is another question, which affects the authors rather than their production, a question of culpability towards the Church, which its appearance, beyond a doubt, has scandalized. Therein, as well, we might or might not draw distinctions between one or other of them; but we have felt from the very first, that we have no competency of jurisdiction in the case. May those that have been guided into judgment equitable no less than just!

THE MORALITY OF GARBLED BLUE BOOKS.

To enter at this time of day into the discussion of aught connected with the trite old story of our Afghan wars, seems very much like blowing at the ashes of yesterday's fire. Whatever interest people might once have owned in the triumphs and disasters that marked the bootless efforts of British statesmen to force a discrowned puppet on the warlike races who followed the worthier leading of Dost Mohammed, has well-nigh faded out before the yet wider tragedies of later years and the noise of political movements nearer home. Things that happened twenty years ago in a far corner of the British empire are likely enough to be at once too fresh for the historical student and too stale for the general reader; and the latter likelihood will be all the greater, if the shock they caused at the time to those nearest them never made itself much felt in these latitudes beyond the narrow circle of families trembling at the danger to absent friends, and of patriots painfully alive to the troubled aspect of British Indian politics. During the reign of the East India Company, the bulk of Englishmen rarely bestirred themselves to gain the dimmest notions of what might be doing

so far away among so many millions of dusky people, swayed by the strong hand of a few thousand white men. As long as India paid her debts, and needed not too many troops from home, they were content to believe in the loyalty of several hundred thousand disciplined sepoys, and to acquiesce in every scheme that ended in a fresh salute from the Tower guns, and a further enlargement of British territory. Even when their hearts had for the moment been most deeply stirred by the suddenness of a Vellore mutiny, or the heaped up horrors of a Cabul massacre, they soon sank back into their wonted apathy, and forgot, amid their daily pursuits, the lessons taught them in an hour of unwonted alarm. Save among members of his own service, few persons probably cared but the other day to know anything about the late Sir Alexander Burnes; and Lord Palmerston scarcely presumed too much on the ignorance of those around him, when he spoke of an able and promising British officer in terms more nearly befitting the place and acquirements of an average clerk in his own department of the public business.

At last, however, his lordship's own

cleverness has turned for a while the public gaze on a point which he of all men might well have wished to cover with the deepest shadow. Had he spoken a little less slightly of the man whose published dispatches he, or some one of his former colleagues, must once have carefully deprived of their true meaning; had he not vented so unprovoked a sneer at the credulity of him whose advice, if followed, had left unwritten the darkest page of our Indian annals; had he uttered one word of seeming regret for the wrongdoing of a day long past, his recent shirking of the issues raised by Mr. Dunlop, and wrought out with triumphant malice by the hardiest of living demagogues, would have met with no grudging tolerance from the world at large. No one wished to set so old and popular a statesman in the pillory of public scorn for the frailty committed more than twenty years ago. If there, however, he has chosen to set himself, with the hardihood of an old offender, on his own head must fall the disgrace of all that pelting which, rightly or wrongly, he has thus provoked. Once upon a time he used to content himself with a short denial of the charge which some friend of truth or foe to Whiggism, would now and again be throwing in his teeth. The dispatches of our envoy at Cabul had not, we were told, been unfairly garbled; they had not been made to wear a face exactly opposite to the true one; they had only been curtailed of irrelevant passages, of trifles unconnected with any of the points at issue. Now, however, in view of blue books but lately printed, of documents that tell their own damning tale to all who can bear to listen, his line of tactics has necessarily been changed. It had been madness to say once more what most of his hearers knew to be untrue; but it seemed a safe, if not very praiseworthy, course to take his stand on a point whose weakness few of those hearers might have the will, the boldness, or the needful knowledge to expose. And so, in an evil moment for his own fame, his lordship seems to have decided on slandering the public character, and misrepresenting the public influence of the man whose avowed opinions had already, with his lordship's own consent, been twisted and mangled into a seeming

sanction of the policy against which this man had long and strenuously set his face. On no evidence that ever has been or can be adduced, an able English envoy, charged with a delicate mission to an Eastern court, a diplomatist of many years' practice, on whose researches in this special instance was supposed by many people to hang the question of peace or war in Afghanistan, is now described to us as a simple, credulous person, whose opinion went for nothing against the omniscience of our own Foreign Office, and the statecraft of the Calcutta Council Chamber. He was, no doubt, "a highly respectable person," a man of "great energy," who fell into the mistake "of being too easily misled, and believing every thing that was said to him." The plans of the British Government "did not depend on the opinion which Lieutenant Burnes might give as to the friendliness of Dost Mohammed." Portions of his dispatches were indeed left out "in which his personal opinions, evidently arising from confusion of ideas, misconception, and overcredulity, were stated, at variance with the views justly entertained by the Government under which he was acting." After all the omissions made, "enough remained to reveal the outline of affairs" in the East; nor did the omitted passages "in any degree alter the grounds on which the system of operations and course of policy as to Afghanistan were based." In other words, Sir A. Burnes, as a mere subordinate, had nothing to say of any real or possible moment, on the very subject which he had been specially deputed to explore; while his expressions of thorough belief in the friendly purposes of Dost Mohammed, were not worth entering among a set of documents bearing his name, and purporting to reveal his sentiments to the world at large.

It is curious to see how his lordship flounders from one hobble into another. The sight itself should prove a warning to younger statesmen against the proverbial discomforts that dog the first departure from honest truth. The passages left out or altered in the Afghan blue book of 1839, were so treated, once on the score of irrelevance; and now, it seems, on account of their offering a marked though worthless protest

against the policy which Lord Auckland and the English Government were alike bent on pursuing. The plea of irrelevance having been utterly destroyed, first by the appearance of Mr. Kaye's history, and again, by the amended blue book of 1859, we are put off with another yet more pitifully unsound. Sir A. Burnes dissented from his superiors, but his reasons for so doing were not given to the world, because he was clearly misled by his credulous nature, and because, moreover, it is not usual "to state all the reasons which the Government have refused to accept, and upon which they do not act." His opinions, in fact, were only worth recording on the side of Government, and on that side they were, therefore, made to marshal themselves by a careful sifting out of every phrase and passage that helped to convict them of an opposite leaning. But why was this process adopted at all? Of what use on the side of Government was the witness of such a man as Sir A. Burnes is now alleged to have been? If the picture now drawn of him be, indeed, the truest one, why was his name so prominently paraded among the chief defenders of a policy from which he utterly disagreed, while disagreement seemed practically open? On this man whose evidence we are now asked to scout, there lay for many years after his death no small part of the blame accruing to all who aided in getting up the wild and wanton invasion of Afghanistan. Nothing was then heard of his insignificant standing—of his unfitness for the duties specially intrusted to him—of his over-zeal in doing what he thought best for his country's good. In spite of the few, who, knowing better themselves, sought also to enlighten others, his name was long coupled with that of the foremost leaders in the policy which found its Nemesis among the snows of Jugdulluck, and the knives or bullets of Ghilzye fanatics. And now that on this head the many are enlightened as well as the few, the shadow thereby removed from one side of Burnes's fame, is wantonly shifted to another side by one of those whom the original fallacy had screened from their due share of the blame that Burnes himself had done so little to ~~deserve~~ ^{deserve}. It is not an enviable strait

his lordship has thus cooped

himself. Let him wriggle out of it whichever way he will, the slur upon his character will be left behind. If the evidence of Burnes was not worth having, why was it presented under a false guise? If his letters were once deemed worthy of publication, even in a garbled form, what is the meaning of this attempt to slander an ill-used public servant in revenge for the exposure of a previous wrong? Either way, the course pursued towards Sir A. Burnes has been one of gross injustice and glaring treachery; a course unworthy alike of a Christian gentleman and the first minister of a God-fearing British nation.

Nor was the case improved by Lord Palmerston's frank admission that other despatches had been suppressed besides those of the Cabul envoy. If passages written by the latter were struck out as "irrelevant," of course, it was needful to make all square by leaving out "a despatch written by Sir William Macnaghten, at the order of Lord Auckland, censuring in very severe terms, and totally disavowing the policy of Lieutenant Burnes." To take credit for this seems much as if the lamented Daniel Good had plumed himself on his humanity in hiding away the limbs of his murdered victim. His lordship's frankness forgot also to name the suppression of certain passages in the letters of Captain Wade, another political agent whose opinions nearly tallied with those of "Lieutenant Burnes."

It is painful to write in this strain about a nobleman whose character commends itself in so many ways to the respect of his countrymen. But common justice and sound policy alike forbid our silence in regard to so wanton a breach of both. No one had charged his lordship with the wrong originally done to a British envoy. In moving for a committee of inquiry into the cause and nature of the discrepancies found between the old and the later blue book, Mr. Dunlop had nothing to say or hint in impeachment of any one for deeds long past. After Lord Broughton's bold avowal, some years back, of the chief part he took in starting the Afghan war, no one could have looked on his former colleague as bound at this time of day to stand up in defence of schemes for which he had long ceased

to be mainly answerable. A wise man would have held his tongue, and a generous man would have owned the backsliding for which no English parliament would have dreamed of enforcing punishment twenty years after the event. But something in Mr. Dunlop's speech had roused his lordship out of his better mind, and brought forth an answer which sounded like a blind rush at every thing that seemed to stand in his way. It was not Burnes alone who suffered. The old story of Russian intrigue was told again with unsparing pointedness and thorough contempt for his hearers' understanding. The present ruler of Afghanistan was painted a shade or two blacker than he had been before. And, to cap all, poor old General Elphinstone was dragged out from a long night of oblivion to bear the whole blame of a disaster which, but for the wisdom of those who employed him, he would have done his best to avert by a timely retreat from the post which he should never have been allowed to fill. A question having been raised about garbled despatches, and the best way of preventing such mistakes in future, his lordship tried to turn off the scent by all manner of impertinent references and unjust aspersions, by hitting wildly at dead or absent men, and plunging into the military details of a policy which no one at the moment cared specially to praise or blame. In his eagerness to shirk the true subjects of inquiry, he seems to have forgotten that his speech would shortly be read by many who had no interest either in slandering the dead or making unfair attacks on the living. If, for the truth's sake, we are driven to say hard things of the speaker himself, on his head, not ours, must be the blame. It is against the bad speech, by whomsoever it might have been spoken, not against the political partisan, that the whole weight of our resentment has here been turned. From whichever side of the House that libel had issued, it was equally the duty of independent critics to hunt it down, and lash it without remorse.

And who was the "Lieutenant Burnes" whose letters were falsified by Ministerial cooks in 1839, and whose character is slurred by a Ministerial critic in 1861? To hear Lord

Palmerston talk, you would fancy that this man had fallen by chance into a post of little importance, for which after all he showed himself unfit. Yet to many high officials, both at home and in the East, had the name of Alexander Burnes sounded with unusual promise for some time before his last mission to the Afghan Court. It may be safe now for flippant boldness to sneer at his supposed rawness in the ways of Eastern diplomacy, but others will not forget that Burnes went to Cabul after many years' apprenticeship to the work before him, and comparatively fresh from experience gained at the courts of three or four powerful Eastern princes. From the earliest years of his life as a "Company's officer" he had shown that force of character and those versatile powers of mind which marked him out to public men, both in India and in England, for yet higher services than any he lived long enough to render. While he was yet in his teens, the soldier-linguist held appointments which men far older would have been proud to fill. Ere long his talents, already proven in other fields than those of Eastern languages, recommended him for political service in Cutch under Sir Henry Pottinger, and procured him the command of a small expedition sent out by Government to explore the little-known regions of Central Asia. More than a year before this latter enterprise he had been journeying to Lahore, charged with presents for Runjeet Singh, and a secret mission to survey the right bank of the Indus. At the age of twenty-eight, the active lieutenant returned home to lay before his masters of Leadenhall-street the results of his late travels in Bokhara. During his two years' stay in England the fame of his travels, heightened by many personal charms, made him a lion of the first order among many different circles of the London world, and called forth the flattering attentions of those very statesmen who afterwards used his name in defence of blunders wrought by themselves alone.

At thirty he returned to India a marked and made man. A few months saw him leave his subordinate post at Cutch to take up his abode as envoy at Hyderabad, the capital of the Scinde Ameers. Hence he was

soon recalled by the Indian Government to lead a mission despatched from Bombay with the view of opening up the navigation of the Indus, and forming a friendship for commercial ends with that Afghan ruler whose desire for our goodwill was ere long to be so rudely spurned by that very viceroy in whose name it was now proffered. Before the mission reached Cabul its commercial character had been exchanged for a more political one, and when Burnes once more met the Ameer who had so kindly entertained him five years before, he had to meet him with offers not more acceptable to the pride of an independent ruler than creditable to either the foresight or the conscientiousness of those who devised them. No treaty was to be signed with Dost Mohammed unless he would make peace with Runjeet Singh, and abstain from all further efforts to regain that fruitful valley of Peshawur, which the cunning Sikh had lately filched for himself under plea of helping Shah Sujah to win back his long forfeited crown.

This truckling to one powerful neighbour at the expense of another who had more right, and, perhaps, more real friendliness on his side, was founded on a wild, and, to us of the present day, incredible fear of Russian progress towards our Eastern dominions. Chosen by a Whig ministry, in defiance of the Court of Directors, Lord Auckland had come out to India steeped in the notions then most dearly cherished in a Foreign Office ruled by Lord Palmerston. His statesmanship was cast in a very different mould from that of Sir Charles Metcalfe or Lord William Bentinck. In his eagerness to counteract Russian intrigue, he and his advisers seemed to put aside from their thoughts all those arguments that pleaded for the support of such a ruler as Dost Mohammed, even more strongly than for that of our wily, unscrupulous ally of the Punjab. So faithful a friend as the Ameer of Cabul was ready at a moment to be, if the advice offered by Burnes had been fairly weighed at head-quarters—a friend whose reins of empire were grasped with no weak or doubtful hand—would have formed at once our strongest barrier against foreign invasion, and our surest check on the restless ambition of him whose dominions lay between our own fron-

tiers and those of Afghanistan. All he asked was our help to regain for him in some way or another the provinces stolen from him by Runjeet Singh. According to Burnes himself, the latter would have cheerfully accepted the compromise which Burnes was presently empowered to offer from a man whose word stood at least as trustworthy as that of his rival. The British envoy had not hitherto shown himself dull or over-credulous, and every dispatch he sent to Sir W. Macnaghten contained fresh assurances of his Afghan Majesty's good faith. But the ears of the Governor-General were barred to all appeals from this quarter. He kept his eyes too steadily fixed on certain objects to notice others lying within or on either side its range. A Persian army, backed, of course, by Russian caissons, was marching on Herat, the supposed key to North-Western India. Persia was receiving messengers from the Ameer of Candahar; other messengers had found their way to Cabul with letters from the Russian Emperor to Dost Mohammed. It was no time to stand on courtesies or look into the rights and wrongs of a question between our old Sikh ally and the more distant neighbour who now besought our help. The former had to be secured on our side at whatever cost, and if his rival failed to appreciate the hard terms we offered him, another king of our own making must rule beyond the Khyber Pass. There was no good moral pretext for dethroning the man who wished to get back his own, if he might through British help; and, that failing, through any other help he could obtain; but the fear of Russia was very strong in the land, and a war between the Dost and Runjeet Singh, or a league of any sort between Persia and Afghanistan, was an issue which British policy both in Downing-street and at Simlah determined at all hazards to forestal. And so, in spite of all his efforts to open the eyes of his superiors to what he honestly, and for very good reasons, declared to be the truth, Burnes was speedily recalled from his post at the court of a proclaimed foe; and, in a viceregal manifesto, whose pompous feebleness was only matched by its glaring immorality, the throne which its Barukzye master had filled so ably for a

dozen years past, was handed over to a weak-minded, pig-headed prince of the Stuart or Bourbon pattern, whom his countrymen, truly says Mr. Kaye, "had repeatedly, in emphatic Scriptural language, spued out," and whose power, thus regained by British bayonets, fell to pieces the moment they ceased to insure him the needful safeguard from his unruly subjects.

Even then, had Lord Auckland been less blind, or less hampered by orders from home, Englishmen might have been spared the disgrace of a war which few statesmen deemed advisable, and many decried as utterly unjust. In India the public feeling was dead against the viceregal policy; while such men as Wellington, Metcalfe, and Elphinstone, laughed at the notion of carrying our arms into a country so far away from our own frontiers. Before the army of the Indus began its march, the retreat of the Persians from Herat had become known throughout India. Russia was for a while disarmed, and, with Herat in friendly keeping, we had but small harm to fear from Dost Mohammed. Between our troops and Afghanistan lay the whole length of Scinde and the Punjab, two countries, of which the one was kept quiet by a ruler whose death might be announced to-morrow, while the other was owned by chiefs who had lately regarded us with no friendly eyes. Afghanistan itself, with its rugged hills, its narrow passes, and its general barrenness, was ill enough suited to the wants of regular warfare. But nothing would stay the zeal of those who had already determined that Russian scheming could only be baffled by the fall of Dost Mohammed. The Ameers of Scinde were dragooned into outward friendliness, and the British army arrived in due time, without mishap, under the walls of Candahar. A little later, and the pensioned exile of Loodianah was seated at Cabul on the throne he never could have won for himself; while its former occupant, spurning all thoughts of surrender, was glad enough to hide his head from further danger among the recesses of the Hindu Khush. On what followed we need not dwell. If to poor General Elphinstone were mainly owing the last sad scenes of the Cabul tragedy, the previous outbreak, by which those scenes were

first made possible, flowed by a chain of natural sequences out of the original blunder that raised Shah Sujah to the throne. But for the Indian Government's blind belief in their royal puppet's popularity and general fitness to command, care would have been taken to leave him guarded by troops many enough to prevent the rising which those actually left with him were few enough to provoke, and too isolated to keep in check. Had the shadows of coming events been closely watched, a sickly old gentleman would not have been kept against his will in command of a post which Wellington himself, with equal numbers, would have been puzzled to hold unaided for more than a few months. The crowning disaster gave only a more dramatic horror to the issues involved in the original crime. Even if Elphinstone had thrown his troops betimes into the Bala Hissar, Pollock's "avenging army" would still have had to march up to the rescue, and many millions of money, which India could ill spare, would still have been thrown away in furtherance of a gross injustice, begotten of an idle dream.

That Burnes was neither credulous in his championship of Dost Mohammed, nor shortsighted in his views of our Indian policy, time and his own despatches have convincingly shown. Freed from the defacing breath of Foreign Office treachery, his letters reveal in every line the workings of an active, shrewd, comprehensive intellect, whose quickness in forming its judgments was amply warranted by its quickness in exploring the needful materials. Both his high opinion of Dost Mohammed, and his mean opinion of Shah Sujah, have long since been thoroughly verified; and if, at the last moment, he lent himself too easily to the furtherance of measures hostile to his own decided views, he approved of a British invasion of Afghanistan just as little as he approved of Lord Auckland's previous design to set up Shah Sujah by means of Sikh intervention alone. When the fate of his Afghan client was openly foredoomed, he only counselled the helping of his successor with British gold, and an escort of a few Sepoy regiments as far as Peshawur. To force him on his turbulent countrymen by means of British

bayonets, and to earn for ourselves the hatred of a friendly people by surrounding with those bayonets the throne of a sovereign thus stripped of the little popularity he might else have won, were follies in which Burnes had no further share than that of an unwilling spectator. Both on commercial and political grounds he argued the wisdom of "making Cabul in itself as strong as we can make it," under the sway of its then ruler. In a powerful and united kingdom west of the Indus, ruled by one whose character he had studied with eyes wide open to the ways of Eastern princes, and the flaws in Afghan morality, he saw the best means of checking Persian encroachment on the Afghan frontier, and of securing for ourselves "a steadily progressing influence all along the Indus." The threat by which Lord Auckland saved Herat from Persia, thoroughly accorded with, if indeed it was not directly fathered by the advice of Burnes himself. As for Dost Mohammed, he could see "no reason for having greater mistrust of him than of others," in a nation proverbial for crooked ways; and agreeably to his own avowed belief in the utter selfishness of Eastern politics, he accounted for the Ameer's intrigues with other powers by the fact that we had promised him nothing, while those powers had offered a great deal. To him the Ameer's rejection of our good offices, accompanied as they were by threats, implied, what all of us have since discovered, that the man had "something in him." Nor will any one who remembers how easily this man might have taken full vengeance for past wrongs, in the hour of British India's sharpest need, discover much credulity in the avowal—carefully ignored of course by the dishonest blue book of 1839—that "he is a man of undoubted ability, and has at heart a high opinion of the British nation; and if half you must do for others were done for him, and offers made which he could see conduced to his own interests, he would abandon Persia and Russia to-morrow." Had there sat, about four years ago, on the throne of Cabul a king less able and far-sighted than he of whom Burnes thus wrote to M'Naughten in 1828, the task of saving Upper India might

have baffled even the herculean efforts of Sir John Lawrence and his fearless helpmates.

In cooking the dish they set before Parliament, the Melbourne Ministry had no great choice of means for hiding the badness of its main ingredients. Honestly stated, their case had not a leg to stand on. After Persia had yielded to our demands, by giving up the siege of Herat, what reason could there be for the march of British troops on Cabul? Only by proving the determined enmity of Dost Mohammed could the shadow of a plea for Lord Auckland's policy be found. Parliament had called for papers to clear up the doubts that hung about the whole question. The Government might, on public grounds, have refused to publish them at all, or they might have published only such as seemed to bear witness on their own side. The latter course, if not very praiseworthy, would not have been glaringly opposed to public decency. But they took the one course which, sooner or later, was sure to bring them into deep disgrace, and to raise a cloud of, perhaps, unjust suspicion over the general character of our public men. They used a name, still fresh on English ears, to falsify a chapter of Eastern history, in which that name had borne no trifling or unworthy part. "Bokhara Burnes" became an unwitting tool in the wilful slandering of Dost Mohammed. Out of his letters they contrived to show that the Ameer of Cabul, and his kinsmen of Candahar, had from first to last behaved as steady and eager foes of the British power. No pains that skill and cold blooded selfishness could employ were spared in making the worse appear the better cause. Even now it should make one's cheek burn to read again the damning tokens of a treachery which the worst ministers of the most despotic empire could not easily surpass. Whatever the Prime Minister may now profess to think of Burnes's ability, it was almost solely on what could be twisted out of Burnes's letters that the plea for an Afghan campaign was made to rest. On him was virtually thrown the chief blame of a policy which, even at the eleventh hour, he strove so hard to turn aside. Every word in his despatches that hinted at the least desire of Dost

Mohammed to compromise his quarrel with Runjeet Singh, or to give up the friendship of Persia for that of England, every reason that Burnes himself put forward for believing in his royal friend, and counteracting Persia by strengthening Afghanistan, was carefully strained out of the published papers, and the thin remainder was served up, with the author's name, as a true unaltered statement of his proceedings from time to time. Not one of the omitted passages was merely "irrelevant," for even the most trifling added its weight to the evidence in favour of Dost Mohammed. Here a few words, there a sentence or a paragraph, was left out, and the gap itself was charmed away with a careful eagerness to lull suspicion, and baulk curiosity. White and black, love and hatred, truth and falsehood, Garibaldi and Antonelli, are not more utterly at strife with each other than is the meaning of the blue book published in 1839, with the meaning of its amended copy published in 1860.

That Dost Mohammed long courted the British alliance on almost any terms; that while a hope remained of such an issue he steadily declined the tempting offers of Persian and Russian agents; that he used his best efforts to keep the Candahar chiefs from flirting with Mahommed Shah, the Persian ruler; that, deeply as he resented the seizure of Peshawur by Runjeet Singh, he was willing, if we chose, to do that prince homage in return for its surrender; that only after many weeks of vain pleading and fruitless offers did he throw himself in despair into the arms of our secret enemies, are facts which the older blue book utterly and wilfully ignored. Time after time, in the genuine copies, do we find Burnes quoting an instance of the Ameer's friendly leanings, or stating his own arguments in favour of a more courteous policy towards the first and ablest chief in Afghanistan. From these copies we know—what Mr. Kaye's history had unofficially told us ten years before—how skillfully the character of Dost Mohammed was slandered away in defence of the wrong already done to his worldly wellbeing. In them we see how frankly he poured out his heart

to the English envoy, who had so little cheer to offer him in return; how gladly for the sake of an English alliance he would have turned a Russian emissary out of Cabul; how promptly, if need were, he would have put down by force of arms the intrigues of his unruly brethren at Candahar. In them, too, we find the true reason for the disembowelling of Macnaghten's dispatch, conveying to Burnes the viceregal rebuke for his unauthorized dealings with Kohandil-Khan. In his zeal for the public service, Burnes had bravely gone beyond his instructions by clinching the newborn loyalty of the Candahar chiefs with promises of British protection and hard coin. It was the best thing that he could have done; but his timely daring clashed with the views that prevailed at Simlah, and he was ordered virtually to undo his bargain. No allusion to an affair so creditable to the foresight of Burnes and the good-will of our supposed enemies could, of course, be allowed in documents printed for the public befoolment, and so the twenty-four paragraphs of Macnaghten's dispatch were melted down into three. Even after Lord Auckland's decisive letter of 21st February, 1838, the Dost and his advisers did not quite despair of gaining some small boon in return for the sacrifices they were asked to make to the selfish cowardice of their British neighbours. An account of the remonstrances made to Burnes by a friendly Affghan sirdar against the overbearing, one-sided claims of the British Government found no place in the original blue book. Burnes's letter written from Lahore touching the Sikh ruler's willingness to compromise his quarrel with the Dost shared the same fate. Not least disgraceful of all was the treatment awarded to a long letter he wrote from Hassan Abdul on 2nd June. Having been requested through Macnaghten to state his views on the best way of counteracting the policy which the ruler of Cabul had at length been driven to pursue, he wrote back a very full sketch of his own ideas and opinions touching what should be done, if the Dost must really be thrown over. "*But it remains,*" he went on, "*to be reconsidered why we cannot act with Dost Mohammed.*" He is a man

of undoubted ability," &c. These words ushered in a good many sentences devoted to a last defence of the Afghan ruler. Of all these not a word appeared in print, and Burnes was made out as urging the Governor-General to an issue which he was then actually using one more hopeless effort to avert.

By what particular hands this cool deed of moral murder was wrought no one in these days will be very urgent to find out. The deed itself, as Mr. Dunlop declared, was an insult to her Majesty, a fraud on parliament, and a slur on the British nation. It was in excellent keeping with the wicked policy it was designed to cover. But how have such things been done with so much ease? Are these garbled dispatches customary, or even occasional, in British blue books? For ourselves, we cannot believe that English honour has yet sunk to the Chinese or Muscovite level, and the glaring heinousness of this very case forbids our ranking it among even the rarer likelihoods of political practice. It were pleasanter to regard it as bearing to the common run of political errors the same kind of relation that the crimes of a Nero or a Borgia bear to the common run of social offences. But even one case

so utterly bad as this tends to arouse among Englishmen a feeling of vague mistrust, which the bold evasiveness of Lord Palmerston and the milder language of some other speakers in the House of Commons have not by any means helped to lay. Unlikely as the recurrence of so monstrous a deceit may be, what guarantee against that recurrence do the people or the parliament of this country now hold? Can any one henceforth be sure that public papers on the Chinese or the Crimean war have not been mangled for like reasons to nearly the same extent? If her Majesty's ministers can thus put off the nation with falsehoods unexposed for twenty years, secret diplomacy becomes an unmixed evil, and all moral checks to the commission of public crimes, equal in wickedness to the Afghan or the first Chinese war, are virtually done away. Had the Commons willed to do their duty in answer to Mr. Dunlop's appeal, future statesmen of easy morals might have been barred from falsifying public records in defence of a cruelly unrighteous quarrel, by the fear of some more urgent Nemesis than the broadest outbreak of indignant public feeling twenty years after the deed was done.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. GRANT's father had been the youngest son of a Scotch peer, from whose ancient title the broad lands which gave it, had, in great part, fallen away. The pride of his family, however, had outlived its property; and it was sorely ruffled by his marriage, in early life, to the daughter of an Aberdeen merchant in the Baltic trade. When his noble kinsmen, judging him unworthy of his ancient pedigree, determined, in solemn conclave, to wash their hands of him and his Janet, Peter Muirhead, that stout Baltic trader, her father, offered to take into partnership his son-in-law, the Honourable Fergus M'Cauldie, on the sole condition of his sinking aristocratic prefix to his name. This proposal Fergus acceded

eagerly, and in the first heat of his anger against his relatives, threw the first syllable after the prefix. The invoices of the new firm were headed "Muirhead and Cauldie." Under that name it thrived. He and his Janet knew no hard times, until the days of the Danish imbroglio and the bombardment of Copenhagen. That disaster did them irreparable damage; and the chief consolation they could find under its crushing was the fact that good Baillie Peter had not lived to see the firm in the list of sequestrations. Want of spirit was not among the qualities inherited by Fergus from his ancestry. He strove manfully against adverse fortune; but in vain. Then came a keener stroke. His Janet died. Then

some other business misfortunes. Last fall, he himself sickened unto death, and found himself dying without having been able to make more than the very slenderest provision for his little Elsie. He had named her after a sister, his special friend and playmate in the old days at the Keep of M'Cauldie. He had seen no more of her, for years, than of his other kinsfolk; but the warming of his own heart towards her in his dire extremity seemed to promise that some tenderness for him might lurk in hers.

He wrote accordingly, in simple, touching terms, to crave her guardianship for the little girl, her namesake, and signed the letter with the full signature, so long disused, "Your loving brother, Fergus M'Cauldie." Well was it for his suit he did so. The Honourable Mrs. Gillespie, such was now sister Elsie's name, had neither a very good heart nor a very bad; but she was well astride of the family hobby. The curtailment of his honoured patronymic had been in her eyes all along an offence less pardonable in her once dear brother Fergus than even the mésalliance with Miss Muirhead. She, therefore, noted the reinstated letter and apostrophe as signs of contrition and returning grace. A little lassie bearing name Elsie M'Cauldie must neither be left upon the wide world, nor even intrusted to the mercies of some stray Muirhead cousin. No letter came, however, and Fergus' sick heart grew sicker. But one day, waking from a feverish doze, he was aware of a tall female figure by his bedside, surmounted by a face whose features showed familiar through their strangeness. He turned more fully round in bed, stretched out a thin hand, and said:

"Is that you, Sister Elsie?"

"Ay, just so, Brother Fergus."

"God bless you, then, you'll tak' the mitherless bairn when I'm gone, Elsie!"

"Bide a wee till I speer at her, Fergus."

Both brother and sister had gone back to words and accent in use in "auld lang syne" at the Keep.

"Elsie, dear! Elsie!" cried the father, louder than his voice had rung for many a day.

"Ah, weel, she's a true M'Cauldie, Fergus," said her aunt, as the little

girl, running in at her father's call, stopped short half way, at seeing the tall, strange lady.

"So said her mither, and was proud o' it; though I would leaver have had mair blink of the mither's eye in the lassie's."

"What, your wife, Janet Muirhead, proud to think her bairn a true M'Cauldie?"

He nodded an affirmative.

"Then there was some sense in your Janet after a', maybe."

"Some!" smiled the sick man, with ineffable expression of a love that would not sicken and die with him.

"I'll see to the bairn, Fergus," said his sister: "mair or less, that is," she added, with characteristic caution.

"The Lord reward you," he replied, "as you shall deal wi' her."

The Honourable Alexander Gillespie was almost as well descended as his wife. He was a man of middling ability and easy character, over whom she exercised a temperate but unquestioned sway. Their combined family connexions, and her energetic use of their interest, had obtained for him a lucrative appointment on the outskirts of official grandeur. He was permanent in a department whose heads were fluctuating, and high enough up to come often into official contact with his chiefs. His social points of contact with them were not a few, hers with their wives and kinswomen more frequent, and more carefully cultivated still. So Mrs. Anderson said truly, that her friend, Elsie Grant, the paymaster's wife, had been brought up among great folks.

But the Honourable Alexander had a paralytic stroke in course of time, so severe as to disqualify him for farther discharge of his official duties. The retiring pension was but small, and the narrowed income drove the Gillespies from the great metropolis to its northern sister.

The younger Elsie was the good angel of the house in Edinburgh, the kindest of nurses to her aunt's husband, and the most considerate of companions to herself, whose temper was not sweetened, nor her mind mellowed, by the change in her outward circumstances.

Though Mrs. Gillespie never ceased to regret London society, nor spared

disparagement, upon occasion, of such substitute for it as Edinburgh could afford, she nevertheless availed herself to the utmost of the advantages which her Scotch parentage and noble extraction gave her, for access to the "superior circles" of Auld Reekie. Her niece must, of necessity, often accompany her to public or private entertainments; and at one of the former made acquaintance with an ensign of a Highland regiment quartered in the Castle. Mr. Grant was not meanly gifted by nature in mind or body, and personally was not undeserving of any young lady's regard. What drew Elsie towards him, strongly and specially, from the very first, was the circumstance that he was from Aberdeen, and knew some of her mother's friends, one which, by some instinct, she never mentioned to her aunt. But that keen-witted lady did not need the additional reason which such knowledge might have afforded, for discouraging, as soon as she perceived it, the growing intimacy between Elsie and Mr. Grant. She ascertained that he had committed the rash act of entering the British army without any farther qualifications than high courage, fair talents, and an earnest admiration for a soldier's career. He had little more money than sufficed for the purchase of his first commission, and was entirely without family interest of any kind or degree. Now, the Honourable Mrs. Gillespie knew enough of the War Office, as of other offices, in those good old unreformed times, to perceive at once how high the young ensign was likely to reach in the military hierarchy; and she determined, neither unkindly nor unwisely, to put him at once upon his honour with Elsie. Mr. Grant, therefore, waited on her, at her own request, to receive "an intimation upon an important matter."

"Would you make a baggage-waggon wife of the puir lassie, Mr. Grant? I'm tauld it's but a weary way of life," she said, reverting, as she always did, when moved, to the old pronunciation.

"Ah, but I hope, dear madam"——

"Weel, young gentleman, bide till your hopes are hatched a bit."

That was fair and forcible he could not deny. Poor lad. They were addled in one way before hatched in nother.

No word had passed between him and Elsie, so he applied first for leave, then for exchange into a regiment on active service abroad. Years went by. He had gotten a wound and a medal; three varieties of fever; two of ague; much commendation as an active and efficient officer; frequent sciatica; and very grizzled hair. He was moreover, Lieutenant, without purchase, in a company commanded by a puppy having less than one-third of his own time of service, when news came that Elsie M'Cauldie was an orphan again: for both her uncle and her aunt were dead. The regiment was, happily, no farther off than Ireland, otherwise his purse might not have allowed of the journey to Edinburgh.

The bloom was off her beauty certainly; but that assurance of loving-kindness which Ned Locksley could read on it some years later kept a wondrous loveliness on every feature. And the poor lieutenant read a special love-look through the loving-kindness which smiled on all. Elsie was glad to see him—almost delighted—spite of what she must have thought his long and fickle desertion of her.

"Your aunt said, Miss M'Cauldie, that a baggage-waggon wife would have but a weary life of it, and with that word warned me off. For your sake I took the warning, hoping and striving through bitter years to win some other thing to offer you. I have no more now than I had then: less, for I was then young and hopeful. But you are lonely, and I have brought you back one thing increased—a luckless soldier's love."

Elsie thought it wealth, and took the treasure for better or worse. The few pounds her father had left her were but little increased by a legacy from her aunt. Lieutenant Grant applied for a paymastership by which to add a few pounds to his annual pay. He was actually appointed on the sole score of his character; and a brevet on a birthday made him Captain. What can the vulgar outcry mean about deserving officers overlooked in our army?

Ned's new little acquaintance, Amy, was, as she had told him, her parents' only child, born and bred, as her dolls demonstrated, at a time when the stations of her father's regiment had been shifting with more than usual

apidity. Having once visited the paymaster's quarters, and having done so, thanks to Miss Amy, in the character of a house-friend, Ned often found his way there again; most of his evenings being spent either with the Grants or with his first friends, the Andersons.

Personally, therefore, he was not much affected by the evening amusements of his comrades in barracks, nor disturbed by the "skylarking," of which he heard either in O'Brien's clucking brogue, or in the Major's wrathful murmuring against "unseemly practical jokes." Captain Rufford, indeed, by way of daring his dependent, Jones, had suggested to that officer—since Mansfield had been dipped in a solution of liquid blacking and water, and Garrett had an eyebrow shaved, his dress-boots filled with the contents of a mustard pot—that it was hardly fair to let the bird "griff" off unscathed. But Jones fought shy of the suggestion, alleging Ned's intimacy with the Major, "who'll make the confoundest kick-up about conduct unbefitting a gentleman and an officer, if there's a scrimmage with his friend Locksley."

In truth, Ned was known to share his senior's aversion to the noble sport of "badger-baiting," and looked on him as if his teeth, albeit unofficial, might meet through where they bit, as well as the Major's. He, therefore, enjoyed immunity from annoyance, until the arrival of a fourth youngster, who had been prevented by illness from joining on the same day as himself and the other two. This Milward was a lad of gentlemanly appearance; of well-proportioned, but very slender frame; of handsome, but very delicate features; with a mouth which might have been reckoned pretty in a girl, but betrayed in one of the ruder sex symptoms of weakness and irresolution. He showed the same distaste as Ned for stupid and noisy rioting; but with a shrinking very different from the masterful bearing of the self-possessed Etonian. The latter, who had left the mess early one evening, was at work some hours later over his Hindustani, when he heard a light, quick step run along the passage, and a hurried, hesitating knock against his door.

"Come in."

In came Milward, rather pale, but with a flush on his cheek bones.

"Hulloa, Milward! Sit down in the big chair whilst I put the books away."

"Thank you. Hush! Is that them?"

"Is that who? What's up, old fellow?"

"To tell you the truth," said Milward, turning red all over now, "I took the liberty of running in here because there was a threat of 'spunging me with my clothes on.'"

"Whose threat—Rufford and that lot's?"

"Yes."

"Well, that romping is bad enough when O'Brien and his set are at it; but they do it for fun. As for that brute, Rufford, and that fool, Jones, they are unbearable. I'm glad you came in here. I'll give them a lesson if they follow you."

"It's very kind of you," said Milward. "I was ashamed of bolting in, because I know you hate this kind of thing."

"I do; but I wasn't eight years at Eton without being equal to this emergency, mind you, Master Milward. Ain't they whitewashing the corridor up here?"

"Hardly whitewashing. It's a dirty yellow ochre in the pots outside."

"All the better. Just pick the stoutest sticks out of the faggot in my coal-bunk, will you, and look in the right-hand corner of the cupboard below for a coil of rope there is, I think. I'll be back in a second."

In he came again accordingly, with two big pots of the dismal ochre wash.

"What on earth are you at?" asked Milward.

"You'll see time enough. But be quick: I heard them banging open your door downstairs as I went out."

Ned produced a hammer and a few stout nails out of the miscellaneous stores of his cupboard. Then mounting on a chair he nailed three or four stout sticks at right angles to the lintel. They made a sort of projecting platform, to the edge of which he fastened a length of rope nailed at one end to the woodwork of the door. Then he poised the pots upon the sticks so nicely that the door in opening must jerk the rope's end, and an avalanche fall.

"A very neat booby-trap," said he. "Let the stormers assault."

He put a bolt across the door, remarking as he did so:

"Staple won't hold long. Hon. Company's barrackmaster is not much of an ironmonger."

They heard two or three doors opened and shut with a bang along the passage. Then came a knock at his.

"Hulloa!"

"Seen Milward anywhere?" inquired the voice of Jones.

"Oh dear, yes! He's in here. We're having tea and muffins," quoth Ned, in modulated tones.

Jones was at a nonplus. He had suggested that Milward might have taken refuge in some other officer's quarters; but had not reckoned upon finding him with Locksley.

There was a noisy deliberation outside, then another knock, and a more decided voice than the lieutenant's, cried, insolently,

"None of your nonsense, youngster, come out!"

"Who, I?" said Ned, blandly still.

"No! that milksop of a Milward, quick now!"

"Not till we've done the muffins," quoth Ned in reply.

The answer came in a savage kick, which made the colour pots tremble; but could not dislodge them, so crafty was their adjustment.

Ned took no notice. A second kick followed, and a rush against the door.

"You had better not, gentlemen, for your own sake," cried Ned, with perfect good-humour; "I can't abear being disturbed at tea."

There was laughter outside, apparently at the baffled assailant, whose wrath, waxing hotter, vented itself in another kick, which almost upset the pots, and loosened the treacherous staple alarmingly.

"Pray don't, sir; you'll disturb your digestion by such strong exercise after meals."

Crash went the staple. In rushed Rufford. Smash went the pots upon his head; and his best uniform—they had dined in full-dress that evening—was dripping and done for.

"There! My best milk-jug broke!" said Ned. "Beg pardon, gentlemen, you may pick up the bits outside."

With one vigorous shove, he sent

the Captain reeling into the passage, followed by a volley of potsherds. He slammed, and double-locked the door.

Rufford was furious; but the laugh was loud against him, not only among the strangers, well soaked with claret, but even among his own admiring jackals. He put the best face upon the matter that he could, and beat a hasty retreat to change his drenched regimentals before seeking consolation in cards and broiled bones. Thenceforward he watched, with not unnatural eagerness, for some opportunity of turning the tables upon his antagonist: but came to the sullen, though sound, conclusion, that he was, in most things, more than a match for himself. He changed his tactics; took no notice of Ned; but instead of attempting to bully young Milward any more, treated him with studied politeness and cordiality, paying him many little attentions, which began insensibly to win the weak lad's confidence.

Jones, as usual, took his cue from the Captain; and pasty-faced Mansfield, the "griff" with a turn for cards, took his from Jones. Milward soon began to fancy that he could do no better than conquer his first prejudices, rub off his home fastidiousness, and prove his manhood by conforming to the customs of such kind comrades. This somewhat nettled Ned; but, absorbed in his sorrow and his studies, he could not afford the matter more than a passing thought upon occasion.

These studies he cherished no less as a present solace than as a preparation for the future, and found in their escape from thoughts and feelings which the mechanical duties of the drill-ground left active still. Though not popular with comrades of his own age and standing, from whom he kept in some respects, aloof, his good sense, his good-humour, and his proficiency in all manly exercises, fruit of his double training on Cransdale Moor and in the playing-fields at Eton, kept him from the invidiousness of actual unpopularity. His chiefs formed from the first the highest opinion of him, and the Major had already caused his name to reach the superior authorities, as that of a young officer of extraordinary promise. For some chance reason, the stay of his batch at the Chatterham depôt was unusually pro-

longed; but the time at last came in view when they must proceed to their distant destination. Messrs. Rufford and Jones, who had early intimation of the fact, felt, that if profit was to be made out of any of them, it must be made without farther delay. The design upon Garrett had been abandoned. He really was too stupid to learn play, too little spirited to play without learning. Milward gave better hopes; weak enough to be led, he was quick enough to learn, and conceited enough to be coaxed or carried beyond his depth. The worthy pair found Mansfield an admirable, though unconscious, assistant in their design. He had a very tolerable taste for gambling, with not much more acquired knowledge of play than Milward's superior wit soon enabled him to gain; and he being pitted against Mansfield, nothing oath, learned confidence in his own skill and judgment.

So they fooled him on; sometimes in a fair duel, so to speak, sometimes in square games, where the presence of a confederate, as partner on either side, made the direction of matters both easy and unsuspecting. Rufford had poor luck at play, and was subject, though he handled his cards well upon the whole, to unaccountable inadvertencies, which would sweep off in a turn the previous gains of steady skill and equable fortune. Milward was sharp enough, as he thought, to take special note of this; and having had some unexpected minor successes to whet his appetite, determined on a regular set-to with the Captain. To beat the man who had humiliated him at first, and then had come round and acknowledged his social and manly qualities, would be greater glory than even gain. Jones made some apparent attempt to dissuade him from this rash purpose.

"Old Rufford knew a thing or two. When put upon his mettle, he was an angry customer. In fact, he shouldn't himself half like a stand-up fight with him—if it wasn't, that's to say, for those absent fits of his, which made such 'mulls' of his play now and then."

"Ah, but that's the very thing, you see, Jones. I own I am an inferior player, in some respects, to Rufford;

but I have a considerable power of concentration:" said the silly lad, drawing his lips tighter across his teeth, as if with instinctive consciousness of the feeble point of his handsome countenance.

"Yes, you command your attention better than Rufford, I think," answered the other; "which is strange enough, seeing what an old hand he is."

"I'll tell you what, Jones, it's all bosh about not getting old heads on young shoulders. Some youngsters are born with young heads on; but others with old ones all along; don't you see, eh?"

Jones did see, very plain.

At the bottom of the long mess-room, at the Company's barracks, Chatterham, were two little sitting-rooms, right and left. One was in general use as a smoking-room, the other, comfortably furnished, was but seldom used, except as a kind of drawing-room, when there were many seniors, or "distinguished visitors," at the *depôt* mess. Rufford and Jones had weighed very deliberately the arguments for or against making this room the scene of the gambling tournament.

"It was one of the scaliest points about young Archer's affair, Jones, that Plumer of 'the Dashers,' held the party in his own rooms. Floods of bosh were poured out upon it. We can't afford 'ugly circumstances' so soon after. Now, the little room to the left is public, though private to all intents and purposes, for there's not a fellow goes in there once in three months."

"No, that there isn't," said Jones; "and its fusty enough in consequence."

"Never mind that, my boy; we can leave the door open to air the atmosphere, which will look fair, and above board, you know, in case of impertinent inquiries. The odds are 'any thing to one' against any fellow lounging in, as we shan't play till very late, eh?"

"All right then. It's a judicious idea enough."

Next morning, Ned, who by chance had got up unusually early, took it into his head to breakfast before, instead of after parade. To the discomfort of the messman, he en-

sconced himself in the uppermost corner of the long room, demanding coffee and poached eggs at an abnormal hour. Before these were ready, the old Major looked in.

"Oh, there you are! You are early this morning. Here's the book I promised you. I keep up my old Indian habits, a canter before early parade; so I'm off round the Long Meadows. Look in to-night, will you; the Grants are coming?"

The book was a relief, spite of the crabbed Oriental character. Ned kept on deciphering it to while away the time, with occasional interruptions, to shout at the dawdling messman.

Breakfast was so long in coming, that the second cup of coffee was but just poured out, when the bugle parade-call rang in the barrack-square. Up jumped Ned. Where should he put the Major's book? The little sitting room was a safe place; so he opened the door, went in, and placed it on a stand in the corner by the mantelpiece.

Parade was dismissed, when a young engineer officer cried out:

"Locksley, didn't you say you should like to see the 'flying sap' to-day? There's a party going down to the lines with Dickson. They marched half an hour ago; but I have a trap outside, and I'll drive you down, if you've had your breakfast."

"Well, I have had half of it, or thereabouts. All right; I shall be glad of a lift."

And the young men drove off together.

The Sappers and Miners had a tent on the ground. And there was lunch, in due time, at some interval in action. Then when the serious work was over, as men and officers were still full of "go," a couple of "scratch elevens" were got up, and Ned must needs play. "Too late for mess," was the word when dinner-time was come; but as the lunch-commissariat had been liberal, a fair enough ration was fidgeted out all round. When they got back to barracks he had only just time to dress and run down to the Major's. It was past eleven o'clock before he left. The Andersons and he walked home with the Grants, as the night was very fine. Twelve struck by the town clock some time before he reached

the barracks. As he passed the sentry, he bethought him of his book.

"I'm not on duty to-morrow morning, and shall have time for a grind."

So he went up to the mess-room in search of it. In the antechamber he asked a sleepy-looking waiter for a flat candlestick, saying that he was going into the left-hand sitting-room for a book, left there that morning.

"Then you won't want no light, sir," said the servant, "there's several officers as is in that little room to-night, sir."

Before he was half-way up the long room itself, his ear caught a burst of exultation from Milward's voice, noisier but seemingly somewhat thicker also than usual.

"By George! who'd a thought it! That's the fourth game I've beaten you, Captain. I should think you were most sick of it by this time."

"Fortune of war!" said Rufford, in answer, quietly. "Turn and turn about, you know."

"Ha! ha! yes! but your turn seems longish a coming," cried Milward. "Jones, my boy, give us a glass of champagne to toast our luck, eh? No, confound it, none of those long-necked apologies for a wine-glass. Give it us in a tumbler, man; can't you? I'm thirsty. Here, Rufford, here's better luck to ye!"

"Don't drink now, Milward; don't, if you'll take my advice," answered Rufford. "I never do when at play. Keep your head cool, for I mean to cut out your work yet for you. I must have my revenge."

Ned, who by this time was in the room, noted the Captain's look and tone at these last words, with misgiving. He had a half a mind to stay and see that Milward, with all his folly, got fair play. Second thoughts told him there would be little use in that, as he couldn't do much more than tell an ace from a knave on the cards himself. He went therefore to the corner to take his book. As he turned his back to do so, he thought, and yet could not make sure of it, that he heard an ominous whisper,

"What brings the Major's jackal poking his nose in here, eh?"

This turned him again. He determined to stay.

"Any objection to one's looking on a bit?" he asked of Jones.

"Oh dear, no!" said Milward, before any one else could answer. "Sorry I can't let you cut in yourself, if you'd like to take a hand; but it's a regular stand-up between Rufford and me to-night. Have glass o' wine?"

"No, thanks!" He put his foot upon the hind rung of Milward's chair, crossed his arms, and looked on. No one could object to this, after what Milward had said; the circumstance would have been too suspicious.

The first game of Ned's looking on, Milward won again, to his own unbounded satisfaction. The second, Rufford called for double or quits on the whole score of the evening, and won it. Nothing could be more moderate than his conduct to all appearance.

"Tell you what, Milward, we'll leave off, if you like, now; not a scratch on either side."

"Hardly a revenge, is it?" said Jones.

"No, confound it, none at all," backed up Mansfield.

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"Good-natured of him! Ha, ha, ha! That's a good 'un. I have beaten him five games out of six; and he's to be so kind as to let me off, because he's had the luck to get the best of a double and quits. And that was a regular fluke," ran on the doomed simpleton. "I don't want to say any thing unpleasant, but the blundering way he played those clubs of his, last hand, was almost enough to ruin any cards he held. What's your stake, Ruff? My deal."

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Milward winced at the proposal.

His antagonist, who faced him, could see what Ned, from behind his chair, could not—a tremulous motion of the weak upper lip.

"A leetle too much of a good thing, eh? How's that, with *your* judgment, to back your luck?"

"Done with you!" cried Milward. "Please cut; the deal is mine."

The cards were balanced evenly, yet in the end the Captain won.

"We play on, of course," said the loser, nervously, and in a hurried, would-be hectoring tone. Stakes as before. I may right myself yet."

"As you please," answered the Captain.

Milward leant eagerly forward. All crowded round. Even Ned unfolded his arms and laid his elbows on the back of Milward's chair, bringing his chin down on his hands, that his eyes might be nearer the board.

Rufford's play was very deliberate. Milward's not quite so much so. Do what he would, they could all detect an occasional tremor in his hand. Again, however, the mere chances of the game seemed to be fairly divided between them. Up to the last trick it would have been unsafe to decide upon the winner.

At this crisis, Rufford leaned back in his chair, and looked, with sarcastic smile, into his adversary's eyes.

"I really beg your pardon; but it only strikes me now. If you should win this game, it will be but a drawn battle. Not worth one's while that, after all said and done."

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"As how?" said Milward.

"Whitewash you, should need be, to be sure."

sconced himself in the uppermost corner of the long room, demanding coffee and poached eggs at an abnormal hour. Before these were ready, the old Major looked in.

"Oh, there you are! You are early this morning. Here's the book I promised you. I keep up my old Indian habits, a canter before early parade; so I'm off round the Long Meadows. Look in to-night, will you; the Grants are coming?"

The book was a relief, spite of the crabbed Oriental character. Ned kept on deciphering it to while away the time, with occasional interruptions, to shout at the dawdling messman.

Breakfast was so long in coming, that the second cup of coffee was but just poured out, when the bugle parade-call rang in the barrack-square. Up jumped Ned. Where should he put the Major's book? The little sitting room was a safe place; so he opened the door, went in, and placed it on a stand in the corner by the mantelpiece.

Parade was dismissed, when a young engineer officer cried out:

"Locksley, didn't you say you should like to see the 'flying sap' to-day? There's a party going down to the lines with Dickson. They marched half an hour ago; but I have a trap outside, and I'll drive you down, if you've had your breakfast."

"Well, I have had half of it, or thereabouts. All right; I shall be glad of a lift."

And the young men drove off together.

The Sappers and Miners had a tent on the ground. And there was lunch, in due time, at some interval in action. Then when the serious work was over, as men and officers were still full of "go," a couple of "scratch elevens" were got up, and Ned must needs play. "Too late for mess," was the word when dinner-time was come; but as the lunch-commissariat had been liberal, a fair enough ration was fidgeted out all round. When they got back to barracks he had only just time to dress and run down to the Major's. It was past eleven o'clock before he left. The Andersons and he walked home with the Grants, as the night was very fine. Twelve struck by the town clock some time before he reached

the barracks. As he passed the sentry, he bethought him of his book.

"I'm not on duty to-morrow morning, and shall have time for a grind."

So he went up to the mess-room in search of it. In the antechamber he asked a sleepy-looking waiter for a flat candlestick, saying that he was going into the left-hand sitting-room for a book, left there that morning.

"Then you won't want no light, sir," said the servant, "there's several officers as is in that little room to-night, sir."

Before he was half-way up the long room itself, his ear caught a burst of exultation from Milward's voice, noisier but seemingly somewhat thicker also than usual.

"By George! who'd a thought it! That's the fourth game I've beaten you, Captain. I should think you were most sick of it by this time."

"Fortune of war!" said Rufford, in answer, quietly. "Turn and turn about, you know."

"Ha! ha! yes! but your turn seems longish a coming," cried Milward. "Jones, my boy, give us a glass of champagne to toast our luck, eh! No, confound it, none of those long-necked apologies for a wine-glass. Give it us in a tumbler, man; can't you? I'm thirsty. Here, Rufford, here's better luck to ye!"

"Don't drink now, Milward; don't, if you'll take my advice," answered Rufford. "I never do when at play. Keep your head cool, for I mean to cut out your work yet for you. I must have my revenge."

Ned, who by this time was in the room, noted the Captain's look and tone at these last words, with misgiving. He had a half a mind to stay and see that Milward, with all his folly, got fair play. Second thoughts told him there would be little use in that, as he couldn't do much more than tell an ace from a knave on the cards himself. He went therefore to the corner to take his book. As he turned his back to do so, he thought, and yet could not make sure of it, that he heard an ominous whisper,

"What brings the Major's jackal poking his nose in here, eh?"

This turned him again. He determined to stay.

"Any objection to one's looking on a bit?" he asked of Jones.

"Oh dear, no!" said Milward, before any one else could answer. "Sorry I can't let you cut in yourself, if you'd like to take a hand; but it's a regular stand-up between Rufford and me to-night. Have glass o' wine?"

"No, thanks!" He put his foot upon the hind rung of Milward's chair, crossed his arms, and looked on. No one could object to this, after what Milward had said; the circumstance would have been too suspicious.

The first game of Ned's looking on, Milward won again, to his own unbounded satisfaction. The second, Rufford called for double or quits on the whole score of the evening, and won it. Nothing could be more moderate than his conduct to all appearance.

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There was a titter, in which Milward joined hysterically.

Ned's brow darkened. It was his old weak point to pick up a challenge at any cost.

"Come!" said the Captain. "Can't you find the pluck between you both?"

"Shall I?" said Milward.

"I'll halve the damage," whispered Ned, beyond himself at the growing insolence on Rufford's face.

"Done with you, then, Rufford," cried the other. "Knave!"

"Queen!"

"King!"

"Ace!"

"Let's see, how does it stand?" said the Captain, with affected unconcern. "Hundred and twenty-five, doubled once, two hundred and fifty. Doubled again, wasn't it? Just five hundred. I like round numbers. If a cheque won't be convenient, I'll take an I. O. U. There's an inkstand on the sideboard in the mess-room, I believe."

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT active and intelligent officer of the county force, Police Constable Hutchins, had need of the fullest exercise of his intelligence and activity.

The case was one of "howdacious burglary," as he himself said, at Rookenhams.

There could be no suspicion of connivance with any of the servants, for the doors of the passage inwards had not even been attempted; whereas forcible entrance had manifestly been made from without. There were plain enough traces on the fine gravel under the window, of the presence of the "parties concerned," who had taken, however, the precaution of scuffling, in such wise as to baffle any attempt to identify boot-marks.

Had they been "put up to the plant" by any of my Lord's establishment, they would not have made the very serious mistake of breaking in on the left, instead of the right side of the great stone mullion. This mullion divided a two-light window of very doubtful "Gothic," the two lights being, in fact, two separate windows, lighting two separate little outer-rooms or passages, and the heavy clumsy mullion, itself a device for concealing the butt end, if one may say so, of the party-wall which divided them. Any one effecting entrance from without through the right-hand window, would have the door of the strong-room, in which the plate was kept, on his left hand, the party-wall on his right. Should he effect it, as the depredators did on this occasion, through the left-hand light, the party-wall would, of course, be on his left hand, the entrance to a sort of cabinet of curiosi-

ties on his right. The burglars having, as it would seem, a vague notion that valuable booty lay hereabouts, were wanting in the knowledge, accessible to any inmate of the house, of the relative positions of the plate and china stores.

It must have been a horrible disappointment to them after all their trouble, risk, and really hard work in forcing the well-fastened door, to find themselves in a museum rather than in a silversmith's. In a merely scientific point of view, the confusion of their topographical acumen must have been mortifying; and the financial failure of the speculation even more sad. One really could have found little heart to blame them had they vented their disappointment on the china generally, and enriched Lord Royston's collection by some additional specimens of "crackled" porcelain. Their abstinence from this obvious gratification of feeling gave P. C. Hutchins a respectful estimate of their prudence.

"Smashes o' crockery," remarked that officer, "hoften spile sport by givin' alarm to hinmates. Parties as can't keep their temper are hapt to put their foot in it at work o' this kind."

That they were practical philosophers, as well as men of self-control, and schooled in that wisdom which coined the proverb, "half a loaf, better than no bread," appeared from the farther circumstance, noted by the keen inventorial eyes of Mrs. White, that they had taken with them, after all, such matter for consolation as the most valuable and portable of the non-earthenware articles of virtu could afford.

"Whatever will my Lord say, to be sure? There's things and things is gone, as he'd sooner a lost dozens of silver forks and spoons as sich."

The hue-and-cry raised in the county was ineffectual. Futile was the activity of P. C. Hutchins, vain his intelligence and that of his local superiors. It was with mingled feelings of indignation and pride that he found himself brought at last into contact with detectives of vulpine reputation from the metropolis. Actual acquaintance with such ornaments of Scotland-yard could not but in itself be gratifying to a professional man; but the local constabulary feeling enjoyed—how should it not?—a profounder, if less ostentatious, gratification in the baffling of metropolitan acumen by the mystery which provincial acuteness had failed to penetrate.

"And you'll keep your eyes open, officer," said Inspector Ferritts to Hutchins, as a parting salutation before leaving for town.

"Catch a weasel asleep, Inspector!" answered that officer.

Tommy Wilmot had caught several lately, not asleep indeed, but still had caught them, and presented their lithe little corpses to Mister Watson for the increase of his admonitory exhibition in the open air. Poacher against poacher! It was almost as unfair as the mutton bones, which the wolf reproaches the shepherds for grilling, in the old Greek fable.

But the fact was, that Tommy was as tender of the game, in his way, as Mr. Watson himself. He was not the man to rifle "nestisses," nor to pity the riflers on four feet or on two. He was as good as an underkeeper in matters of preservation, only he could not keep from sharing sport in due season. Father and mother were still obdurate, refusing their sanction to his regular enrolment under Watson, who by way of accustoming them to what he saw was, after all, inevitable, would ask of Tommy, in their presence, to do odd jobs in the keeperin' line for him, just now and then, on pretext that some press of work was leaving him no regular hand unemployed and available. Now, it befell, not long after the failure of the London detectives at Rookenhams, that irregularities and offences had been rife upon the Crans-

dale trout-burns on the upper moors. Certain fishes had been found dead on the banks, at higher and drier elevations than any to which their own saltatory performances could have enabled them to reach. No "spoor" of otter was traceable, nor did the spotted silver of the luckless trout show marks of the incisors of their amphibious enemy.

"Can't say whether 'um's bin wired or netted, or what not," grumbled the old keeper.

"Tell 'ee what now, Tommy, set a thief to catch a—no, there; no need to take no offence, Tommy. I've a knowed you a'most as long as your own father, lad; and though I owes 'ee a grudge or two on fur and feather 'count, I don't believe there's a 'onest-er young feller not hereabouts, all but the poachin.' Howsomedever, what I meant war this: my Lord ain't pertickler about the upland burns, so I don't want no 'rests made, nor nothin' like; but if you'd look into this here a bit, Tommy, and see what it is they does, and who does it, and let 'em know we can't quite stand it, not if things is to go on as they 'as;—why somethin' mought come on it, pertickler o' makin' things pleasant wi' your father and me about 'ee, Tommy!"

Never had Mr. Watson been known by Tommy to deliver himself of so lengthy a discourse. He was much moved by the circumstance, and by the evidence it disclosed of an interest in his own heart's wishes, and of a good-will, surviving in spite of frequent, aggravated, and old-standing provocations.

Nay, Mr. Watson went so far as to beg the loan of Tommy's services, by personal application from his father. It could not, under such condescension, be refused; so Tommy, strapping a fishing creel across his shoulders in token of his temporary rank on special service, betook himself to the moors to right the wrongs of the moorland trout.

It was three days after entering on this confidential enterprise that he determined—having completed a first cursory reconnaissance of the whole campaigning ground—to make detailed and minute examination of all and several the "likely places," where lines, nets, or wires might lurk unperceived. The hot noon found him at a notable spot, kneeling upon a

ledge of stone which formed the brim of one of the deep basins, wherein the eddying waters stayed their speed below the Pixie's pillar, not far from the spot of Ned Locksley's adventure with poor Benjy.

He had tucked up his coat-sleeve at the wrist, and passed his hand cautiously along the under-side of the ledge beneath the water, without encountering any suspicious substance. But such a superficial search proved little. He stood up, passed the strap of the fish-basket over his shoulder, and deposited that receptacle upon the grass, in which the cheery chirrup of a million grasshoppers made merry music.

He untied his neckcloth, loose as it was, and thrust it into the pocket of his velveteen coat. Then he divested himself of that garment utterly, and tossing it aside upon an ant heap, caused a total eclipse over that region, which must have disconcerted the astronomical expectations of the ants—if they have any. As he wore no waistcoat, nothing farther was needed to set his upper limbs at liberty but to tie his braces round his waist and roll up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulders. This done, he laid himself flat, face foremost, upon the rim of the pool again, his head downwards, after a most apoplectic fashion, one hand grasping the outer stone ledge; the other, groping deep in the cool water.

He was thus all unknowing of the approach of a blue-coated figure coming up the bank at a cautious distance from the water, which, by reflecting, might have betrayed its advance. But when the "determination of blood to the head," necessitated by his posture, became temporarily unendurable, he looked up, and turning him round upon his seat, was aware of the presence and close contact of Police Constable Hutchins.

"At it again, eh?" said that functionary.

"At what again, pleaceman!" answered Tommy.

"Come none o' that ere," retorted the man in blue.

"None of what ere?"

"None o' your sorce young man, when took in the hact o' sich ingratitude."

If the features of Police Constable Hutchins had ever caught from the countenance of the Chairman of Quar-

ter Sessions any vestige of its former magisterial rebuke against offenders, some reflection of that awfulness of thought, must at this moment be causing Tommy Wilmot's heart to quail.

It is sad to state, however, that this hardened offender showed a most temptuous composure under the wrath overhanging him. After a moment's hesitation, during which he thought of jerking the peace pipe over his head into the pool, and his fingers to contract and clutch at nothing, he said, in a tone between provocation and playfulness:

"I don't want no rows wi' nabe. Now git along, pleaceman, do."

"I'm a goin' to git along, in charge of my dooty, young man," answered Hutchins, unhesitatingly, "and do you git up and come a wi' me, without makin' no row, as it'll be the better for you."

Tommy stood up, not to comply with this summons by any means. Still the sense of responsibility, as even of official dignity, was on himself as on his adversary; so he contented himself with saying,

"Tell 'ee what now, pleaceman: this ere's some mistake o' yourn. I'm a doin' o' my dooty, and you me! do yourn; I don't want no more words about it."

"Likely not," answered the other: "has for words, you may keep 'em for the Justices, if so be you'd rather. But if wirin' o' trout his your dooty, young man, apprehension of part-offending his mine, and no mistake."

"Oh, that's what you 'm up to, is it!" cried Tommy, tickled by the policeman's blunder. "Ha'nt 'ee 'eard as Muster Watson's set I to look arter the lads that's bin a fishin' foul up er now."

"I've a heard nothing of the sort," answered Hutchins, with evident incredulity.

"Then you've 'eard it now, and that's 'nuff, I s'pose," growled Tommy, interpreting and reacting the doubts upon the other's face.

"What!—set a thief to catch a thief, has Mr. Watson, eh?"

"Thief yoursen', you puddin'-face peeler!" cried young Wilmot, enraged beyond measure at hearing from a foe's lips the same ugly phrase which had hurt him from a friend's.

There was a fulness of feature, com-

bined with absence of colour, about the worthy policeman's countenance, which accounted for, if it did not justify, the disparaging epithet long since fixed upon him by the less reverent portion of the village lads. His temper was gone, whither Tommy's had preceded it.

"Likely tale, *hindeed*; to take a Cransdale keeper hout o' Cransmere lock-up. A hoffer of my 'xperience ain't to be took in so easy, no, not by no means." And he looked round for any suspicious circumstance, on which to found a formal charge.

"What's in yon basket, eh? fair fishin' gear, or foul, I wonder. I shall *hinsist* upon yer shewing me, young man!"

"Wish 'ee may get it!" said Tommy, sulkily.

"*Hindeed*!" cried the policeman, making a quick snatch at it, as he spoke.

But Tommy likewise snatched at it, catching the leather belt only, which broke with the violence of the tug on either side, and, the lid opening as the basket fell, its contents rolled out upon the trampled grass.

Tommy Wilmot was thunderstruck.

"Wusser nor I thort!" cried the constable. He whipped out a pair of handcuffs, and had one of them on one of Wilmot's wrists before the young man recovered his senses, and darted a few yards aside.

Then the policeman pounced upon an object on the grass, caught it up, and thrust it into his left-hand breast-pocket in a moment.

He rushed at Wilmot, who shook him off; but made no attempt at escape.

"So sure as Heaven's above——" began the young man.

"Shut up wi' that," cried Hutchins, and rushed at him again; but again his powerful opponent shook him off, and stood at bay, without attempting to escape.

"Tell 'ee what, pleaceman, you let I goo hands free; an' I goos wi'out no more ado, I does. But you and I med both be dead i' bottom o' yon pool afore 'ee takes I down to Cransmere han'cuffed!"

The policeman was no coward, and would have done his duty to the death, if need were. But he knew his man, and knew him by experience for more than his own match in any

encounter. Moreover he saw him stand his ground, where a race for liberty was clear before him.

"Put on yer coat, then, and come along."

As Wilmot obeyed the order, the constable picked up the other scattered articles, and returned them to the basket, of which he took possession; then, side by side, in silence, he and his prisoner on parole went downwards from the moor.

"I really can see no course but to commit you for the present," said Squire Jekyll, when he had heard the policeman's story in his private justice-room, and had ascertained from Wilmot that, beyond a simple and absolute denial of any guilt or guilty knowledge on his own part, he had no account to give of the damning circumstance.

"There can be no doubt as to the identity or ownership of this article," continued the magistrate, taking from a drawer in his bureau a list of the missing articles advertised after the Rookenhams robbery.

"Let me see," and once more he picked up from the table what Hutchins had seized upon the grass and pocketed. "It corresponds exactly;" and he read off from the paper—"No. 56, oblong tortoise-shell box, lined with ivory, outer surface inlaid with gold ornaments in the 'renaissance' style; centre, an oval medallion, with portrait of 'Madame de Pompadour' in miniature, by Boucher; initials, F.B., under lady's left breast." There can be no doubt that this is the box described, forming part of the valuables abstracted from the family mansion of Lord Royston. You must see yourself that, upon your total failure to account for your possession of this box, or, more exactly, of its presence in your fish-basket; it must be my plain duty to have you kept in custody till further investigation."

Tommy shook his head mournfully; he had no objection to offer. But whilst the magistrate was sealing up the stolen box, he asked of him whether he might communicate with Mr. Locksley at the Lodge in the Park.

"By all means," answered the Squire; "will you write, or shall I send down and ask him to come over?"

"Ah, do 'ee, sir, and beg o' him, for any sake, to come over at once; on'y

dont 'ee tell un, please, what I'm in trouble about, till I've a seed 'un mysen."

This the Squire promised also.

The handcuffs still dangled upon Tommy's wrist. The policeman locked the second loop round one of his own with an apologetic look.

"I'm hanswerable to justices for 'ee, now, you see, young man."

"All right," said Tommy, in profound dejection.

"But, I say, pleaceman?"

"Well, what?"

"I'd tak' it kind o' 'ee to say nought o' what's brought me so; no sooner nor 'ee can help, ye know."

"Never fear, young man," answered the constable, with a pompousness, which not even his intended good-nature could suppress. "Discretion is the dooty of a hoffer in my position."

Before dusk Mr. Locksley was ushered in. He was mounting for an evening ride over the estate when Squire Jekyll's messenger arrived; so he set off immediately.

"Policeman over zealous, I suppose," he said, cheerily, on entering. I have seen Watson on my way over, Tommy; I understand it's all right about your roving commission as keeper of the trout-burns. But you've had so many difficulties about that sort of thing before, that you mustn't be hard on the constable for having his suspicions."

Tommy shook his head.

"Wish it wur that, sir. This is 'nother guess sort o' thing this is."

"An unlucky blow, Tommy? You were always too ready with your fists."

Mr. Locksley's kind, apologetic tone was more than the lad could bear. He laid his arm upon the table, and his face upon his arm, and sobbed aloud.

"Tommy Wilmot! man! Look up like a man, and tell me what's amiss."

"They thinks it wur I as broke into my Lord's at Rookenham, they does!"

"About as much as I did, Tommy!" said out, at once, the generous, open-hearted gentleman, under whose eye the boy had been born and bred.

"God bless 'ee for that, sir!" cried the prisoner, starting to his feet, and shaking off, as an evil spell spoilt, the despondency which had cowed

him hitherto. He took a turn up and down the narrow crib; then begged his good friend to sit down upon the single chair, whilst he himself sat on the raised boards on which the rare inmates of the Cransmere lock-up slept.

"What on earth can have put such a notion into their heads, Tommy?"

"I suppose them as put that box into my basket," answered he, with a forced laugh, which was a miserable failure.

"What box? You must remember I know nothing of what has happened, except that I find you here, where I am sure, as I said, that you have no right to be on any such score as that."

Thus encouraged, Tommy told him precisely what had passed, and of his own utter amazement at the unexpected appearance of the costly toy.

"It's most unaccountable," said Mr. Locksley, "and I should do you no service in hiding from you that, in the eyes of any one who didn't know you as I do, the thing would look very serious. But you shall have the benefit of lawyer's advice when the case comes on, and I'll see the squire myself and find out when it will."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Tommy with a sincerity of tone which made up for the scanty allowance of grateful words.

"What shall I say at home, Tommy? Stories go about so, we shan't keep it long in some shape from father and mother, I fear."

"No! nor I wouldn't wish to't," he answered, "on'y I'd sooner have 'em 'ear it from a genelman like you, sir, as don't think I dun it, than be vrighted out o' their your wits like by some lyin' gossip."

"All right, then, Tommy; I'll call in at once when I get over. I suppose there's nothing I can do for you to-night here? Shall you want any money?"

"No, thank'ee, sir! I've a bit i' my pocket if I shuld."

Mr. Locksley held out his hand to the poor lad, who wrung it with an eager grip, which told his appreciation of the friendly confidence put in him under such cloudy circumstances.

The elder Wilmot was a man of little judgment, and therewith pig-headed, as will not seldom befall.

Mr. Locksley was surprised and shocked to find that Tommy's own father did not, as he had done, repudiate instinctively the supposition of the lad's guilt.

Disobedience to the just and reasonable commands of parents is, doubtless, offence enough in itself, and the fruitful parent of offences; but Tommy's disinclination for pursuits of horticulture could hardly be set down as regular rebellion, since he did continue to work among the lettuces and cabbages. But there was more of the despot than of the father in John Wilmot's estimate of his own authority. He seemed to think that hands which showed small aptitude for handling rakes and waterpots might naturally hanker after a burglar's crowbar. When he had heard Mr. Locksley's story and had recovered from the first emotion of surprise, he set himself to inveigh rather against his son's undutifulness than against the enormity of the suspicion of his guilt. The mother, too, true to her early prejudice against all poaching characters—whom, indeed, she had but too good cause to think capable of the most outrageous crimes—wept bitterly over Tommy's disgrace, and wrung her hands in despair, saying little else than this:

"Guilty or not guilty, 'tis the poachin' as has brought it on us!"

An expression of opinion embodying, as Mr. Locksley felt, but too much of a truth likely to tell against her boy upon his trial.

The "big room" at the Cransmere Town-hall was not very spacious, but such space as it contained beyond what was absolutely required for the magistrates' table was crammed to overflowing when Tommy was "had up." Three of P. O. Hutchins' blue-coated comrades were present from the county town itself, under the command of an inspector; and even their united imperiousness could scarcely keep the eager, prying townsfolk from sweeping on to the tabooed parallelogram, to the confusion of magisterial order and the abrogation of all formal judicial action whatsoever.

There was a side room at the upper end where the magistrates assembled, and whence in due time they issued in awful conclave to take their seats within the jeopardized "reserve."

Squire Jekyll was there, and Mr. Locksley, Sir Henry Hebblethwaite, and Mr. Mapes, of Maperly; the magistrates' clerk, of course, an attorney on the part of Lord Royston's man of business, and another retained, according to Mr. Locksley's promise, "to watch the proceedings on behalf of the defendant." The lock-up had no means of communication with the "big room" save through the principal staircase, and P. C. Hutchins, with Tommy in charge, had no small difficulty in pushing his way through the crowd, even when assisted by a spirited diversion "ab intrâ" upon the part of the inspector himself. Poor Tommy Wilmot! He was holding his head high, as becomes a lad of spirit, conscious, as it would seem, of innocence, when he first came in contact with the edge of the packed assembly. But his head hung on his breast before the policemen had elbowed and hustled themselves and him half through. The hot breath of his slanderers literally made his cheek to burn, for their lips almost touched his ear as he was pushed past them.

"Who'd a thowt it, o' Lodge-gairdner's son too? But, there, pride must have a fall. Them Wilmots was a stuck-up lot allays!"—

"Pleaceman don't look so main bad nayther: thay sed, as Tommy had nigh throttled 'un too, thay did."

"How much wur it he'd spent o' what he gotten for the goods, eh? 'Twur old Levi, at Saint Ivo's, bought the main o' it vrom 'un, I 'eared saay"—

"You see what cooms o' poachin', Billy," said one hortatory matron to a loutish lad of fourteen or fifteen, in a tattered smock, beside her.

It cut Tommy to the heart, that his own mother said little else to him.

"Poachin' indeed, old gowk," objected a notorious setter of springes to the speaker. "There's as good as Tommy Wilmot has been up here along o' poachin', as 'ud be sheamed to steal the valley o' a toothpick, let aloan 'ousebreakin'."

This roused him again. To be cowed before such a creature as "Snivelling Sam," was a degradation to which he could not consent. He set his neck stiff, his teeth firm, and his eyes straight, and looked his gainsayers in the face once more.

"Lor'! 'ow 'ardened 'e do seem, look 'ee!" said several charitable females, in a breath.

The process was little likely to soften an offender, so far.

A first and unexpected consolation was in store for him, however, when he had reached the outmost row. Foremost amongst the strugglers against that living hedge of constables, so conspicuous for gaps, stood Benjy Cottle, the poor idiot boy. Who when he saw his kind friend Tommy captive and distressed, seemed with an apprehension quicker than his wont, to know that something was wrong, and forthwith began to vent his own alarm and grief in piteous howls.

"Don't 'ee hurt 'un, pleaceman, now, don't 'ee, ow, ow, ow!"

"Silence!" cried Sir Henry Hebblethwaite.

"Silence!" re-echoed the inspector.

But Benjy's lamentations rent the stifling air.

"Remove that noisy brat."

"Suttinly, Sir 'Enry," said the ever officious Hutchins. Sooner said than done. There was no thrusting Benjy summarily through the dense mass of townsfolk; and as for handing him out over their heads, as suggested by the inspector, his lively kicks and bites, and other practical remonstrances, made it a task of evident impossibility.

"Can't any one get him to hush up, at all events?" asked the less irascible squire.

"Perhaps, his friend, the defendant," suggested, meekly, the magistrate's clerk.

This was an admirable idea, and, seconded by the defendant aforesaid, proved eminently successful. Upon being remonstrated with, and reassured by Tommy, and farther bribed by a promise of future peppermints, Benjy ceased his lamentations; but held his place in the front row still.

Justice thereupon entered undisturbed upon her august proceedings.

They were few and simple. The policeman was sworn, and gave his evidence, uncontradicted of course by Wilmot. The latter, when called upon to account for the presence of the box in his basket, could only suggest that some one, who had a spite against him, and was himself concerned in the robbery, must have placed it there.

"Some one who has a spite against

you! Have you any reason to suppose that any person has one?" inquired Sir Henry.

"Not exactly," he answered.

"Not exactly? that's not exactly an answer, is it? Who is likely to have a spite of the sort against you?"

Tommy could have bitten his tongue out. The truth was, his acceptance of office under Watson had been counted an apostacy in certain sporting circles in the neighbourhood. It had come to his ears that they had been aware of it, though the police had not; and that opinions derogatory to Tommy's sense of honour and good fellowship had been expressed, in terms less choice than forcible, in the tap-room of the Blue Cow. Threats of "serving him out" had accompanied these candid expressions of opinion; and his exculpatory theory had certainly been, that some of the dregs of the "poaching lot" in Cransmere having tampered in the robbery, had fixed on this means of inculpating him, and diverting suspicion from themselves.

But the slanders he had just heard against himself, though they made him savage, had no power to make him mean.

Every man, woman, and child, but Benjy, had some harsh word against the poacher on their lips.

Now, he had been a poacher, with distinctions and reservations, of a sportsman-like character, it was true; still a poacher, and for that belied. He was feeling with keen indignation, in that self-same hour, how cruel the injustice might be which made "poacher" and "thief" convertible terms. He shrunk, therefore, for the lad had a fine heart, from endorsing that injustice, even against possible enemies. Not another word, upon the subject of any spite against himself, could the magistrate now get out of him.

"I suppose it would be right," said Sir Henry to his brethren, "that there should be some formal identification of the stolen article?"

"Just so," said the attorney present on Lord Royston's part. "Mrs. White, Sir Henry, the housekeeper at Rookenhams, is here, prepared to give evidence."

Mrs. White, was at this juncture introduced.

"Where is the box in question?" asked Sir Henry. Hutchins produced

it, sealed up, as it had been by Squire Jekyll, on the afternoon of Tommy Wilmot's arrest.

But when the seals were broken, and the paper wrapping thrown aside, and the box held out to Mrs. White for her inspection, there was a fresh outburst from Benjy :

"Gi' it I ! gi' it ! Yon's my coffin, my pretty little coffin, for the mousey !"

"Silence !" again cried Sir Henry.

"Silence !" again re-echoed the inspector.

"Hush up now, Benjy," said Wilmot, "like a good lad."

Far from it. Was this indeed a hall of justice, and his lawful property to be kept unjustly from him ?

"Gi' it I, pleaceman ! Oh do, pray, please gi' it I ! My pretty coffin, for my poor dear mousey !"

"What's that the brawling brat says ?" inquired the peppery Baronet. "If the police force of this county were worth their salt, they would know their duty better than to let us be interrupted by idiots after this fashion."

But the quick ear and attention of the attorney for the defendant had noted the protestations of the boy. There was a possible clue, so he caught at the thread eagerly.

"With your leave, and that of the bench, Sir Henry, this seems to me to deserve considerable attention. Allow me, gentlemen ;—is that your box, my boy ?"

"Nonsense !" cried Sir Henry. "How can the box be the boy's, when there's Mrs. White here to prove it part of Lord Royston's property. Besides which, how could a brat like that come by a box like this ?"

"Ah, that indeed is quite a separate question. But excuse me, Sir Henry, I appear for the defendant, and prefer conducting my client's case my own way."

"As you please then, Mr. Attorney," growled the baronet.

The lawyer turned to Benjy.

"Is that your box, my boy ?"

But Benjy's fitful intelligence failed to detect a friendly tone in the question, and he gaped upon the questioner with open mouth and lack-lustre eyes. This was embarrassing. The attorney was, however, a man of expedients. If Benjy's attention could be turned from himself again upon

the toy, he knew that his chance of eliciting an answer would be tenfold. So he took it in hand, with "by your leave, Sir Henry," and passing it close under the idiot's face, repeated his question, "Is this your box, my boy ?"

"'Ees it be !" cried Benjy, clutching at it.

"And where did you get it ?" boldly asked the attorney, with a double inward apprehension : lest the child should obstinately refuse to answer ; or lest he should blurt out something which might mar, instead of mending the case for Tommy.

"Nigh t' peat-pools," answered he without a second's hesitation.

The attorney could not resist a glance of satisfaction towards Sir Henry.

"Where are these peat-pools ?" he asked of the policemen.

"Further edge of the moor, towards the quarries," said two, in a breath.

"Well you're a good boy, and shall have some peppermints," continued his interrogator, who had noticed the soothing effect of that expectation upon him previously.

It occurred to Sir Henry, that there might lurk herein a savour of tampering with the witness ; but the examination of Benjy being necessarily informal, he feared to risk its utter interruption by objecting.

"Didn't you say it was mousey's coffin, eh ?"

"'Ees it be. Poor dear, wee mousey !"

"And what have you done with mousey, my boy ?"

"Put 'un in yon basket," pointing to the fishing-creel upon the table.

"Ah yes ! poor wee mousey !" said the sympathizing attorney. "So you put him in the basket, box and all, did you, till you could bury him ?"

"'Ees, put 'un into pit hole like t'owld saxton," replied Benjy, with unusual lucidity before Sir Henry could object that the attorney must really not put such leading questions.

"How came this poor child to have access to your basket, Wilmot ? Has he been in your company lately ?"

"Why, yes, sir ; I tak' my vittles at his mother's these day or two, since I wur set to mind the burns up at moor."

"Gentlemen !" said the attorney turning round to the bench, "here is evidence, most unexpected and

most unexceptionable, of the fact that, as my client has all along asserted, this box was placed without his privity in the position where it was accidentally discovered by the policeman. The very circumstances under which that poor innocent's witness has been elicited remove, thank God, any suspicion of collusion. My duty is not concerned with suggesting how the child came into possession of the box, but is best discharged by claiming, as I now do, for my client an instantaneous and honourable acquittal."

There was a cheer from the audience at this little speech. Tommy had learnt, however, to hold their judgment cheap. He turned on them a look of such contempt as few could fail to understand.

"What!" said Sir Henry, in a confidential undertone to his brother magistrates, "are we to let off this poaching scamp, and lose the first clue that has been come across to the Rookenhams affair, on the score of an idiot's cock-and-bull about a dead mouse?"

"By the way," interrupted Mr. Mapea, "the boy said he put the mouse into the basket; the box was rather a suggestion of the defendant's attorney, wasn't it?"

"Policeman Hutchins," he then asked, "the boy says he put a dead mouse into the basket; did you happen to see one when its contents fell out?"

"No sir. Nor I don't think there could have been one neither, for I picked up what was on the grass after pocketing the box, and I didn't see no mouse, I'm positive."

Policemen are but human. The vanishing of all prospect of a share in the reward advertised for the fortunate man who should prosecute to conviction any party concerned in

Rookenhams burglary disposed to attach less weight than the attorney did to the disfavour of the defendant.

"What did you do with what you picked up, Constable?" said the adviser.

"I put it into the basket again." "The basket been opened?"

"No, sir."

"I suggest a search of its contents," he asked of the authorities.

"By all means," they assented.

One by one the articles contained were handed out and laid upon the table. A bit of chalk, a lump of bees'-wax, an old steel tailor's-needle, a pocket songster, a bank of stout thread, a rude apology for a fly-book—with some admirably tied flies in it, however, as Mr. Mapea, an enthusiastic angler, at once observed, a clasp knife, a roll of gut, and, last of all, a very dirty, tattered pocket-handkerchief. Then the basket was held upside down and shaken. No mouse appeared.

A shade of disappointment clouded for a moment the attorney's face; Sir Henry braked up again; but once more Benjy interposed to guide the investigation.

"'Ees, yon be my poor mouse, tied up in t' hanchefut."

"Tied up in what?"

"In t' lad's ankecheef," explained Tommy.

"Shake it out, Policeman," said the squire, who shrank from contact with the unsavoury rag himself.

It might once have been, as its manufacturer intended, a rough white cotton article imprinted with the representation of a blind man and his dog, surrounded by the verities of the beggar's petition. But if no other colouring matter had ever wrought confusion in its design, the strong, mordant purple of the juice of squashed blackberries had effectually obliterated all. The holes and tatters went impartially in both directions of warf and woop. No mouse fell out, but in one corner two knots appeared, and being with some toil unfastened—sure enough, the corpse of a poor little shrewmouse was discovered in an early stage of decomposition.

"I think after this corroboration, gentlemen," again interposed the attorney, "I need hardly renew my appeal. It is bare justice that my client should not only be discharged, but with the acknowledgment that there remains neither particle of evidence nor ground of suspicion against him."

Though it was evident the magistrates assented, there was no cheering this time, for Tommy, as if to forbid it, turned round once more and scowled angrily at the assembly. Then he put his hand up to his fore-

head, pulled his forelock towards Mr. Locksley, shook hands with his attorney, and began at once, with scant ceremony, to elbow his way out of the crowd, whose sympathies he scornfully rejected.

There was a farther difficulty with Benjy, whom P. C. Hutchins took upon him to detain, and endeavoured with no sort of success to cross-question about the finding of the enamelled box. "Nigh t' peat-pools" he repeated once or twice, and thenceforward devoted his whole flickering attention to the shrewmouse's unsavoury carcass. Being allowed to wrap it up in his handkerchief again, he consented to accompany the policeman home, upon stipulation that opportunity should be afforded him of investing in peppermints the sixpence which, with praiseworthy faithfulness to his promise, the triumphant counsel for the defence had bestowed upon him. Hutchins was commissioned by the magistrates to make careful inquiries from Widow Rizpah, and empowered, if necessary, to search her cottage. It was not, however, till some weeks after that anything appeared to corroborate or invalidate Benjy's assertions; and then one of the Cransdale underkeepers picked up, not five hundred yards from the peat-pools, an old-fashioned silver pencil-case, which Mrs. White identified as also forming part of Lord Royston's stolen goods. But a sullen indignation glowed like red-hot embers in the mind of Tommy Wilmot. It seemed to him upon regaining his liberty as if there was little more warmth in his parents' reception of him than there had been readiness in their conviction of his innocence: and the forwardness of the Cransmere gossips to believe the worst of him was an iron that had entered into his soul. The long-coveted underkeepership—should his father consent to his accepting it, as Mr. Locksley was most anxiously urging on him now to do—

seemed to have lost its charm, it was already tainted with the reproach of being a turn-coat's bribe.

A wall of ice, upon which the glow of his own anger made no more thaw than an Esquimaux's camp-fire upon a "hummock" in the Arctic seas, seemed to have interposed between his father and himself; and even his mother's tears seemed to freeze upon it into mere icicles, because he suspected that she, possibly, still suspected him. The warm breath of a genial confidence could alone melt the dense and cold obstruction, and from no quarter of the domestic heaven did such a soft south wind blow.

He took, without apparent increase of reluctance, the paternal rakes and watering-pots in hand, and went to work once more among the "cabbidge and lattices" which his soul spurned. He brooded and brooded, but hatched no egg of intent, cockatrice or wholesome barn-door chick; until one day, mowing on the lawn by the lodge windows, without evil intent of eavesdropping, certain words smote his ear between the tinklings of the sharpening-stone upon the scythe.

"So Ned sails this day three weeks. Oh, Robert, I can hardly think all real now."

He didn't catch the answer.

"But we'll go down to Chatterham, dearest, won't we, to spend the last week at least with him?"

Tommy moved off; but he had heard enough.

"Go for a sodger, eh? To the East Injies, along with Master Ned. I can't abide things as they is at home much longer, nor I wun't."

Two days after Mrs. Wilmot was crying her heart out in Lucy's little breakfast-room, reproaching herself, too late, with a woman's ready repentings.

"Oh deary, deary, deary me, ma'am, to think we shuld a druv' un to 't. Our Tommy's tuk' an' started."

THE PRINCE'S DRIVES.

A LEGEND OF THE BOUDDHA.

I.

FROM his palace gate
 The Prince Suddhârtha and all his train
 Went trampling away in royal state
 Across a noble plain,
 With flashing foot and jingling rein ;
 They went to spend a summer day
 And to sing out a summer night,
 A score of forest miles away,
 Where woods unpierced of fiercer ray,
 And flowers like a purple and golden sea,
 Fill with eternal delight
 The gardens of Loumbini.
 O sweet those gardens spread
 With folded wood and bright parterre,
 And foaming founts in the Indian air,
 And shadows of trees
 That sleep and sleep upon the grass,
 Like shadows of boats on calm green seas.
 O sweet the gardens spread ;
 And in music the waters pass,
 And the shadows of rose tree or fir,
 Or creeper blossom-starr'd,
 Are a delicate darkness upon the sward.
 That makes the sunniness sunnier.
 But a softer garden is youth,
 And more musical flows life's stream,
 For the young encrownèd head.
 Tell me in sooth
 If ye would not dream the dream,
 If ye would not be
 By the forest-cool'd and splinter'd light,
 By the silver moon of the Indian night,
 Where Himalayan shadows fall,
 Upon the valleys of Nepaul.
 Would ye not speed the hours along
 And flush your cheek with the crimson wine,
 And flush your heart with the wine of song.
 And cool your cheek in the countless rose,
 Where the new-born breeze more humid blows,*
 And under palm and pine
 Look into beauty's starry eyne,
 In the garden of Loumbini.

II.

Suddhârtha's car
 Is near the eastern gate.
 He is like a splendid star,
 And like light clouds round him wait
 The wave and flow
 Of robes of snow,
 Beauty, and strength, and state.

* *Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosâ. — Milton.*

Is there the thing called woe
 Among the ranks of the great?
 Who wear the crowns of gold,
 Do they ever grow sad, or sick, or old?
 Lo! right on Suddhârtha's track,
 A man who seems as old as the trees,
 His claws are curv'd and black,
 His thin long legs have bunchèd knees,
 He quivers like froth beside the seas,
 His blackened teeth, like black sticks shake
 On withered bushes in the brake;
 Like little serpents with purple stains,
 Stood out his muscles and veins.

And Prince Suddhârtha said
 To him who held the jewelled reins
 "Who is this man that we have here?
 His eyes are gummy and blear,
 His ropy muscles swell and break,
 His head is bald, his black teeth shake
 Like leeches in a rolling lake;
 His thighs are thin, his knees are thick,
 He wanders about upon his stick:
 Is this a vice of his proper blood,
 A sore disease that follows the base,
 Or is it a taint of the golden flood
 That grandly flows through the hearts of our race?"

"O Prince," quoth the Charioteer,
 "The law of our race is here.
 Sad and lone as he seems to be,
 Like a driven leaf beside the sea,
 Black and sodden, that pilgrims find
 While the island-forests stretch behind,
 Soft green with light and singing with wind;
 Like the dead wood of the fallen tree.

So must it be, my Lord, with all!
 Your crownèd sire, your royal mother
 Your bride and kin in the marble hall,
 Like the kin of any other.
 Starr'd with gems and sunny with gold,
 Stream'd with pearls, as the waterfall
 With foam-bells down its light green fold,
 All must grow old!"

Whereto the Prince replied:
 "O weak and greatly ignorant,
 Their drunken song of pride
 In the summer days of youth who chant.
 I to whom old age awaits
 Why should I pass through yon gates?
 Pleasure, and joy, and delight,
 What hath Suddârtha with ye?
 Turn the bit with jewels bright,
 O, Charioteer, drive us away!"
 So Suddhârtha drove not that day
 To the gardens of Loubini.

III.

Again Suddhârtha drove
 With all his lords to see
 The pleasure-gardens of Loubini.
 The car is in a deep cool grove,

And a smile is round his pensive mouth,
 For here is the cedar gate of the South
 Through which he pass'd in infancy,
 And used to float
 Away through miles of lotuses,
 As a sunny-sail'd boat
 Through miles of green and silver seas.
 But what is this as he comes nigher?
 A sick man with fever all afire.
 His lips are crack'd, his pale skin soil'd,
 As flowers for which a child hath toil'd
 Lie in his hot fingers spoil'd.
 Now he deems that he tosses
 On a hanging wave that heaves for ever,
 And now his brain there crosses
 A desire of some cool river.
 Now he remembers and cries,
 "O, but this road of death is wild!
 O, beautiful earth! O, deep blue skies!
 O, gentle face of my wife and child!
 O, laughters, and hopes, and memories!
 O, hard it is to leave ye thus!"
 "Why is he sick? why doth he fear?"
 Said the Prince to the Charioteer.
 "Sickness, my Lord, comes to all of us,
 Health is but a gentle dream,
 On a black river a passing gleam,
 And the herald of death is fear."
 "O, wise man seeing this,
 And what hast thou to do with bliss?
 And what is bliss to thee?
 What, ho! drive us away!"
 So Suddhârtha drove not that day
 To the garden of Lumbini.

IV.

Again Suddhârtha went
 To the beautiful garden afar,
 The jewelled wheels of his car
 Play'd like an exquisite instrument.
 Surely now he will enter at least,
 For here is the gate of the East.
 But lo! they carry with bier and pall
 A dead man to his burial:
 Friends and kinsmen walk near.
 Then cried the Prince to his Charioteer:
 "Ah, woe to the youth
 That old age must come and beset!
 Ah, woe to the health
 That the fingers of sickness must fret!
 Ah, woe to the life
 Continuing not in one stay!
 Old age, and sickness, and death,
 How sweet if you were away,
 How sweet, sweet, were this breath
 If old age, sickness, and death,
 Were chained up for ever and aye!"
 And Suddhârtha drove not that day
 To the garden of Lumbini.

V.

The Prince stole out at midnight.
 His aigrette of pearls away was toss'd,
 His jewell'd cap and scimitar boss'd,
 Like flowers that idle fingers cast
 Into the river that rolleth past.
 In palmer's weeds he takes his way
 From the town of Kapila.
 And Poushya, the beautiful star
 That shone when Suddhârtha was born,
 Shone out o'er purple peaks afar.
 Poushya, beautiful star,
 Shine till thou fade in morn,
 On silver lotus and blossom'd tree,
 Shine o'er the garden of Loumbini,
 Shine on the summer sea :
 Thou shalt shine on nought so grand,
 Wave of the sea, and flower of the land,
 As that encrownèd boy
 Who holdeth truth more dear than joy,
 Who looks through sickness, and death, and eld,
 Till those dark rims become as glasses,
 Where through true quiet is beheld,
 Precipitous mountain passes
 Girt with the mists of eternity,
 But leading on to eternal sleep
 Where life can neither smile nor weep.
 Shine on, Poushya, all night :
 We will not envy thee,
 O thou beautiful star,
 Thy silvering glimpse from afar
 Of wave and flower, and blossom'd tree
 In lawns and pleasaunce of Loumbini ;
 But envy rather the starry soul
 Seeking the central peace,
 While the troubled winds of existence roll,
 Seeking not pleasure but peace
 Where the drifting cloud called life doth cease.

[The writer has only thrown into a metrical form the original legend, which so well embodies the awful philosophy of annihilation and despair underlying the Buddhist system. He hopes, at a future period, to connect another and much more beautiful legend with those Christian thoughts which are the correctives of Oriental mysticism, as of all other errors.]

CHINA.

THERE are few things of more difficult acquisition than accurate intelligence. Take, for example, the population of this "gem of the sea." The late Mr. O'Connell had an easy way of bulking his supporters by millions. Who could authoritatively contradict him? The census of 1851 showed the extent of the exaggeration. Since then how many have talked of us as a "Papal nation." And, while intelligent men, knowing Ireland, appreciate the real foundation of this shadowy statement, who can on authority contradict it? We shall soon have the returns of our "religious profession" in this year of grace, 1861; but who that knows Ireland will anticipate from them what can be called "accuracy?" If there be not in some places a rapid growth of "long" families, untainted with heresy, we shall begin to think that the loyalty of the Pope's followers in Ireland is following in the steps of Italian fidelity.

If there be such "difficulties" in the pursuit of the knowledge of ourselves, who shall wonder that China is a mystery to us? And if, as we think it will appear, there be cogent reasons for keeping the British people in the dark, is it strange that our relations commercially, politically, and religiously, to the Chinese, should be imperfectly understood at home? No Irish Protestant would have regarded with favour the employment of British arms for the suppression of the movement which has produced the Italian Kingdom; and if it should appear that a course of action is being pursued in China, a parallel to which, in Europe, would have taken from any Ministry the reins of government, why should we look on in silence? Credit is due to various journalists who have from time to time pointed out isolated questionable acts. Their very limits, however, preclude a full discussion of the Chinese question; and if in the pages of the *University Magazine*, in perfect harmony with its history and spirit, a clear and convincing case be established, let it be hoped that every broadsheet in the country, sacred to the extension of

free institutions, will reiterate the just complaint, until we come to occupy the right relation to that empire.

Many things about this remarkable country are familiar to every school-boy, from the ludicrous aspect they wear. That Chinamen wear tails from their crowns, and thus become an easy prey to Celestial policemen, is vividly realized. It is less known that this absurd usage, imposed upon the real Chinese, is being discontinued entirely by a large body, whom our agents in China choose to call "rebels," whom others call "revolutionaries," and whom in Europe we should have styled "insurgents," till success or failure should determine whether they were "patriots" or "traitors." How many models we could produce from our cabinets of Celestial ladies' feet—"golden lilies," as the gallant Chinese call them. We are not generally familiar with the fact that these "rebels" have the sense to see the absurdity of this custom also, and allow human feet to retain the form and do the duty nature assigned them. There are many hundreds of Chinese idols here and there among our chimney and table ornaments, many of them, let us believe, from China, and the rest as like the real thing as the relics at Waterloo. We know the little laughable bits of composition with their benevolent almond eyes. But do we realize that a powerful party in China, called by some of the hard words above mentioned, have waged for ten years a war of extermination upon all these, so that over a region comprehending, it is said, sixty millions of people not an idol is now to be found? There is much that is ludicrous, much that is quaint, about the Chinese, just as there is much that is amusing to us in the ways of our venerable ancestors in the thirteenth or even in the seventeenth century; but it might be very good for us to remember that at those periods travellers regarded the Chinese as in advance of us in many things that constitute civilization. We can make a good caricature of John Chinaman in his loose "continuations" and easy jacket, beardless, whiskerless—and rotund, if of the "upper classes."

But they, too, have their laugh at us, and caricature our odd costume.

And let us remember there are questions coming up from China that carry us entirely out of the region of the amusing, and claim our sober thought. Not to open up the history of earlier collisions with this people, nor to trace censoriously the growth of our commercial dealings with them, and the means by which that growth has been fostered, look at the fact that from tea alone, we, the British people, derive an annual revenue of £5,000,000, and that the English commerce with China is worth £22,000,000 a-year.

Every thing affecting the stability of an empire so related to us becomes of importance to the commercial men of the day. If the commercial public of Great Britain are made to believe by any means that the "rebels" success would impair their trade, then it must be confessed the rebels would find small favour in many English circles. The only way to conciliate these circles is to show that the only reasonable chance of a continued, increased, and honourable traffic with China is, to say the least of it, to let the Chinese alone to settle their own quarrels. We believe this can be shown, and we shall make the attempt.

Look, again, at the immense population of China, and the huge space it occupies in those vast and ill-defined breadths of Eastern soil, with the concerns of which, political and religious, we are every year becoming more implicated. What course are we to steer among them—intervention or neutrality? What precedent are we now to create? What are we to declare we shall, alone or with allies, consider a *casus belli*? We speak not now of the just and defensible vindication of the law of nations, as between the Chinese and the "barbarians" without, but of the disputes among the people themselves. And, especially if it be shown that a section of any Eastern nation, with such light as has reached them, imbibing our ideas, striving after our freedom, our just and equal laws, and our Protestant religion, enter on and wage a war of insurrection, are we to be held ready, with such force as we can employ, to bolster up the heathenism and the despotism, against those who, wildly, perhaps—grotesquely, perhaps—but in an earnest, and, to us, inoffen-

sive way, struggle for freedom? This, we think, is not too strong a representation of what the British government, without the intelligent complicity of the bulk of the British people, is now doing in China, as we shall endeavour to make plain.

"Pshaw," we hear from some intelligent reader, a little shocked and alarmed at the trouble of having to reconsider a thing, "this will be a defence of those Taipings. Didn't I read in the newspapers, &c., &c." But are you aware, my dear sir, that the only newspaper in Shanghai is the British government official organ, and that from it the other Chinese papers get all their news of the insurrection? "No, you did not know this." I thought so. Well, suppose you had been the Government there, and had governed a little too much, and got into collision with these insurgents, and the editor of your organ printed rather a bad account of them, do you think you could not manage to overlook that? When you had made them your enemies, could you blame the highly respectable editor of your organ for thinking your enemies a sad set of ruffians? Of course not. Well, good sir, that is the very thing that has taken place. You do not read "blue books?" Of course not. No one does, who can help it. Well, there is a blue book on this point, in which Mr. Bruce figures largely. Mr. Bruce is at war with the insurgents in China, and he is at war with them in this blue book; so he has given all the worst and most injurious reports in circulation among their enemies of these insurgents, and charges them with cruelties which (at page 161) are, by British interpreters, set down to other parties. Do you know Chinese, reader? "No." Of course not; few in these countries do. Professor Julien, of Paris, is believed to know the written language of China better than any other man in Europe, yet he has often declared he could not utter a sentence that would be intelligible in China. Suppose, then, that, like Mr. Wade, you were in collision with these insurgents, and at the same time giving information regarding them, who could blame you if you interpreted their words and deeds a little harshly? Of course, you and they would not be at war if you did not believe them un-

worthy, and you would see their deeds in the light of the quarrel, of course. Now, that we fear has taken place. Just to show how easy the thing is, take this case:—Some gentlemen, in no way at war with the insurgents, were conducted by one of their officers into Nankin. They thanked him for his kindness and attention. "Don't mention it," said he, "are we not *Lung pan ti huing*?" (brethren of the same womb). Now, this expression, current among them, Mr. Wade has to translate, when the head of the Taipings employs it to declare we are the brethren of Jesus Christ, and he (Mr. Wade) states that Taiping calls Christ his *uterine brother*; a translation quite literal, but conveying an idea untrue and offensive in the extreme.

Our friend, however, did not read the blue book, but the *Times*. The present writer, when a younger man than he is now, was happy in the belief that all the *Times*' correspondents told was reliable, and sometimes congratulated himself thus: "What a blessing these correspondents are! Of course I can't leave my duties, my *lares* and *penates*, and run off to see Cronstadt and Japan, and the Prince's American balls, and that cool-headed madman on the rope at Niagara; but here, in the *Times*, aided with the 'illustrations taken on the spot by our own artist,' I can see all, and perhaps more, than if I were there myself." But, my dear reader, I am pained to tell you, this happy illusion was dispelled some years ago. It happened on this wise. For once, an Irish county was favoured on the same day with the presence of "our own correspondent" of the *Times*, and the present writer. The present writer read in the *Times* the account of a day's proceedings, which he had much better opportunities of observing than "our own correspondent." It would take too much time to repeat the process of thought that commenced thereupon, but the conclusion, not without sighs, was this:—"Dear me! if 'our own correspondent' fills up, shades down, diminishes, magnifies, distorts, and exaggerates thus, when he is in my own native country; how can I believe him when he depicts in graphic lines the perils of Arctic voyages around the Pole, or the peculiarities of a Chinese

party, particularly if he be a friend, or a dependant, or a guest, or something else, of the Government out there, that is governing too much?" Mr. Wingrove Cooke was out of his depth when he entered on an analysis of a religious movement in China, in his letters to the *Times*. He sets down to the "rebels" the ruin of public works, which Mr. Oliphant, in his "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission" (p. 392, vol. I.), assigns to the "mismanagement" of the Imperialists, whom we are supporting, and whom the insurgents would remove. Mr. Albert Smith, once, in the same spirit, ridiculed the Christian element in China, and sheltered himself under the Bishop of Victoria; but he had to own before a London audience that he had misrepresented the Bishop utterly. Perhaps Mr. Oliphant had the fear of a like exposure before his eyes, when, for one of his escapades, he gives a "high clerical authority,"—great, probably, because unknown.

There only remains one other witness, the value of whose testimony it is right to estimate, namely, Sir John Bowring. As Governor of Hong Kong, as a well known author, and an acknowledged authority on matters of trade with the East, Sir John's approbation of our proceedings in China, and his condemnation of the rebels, may be held to be conclusive. But to form a just estimate of the opinion of any one, you must take into account his stand-point, and capacity for judging. Sir John began life as editor of the *Westminster Review*, and may be fairly enough supposed to have kept pace with that credulous exponent of "free inquiry." Many good men would not value highly the opinion of the *Westminster* on a religious movement in England: still less would such an opinion on a religious movement in China command our confidence. But Sir John Bowring, besides this disqualification, is a Government official, committed fully to all its proceedings. Who wonders if he be prepared to justify them? He is the devoted missionary of trade. But our trade with China consists mainly of tea that we import; and opium which the Chinese buy from our Indian empire. Now, if the "rebels" should be the opponents of the opium trade, and Sir John Bowring its patron and friend,

he to be regarded as an impartial witness on the point? The fact is, the only men who have yet obtained the ear of the British people are men, every one of them, as we have shown, incapacitated by position from giving us the whole facts of the case. It may be said, indeed, that the truth must have leaked out from French writers, had the "rebels" been so misrepresented. A single sentence will throw a flood of light on this point:—"The Taiping patriots are determined opponents of idolatry, so that in the course of their progress through the empire they have so effectually abolished the idols, that it is said that over a region comprehending sixty millions of people not an idol is now to be found. The images of Mary and Romish saints meet with the same fate as those of Buddha. They make no distinction." Then "M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China," author of two much-read and over-rated volumes, is not likely to smile on them very benignly, nor will our French allies, if at all religious, be prepossessed in their favour.

Now, what is the position, and what the peculiarities, of the *Taipings*? Not to drag our readers through the early history of the movement over which some obscurity rests, and which had, intermixed, some of the romance in which the less solid missionary literature delights, let it be stated at once that the Taiping dynasty dates its edicts "in the tenth year of its reign." We all remember how ten years ago we heard of the movement, and the sanguine and well-disposed rejoiced over a "nation born in a day." Then came tidings of ravages, distresses, cities sacked, people found dead by hundreds and thousands in the places taken by the rebels. People never inquired—"Who killed them?" It did not enter many heads that the Chinese gentleman never sits about suicide when "the situation" becomes difficult, and that a threatened successful assault is the signal for wholesale self-destruction. The tide of public feeling on a question of fact, at a distance and without any monetary bearings, soon turns, and so the good people who were jubilant over the babyhood of Young China were fain to hold their tongue in public, and in private owned to one

another that the thing must have fallen through. A little mortification thereat indisposed them to make any further inquiry, and so dreary years passed, when we only had notices in the trade reports from China, of the rebels seizing towns, or attacking provinces, all equally difficult to name and to remember. But there was good cause for this silence. They could not communicate with us. Here is the proof:—In August last a body of the "revolutionaries," with friendly intentions, which they announced beforehand, invited, as they believed, by the Allies, came and stationed themselves before Shanghai, without making any hostile advance. Their friendly approach was greeted with shot and shell. "Canister and smooth-bore muskets," Lieutenant-Colonel March, commanding the garrison at Shanghai, reports as used against them with effect. It is not stated that they ever fired a shot, or made a hostile demonstration. No British soldier lost blood enough to colour a despatch. It does not appear that they were "warned off" by any proclamation received by them till the 23rd August, and they had retreated after the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, as he modestly puts it, "was encouraged to fire upon them a few rockets and shell," before the 22nd! All this is printed in full in a *London Gazette Extraordinary* of November 14, 1860, and on the strength of this daring defence of Shanghai against a body of friendly troops, the Royal Marines, the Madras Artillery, and various officers, O'Grady, Cavanagh, &c., and, to crown all, Her Majesty's ships *Nimrod* and *Pioneer*, are commended for good service! It is really hard to read this without a smile. But that smile passes away when we read the letter of the "rebel" leader, printed in the *Government Gazette*, in which he says:—

"When my army reached Soochou, Frenchmen, accompanied by people of other nations, came there to trade. They personally called upon me, and invited me to come to Shanghai, to consult respecting friendly relations between us in future. Knowing that your nations worship, like us, God the Heavenly Father, and Jesus the Heavenly Elder Brother, and are, therefore, of one religion and of one origin with us, I placed entire and undoubted confidence in their

words, and consequently came to meet you at Shanghai."

The unexpected repulse he charges on the French, who, he declares, only "scheme after the trade of Shanghai," and "have no ground on which to come before the Heavenly Father, and the Heavenly Elder Brother." He declares that, after so many victories, had they meant to attack Shanghai, they could have taken it. He adds:—

"I have, however, taken into consideration that you and we alike worship Jesus, and that after all there exists between us the relationship of a common basis and common doctrines. Moreover, I came to Shanghai to make a treaty, in order to see us connected together by trade and commerce. I did not come for the purpose of fighting with you. Had I at once commenced to attack the city and kill people, that would have been the same as the members of one family fighting amongst themselves, which would have caused the imps to ridicule us."

Dwelling on the charitable hope that there must be, among the British, some "men of sense, who know the principles of right," he proceeds, "Hence I shall, for the present, repress this day's indignation," &c. The present writer confesses to have failed where the Chinese rebel succeeded. He cannot repress his indignation at the idea of British troops firing on these men, our friends, at war at that very time with the Mantchoo dynasty, with whom we, too, were at war. They came, expecting a rising of the native Chinese in their favour, exactly as Garibaldi approached the Neapolitan strongholds; and we, in concert with the Imperial Tartar soldiers, drove them away, with shot and shell; sent after them a proclamation warning them not to come; and the Imperial troops, as it appeared from the public prints, "disembowelled the prisoners, and cut off the legs and arms of the slain to obtain their ornaments!" When our relations with China form the topic of Parliamentary inquiry, let it be hoped that this *Gazette Extraordinary* will be studied; for a more humiliating display could hardly be presented in the history of our "little wars." No wonder communication with the rebels has been difficult, and information, of a reliable and unpre-

judiced character, unattainable. In 1855 the Rev. W. C. Burns made an attempt to reach them, at the imminent risk of his life; but after going up the Yang-tsze-Kiang as far as Ching Kiang, he had to return to Shanghai. And if any friendly communication be opened with them now, it must be in spite of the British Government; for, by the treaty of Peking, no British subject can get a passport to any part of the country but on condition that he do not visit any city or district in possession of the rebels. That is to say: we have been brought into the position, that a missionary desiring to visit them cannot have a passport: and we call this neutrality! We keep, by our soldiers and sailors, the ports and harbours for the Imperialists, and we exclude a man from our protection who visits these millions, who, against the cruelty, the oppression, the ruinous despotism of an alien race, are manfully, and in a spirit which might be copied with advantage elsewhere, fighting for freedom: and we call this neutrality!

Do you, my dear sir, having read the *Times* this morning, and now solacing your evening hours with the pages of the *University*, think that the British people know these facts? They were told, the other day, by *All the Year Round*, that "the rebels in Nankin ate their wives" when the commissariat failed. Of course the British people shuddered. And the Messrs. Chambers, with their usual accuracy, having accused the insurrectionaries of being "sanguinary," of course the British people sighed. It is a frightful thing to have an insurrection that is "sanguinary!" Could these good gentlemen kindly point out any plan for conducting a revolution in China, or even in Europe, that would not be "sanguinary." It would be new, and, let us hope, welcome "information for the people" of some of the Nationalities. Why, blood flowed like water in China before the rebels were heard of. Impaling and flaying had only one drawback under Tartar rule, viz., the slowness of the process. Heads were cut off, and paid for in quantities; and the carriage of these becoming a heavy item, ears were received as vouchers, and the payments made accordingly! "Sanguinary!" Why Garibaldi did not unsheath a maiden sword in Naples

and some excesses may be fairly enough owned to in the train of his victorious troops. Who does not know that our own home revolutions, with the rush of angry armed throngs, and the terrible collision, with the crash of old and ruinous institutions tumbling into dust, with the boastful shout of the assailant and the desperate defence of the old possessors, have been much like chaos come again, till order and life grew slowly out of the ruin? And are we to lift our eyes in sentimental wonder that in China, with Chinese ideas of life, with Chinese civilization, and with a Tartar dynasty that has long taught the lesson of cruelty, there should be excesses—camp-followers restrained by no law and bound by no principle, imitating, at an humble distance, the example set by our Imperial allies, and illustrated on our own countrymen last autumn?

But what are they whose "sanguinary" proceedings have shocked so many? As to their power, a writer in the *British Quarterly* for April, only intent on trade, says:—"The position of the Taiping dynasty presents an important element in the question. That dynasty is hardly to be called 'rebel' any longer. It appears to be in possession of nearly the half of China." This sensible writer sees, at a glance, that when people that were rebels with only a town or province, get half China, they deserve a better name. Let us hope they may have it by-and-bye, but on a better ground. It is known that we only followed the Chinese in our *competitive examination* system. The Taipings have established examinations on the four Gospels, instead of Confucius, for literary degrees. They are before us here. They own the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as their standard of faith. Is it strange that in ten years they have only imperfectly supplanted heathenism with scripture truth, in a vast army occupying one-half of China? But they are doing what they can to disseminate the Scriptures, having a staff of men employed in printing them. They have the Ten Commandments, preceded by a prayer, and followed by a doxology to the Trinity, in extensive circulation. They enjoin the strict observance of the Sabbath; and, as we have seen, they are remorseless

iconoclasts, impartially destroying Madonnas and the images of Buddha. All this is vouched for by missionaries of various churches, and asserted by the men themselves; and the bearing of the case is thus put by an intelligent Englishman, of undoubted veracity, on the spot (the Rev. Carstairs Douglas):—"We much fear that the French wish to pick a quarrel with the insurgents for the benefit of the Romish Church, and the spread of French influence. Oh! may British power never be prostituted to such purposes!" This was written in *September*, and in *August* the Taiping leader charges the French in these terms:—"The French have violated their faith, and broken the peace between us."—(*London Extraordinary Gazette*, Nov. 14, already quoted.) And what shall we gain by opposing the Taipings? Are they hostile? They say (same *Gazette*):—

"With the Tsing dynasty your nations have now a quarrel; you cannot have forgotten the battle of Tien-tsin. But our state, in at present carrying on a war, has no other object than to regain our own country. We are at enmity with the Tsing dynasty, but with foreign nations we have no quarrel."

Do they refuse to trade with us? They say (same *Gazette*):—

"Your countries attach much importance to open commerce and trade. Now, the advantages to be obtained from us would be greater than those given by the Tsing dynasty, for, after the establishment of peaceful relations with us, unrestricted commerce might be carried on at all places without exception."

But this may have been the mere claptrap of a cunning leader, one might say. And we might fear so, if it were not borne out by such statements as the following, the interest of which will account for its length, as it proves the possession of the elements of prosperity; it is to be borne in mind, too, that these people hold the greater part of six provinces, the very best in China. The writer is the Rev. Griffith John, who visited Nankin during the autumn:—

"There is nothing in the whole of this vast city to remind one of idolatry. I don't think that there is such a thing as an idol or idol-worship in the city. Probably this can be said of no other city in China. There is no public tobacco and opium

smoking, nor spirit drinking in the city. All these are strictly forbidden; and though I know that both tobacco and opium are smoked, and spirits drunk by not a few, yet it is done so secretly, that not the faintest sign of either is to be observed in the streets. *Everywhere they are busy in rebuilding the place.* They employ every carpenter and mason they can find for this purpose. Shops of every description, on a small scale, are open, and in some parts a good deal of business is going on. I was particularly struck with the fine and healthy appearance of the women and children. Most of the women have large feet, and all have them unbound. This will, to some extent, account for the superiority of their general appearance to all other Chinese women I have seen."

That they are ready and able to trade is beyond doubt. We are now allied with the Tartars, or Mantchoo dynasty, who are known by all missionaries residing in the country and speaking the language of the people to be regarded as intruders, as indeed they are, by the Chinese. "But," says Mr. Scarth, author of "Twelve Years in China," "it is with the Chinese we carry on all our commerce; in twelve years' experience I never met a Tartar in the foreign trade."

"The Tartars may be relied on as improving and prosperous?" Hear Lord Elgin describe them by "the rags and rottenness of a waning civilization." "But," says the leading journal, "the Taipings destroy everything. They laid Soochou in a heap of ruins." The Rev. Mr. Edkins goes to the place, and finds that the Imperialist mandarins destroyed the suburbs to protect the city, before they fled, with all the plunder they could remove. Has the *Times* owned the error? "The rebels are not a perfectly orthodox body of enlightened Christians." True; still, hear themselves, and remember we only ask that they be let alone.

"You, foreign brethren, have had the Gospel for more than 1800 years, but we have had it only, as it were, eight days. Your knowledge must be correct and extensive; ours must necessarily be imperfect and limited. You must bear with us for a season, and gradually we shall improve. As for the Gospel, it is one; and the foreign brethren may rest assured that we are determined to uproot idolatry out of the land, and plant Christianity in its stead."

Thus pleads King Chang, who is described by the European guests whom he entertains at his palace, as "a free and agreeable sort of man."

Now, observe how we stand in relation to these people. The Yang-tze river passes for 200 miles through Taiping soil; we are, by the treaty of Tien-tsin, to navigate that river as soon as the civil war is finished. But leave the Taipings and Tartars to themselves, and that event is remote enough. What a temptation to Mr. Bruce, who has got us into collision with the insurgents already, to employ British forces to finish it, so that this part of Lord Elgin's treaty may be worth any thing. Here is his lordship's own naive account of it, in a despatch to Lord John Russell of date—

"Shanghai, Dec. 6, 1860.

"I am now engaged in considering, with the officers of the Imperial customs in this place, and with some of the leading merchants, the conditions under which it may be practicable and expedient to open up the Yang-tze river at once to trade. *The right to navigate it beyond Chin-kiang-foo does not in strictness arise under the treaty of Tien-tsin until the civil war, which now rages on its banks, shall have been suppressed.* The Prince of Kung has, however, as your lordship will perceive from the correspondence, of which a copy is herewith enclosed, met in a liberal spirit Mr. Bruce's proposal to anticipate that period by a provisional arrangement."

Let any thoughtful reader consider the meaning of the words here used, and he will see, that the prospect of collision with the Taipings cannot be remote. They hold the river banks, and a good trade in silks and teas cannot be anticipated if they continue in possession; therefore, let British ships clear the banks, and British forces drive the insurgents to such a distance as the Prince of Kung, the Imperialist foe of the insurgents, may deem safe. Can there be a better programme for the coming Chinese campaign than this? Can British troops be more readily employed in any other way, in repressing revolt against the Tartar rule—a rule so cruel, bloody, and relentless as it is ruinous to the country? Can the murderers of Brabazon and Bowly more adroitly enlist their countrymen in fighting their battles? Mr. Lay is head of the Imperial customs foreign

establishment at Shanghai, and Mr. Bruce, who has already brought us into collision with the insurgents, is "to manage matters as upon consideration he shall find expedient;" and we have troops and ships, and our vessels are to pass through 200 miles of the insurgents' territory, but not one farthing of duties shall we pay to them, while collecting the revenue at the trading ports, handing four-fifths to the Tartars, and retaining one-fifth under the name of indemnity for the late war; this one-fifth, moreover, to be divided with our French allies. So we have, by solemn treaty, been converted into tide-waiters for the Tartars, where they could not collect the dues themselves. We do it for ten per cent., at the imminent risk of collision with one-half of the Chinese people, and this the better half, the half that is hopefully contending for freedom, that has proclaimed toleration, and that invites our sympathy and friendship in the name of the "Eternal Father and the Eternal Elder Brother." And while the cry of "Italy for the Italians" has been ringing through the land, and while the policy of non-intervention, as applied to the European nations, has been lauded on all hands, for this piece of inglorious diplomacy the thanks of Parliament have been voted. Yet the whole thing is not accomplished. Lord Elgin has arrived in this country, and hardly has he touched English soil, all he tells the good people of Dover, "It rests with her Majesty's representative I have left in that country to complete that important work." Yes, it has to be completed; and let us hope, that the British people will constrain the British Parliament to watch narrowly the process.

"Here now," says our friend, again, "is a piece of alarmist stuff—intolerable croaking. Lord Elgin must have shown what he was about." My dear sir, did you read through the fifty-six articles of the treaty of Tien-tsin? Are you aware that our representatives have been cheated in China by the Russians? You have only to read chapter xix. of Mr. Oliphant's "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission," to see this. "Much more moderate demands, when preferred the year before by the ministers of Russia, and the United States had been peremptorily refused."

"Indeed (p. 410), both Count Poutiatine (Russian) and Mr. Reed (American) expressed, in the most frank and candid manner, the conviction they entertained, that the concessions they had gained had been due to the pressure exercised, at this juncture, upon the Imperial Cabinet by France and England." How much territory Russia gained on the north bank of the Amoor, equal to the area of Germany, and on the south, equal to the area of Italy, is only beginning to be known with surprise and alarm. And, good sir, do you know that France has overreached us in this treaty—not indeed so grossly, but in a degree great enough to show the necessity for vigilance? Do you know that the Tartars themselves overreached us? Referring to the treaty concluded, Mr. Oliphant says of the opening of the Yang-tze-Kiang, "A condition was attached to this concession, that it should not come into effect until the rebels were expelled from its shores" (p. 423). This was agreed to in June, 1858. Mr. Oliphant records it in a goodly octavo in December, 1859, and the movement, of which Mr. Oliphant says complacently—as he was no doubt led to believe—"the late rebellion is in this waning stage," (p. 414), has gone on until, as the writer in the *British Quarterly* for April tells us, "it is in the possession of nearly one-half of China." Now, if we have been taken in by Russia, whose uncommon and disinterested efforts to carry our letters so surprised us; if we have been mildly imposed upon by the French, and above all, by the Tartars themselves, is there no need for vigilance in the future? Can we trust the men with whom we have made a treaty? They showed disgraceful duplicity, even when negotiating as commissioners, and tried to cheat Lord Elgin as to the Emperor's signing. They yielded only to overwhelming force, after shedding English blood in peace; and yet, for a treaty with such men, we assume an attitude of virtual hostility to a power "possessing nearly one half of China," inviting our friendship, entertaining English missionaries, publishing the Scriptures, and professing a desire to be guided by them. Is this to be regarded with indifference, and allowed to pass under the name of neutrality? Will the hope of trade, no better

founded, as regards Imperialists than Insurgents, lead us to resist a movement in China, the counterpart of which in Italy we hail with applauding cheers? Bear in mind that we are not now discussing the right or wrong of the war—let that be accepted as you will—but the right or wrong of the “completion,” which Lord Elgin says is only in progress in the hands of his successor. His lordship tells the good people of Dover—you may read it in the *Times*—that the “first duty” “diplomacy” had to do, was “to punish with necessary severity deeds of bad faith and cruelty” on the part of the Imperialists; and a part of the punishment is, that we undertake for ten per cent. to collect the taxes on their enemies’ territories! Look at it, my dear sir, as a feat of diplomacy; look at it, in its bearings on our trade with China, i.e., declining Tartar-China; look at it, especially, as it places us to a mighty movement, directed to the liberation of, Lord Elgin says, 400,000,000 of souls, and Englishmen may well pause and reflect before they give it the fiat of their approbation.

It is nothing to the point to tell us of the alleged barbarities of the insurgents. Admit all the evil charged upon them by their enemies, and it is little when set beside the cruelties owned by the friends of the Imperialists. Granted, that they are very defective in their views of truth; they are, on the showing of their enemies even, fighting for liberty, and nothing is certain if there be not among them thousands of nominal Christians struggling for leave to live in a heathen country. If we do not aid, we should not interfere against them. Great Britain will be degraded indeed, if, prompted by Sir J. Bowring and a small knot of literary men and Government officials, interested more or less, all of them, in misleading the public, she frown on these people. And yet there is no hope, so far as we see, of averting this, but from public opinion demanding information till it is forthcoming. Lord John Russell was asked the other night for papers to prove that the Taipings have proclaimed a toleration that would do credit to a European Power. Did he give it? No. The clerks were too busy to have copies! The *Times* announces that the insurgents “burned

Hangchow,” thus committing, as its informants—British servants in China probably—said, “crimes against civilization;” and, when it was shown that Hangchow was *not* burned, but that the Imperialists set fire to the suburbs, does the *Times* explain? It is as silent as a heathen god. Even the interpreters employed by the British Mission, it is now feared, were in the pay of the Imperialists. Indeed Mr. Oliphant seems to have suspected as much, for, describing “Old Chang,” Mr. Wade’s teacher, who, in that capacity, went with the Mission to Tien-tsin, he says, he was “a good scholar, an efficient spy on behalf of his own government, a gentleman in his manner, a great humbug, and a confirmed opium-smoker,” (page 441.) How, then, is information to be had, and what hope is there of extracting it from interested parties; but it must be sought by the indignant demand of a whole community, which must know, from long experience and some observation, that a nation can never interfere to repress the effort for civil and religious freedom, without sooner or later meeting retribution?

It will not do to say, with the not very clear or consistent *British Quarterly* reviewer, that “China in this country means tea and cotton.” It means one-fourth of the human race. There are higher human interests than tea and cotton; but if there be men incapable of appreciating them, still we can appeal to the fact that our trade with China has kept pace with the progress of the insurgents, only declining in 1857, by 22,000,000 pounds in tea, owing to our Lorch war with the Imperialists. Besides, all the time we have been fighting the Tartars, we have increased our trade with the Chinese, whom they rule. And very gratifying must it be to all to whom tea and cotton are paramount blessings, and a thriving trade the perfection of human weal, to hear our *British Quarterly* reviewer say, after some rather rhetorical comparisons between “murderous red Taipings” and red-tapists:—“We very much doubt if the Taipings would prove much more barbarous than the Mantchooites (i.e. the Imperialists), and, probably, if warfare were over, they would settle down as the exponents of the popular desire for peace

and industry, let them be as tyrannical as they may."

To the questions thus raised, then, we invite public attention. Information, we know, will be sought from more than one quarter in Parliament. Let an intelligent press, imbued with a strong love of national rights, urge the thorough sifting of the Chinese case. Shall Russia, under cover of a common cause with us, construct a mighty antagonistic Oriental empire, to do battle, some day, with us and with incipient civilization? Shall France, under the guise of alliance with us, forward the plans of intriguing Jesuits, who, as this friendly delineator, Mr. Oliphant shows, are in form nearly as much converted to the Chinese as the Chinese to them, while, in fact, they are grasping power and influence? And, finally, shall Britain, led in ignorance by Sir John Bowring, and his friends in the interest of tea and cotton, and, more

than this, in the interest of opium, be drawn into antagonism with an imposing portion of China, entitled, as truly as Italy or France, to right its own wrongs, and wage its own struggle for such civil and spiritual freedom, as it, vaguely, perhaps, but yet really and earnestly desiderates? Shall Christian Britain pray for the abolition of idolatry, and yet, when a mighty internal convulsion breaks up this largest, and most inaccessible, and most compact mass of heathenism in the world, shall Britain, under the delusion that commercial necessities demand it, interpose to heal the breach, and put down the disturbing forces. Shall we hold up a Government which Lord Elgin admits is the worst in the world, "owing to its weakness and maladministration," and this, by putting down, if possible, men who proclaim to friends and foes their wish to make China a Christian nation?

MINOR MINSTRELSY.

IF literature, like most other things beneath the sun, has its fashions which change with the changing years, it owns at least one fashion which seems through all time to show neither decadence nor shadow of turning. Looking back from age to age, from nation to nation, we seem never to reach the period when versespinning was unknown or but little practised. Biblical prophecies, Brahmin theogonies, Roman laws, and Norse legends, were all alike, as a thing of course, set out in rythmical cadences for the general ear. Of the singers of ancient Greece and Rome we may be sure that only a very small proportion have been handed down to our own days. In the darkest hours of the old Latin empire, amid the wildest storms of mediæval Christendom, the voices of countless minstrels never ceased sounding more or less tunefully on the ears of their own generation. Poetry of a certain kind was clearly as common in the days of Juvenal and Gray, as in those of Virgil and Shakspeare. The fashion of writing verses neither came in with the Regency, nor died out with Byron and Shelley. It blooms as vigorously under the laureateship

of Mr. Tennyson, as it bloomed under that of Whitehead or Ben Jonson. Every other dog may have its day; statesmen may change their colours from hour to hour; imperial dynasties, schools of painting, of polite letters, of religious thought, may rise and fall; France may proudly hug the fetters which Italy has at last succeeded in tearing off; smooth-shaven faces and limp skirts may be displaced by the hugest beards and the widest crinoline; but this fashion alone seems to thrive equally in all seasons, under all conditions of national and social life. Unchecked by the cold rain of intellectual creeds, unharmed even by the fierce beams of scientific progress, this hardy evergreen keeps on puzzling the critical, and amusing the reflective mind, by always putting forth new leaves and blossoms in the place of those it has just been shedding over the counters of numerous publishers, and the writing-tables of yet more numerous editors.

Wonderful, indeed, is the regular and unceasing flow of new poems—as in courtesy we are fain to call them all—into the editorial recesses. All the year through they keep pouring

in from every quarter of the English-speaking world. For each new novel, you may look to see advertised at least one or two new volumes of poetry; and, of the two, we had rather, speaking generally, read the poetry than the novel. On the whole, there are written, we should say, fewer volumes of execrable verse than of execrable or even indifferent prose. To write two-thirds of the novels, tales, sermons, memoirs, books of travel, that make their yearly appeals to public sympathy, needs a much smaller stock of industry, talent, and general knowledge, than it does to write an average volume of the poetry which reviewers care to notice but very briefly or in the lump. The very notion of writing verses implies a certain amount of thought in the selection of fit ideas, and of care in the adjustment of rhythmical phrases, beyond what of either would be commonly deemed essential for the writing of ordinary prose. An inferior novelist is virtually shackled by no rules but those of his own framing. His poor or stolen thoughts may be wrapt up in a wonderful hash of vile grammar and mongrel English, coated with a thick froth of vulgar smartnesses, and garnished with a grand display of tinsel sentiment; and yet the odds are, that his book will sell, and that another one will repeat the faults which his first success will have taught him to regard as beauties. But the small poet, however weak or faulty he may otherwise be, is tied up from some, at least, of the liberties taken by his fellow scribbler. In spite of himself, he must pick his words and pay some little heed to the rules of syntax. His fancies have to be trimmed and polished into a comparatively decent shape. He learns perforce to write fair Saxon-English, to say what he would say in moderately fit and few words, to pick up some plain rules for the acquirement of a manly effective style, and to admire the manifold graces, the strength, the music, the expressive richness, the flexible movements of that mother-tongue which schoolmasters seldom teach, and which newspapers, cheap governesses, and writers of funny verse do their worst to mangle and flay. "As those move easiest who've learned to dance," so he who has played his leisure in spinning verses

that scan and construe, will not find that leisure wasted when he drops down to the everyday work of writing prose. One person, at least, will have been all the better for such a training, whatever the world may think of its earlier fruits.

But the good he has done may go even further. It is not too much to say that our written poetry is the salt of our national speech—the one tie which holds all classes of Britons bound in one natural brotherhood of spoken thought and feeling. In the songs of our poets are preserved for us, in happy union, the homely graces of cottage life and the delicate refinements of a lordlier breeding. Thoughts that princes would not be ashamed to feel, are, for the most part, embodied in words which the poorest peasant might understand, even if he did not use them all in his daily talk. Stray bits of national song are stored away into the corners of our brains; odd verses take up their abode among us as familiar household words. In the speech of our favourite poets we hail the purified essence, the finest musical expression of our own voices. But for the powerful, though silent, teachings of a Byron, or a Tennyson, our written prose would, ere long, degenerate into the un-English jargon of a newspaper rendering from Reuter's telegrams; or, worse still, into the rattling disjointed slipshod, dear to most writers of the smart and funny school. And the same good office is rendered, each in his own degree, by all those lesser minstrels who shed about their several spheres the music they have either caught from other souls, or inhaled fresh from Heaven itself.

By all means, therefore, let the taste for scribbling verses live and spread. But what shall we say about the rage for publishing them? Of all the volumes that await our notice at this moment, how many are ever likely to be read beyond the pale of their authors' nearer friends? We are always told that poetry is a drug in the market; that no work by an unknown or middling author will find purchasers, even should it find a publisher willing to risk more upon it than his name. Yet somehow the things do tumble out in shoals, and some few are even hardy enough to reach a second edition. Whatever the de-

mand for them may be, there can be no question about the supply. As to the former, we are certainly in the dark. A book of poems by Gerald Massey, or Owen Meredith, at once asserts its vitality; but how, for instance, came the effusions of Mr. John Collett to greet us with the words "second edition" imprinted on the title page? There is life, or, at least, the promise of it in Mr. M. E. Braddon's verses; but we should certainly like to know what sort of people are expected to admire those published by the Viscount de Montgomery; nor have we, as yet, puzzled out a quite satisfactory reason for the reappearance, in type, of Dr. Drennan, or the Reverend Archer Gurney. Miss Proctor sings like a soft womanly echo of her tuneful sire; and few who dip into Mr. Garnett's volume will lay it down without meditating a deeper plunge. But we very much fear that the authors of "Christ's Company," and of "Job: a Dramatic Poem," will be doomed to waste their music on the ears of a heedless or headstrong world. It would, for instance, give us real pleasure to learn what kind of spirits yet moving in the flesh are likely to draw a meaning or unwind a beauty from such lines as these:—

"When her holy life was ended,
Eunice lay upon her side;
When her holy death was ended,
Eunice died.

"Then a spirit raised her spirit
From the urn of dripping tears;
And a spirit from her spirit
Soothed the fears.

"And upon her spirit lightly—
Spirit upon spirit wrote;
And she rose to worlds eternal,
Taking note." &c.*

There is reason also to doubt whether Mr. Pember's muse will ever limp her way to glory by means of such an effort as the following:—

"Soaring thus effortless in unimpeding
spaces,
Through the wide sapphire-tinted altitudes we throng;
Our powers, our speeches, are all song, our
songs all praises,
Praises to Him who gave us power, and
speech, and song!

"Praises to Him who was invisible, but now
To love is to behold in all completeness;
we
Love with intelligence perfected, and avow
Beauty His face, and order His proximity.

"Praises to Him, we see Him hour by hour;
His features,
Illimitable, star by star o'erlay creation;
Thro' ether streameth out their brilliance,
and His creatures
Draw mind and essence thence, and bliss,
and adoration."†

But whatever the call may be for minstrelsy of the mildest order, the supply at least shows no signs of running short. The itch of publishing is pretty sure to accompany the taste for writing verse. Every mother thinks her own geese swans, and almost every one who drinks, or fancies he has drunk, of "Castaly's clear fount," longs for a while to unbosom his secrets to the world at large. Give him the timely opening, and he will certainly rush into print. At his own risk and cost, if no one else will share the venture, is he bent on launching his little boat into the unknown sea of public criticism. His motives may be dark even to his own mind, but his hopes need little spurring, to bear him over every hindrance put up by candid publishers and cautious friends. If the public favour him, he will sing again. If it hearkens not to the voice of the charmer, he will probably refuse to accept its verdict; and whether he sing again or no, will salve his pride with secret railings against prejudiced critics, and an undiscerning age.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,"

is a prayer which few of us would probably care to have always realized to the very last letter. Self-knowledge is a boon as dangerous as it is rare: the world's eyes may sometimes be no clearer than our own; and after all the race of poets is not singular in over-rating its own virtues. Even at the worst, the writings of our lesser minstrels will not task so cruelly the reader's patience, or tend to corrupt his taste, and weaken his mental

* "Christ's Company and other Poems." By Richard Watson Dixon, M.A. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1861.

† "Job; a Dramatic Poem." By Edward Henry Pember, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

fibre, half so much as the reams of ill-written prose that yearly finds its way into every reading-room and book-club in town and country. In a volume of very middling verse, the thoughts and diction, however commonplace, or largely borrowed, will at least be found to lack the vulgar smartness of a third-rate novel, and the unctuously feeble rant of a religious tale or a teetotal lecture. If literary workmanship must suit itself to the needs and character of different minds, it is better that some persons should be fed even on the thinnest dilution of a great poet, than that all their hunger should be stayed with the trash of railway book-stalls, or the slops of a religious library. The feeling for poetry, like the feeling for every other form of art, is to be improved and deepened by steady culture alone. A full perception of Shakspeare's beauties never came to any one all at once. There was a time, when Mr. Ruskin saw little to praise in Rubens and Murillo. Many a lover of good music will doubtless remember how gradually he rose from his first delight in nursery jingles to a thorough enjoyment of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. And so, too, it may be, that the moral refinement and rythmical commonplaces of even so very mild a warbler as the Viscount de Montgomery, will draw out of some hitherto virgin soils the first buddings of a hidden power to appreciate the nobler music of a Tennyson or a Browning. Nor is it very hard to imagine, that some few readers of Mr. Dixon's or Mr. Collett's poems may in time be led on into a closer communion with those greater bards, whom these writers are wont to copy in their own rude way.

Even in the worst of these small poems there is a line or a stanza here and there which rings like genuine music on the ear that chances to be listening. Poetic feeling is seldom absent, even in the greatest dearth of original thought and expressive power. A fair ear for rythmical effect marks the bulk of the verses under review. It is not often that we come across lines like these in Mr. Macmahon's *Vathek*:—

"They were the medium in the olden time,
Whereby the spiritual intelligences and
The sons of men were brought into communion,

Who were the gods to whom my fathers
kneelt?

The bodiless forms of a poet's dream?

They were the living essences who ruled,
And rule the spirit-world; they pervade
Creation and th' illimitable space;"

and Mr. Pember can write better verse and clearer sense than are shown by what we have already quoted from him. His ambition it is that has chiefly proved his bane. If he had chosen a theme less lofty and hard of handling, his faults would probably have been much fewer, and his failure less complete. What time and study may do for him we cannot say; but there moves along his verses a certain vague power, which may hereafter bring him success in some new field of literary work. When Mr. Dixon writes naturally, as in "Love's Consolation," he, at least, improves on the slipshod metre and mockbird affectations that mark this passage from his "Saint Paul:"

"Men upcaught,
As in a bark, by such thoughts' mightiness,
Were rapt together to the new-found port,
And there got apanage, with no dangerous
press
Of numbers, and no famine; for
Such thought was as the harvest store
Of diverse grains for usance, or
Such that each man could bite its core—
Each of a million; yes, that was the age
Of Argonauts; but we who now explore,
We who are writing up the present page
In earth's accounts, can only just
Sharpen a thought, which may or must
Touch one soul only to its lust," &c.

Mr. Browning would hardly care to see his own image reflected in so blurred and broken a glass. Verses of this kind you may spin by the yard; but their beauty will only be acknowledged by those who never admire the thing they can quite understand. There is a vagueness that is worth exploring; but we must go elsewhere to find that sort of nut.

Among our modern minstrels, bad rhyming cannot be said to abound. It is a fault so easy to avoid in general, that only the very last necessity can excuse its commission, even by bards who have won the right to take other liberties with their hearers. And yet we light upon it now and then, even in the most unexpected places. Some doubtful rhymes there are, which use and time have stamped with a certain genuineness; but why should Mr. Collett, who otherwise writes with

passable smoothness, allow "self" to rhyme with "wealth," or leave unamended such lines as these?—

"Hark! the ocean billows sweeping,
Distant headlands sounding o'er,
Nature's giant harp, repeating
Solemn music on the shore."

Another poet, who sings prettily enough in praise of "Brown Eyes," and trills out some lively lyrics with a gracefulness half-borrowed, half his own, has thought fit to make "loyal" pair off with "toil;" while a third, whose verses are perhaps the most carefully finished of all, mars some lines of picturesque music by the following couplet:—

"Next woodlands, throng'd with many a
soaring stem
Of saw-leaved oak, pale ash, and bossy
elm."*

What small poets lack in original thought and colouring, they are fond of trying to make up in the shape of new-coined phrases, or uncommon metres. In most cases, the result hardly pays for the trouble taken; you get variety of outward clothing at the cost, perhaps, of some inner grace or natural fitness. It is easy enough to hammer out metres as wildly fantastic as ever were devised by Herbert or Cowley; and almost any one, by taking thought, or turning over a dictionary, may twist his meaning into a most brilliant tangle of striking epithets and picturesque conceits. But the trick of word-painting has been done to rags already, until even Mr. Tennyson seems to have tired of the fashion he did so much to recommend. Nor have young versifiers much reason to follow the laureate's footsteps, in regard to those metrical feats, which the readers of "Maud" were doubtful whether most to admire or blame. After all his exquisite painstaking, it is surely a relief sometimes to fall back on the more careless glories and simpler measures of "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," or "Parisina." A clever cook will make up a varied dinner with the scantiest means, and a skilful poet needs no great choice of metrical appliances to show his mastery over every kind of musical effect. For

mere beauty of form and posture, no modern sculptor has yet improved on the Medicean Venus. In Byron's and Shelley's hands, the stiffest metre became pliable as wax, and warm as the cheek of young love. Unless a poet has a delicate ear for tune, he had better stick for the most part to those metres which custom has already sanctioned, either for special or general themes. That somewhat of a gift so precious may be claimed for one at least of the singers now passing before our critical eye, few of those who may read the following verses will be loth we fancy to allow:

"Amid the ivy on the tomb
The Robin sings his winter song,
Full of cheerful pity;
Deep grows the evening gloom,
Dim spreads the snow along,
And sounds the slowly tolling bell from
the silent city.
Sing, sweet Robin, sing
To One that lies below;
Few hearts are warm above the snow
As that beneath thy wing;
So sing, sweet, sing
All about the coming spring.

"When summer, with hay-scented breath,
Shall come the mountains over,
Sing, Robin, through the valley,
Above the tufts of flowering heath,
And o'er the honied clover,
Where many a bronzed and humming
bee shall voyage musically.
Sing, brown spirit, sing
Each summer evening
When I am far away;
I know not one I'd wish so near
The dust I love as thou, sweet dear:
So sing, sweet, sing,
Still, still about the coming spring."†

Lines like these suggest their own music, even as an air composed by a true master will suggest its own words. Little less happy has their author shown himself in the rythmical treatment of various other themes. There is a mystery in the connexion between words and metre which, of all living poets, Tennyson has wrought out with the most uniform success. In the "Lotus-Eaters," the "Day-Dream," in "Sir Galahad," throughout "In Memoriam," in many parts of "Maud," in those gem-like airs that sparkle along the "Princess," the thoughts

* "Io in Egypt, and other Poems." By Richard Garnett. London: Bell & Daldy. 1859.

† "Versicles." By Thomas Irwin. Dublin: W. M. Hennessy. 1856.

seem naturally to shape themselves into this or that particular mould; you hear the right music as you read the lines, and your soul is satisfied with a sense of harmony as full as that which pervades the sights and sounds of a fair summer's evening. No other poet has adorned the present age with such tuneful and fresh-seeming changes on the blank verse of former days. It would be well, indeed, if some of our smaller bards would catch the graces rather than ape the tricks of such a master. Poetic taste will find in the choice of fitting measures as much room for its exercise as in the choice of fitting themes. While some measures are suited to almost any theme, others seem to match well only with particular moods of feeling or groups of ideas. The Spenserian stanza, for instance, would have offered a clumsy vehicle for the thoughts expressed in the above-quoted song. And Miss Proctor might surely have wedded her pretty tale of "A New Mother" to some more pliant metre than that of the following sample:—

"Margaret is my dear and honoured wife,
And I hold her so. But she can claim
From your hearts, dear ones, a loving debt
I can neither pay, nor yet forget:
You can give it in your mother's name.

"Earth spoils even Love, and here a shade
On the purest, noblest heart may fall:
Now your mother dwells in perfect light,
She will bless us, I believe, to-night—
She is happy now, and she knows all."*

In this new presentment of a favourite German metre the author has failed not less from her own unskilful handling than from its special unfitness for her theme. This five-footed trochaic verse would try the mettle of Tennyson himself, and in its present form would fail, under any circumstances, to recommend itself to English ears. In another page Miss Procter has been somewhat more successful, because she has kept closer to her model, and the measure also moves in better concert with her train of thought:—

"How the children leave us, and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, for ever gone; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.
• • • • •

So when Fate would fain besiege our city,
Dim our gold, and make our flowers fall,
Death, the Angel, comes in love and pity,
And to save our treasures, claims them all."

That the daughter of *Barry Cornwall* can sometimes tune her harp to strains of original beauty the following stanza of a wholly musical "Chant" will fairly show. Four angels come in turn, and the lesson drawn from their visits forms the burden of each stanza:—

"Who is the Angel that cometh?

Pain!

Let us arise and go forth to greet him;

Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet him;

He will stay,

And darken our sun;

He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.

Since in that shadow our work is done,

And in that shadow our crowns are won,

Let us say still, while his bitter chalice

Slowly into our hearts is poured—

'Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord.'"

This volume, indeed, abounds with tuneful and thoughtful rhymes of the Longfellow order. The singer's voice is weak, and the range of its notes is rather narrow, but her songs have a bird-like grace and gushingness which almost reconcile you to their flimsy texture and mildly obtrusive moral. Her gentle warbling will sometimes make itself heard in the hush of mightier minstrelsy. Like Göethe's bard she sings

"wie die Vogel singt,

Die in den Zweigen wohnt;

Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt

Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet."

When the lark and the nightingale are out of hearing you may listen thankfully to the chirpings of the robin or the wren. There is a beauty of the rolling river and a beauty also of the trickling beck; and the same mind that now feels itself in harmony with the one may presently be drawn on to take a moment's interest in the other. The star will shine on for ever, but the butterfly is fair to see though it will be dead to-morrow.

Of word-painting, in all its branches, the volumes before us present samples enough. Now that Messrs. Ruskin and Kingsley have set the fashion of picturesque prose, and every historian

paints his narrative with all the fulness of a penny-a-liner, we may be thankful to find those samples less numerous and overdone than we had reason to fear. Poets, like painters, are naturally fond of colour, and in their youth, at least, are prone to use it as a cloak for every fault. Colour was to Keats what Johnson said a quibble was to Shakspeare. But he laid it on with so charmed a pencil that we hardly knew it to be more than enough. A like richness under a more ethereal garb, overlaid and weakened much of Shelley's verse. The same excess in these latter days too often shows itself without the same excuses. A heap of sensuous imagery, a string of descriptive epithets, a flow of high-coloured verbiage, holding in suspense a very mite of pure meaning, will, of themselves, be taken by too many minds for an unmixed draught from the one true Helicon. Since Wordsworth set himself to preach up the gospel of small things, a rage for Chinese painting, for huddling together any amount of minute and purposeless details, has washed far and wide over the field of English letters. Our works of art are judged, not as wholes, but by the excellence of particular, even of the least essential parts. The poet not seldom builds up his tawdry verse by the simple process of adding image to image, and stroke to stroke, without care for broad results or effort to work out his central meanings. Whatever catches his passing thought, is taken up and made to do duty as a brick or a tag somewhere about his illshapen incongruous pile. You get, perhaps, a little of every thing, but not enough of any thing good. Happily, however, in most of these volumes the prevailing fashion puts on no very outrageous form. If Mr. Dixon, and the author of "Hours of Sun and Shade," show us little mercy with their endless imagery and spun-out reflections, others of the batch are more bearable; and, in some few cases, the colouring seems appropriate, and the sentiment concise. Mr. Garnett's "Io in Egypt" shows the picturesque fairly at one with the poetical. In this short but well-finished poem, his glowing fancy does ready justice to the scenes suggested by a legend of the shadowy prehistoric past. Let us take up the description where Io has

sunk down exhausted with her desert roamings:—

" Grey-cushioned on soft mists,
Fumed from broad fens, reposed the sullied moon.
A slow stream nursed her image, as a weak,
Down-couching mother holds her new-born babe
Up toward the father's face. Green curtains,
The rigid reeds upstood, and tressy sedge
Bathed in the water. Ever and anon
The crocodile plunged stone-like; herded bulks
Of tumbling, snorting hippopotami,
Churn'd the smooth light, or, drippingly emerged,
Plash'd the tall-flowering marsh where Io slept.

" She woke in sunlight. As an alchemist
From crucible to chalice, Libya pour'd
A molten flood on Egypt. Golden sheets
Unbeaded by a bubble. Like a cloud
Ibis and pelican, and feathery rose
Of flush'd flamingo, hover'd o'er the stream.
Where the wing'd anguish? vanish'd. In
its stead
Stood mighty female forms, austere proud
In the calm grandeur of colossal limbs."

There is a rounded grace and "linked sweetness" in many of this writer's poems, which should insure them a kindly welcome with those who lack the time or the taste for longer or loftier harpings. He has done better than others by not aiming too high. His swallow flights of song are short, but not, therefore, weak or commonplace. The shortest of them—like the following little "Melody"—has some thoughtful meaning, hinted rather than spoken out under a mask of choice imagery.

" The snow falls fast upon the wave,
And is no more;
The silver swan glides o'er its grave
Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave
Their plumes along the shore.

" The buoyant lily does not see
The dead abound
About its roots, but silently
Grows up in beauty, and the bee
Booms all around."

In the longer pieces—long by comparison—such as "The Eve of the Guillotine," or "Polydus," or "The Pope's Daughter," the workings of a powerful fancy and a searching pathos light up the classic moulds of his verse with a dim but steady glow, of which we are again reminded in two short word-pictures called "Sir Isumbras" and "Autumn Leaves;" named

at once suggestive of the painted poems which Mr. Garnett has here translated into richly expressive verse. Musidora is once again described in three chastely glowing stanzas, one of which we may be allowed to quote:—

“ And now her mantle by the fountain lies,
And now her easy bodice is unlaced;
Now the dim-dawning moon her breast
espies,
Now by her unloop'd locks it is effaced
Like snow by sunbeams; tremblingly she
pries
A moment round; the next, with blush-
ing haste,
Hurries into the wave, whose plashing din
Stammers its triumph at her plunging in.”

A graceful strength betrays itself in the “Sonnet to Dante,” and “Summer Moonlight” paints on our mind’s eye no unmeet image of the landscape gradually filled with the brightness of

“ a full moon, half pillaged of her
light
By clouds, whose dappled undulations,
wound
With subtle beams, in shuddering glimmers
dight,
Quench’d with a phantom wreath of airy
snow
Each starry fire.”

If the old elegiac measure could ever succeed in suiting itself to English ears, we might refer the reader to Mr. Garnett’s lines on “Echo” for the best English sample thereof we have yet seen. Throughout his volume, indeed, we have ample tokens of a delicate ear and a refined taste. That the latter might have been applied a little further, to the exclusion of a poem or a passage here and there, is a hint on which he would do well to ponder against the appearance of a second edition. Otherwise, the poems are wonderfully free from the blemishes too often found in the works of modern bards. Either from a natural gift or by much careful practice, they have about them a finished ease and glibness not unlike the shorter pieces of Coleridge. Less condensed than those of Tennyson, they show much of the laureate’s subtle fancy and artistic reticence. Their author has the rare merit of knowing when to have done and what to leave out. He gives the results of things rather than the midway processes. Like Tennyson also, he can represent a phase of character, or a train of feeling, with that partial insight, beyond which no genius of the lyrical or subjective

order seems able to rise. Some day, perhaps, he will aspire to greater heights than he has yet reached; but we can only trust that the self-knowledge he has hitherto shown will save him from bootless efforts to overtask his strength. After all, it is by their shorter poems that many even of our greatest singers are generally known and most faithfully remembered. Tennyson has never wholly surpassed his first complete volume; Shelley is loved for his “Skylark,” rather than “The Revolt of Islam;” and Milton’s “L’Allegro” is likely to be no less immortal than “Paradise Lost.” If Mr. Garnett should ever grow tired of what are absurdly called “fugitive pieces,” he will be troubled to outdo the touching terseness of his own stanzas headed “Violets,” in the present volume.

“ Cold blows the wind against the hill,
And cold upon the plain;
I sit me by the bank, until
The violets come again.

“ Here sat we when the grass was set
With violets shining through,
And leafing branches spread a net
To hold a sky of blue.

“ The trumpet clamour’d from the plain,
The cannon rent the sky;
I cried, ‘O love, come back again
Before the violets die!’

“ But they are dead upon the hill,
And he upon the plain;
I sit me by the bank, until
My violets come again.”

The author of “Garibaldi and other Poems” can work in some picturesque back-grounds into his tales of human suffering. Here is what the husband of “Olivia” sees on his way to a duel at Chalk Farm:

“ The mingling city voices, blent
Into one deep-toned chorus, sent
Their distant murmurs on the air
The suburb garden flowers bloomed fair;
The tired citizen at rest
Sat blinking at the crimson west,
That made his wine so golden bright,
His glass seemed filled with liquid light;
The laughing children on the grass
Peeped out to see the horseman pass;
Red sun on the suburban scene,
Red sunshine on the village green,
The purple distance, like a sea,
Lay wrapt in shadow silently.
The town receding, as I rode
Past scattered lamps that feebly glowed,
Lit ere the sun went down, and dim
In the great light that came from Him,
The vast blue dome behind me rose,
As watching o’er the town’s repose;

The winding river peeped between
The roofs in gleams of golden sheen,
The faint lights twinkling here and there,
Seemed diamonds hung on sapphire air."

Olivia herself is a beautiful, heartless fiend, brought up at the gaming-table by a father of unknown race, but not unknown character. She marries, for his gold and rank, a young English earl, whose heart is won by the Syren charms, of which his rational instincts point out the hollowness all along. Even when she looks her loveliest, and holds him in her strongest cords, he feels that

"she should have been
Some Circe of the seas—some false Lurline."
Her cold bright eyes, that have no touch of tenderness; her clear voice, that makes his heart thrill

"to what harmony might please
The master-hand that wander'd o'er the keys;"
a beauty, which diamonds and gorgeous dresses, not violets or white robes, best became, are blended with a quicksilver restlessness of mind, much skill in hiding her worse defects, and a thorough want of sympathy with nature's varying moods. On the night before their marriage, as he sits beside her, watching the changes of that twilight hour, that "holds the mingled beauties" of day and night, the old contrast seems to strike him more painfully than ever.

"Not one point where our souls met; no,
not one;
But as two circles, floating side by side,
Might spread and widen over all the tide,
Until they touched and broke in one embrace,
So died my soul, when in that last disgrace
It met her naked nature face to face."

Some sweet lines of a song suggestively mournful introduce us to Signor Angelo, an Italian lover of Olivia's; the only man for whom, it seems, she ever had a single thought, not wholly debased by her usual selfishness. His sarcastic greetings and feigned cynicism, let us down into the depth of his love and her cold treachery. His parting words, however meaningless they sound to the bridegroom's ears, foreshadow what will happen in due time. After a year of wedded unrest, during which young Lord Avon only tries to cheat his own heart into the belief that he is loved

by the Mayfair beauty, who employs him to talk to her stupid guests, read her new books for her, stand behind her chair on state days, hand her to dinner when they dine alone,

"And be, in short, what she would have me
be,

Her favourite footman out of livery,"

the Italian lover reappears, to bring on the crisis in the fate of all three. The lady is singing to a delighted crowd "that old song to the star," and a touching little song it is, when the husband sees her eyes flash up for one moment at the sight of Angelo's pale face, with the dark scorching eyeballs and ink-black hair. Of course, ere long he returns home one day a little too soon, to overhear his wife coaxing Angelo into a less wrathful mood, by hinting at an easy way of rendering her a widow. He overhears and sees from behind a curtain a good deal, that is told in several pages of diffuse, but spirited verse.

"She laid her head upon his shoulder, and
Twined in his waving hair one tiny hand,
Standing on tip-toe, till she caught the
curls
Through which her fingers glistened white
as pearls."

Seeing through her villany, knowing well her longing to be rid of her lordly mate, that she may marry a duke round whom her toils are already flung, the lover she had jilted a year ago cannot help loving her still.

"It is not you I love—your golden hair,
Your deep blue eyes, sweet smile, and
stately air;
Your Grecian nose, a straight line from the
brow;
Your mouth, that steals its mould from
Cupid's bow;
I have gone mad for these. I might as well
Die for a picture done by Raphael."

With an answer full of innocence aggrieved, the temptress wins, or seems to win, her game, by composing herself into the picture that follows:—

"She, pausing suddenly,
Turned to a window with an aviary,
In which the birds flew loose midst hot-house flowers,
Singing their foreign songs in genial
bowers;
With one white finger through the bars she
played
With a green parrot's gay plumed head.

She leaned her curls against the gilded wires,
 Her drooping lashes veiled the vivid fires
 That had illumed her eyes; one careless hand
 Twined in and out a purple curtain band,
 The diamonds on her fingers glittering bright,
 Until they seemed on fire with the light;
 Drawn through the wires by the summer air,
 And flickering in the sun, her tangled hair
 Blew in upon the bird. A lazy smile
 Slept on her rosy, parted lips the while,
 And just above her head one heavy rose
 Drooped down to kiss her hair."

The earl calls out the Italian to a duel, and meaning to miss him, shoots him to death. Returning homewards, pardoned by his dying rival, he finds his lady singing to the duke aforementioned. Her rage and horror at seeing him alive, and hearing of Angelo's death, are told in some effective lines, to which the reader must turn for himself. After a trial and a divorce, the wretched husband retires to a home at Naples, beside the grave of him he slew, leaving his discarded Circe to pass her days in splendid misery with a ducal lover of twice her own age.

"I thought not of his Grace—for what was he,
 That I should number him my enemy?
 Why should one vengeful pulse my bosom stir?
 What need have I of vengeance?—He has her!"

Is it unfair to ask whether "Olivia" has not been founded on the world-remembered portrait of "Becky Sharpe?" In many points at least the one seems to be an aggravated version of the other; such a version as a raw young poet might be tempted to make out of the great original. Each heart, however, best knows its own secret, and plagiarism is a charge too often as lightly made, as it is readily misinterpreted. In many cases, the seeming theft will either be none at all, or no more than fairly warrantable. Here at least it should be accounted no heinous sin. The poem itself reads like a fresh unborrowed work. Its characters, if not wholly natural, are clearly conceived, and picturesquely

drawn; and their story is told by one of them with much spirit, though not always in the weightiest words. The author's rhyming would be improved by a study of Byron, rather than Keats; and older experience will ripen the judgment, which no good story-teller should scorn to keep under careful culture. Another of his tales, "The Secretary,"* sounds rather wild to modern ears. Two cases of madness, one of murder, and one of bodily assault, besides a little adultery, and the usual love-making, form rather a spicy meal to serve up in one poem of no great length. Love and madness indeed are favourite themes with M. E. Braddon. On horror's head he piles up horrors with no fearful hand. However, in these days of rambling, shambling verse, of dreamy moralising and grovelling realism, stories like his are far better than the boneless out-shapings of many a more practised muse. The Wordsworth mania has left such marks on our later poetry, that we look out for all signs of coming reaction with an eagerness that forbids much grumbling at the form they sometimes take. Even about this tale of the Secretary's blasted love, and long-hoarded vengeance, hang an interest and a beauty which no mere common-place rhymester could have evoked. A simpler and more touching tale than any is that called "Under the Sycamores," a tale of the bootless love conceived by an ill-starred American maiden, Menamence, daughter of the Dark Eagle, for the pale-faced stranger whom she has nursed for weeks through a painful illness, and who rejects her outspoken love for the sake of that owed to his absent young wife. In vain does the poor girl, whose heart the stranger has won, not wholly without blame on his part, plead to stay with him as a sister, a handmaid for the wife she may not be to him.

"And for my love, that shall not binder thee,
 Since I none other know for thee but this,
 The love that hath no thought except to watch
 Through the long day the changes of thy face;

* At the risk of seeming pedantic we cannot help asking why the penultimate of "sapere" should be made long in this line from the "Secretary." "*Amor et Sapere*"—"Yes, the sage Said well," &c. Nor have we ever heard of "Thrasymenè's lake" or the Emperor "Commôdus."

Through the still night the shadows on thy
sleep,
Till I can read thy dreams on lip and brow,
Weaving a history for every smile;
When thou art absent, listening to thy step
Making soft music through the crackling
leaves;

When thou art silent, waiting for thy voice,
Until I half imagined that you spoke—
Imagining so much what you would speak,
Or calling back the tones of yesterday
To muse and brood upon . . .

Such love as this can scarcely hinder thee—
Shall never let thee from the golden goal!"

All this and more she says in her simple, passionately innocent way, but he continues deaf to prayers which he may not dream of granting, and leaves her, in the black night, to loneliness and mad despair. The rest of the tale is full of mournful interest, closing with the death of Menamenee on the body of him she murdered in the madness brought on by love unreturned. Our extracts from this volume will have shown somewhat both of its faults and beauties. What the writing lacks in strength and form is nearly atoned for in fire, feeling, and picturesque fancy. The smaller pieces are worthy of the place they fill. There is only one unredeemable poem in the whole book, and that is "Garibaldi" himself. Written evidently on the spur of the moment, this long piece contains a very thin dilution of the pure spirit mingled with a hash of incidents done into rhyme from the letters of newspaper journalists. A rhyming record of the late Italian campaign, varied by an occasional address to Italy herself, will not be taken for poetry, even though it clothe itself in that finest of all stanzas, the Spenserian.

About Mr. Irwin's book we have already spoken, but the subject is one that will bear, like his songs, a closer handling. Full of grace and buoyant fancy, these last seem to reflect each shifting mood of their author's mind as faithfully as a clear stream reflects each passing light and shadow in the heavens above, each movement, strong or gentle, of the varying breeze. His "Versicles," as they are modestly called, range over a pretty wide field of thought, making up, on the whole, a set of pictures remarkable each for its own particular charm. The prevailing tone is of sunny joyousness, of flowing sym-

pathy with all fair and happy things. But wherever his fancy leads the heart still seems to follow, clothing his presentment of the dying Hercules with a feeling as warm and true as that which graces the picture of "An Italian Holiday." The same light hand that strikes off "A May-Day Revel" or a sketch of "Winter Life and Scenery" has composed some dirge-like stanzas on "The Death-House" and a not unworthy tribute to the loves and wretchedness of Dean Swift. His songs are thoroughly song-like, welling in self-made music out of a warm heart and teeming brain. The descriptive pieces show much truth of picturesque details, tinged more or less strongly with the feeling natural to the hour or the situation. From the bright images of an Italian holiday his fancy roams away to the unforgotten scenery of his far-off fatherland. His picture of May revels seems bathed in the brightness of a richly genial humour. We thoroughly enjoy with him the watchdog's efforts to seem pleased at his bootless snappings after the gray gnats and "big fussy flies with buzzing song," and feel greatly tickled at the donkey's slowness to catch the joke uttered thereupon by the tit—

"The gray ass in the paddock stood,
And gazed upon this passing sport
With discontented eye amort,
And gravely pondering, patient head.
Then taking some half-hour to think,
To knit each slow inductive link,
Observe, deduce, revolve, conclude,
With ears maturely raised, he said—
'Well, really—this is very good.'"

Nor less happy is the picture of the bee wandering homewards

"On unsteady wing,
Chanting a bacchant song of honey.
Yet, like the rest, he reached his home
Before the drowse of twilight gloom,
Brimful of sunny recreation;
Nor felt the least necessity
To use his sting that happy day,
Save when a bat who whirled along
The course of each returning throng.
Was heard maliciously to say—
'Bless my good eyes, what dissipation!'"

Right in sentiment and tuneful in metre are such pieces as the "Artist's Song," the lines to "My Violin," those of "The Poor Poet to his Verses," "The Serenaders of Sevilla," and several more which any of Mr. Irwin's readers will name for himself. The spirit of olden days seems hap-

in from every quarter of the English-speaking world. For each new novel, you may look to see advertised at least one or two new volumes of poetry; and, of the two, we had rather, speaking generally, read the poetry than the novel. On the whole, there are written, we should say, fewer volumes of execrable verse than of execrable or even indifferent prose. To write two-thirds of the novels, tales, sermons, memoirs, books of travel, that make their yearly appeals to public sympathy, needs a much smaller stock of industry, talent, and general knowledge, than it does to write an average volume of the poetry which reviewers care to notice but very briefly or in the lump. The very notion of writing verses implies a certain amount of thought in the selection of fit ideas, and of care in the adjustment of rhythmical phrases, beyond what of either would be commonly deemed essential for the writing of ordinary prose. An inferior novelist is virtually shackled by no rules but those of his own framing. His poor or stolen thoughts may be wrapt up in a wonderful hash of vile grammar and mongrel English, coated with a thick froth of vulgar smartnesses, and garnished with a grand display of tinsel sentiment; and yet the odds are, that his book will sell, and that another one will repeat the faults which his first success will have taught him to regard as beauties. But the small poet, however weak or faulty he may otherwise be, is tied up from some, at least, of the liberties taken by his fellow scribbler. In spite of himself, he must pick his words and pay some little heed to the rules of syntax. His fancies have to be trimmed and polished into a comparatively decent shape. He learns perforce to write fair Saxon-English, to say what he would say in moderately fit and few words, to pick up some plain rules for the acquirement of a manly effective style, and to admire the manifold graces, the strength, the music, the expressive richness, the flexible movements of that mother-tongue which schoolmasters seldom teach, and which newspapers, cheap governesses, and writers of funny prose do their worst to mangle and file. "As those move easiest who have learned to dance," so he who has played his leisure in spinning verses

that scan and construe, will not find that leisure wasted when he drops down to the everyday work of writing prose. One person, at least, will have been all the better for such a training, whatever the world may think of its earlier fruits.

But the good he has done may go even further. It is not too much to say that our written poetry is the salt of our national speech—the one tie which holds all classes of Britons bound in one natural brotherhood of spoken thought and feeling. In the songs of our poets are preserved for us, in happy union, the homely graces of cottage life and the delicate refinements of a lordlier breeding. Thoughts that princes would not be ashamed to feel, are, for the most part, embodied in words which the poorest peasant might understand, even if he did not use them all in his daily talk. Stray bits of national song are stored away into the corners of our brains; odd verses take up their abode among us as familiar household words. In the speech of our favourite poets we hail the purified essence, the finest musical expression of our own voices. But for the powerful, though silent, teachings of a Byron, or a Tennyson, our written prose would, ere long, degenerate into the un-English jargon of a newspaper rendering from Reuter's telegrams; or, worse still, into the rattling disjointed slipshod, dear to most writers of the smart and funny school. And the same good office is rendered, each in his own degree, by all those lesser minstrels who shed about their several spheres the music they have either caught from other souls, or inhaled fresh from Heaven itself.

By all means, therefore, let the taste for scribbling verses live and spread. But what shall we say about the rage for publishing them? Of all the volumes that await our notice at this moment, how many are ever likely to be read beyond the pale of their authors' nearer friends? We are always told that poetry is a drug in the market; that no work by an unknown or middling author will find purchasers, even should it find a publisher willing to risk more upon it than his name. Yet somehow the things do tumble out in shoals, and some few are even hardy enough to reach a second edition. Whatever the de-

instance, that "several of the pieces in this book, he does not count as poetry; they are here for their religious character?"* If they are not poetical, will the critic be consoled by their religiousness? We ask for poetry, and are put off with religion done into feeble verse. This sort of mixture is fatal both to our poetic and religious culture. We learn to pardon bad verses for the sake of their spiritual teaching, and to ignore the spiritual truths that reach us through nobler channels than the commonplace cant of dull tuneless rhymesters. What is the worth of a religious painting if it be badly painted and badly drawn? If people will publish poor verses, they had better leave the critic to find excuses for them. Even poverty is no fair plea, if the verses be not in themselves good. And what shall we say of another claimant, author of a good many not unreadable pages, who quotes Mrs. Browning's doubtful example in defence of his own rash act, avowing, in her words, that he has printed his poems "for the purpose of throwing them behind me, so as to leave clear the path before, toward better aims and ends."† The impertinence of such an avowal is outdone by its cool assumption. But all these and other excuses are thrown far into the shade by a rhymester of our own land, whose wonderful medley of enraptured prose and maudlin verse seems—Heaven and his publisher only know how—to have already reached a third edition. In a long preface to "Hours of Sun and Shade," the author whines out a pitiful appeal to his reader's sympathy on the grounds of bodily and mental suffering, extreme youth, an earnest longing to benefit his fellow-creatures, a determination to do better things hereafter, and—mark the climax—a wish "to deliver Bible lectures gratis throughout the kingdom." The whole preface is one long strain of sickening humbug, evidently written to increase the sale of a thoroughly trashy book.

Three lines of it will show its greasy nature: "I am but tuning my harp; the quivering chords are but vibrating with a feeble prelude; yet I hope hereafter boldly to sweep my lyre, till its tones swell into lofty strains."‡

Space fails us to do more than make kindly mention of a volume of Songs and Ballads—spirited and not unmusical—by Mr. R. D. Joyce, whose taste for national themes and legends will recommend him, at least, to his own countrymen.§ Mr. William Drennan has shown much skill and feeling in his translation of Oehlenschlaeger's simple ballad, "The Return of the Dead;" a version, indeed, as good as any we have yet seen. On the whole, a perusal of these many volumes has proved less trying, whether to our patience or our risible nerves, than we had cause to fear. They leave with us an impression more hopeful than otherwise about the future of English poetry. This may not be the age of very great poets, but the steady twinkling of countless stars seems meant to span the interval between the setting of one bright day and the probable dawning of another. A rare treasure of pure song might be gathered from the pages of our smaller bards. The elements of poetry cannot die while the heart owns a yearning which science shall have failed to gratify. Science itself, when rightly handled, does but open new worlds of thought and fancy to the poet's mind. Moonlight is not the less poetical because we know it to be borrowed from the sun; nor have the stars ceased to inspire our songs because they are the lamps of so many well-ordered spheres. As long as the heavens and the earth have a beauty of outward show for the heart as well as a mathematical meaning for the intellect; as long as life is one endless marvel, and death a mystery which none alive can sound; as long as the whirl of a crowded London thoroughfare, the thunder of a railway train at full speed, or the surging of a steamer over the waves,

* Preface to "Fresh Hearts that failed three thousand years ago; with other Things." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

† "Poems." By W. H. Holcombe, M.D. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860.

‡ "Hours of Sun and Shade." Third Edition. By Viscount de Montgomery. London, 1861.

§ "Ballads, Romances, and Songs." By R. D. Joyce. Dublin: James Duffy. 1861.

fibre, half so much as the reams of ill-written prose that yearly finds its way into every reading-room and book-club in town and country. In a volume of very middling verse, the thoughts and diction, however commonplace, or largely borrowed, will at least be found to lack the vulgar smartness of a third-rate novel, and the unctuously feeble rant of a religious tale or a teetotal lecture. If literary workmanship must suit itself to the needs and character of different minds, it is better that some persons should be fed even on the thinnest dilution of a great poet, than that all their hunger should be stayed with the trash of railway book-stalls, or the slops of a religious library. The feeling for poetry, like the feeling for every other form of art, is to be improved and deepened by steady culture alone. A full perception of Shakspeare's beauties never came to any one all at once. There was a time, when Mr. Ruskin saw little to praise in Rubens and Murillo. Many a lover of good music will doubtless remember how gradually he rose from his first delight in nursery jingles to a thorough enjoyment of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. And so, too, it may be, that the moral refinement and rythmical commonplaces of even so very mild a warbler as the Viscount de Montgomery, will draw out of some hitherto virgin soils the first buddings of a hidden power to appreciate the nobler music of a Tennyson or a Browning. Nor is it very hard to imagine, that some few readers of Mr. Dixon's or Mr. Collett's poems may in time be led on into a closer communion with those greater bards, whom these writers are wont to copy in their own rude way.

Even in the worst of these small poems there is a line or a stanza here and there which rings like genuine music on the ear that chances to be listening. Poetic feeling is seldom absent, even in the greatest dearth of original thought and expressive power. A fair ear for rythmical effect marks the bulk of the verses under review. It is not often that we come across lines like these in Mr. Macmahon's *Vathek* : —

"They were the medium in the olden time,
Whereby the spiritual intelligences and
The sons of men were brought into communion.

Who were the gods to whom my fathers
knelt?

The bodiless forms of a poet's dream?

They were the living essences who ruled,
And rule the spirit-world; they pervade
Creation and th' illimitable space;"

and Mr. Pember can write better verse and clearer sense than are shown by what we have already quoted from him. His ambition it is that has chiefly proved his bane. If he had chosen a theme less lofty and hard of handling, his faults would probably have been much fewer, and his failure less complete. What time and study may do for him we cannot say; but there moves along his verses a certain vague power, which may hereafter bring him success in some new field of literary work. When Mr. Dixon writes naturally, as in "Love's Consolation," he, at least, improves on the slipshod metre and mockbird affectations that mark this passage from his "Saint Paul:"

"Men upcaught,
As in a bark, by such thoughts' mightiness,
Were rapt together to the new-found port,
And there got apanage, with no dangerous
press
Of numbers, and no famine; for
Such thought was as the harvest store
Of diverse grains for usance, or
Such that each man could bite its core—
Each of a million; yes, that was the age
Of Argonauts; but we who now explore,
We who are writing up the present page
In earth's accounts, can only just
Sharpen a thought, which may or must
Touch one soul only to its lust," &c.

Mr. Browning would hardly care to see his own image reflected in so blurred and broken a glass. Verses of this kind you may spin by the yard; but their beauty will only be acknowledged by those who never admire the thing they can quite understand. There is a vagueness that is worth exploring; but we must go elsewhere to find that sort of nut.

Among our modern minstrels, bad rhyming cannot be said to abound. It is a fault so easy to avoid in general, that only the very last necessity can excuse its commission, even by bards who have won the right to take other liberties with their hearers. And yet we light upon it now and then, even in the most unexpected places. Some doubtful rhymes there are, which use and time have stamped with a certain genuineness; but why should Mr. Collett, who otherwise writes with

passable smoothness, allow "self" to rhyme with "wealth," or leave unamended such lines as these ?—

"Hark ! the ocean billows sweeping,
Distant headlands sounding o'er,
Nature's giant harp, repeating
Solemn music on the shore."

Another poet, who sings prettily enough in praise of "Brown Eyes," and trills out some lively lyrics with a gracefulness half-borrowed, half his own, has thought fit to make "loyal" pair off with "toil;" while a third, whose verses are perhaps the most carefully finished of all, mars some lines of picturesque music by the following couplet :—

"Next woodlands, throng'd with many a
soaring stem
Of saw-leaved oak, pale ash, and bossy
elm."*

What small poets lack in original thought and colouring, they are fond of trying to make up in the shape of new-coined phrases, or uncommon metres. In most cases, the result hardly pays for the trouble taken ; you get variety of outward clothing at the cost, perhaps, of some inner grace or natural fitness. It is easy enough to hammer out metres as wildly fantastic as ever were devised by Herbert or Cowley ; and almost any one, by taking thought, or turning over a dictionary, may twist his meaning into a most brilliant tangle of striking epithets and picturesque conceits. But the trick of word-painting has been done to rags already, until even Mr. Tennyson seems to have tired of the fashion he did so much to recommend. Nor have young versifiers much reason to follow the laureate's footsteps, in regard to those metrical feats, which the readers of "Maud" were doubtful whether most to admire or blame. After all his exquisite painstaking, it is surely a relief sometimes to fall back on the more careless glories and simpler measures of "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," or "Parisina." A clever cook will make up a varied dinner with the scantiest means, and a skilful poet needs no great choice of metrical appliances to show his mastery over every kind of musical effect. For

mere beauty of form and posture, no modern sculptor has yet improved on the Medicean Venus. In Byron's and Shelley's hands, the stiffest metre became pliable as wax, and warm as the cheek of young love. Unless a poet has a delicate ear for tune, he had better stick for the most part to those metres which custom has already sanctioned, either for special or general themes. That somewhat of a gift so precious may be claimed for one at least of the singers now passing before our critical eye, few of those who may read the following verses will be loth we fancy to allow :

"Amid the ivy on the tomb
The Robin sings his winter song,
Full of cheerful pity ;
Deep grows the evening gloom,
Dim spreads the snow along,
And sounds the slowly tolling bell from
the silent city.
Sing, sweet Robin, sing
To One that lies below ;
Few hearts are warm above the snow
As that beneath thy wing ;
So sing, sweet, sing
All about the coming spring.

"When summer, with hay-scented breath,
Shall come the mountains over,
Sing, Robin, through the valley,
Above the tufts of flowering heath,
And o'er the honied clover,
Where many a bronzed and humming
bee shall voyage musically.
Sing, brown spirit, sing
Each summer evening
When I am far away ;
I know not one I'd wish so near
The dust I love as thou, sweet dear ;
So sing, sweet, sing,
Still, still about the coming spring."†

Lines like these suggest their own music, even as an air composed by a true master will suggest its own words. Little less happy has their author shown himself in the rythmical treatment of various other themes. There is a mystery in the connexion between words and metre which, of all living poets, Tennyson has wrought out with the most uniform success. In the "Lotus-Eaters," the "Day-Dream," in "Sir Galahad," throughout "In Memoriam," in many parts of "Maud," in those gem-like airs that sparkle along the "Princess," the thoughts

* "Io in Egypt, and other Poems." By Richard Garnett. London: Bell & Daldy. 1859.

† "Versicles." By Thomas Irwin. Dublin: W. M. Hennessy. 1856.

significance if it were not illustrated by the personal sketch—scarcely to be called a biography or even memoir—which precedes it. The writer, Mr. Hutton, who was brother-in-law to the author, so thoroughly understands what he is about, and deals so fairly and delicately with the materials—of character and composition—in his hands, that a vast deal of trouble is saved the reader, and a clue is given, through the conscientious accuracy of his portraiture, to certain anomalies of thought and style, which prove, under such interpretation, to be just those lines which nature traced, individualizing the man in proportion as they deviated from the normal type. In truth, Mr. Hutton deserves much credit for taking the hint which the new mode of illustrating personal memoirs by photography offers, and drawing a real rather than a fanciful picture, using nature instead of art in the process, and trusting to resemblance rather than to poetic suggestion to interest the public in the original. Hear how modestly he expresses himself at the very outset:—

“ Though his intrinsic claims to some permanent, if modest, place in English literature may probably be conceded by most competent judges of his literary remains, there was certainly nothing in his external life to render Mr. Carlyle’s most pathetic question in any way inapplicable to his case—‘ Why should a biography be inflicted on this man? why should not no-biography and the privilege of all the weary be his lot?’ But, while an express biography, however succinct, would in the present case be at once inappropriate and impossible, I venture to hope that such a delineation of his character as it may be in my power to give—imperfect, partial, and, possibly, one-sided as it may prove—will both add some little interest to his writings, and derive a real value from them.”

This simple and unexaggerating tone will be found to pervade the entire memoir. From it we learn that Mr. Roscoe’s power lay in his quiet influence over the minds of his immediate associates rather than in brilliant display.

“ That some of my brother-in-law’s literary achievements,” he says, “ inconsiderable as they are in bulk, may prove to be enduring, I feel some confidence. But I am quite sure that they will not be in the highest sense, or in

the sight of God, his most characteristic and noblest work.”

Mr. Roscoe was born in Liverpool in the year 1823. He graduated in the University of London in 1843; was called to the bar in 1850; exercised for some time the office of Marshal to Judge Crompton; then, after a year or two, finding his health failing, retired to Wales, where he became part proprietor of a granite quarry, and died there in 1858. Perhaps nobody’s life ever presented fewer features of peculiarity; but it was not, therefore, without its own character. It might be said, on the contrary, to resemble those pebbles which, undistinguishably dull and shapeless without, exhibit, when broken, a mass of crystals, bright and regular, pointing inwards. It was, in truth, towards his own interior nature that the focus of his intellect seemed habitually to be turned. There might appear to have been a presentiment that he was not to do much as regarded the external world—perhaps that he was not fated to have time in which to perform the ordinary journeywork of life. Such feelings have been felt by some as foreshadowing influences, where Fate has been striding towards its victim before the appointed hour. Some, indeed, beneath the spell of the same apprehension, have redoubled their efforts—have thrown the energy of a life into the compass of an hour. But in the majority of cases the effects are seen as they are seen here: paralysing outward action, deadening outward effort, and concentrating the soul upon itself, and upon those things and those thoughts of others which belong to the inner and spiritual parts of man’s nature.

Not that Mr. Roscoe was fond of thinking thus of himself. But still, the idea breaks out every now and then. His biographer has sketched, in two or three touches, the strenuous weakness—rather, the inefficient strength—of his character.

“ In proportion to the flexibility and delicacy of his powers, his intellect was, no doubt, deficient in *vis* and practical efficiency. It was not nearly as effective an instrument of his will as it is in many men who have not his peculiar genius. Where imaginative excitement was wanting, he could not supply its place by any effort of volition, nor even

by any moral interest in his theme. He said once in a letter to me when writing on a political subject on which he was anxious to explode in print, 'O. has a power of bringing his faculties to bear which I much envy. I have no ideas, only *feelings*: I cannot speak, I cannot write, I can only *feel*, in a passion; which is improving to myself, no doubt, but not practically influential with others.'

And Mr. Roscoe himself alludes, with a personal reference to himself, to the profound solitariness of the recesses of every human soul.

"The human inaccessibility of that 'real life that every man leads in isolation from his fellows, that chamber of being open only upwards to heaven and downwards to hell,' was ever before his mind. He says in another place, 'We don't *know* our nearest friends; we are always dependent on our imaginations. From the imperfect materials that knowledge and sympathy can furnish, we construct a whole of our own, more or less conformable to the reality according to our opportunities of knowledge, and with more or less completeness or distinctness according to our imaginative faculties.'

That a mind so keenly sensitive to its own internal constitution and peculiarities should be quiveringly alive to the characteristics of others is only what we might be prepared to expect. The self-anatomist is not unlikely to look about him with a surgical eye. If the probe be here at times followed up by the lancet, at least the treatment has been undergone before it is applied. After all, it is not hard to see that the operation is more that of scarification than of incision, and the wounds, being superficial, at the worst only irritate, if they do not rather tickle. To do our author still further justice, it is proper to add that to praise is evidently his main design and desire. It is in selecting some favourite for his commendation that he sometimes takes occasion, as if by way of clearing the ground, to make sly thrusts to the right and left, more in sport than in anger, bidding mediocrity or rival claims, as the case may be, stand aside, that the proportions of the character or genius he is exhibiting may come out in fuller light. If Tennyson be his theme, and Tennyson's merits the subject of his discourse, the thing is not done without

damage to Pope, Young, and half a dozen others. Nay, Matthew Arnold cannot have his own but at the expense of Tom Moore; and the very censure of Samuel Rogers is relieved and given depth of shadow to by the opener condemnation of Byron. There is a boldness in the foot he plants on the necks of others which we can hardly help admiring, though we are inclined to doubt at times whether the tread be quite safe, considering the stature of some of those he thinks proper to trust under him. Well, the tread is light after all, and can scarcely endanger the vertebræ that have to undergo it any more than the neck of the harmless climber himself, who takes this mode of reaching the object of his lofty preference. Mr. Roscoe's main design, we repeat, is to praise. If it were not so we should scarcely have been justified in the general estimate of his character we have arrived at. He is a warm and hearty, we might almost say enthusiastic advocate when he takes up the case of a favourite; and most of his essays are devoted to his favourites. After all, what a refreshing thing it is to hear a person heartily commended! without reservation, without jealousy, without one selfish, qualifying thought! Something of greatness must lurk in the mind which so freely appreciates the greatness of others, just as meanness is ever the parent of detraction. In his critical essays, we are bound to say, Mr. Roscoe affords practical proof that he maligned himself when he remarked to the brother of his biographer that he "*loved to feel excellencies and talk of defects.*" He is voluble where he admires, and humanely laconic where he finds occasion to object. This must be understood to apply to the immediate object of his notice, being perfectly compatible with the *sidelong censure* already adverted to.

But it is where he abandons the peopled path and wanders into the flowery mead at his will that we find most of the character of the man, and derive most instruction and delight from his words. Instead, therefore, of following him in his criticism—sometimes extremely subtle and discriminating, and always elegant—we propose to turn at once from the judicial phase of his mind to the

imaginative, and examine with what success canons laid down with soundness and perspicuity have been carried out in independent effort, and exemplified in original performance.

It is remarkable enough, though by no means unprecedented, that the two modes of poetic thought, the dramatic and the lyric, have, in these pieces, developed themselves under the most widely different aspects, and, as it were, under opposite influences. There can be no doubt that there is an essential difference between the intellectual origin of the one and the other. The lyric shows the colour of the mind after one reflection, the dramatic after two; one, namely, from the poet himself, the other from the character he paints. Still, it might be supposed that the hues should resemble each other; that they should harmonize, even where they differ. Here nothing strikes us more forcibly than the contrast they present. Two dramas are comprised in the collection before us: one of them, we are told, having been published in the author's lifetime. Of this drama it may be sufficient to characterize the tone and treatment, by stating, that it is modelled to a certain extent on Shelley's morbidly grand creation of "The Cenci," to which it presents some features of resemblance that can be recognised. The other drama, "Elduke, Count of Yveloc," less objectionable in some respects, and, in our estimation, more original, if not more effective—still derives its chief interest, not so much from the crimes as from the heartless profligacy of the hero. It thrusts us up too close to the countenance of guilt, though it be for the purpose of demanding that we should shrink with disgust from its lineaments. The lyrics, on the other hand, are as pure and almost as homely as Wordsworth's. In the latter we trace the poet's own mind, the light in which external things and internal ideas are seen: the moral atmosphere of his nature. In the former may be read, if not his estimate of the moral constitution and governing impulses of others, at least the tone of each which he judges to possess most human interest, and to be susceptible of most powerful and effective delineation. His own fancy, arguing from what we read, wanders in a garden of flowers, and odour, and

sunshine. The souls of others, which he professes to present to us, are exhibited as inhabiting the dungeons of terror and of crime, into which he flashes the dark-lantern of his imagination, revealing what might well be left in its obscurity, unless with a view to those grim moral lessons, which, after all, can scarcely be deemed the chief object, though they should be a collateral aim, of dramatic poetry. We are sorry we cannot agree with the author of the memoir prefixed to the collection, in his estimate of the tragedy of "Violenzia." That there is powerful writing in it we do not deny; that noble sentiments, clothed in a rich garb of words, abound, we willingly concede; that it ought ever to have been written, we very much question; that it should have been published, we cannot but regret. It could never be acted, that is plain. And although that fact is not in itself sufficient to condemn a drama as a composition—for the reader will not fail to recal instances of tragedies which remain standard as literature without having ever possessed a place on the stage; yet when the nature of the plot is the cause of its necessary exclusion from the public eye, the same circumstance as peremptorily shuts the library door against it, and includes it in the *index expurgatorius* of an enlightened and refined age. Perhaps, in justice to the author, we ought to quote a few lines from the drama itself, which contains many effective scenes and forcible passages. In the following extract the hero and his friend are discovered on a hill by their camp, at break of day:—

"Cor. Why are you so long silent?"

Eth. Stillness of morning,

And the ineffable serenity

And peace of young creation, bind my lips.

Oh, who would mar the season with dall speech,

That must tie up our visionary meanings

And subtle individual apprehensions

Into the common tongue of every man,

And of the swift and scarce-detested visitants
Of our illusive thoughts seek to make prisoners,

And only grasp their garments! Well, let's talk.

Cor. Indeed, no language can express the hour.

Eth. It is the very time of contemplation.

More rich for being instinct with coming life.

Short breathing-space between oblivion's sleep

And the world's tumult. Day's virginity,

Unmarried yet to action, nor made mother
Of all that brood of intricate consequents,
Quick progeny of her ephemeral womb,
That twining with their brothers of past
birth,
Weave the vast web of circumstance. Oh,
think of it!
We are creative gods, and whether we will
or no,
Upon the present moment we beget
Shapes of the future time. Most awful
present!
That swifter than the winged lightning flies,
And more irrevocable; subtly charged
With some small influence, some diminution,
Or fine accession to our immortal character,
Making a difference that shall never die
In what we might have been."

The above passage may be taken as an average specimen of the style and diction of the drama, with its fine thoughts and occasional irregularities of conception and treatment, as they will be found on a more extended scale and with constant repetitions throughout.

In glancing at the other drama, "Eliduke," instead of attempting to sketch the plot—which, after all, is rather wanting in what the French call *vraisemblance*—we shall content ourselves with producing a few samples—squares, as the author himself has expressed it, cut out of the piece almost at random. By so doing, we believe we shall serve the author as well as the reader. Enough will be displayed to prove the powers which might, under more favourable circumstances, have achieved something remarkable, and to engage the interest of those who would be apt to overlook such passages if they were found floating on a level surface of poetry. Enough will be revealed, perhaps, to make it understood that a gap really did intervene between what the author accomplished and what he had need to accomplish to command success, as well as to make the reader appreciate his discretion in withholding the piece from the public eye, at all events until it should have undergone a full and unsparing revision. The story professes to be taken, in part, from the old Breton "Lai d'Eliduc." The style seems more directly and designedly modelled upon Shakespeare than that of the other drama. It may excite a smile to name so great a master and so humble an imitator in the same breath; but in such cases the width of the gap is every thing, and the presumption

would be, not to point to it, but to measure it. Any body may write dramas "after Shakspeare;" even those who do so as St. Leger, according to Swift, "followed the law," namely, "at a great distance." Nobody need be ashamed or offended when he is told that the unapproachable can only be followed *longo intervallo*. Well, the style is Shaksperian, though our extracts are not selected with a view to prove our assertion. Here is what a lover compares his mistress's look to:

"Oh, if she loves me! and last night I thought
so,
By the way she fixed her eastern eye on
mine
The time I talked of love; an eye more deep
Than the gray cavern from whose twisted
depth,
Unfathomed by the old Egyptian king,
Mysterious Nilus takes a double course."

There is something bold and effective in the few words which pass between the self-upbraiding hero and his faithful and devoted friend, Roland:—

"Roland. Have you an enemy?
Eliduke. Ay, and a fatal.
Rol. And hath wronged you?
Eli. Foully.
Rol. Why, then I'll help you kill him.
Eli. Draw, and do so!
Strike here."

But candour constrains us to exhibit the reverse of the picture; and it is difficult to bring ourselves to believe that the mind which originated much of what we read here, could have stooped to make the hero propose

"From the native eye of majesty
To wipe suspicion's dust!"

or to put such words as these in the mouth of the same personage, when he pleads for exemption from disgrace:—

"Strip, if you will, these outward decorations,
And leave me naked; but sole Nature's
garb,
The skin of honour, peel not that away."

We fear we must in candour admit that there are other passages which betray a want of appreciation of the delicate boundary-line of the poet's privilege. An image must not be cut out according to rule and square. It should have, as its characteristic, some vagueness of outline; it should partake of the uncertainty as well

of the fidelity of shadow. It is in the exquisite clouding of metaphor into the atmosphere of imagination that the masters of the art excel. Metaphor is breathed from the exuberance of a fertile fancy, as a mist exhales from the vegetation of a valley, to be touched, as it ascends, with tints more celestial than those of the verdure from which it sprung. The moment you try to clip the edges of imagery into the shape of the realities it has relation to, you reveal paste-board and the paper cap. But the true appreciation or non-appreciation of this lies in the soul; it cannot be taught, nor can it be ever learned. The critic may exhibit its presence, or expose its absence, to the reader; he can never school the poet himself into the inspiration which would discover the one, or detect the other.

It will be seen by the glimpses afforded to the reader, that, in Mr. Roscoe's dramatic attempts, a good deal has been accomplished, though some mistakes have been committed. Nevertheless, had we nothing else to ground our estimate upon, we should have hesitated in according to him the title of poet, in its best sense. Fortunately we are not driven to speculation or left in uncertainty. The reader has been already informed that in the same volume in which these dramas appear, are also found a collection of minor poems—minor in dimensions—which can lay independent claim to our sympathy, and may well be held to redeem the defects we have had occasion to advert to, and turn the current of criticism into the channel of approbation.

Most of these lyrics are domestic. In perusing them it is not difficult to conceive that the loss of a relative who could feel thus, and thus express his feelings, has left a gap which time will be long in filling up.

"Ask me not, sweet, when I first loved thee,
Nor bid me carry back
Love's meditative memory
Down through a narrowing track.

"Remember how, in the sweet spring-time's
First faint prophetic hours,
The golden-headed aconite
Began the time of flowers.

"Then seemed it to our happy hearts,
As we stood hand in hand,
As if the promise were fulfilled,
And summer in the land.

"Slowly the sap rose in the tree,
Slowly the airs blew mild;
Softly the seasons grew, as grows
The sweetness of thy child.

"And when the March-wind sowed the banks
With early violets,
Or April hung the larchen trees
In green and crimson nets;

"Or, with white hawthorn-buds in hand,
Through yellowing oaken woods,
The young light-footed May came down,—
We knew no changing moods.

"We taxed not by comparisons
The season's growing prime;
But stood each present day and said,
'This is the happy time.'

"Now in the royal day of roses,
Our love being in its June,
Stand so, nor ask what note began
This full harmonious tune.

"I know thy love hath broadened, yet
I know when it began
It seemed the fullness of the grace
'That could be granted man.'

Of the sonnets we have room but for one, which appears to us remarkably original and graphic, maintaining, as it does, a solemn rhythmical rotation from beginning to end, finely appropriate to the idea. It is grounded on this sentence:—"If the earth had perception, how unutterably sad she would be at all the misery she contains!"

"Sad is my lot; among the shining spheres
Wheeling, I weave incessant day and night,
And ever, in my never-ending flight,
Add woes to woes, and count up tears on
tears.
Young wives' and new-born infants' hap-
less biers
Lie on my breast, a melancholy sight;
Fresh griefs abhor my fresh returning light;
Pain and remorse and want fill up my years.
My happier children's farther-piercing eyes
Into the blessed solvent future climb,
And knit the threads of joy and hope and
warning;
But I, the ancient mother, am not wise.
And, shut within the blind obscure of time,
Roll on from morn to night, and on from
night to morning."

With these few extracts we take our leave of Mr. Roscoe's remains. It cannot be expected that they will attract public attention in any unusual degree. They have little pretension, and they appear under the disadvantage of being posthumous. In such a case the author is unable to select, to arrange, to modify, to abridge, to explain. Another mind looks through his eyes, less able to

understand and do justice to what his mind has conceived. The thoughts and expressions born in privacy might, by him who originated them, have been finally clothed in a costume more meet for their introduction to the world than even that in which the generous interest of a connexion has been able to invest them. The dramas might—we are almost tempted to say *would*—have had a very large and sweeping revision; the minor poetry might have been added to, to the exclusion of some of those of greater length, with advantage to the book; and mental chronology—if we might venture on the expression—brought to bear upon the arrangement of those pieces which are conversant with the emotions of the heart and family affections. Such advantages were not fated to be Mr. Roscoe's; yet, without them, he has left behind him what, even as they are now presented to us, makes us keenly regret that more time was not afforded for the maturity of powers that pro-

mised so much; and that the full opportunity was lost of adding one other celebrity to a name already occupying so high a position on the roll of British literature.

Strange speculation, the possibilities of an unaccomplished career! How many a Marcellus has felt the inexorable asperity of fate! A pathetic interest seems to invest the character of which we catch a glimpse such as this, derived almost as much from what we conjecture might have been, as from what we know has been, and has ceased to be. Let it not, then, be laid to the charge of a personal desire to do honour to the memory of a friend, or of a friend's friend, that we have commended these posthumous memorials to the attention and sympathy of our readers. Every thinking and feeling mind must, after a perusal of the volumes containing them, bear its own testimony to the learning, the talents, and the worth of William Caldwell Roscoe.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

It is scarcely probable that the world will soon, if ever, again witness so singular a combination of hereditary peculiarities as that which distinguished the five sons of Colonel the Honourable George Napier of Celbridge, in the county of Dublin. Their ancestry seems, in truth, like a famous parliamentary majority recorded in one of the later volumes of *Hansard*, to be nothing less than a "fortuitous concurrence." And in its result it certainly goes far to prove that a mixture of races tends directly to the elevation of the individual character, hardly less than it unquestionably does to the advancement and invigoration of the genius of distinct nationalities. Of the latter remarkable and wholly incontestable truth, the annals and exploits of the Anglo-Saxon family afford of themselves adequate, or rather it may be said at once, conclusive attestation. Employing yet again, for the nonce, a sufficiently familiar illustration, it is like the imperceptible growth of a running stream—"a rivu-

let, now a river"—widening and deepening in its progress with the influx of many important tributaries. Into the main current of the historic lineage of the Napiers, it is curious to note how many and how important were those tributaries. They secured to it whatever ambidexterous advantages might be supposed to result from the infusion into the blood of the Napiers, of the "divine ichor" of two royal houses—those of Henry IV. of France, and of Charles II. of England. They rendered kindred to that same heroic blood, the blood of two chivalrous but attainted traitors to the Crown—the great Montrose and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Through the maternal line they enabled these five brothers, already mentioned, collectively, to claim the sympathies of relationship with Charles Fox, the orator of the Liberal Opposition; and through the paternal line, farther back by one or two generations, and higher in the intellectual atmosphere, in the very empyrean of ab-

abstract philosophy, to trace their descent directly from the renowned inventor of logarithms, the immortal John Napier of Merchiston.

There are assuredly but very few, indeed, among those who may examine these records of purely personal recollection who will require any explicit introduction whatever to three, at least among that cluster of five brothers—English most of them by birth, Scottish originally by ancestry, Irish by education and residence—who passed the early days of their boyhood together in their little home retreat at Colbridge. It is with the central figure, however, in this notable group that I have to do now exclusively. Another time I may take occasion to relate briefly what I know, through personal intercourse, of the eldest born among this quintette of ripe scholars and valiant soldiers; the great Pro-consul who added the province of Scinde to our vast empire by the sheer force of his audacity as a military Conqueror, permanently incorporating it afterwards with our dominion by his prudential sagacity as an Administrator. Of the second, or intermediate brother, between the two most illustrious in this little domestic concourse of heroes and authors, I shall have in this place to say a few words, later on, incidentally. It is sufficient to remark now of these, the three eldest of the fraternity, that they all suffered grievously during the chief part of their long lives from formidable wounds received upon the battle field; that all of them gained at the point of their keen swords high military dis-

tributions; that each wore for himself ribbon of the Bath with its insignia; that all three were successively the Governors of independent provinces—Charles of George of the Cape, William of Mauritius. Enough as to the two of the brothers not yet spoken of; it is here added that Henry, the youngest among them, though not in the Royal Navy as his profession will be better borne in remembrance as a purely literary capacity, the author of a luminous as well as a useful "History of Florence;" that Richard, the last and now surviving of them all, though a member of the bar, is under-

stood also to have dedicated his intellectual energies exclusively to the cultivation of the "fresh fields and pastures (ever) new" of literature.

And now of that one central figure—as I knew and honoured it—I may speak here, as I have proposed, exclusively. Our English Tactician, I love to call him—and, as such without doubt, as the greatest of all our military historians, his brave bright name will survive perennially in the national remembrance. One engraved portrait there is of him—it may be found as the frontispiece to the second volume of his elaborate biography of his brother Sir Charles, the Scindian Conqueror—a mezzotinto by Egerton, from a classic bust by Adam, which may afford some notion to those who never actually saw the soldier and statesman of the Peninsular War, some faint proximate idea of his eminently noble and chivalric appearance at the age of seventy. He was yet more advanced in years when I saw him last, when I sat conversing with him not very long before his eventual demise at seventy-four, his eyes flashing brightly to the last, an inextinguishable animation it almost seemed, while we talked together, in every outline of those lofty and reverent lineaments. It only needed the casual gusts of a thunder-shower blowing through the open window of his long-years' residence at Scinde House, in that green little London suburb of Olapham, to render him the very incarnation of the well-known couplet in Gray's ode on "The Bard:"—

"Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air."

only, that for hoary it should be read silvery—silvery as the thrice-driven snow. And under the crowning grace of that white hair, above the rippled torrent of that venerable beard—one that looked, in its dishevelled flow, like the beard of the "Shipman" in Chaucer, as though it had been "shaken by many a tempest"—there remained, unmarred by age to the moment of his decease, that handsome aquiline visage the marble effigy of which any sculptor might well rejoice to have chiselled. It was a noble presence, not very easily to be forgotten. It was the weird age of Merlin descended upon the knightly form

of the imaginative powers, or indeed, of the mental powers generally, does naturally and necessarily involve the examination of those laws by which its functions are regulated; first, as they operate upon the mind which conceives them, and ultimately, as they appear to have influenced the understanding and imagination of others. Hence, every author is necessarily a critic; and, beginning with himself, he can scarcely avoid becoming so as regards the fraternity he belongs to; although, as we have remarked, at the risk of finding the instruments of examination he makes use of, weapons, in his own case, of dangerous edge and execution. In one respect, the world is a gainer by this union of offices: a ready and immediate touchstone is at hand, whereby to test the value of the criticism on the one hand, and of the writing on the other; the trouble being got rid of, of looking abroad for precepts and examples, whether for praise or blame, since they are both to be found within the compass of the author's own performances, and with incontrovertible reference the one to the other. The world, we say, is the gainer. Let us not be supposed to imply that the critic is necessarily the loser. There is nothing incompatible in the interests of the two. Great and memorable instances will occur to the minds of every one in which the double function has been exercised without detriment in either capacity—in which canons have been laid down, and successfully followed; in which theory has been illustrated and glorified by practice; in which works of imperishable fame have reared themselves in confirmation and justification of abstract principles and general laws. But, on the other hand, instances as signal and familiar will with equal readiness suggest themselves, in which writers have performed that office upon themselves, which the hand of literary justice would otherwise have had to execute;—wherein, according to Japanese fashion, the knife that has entered the intellectual abdomen has been sharpened by the hand of the victim, and sorrowing relatives have been forced to admit that, at all events, no surviving reputation is answerable for the author's fate.

Between these two extremes lies

a class of writers to which our author may be held to belong, which in the exercise of the twofold office we have alluded to, while scarcely assuming to be composed of men who are themselves the great sublime they draw, has some right to be judged by its own rules, and some claim to acquittal under them. These men think truly, and speak plainly. They are decided in their opinions, energetic in the expression of them, and unreversed in the application of them. This is the tone they take in their character of critics. They likewise compose. They write prose, or verse, or a medley of both. The prose, or verse, or medley of both, does not come up to the standard they have themselves set up; still it reaches the ordinary level, and there is no symptom to show that it was supposed by the author to have done more. If the fact of publication should be asserted to be a proof that it was thus esteemed, at least anonymous or posthumous publication cannot be held to be so. And indeed, even the voluntary and open presentation of a piece to the world in print, cannot fairly be held to imply that its author conceives it to be perfection. There are many known instances in which a man has been blind, or partially blind, to merit in himself, which the world has had to point out to his notice. Many instances, no doubt, there are, which are, and ever will be, unknown. It is only fair, then, to acquit an acute and competent critic of presumption, if he attempts to employ his pen on original composition, unless, indeed, he ostentatiously put forward his performances as samples of what he requires as the embodiment of his own theories. Thus much it seemed necessary to premise in the present instance, in order to explain and account for the fact, that the imaginative pieces contained in these volumes, in spite of the many excellences and occasional beauties which characterize them, fail of reaching the requirements of the criticism of which the other is made up—a criticism boldly unsparing of mediocrity, and ambitious, it should almost seem, of an unattainable ambrosial perfection in the intellectual feast it would fain see spread before it.

Perhaps, indeed, the entire collection would fail of its true and best

awakens one thrill of sensuous emotion, there can be no fear that poets will cease to sing, or that subjects for their song will cease to offer themselves at every turn, with all the readiness and more than the richness of bygone days. A Homer or a Shakespeare may blossom forth but once in

a thousand years; a Georgian galaxy of great poets we cannot look to have always with us; but every age adds new materials to the poet's store, and sees new breadths of underwood springing up to replace, in good time, the noble timber that Death had erewhile cut down.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE

WE have here, in a moderate compass, and exhibited with little or no display, a good deal of what is really valuable and really interesting. We are introduced for the first time to a thinker and writer who, in one capacity, had been for years exercising the functions of critic in the examination of the most popular and celebrated of modern English works; and in another, had during a still more extended period been cultivating the poetical element, without, as it would appear, except in a single instance, yielding to that impulse which has in all ages driven the man of imaginative temperament to submit his effusions to the consideration and sympathy of the public. For the first time, we say: we had never heard of Mr. William Caldwell Roscoe as an author before. As the eldest representative of the historian of the Augustan age of Modern Italy, as the retiring and self-secluded scholar and man of letters, we had, indeed, learned to think of him with favour and respect; but until these volumes were put into our hands we had no intimation that he of whom we still cherished such grateful personal recollections was no more; and that he had exercised during a considerable portion of his life, in addition to his ostensible avocations, the double function of poet and essayist. Now, in the two modest volumes before us, we have him posthumously revealed in both capacities, and are furthermore enabled to judge for ourselves how far the achievements of the imagination have exemplified and illustrated canons of cri-

ticism laid down with singular force and originality.

It is, as a general rule, it must be confessed, rather a severe ordeal to have to undergo, to be tried by laws made by one's self. That man, we admit, puts himself in an anomalous position, and sometimes finds himself in an embarrassing predicament, who is both author and critic at once. So long as he confines himself to one of these callings, he may ignore the other, and act and speak with some degree of independence; but the moment he is discovered exercising the double function, he throws himself open to an examination which admits of no reserve, and from the result of which there is no escape, because he is himself party, witness, counsel, judge, and jury, and may even be called upon to act as executioner, should sentence to that extent be self-pronounced against him. And yet, such is the hardihood of authorship, we every day witness the exercise, by the same individual, of this dangerous twofold office. From the Ciceronian era down to the present time, the rules which writers have been guilty of violating have been of their own construction; and the easy task is assigned the public, in a large proportion of the cases it has to adjudicate upon, of convicting the offender out of his own mouth. There must be some strong inducement, we suppose, constraining a man to place himself in a position, from which otherwise it might be presumed a moderate degree of common prudence would hold him aloof. And, in fact, the exercise

by any moral interest in his theme. He said once in a letter to me when writing on a political subject on which he was anxious to explode in print, 'O. has a power of bringing his faculties to bear which I much envy. I have no ideas, only *feelings*: I cannot speak, I cannot write, I can only *feel*, in a passion; which is improving to myself, no doubt, but not practically influential with others.'

And Mr. Roscoe himself alludes, with a personal reference to himself, to the profound solitariness of the recesses of every human soul.

"The human inaccessibility of that 'real life that every man leads in isolation from his fellows, that chamber of being open only upwards to heaven and downwards to hell,' was ever before his mind. He says in another place, 'We don't *know* our nearest friends; we are always dependent on our imaginations. From the imperfect materials that knowledge and sympathy can furnish, we construct a whole of our own, more or less conformable to the reality according to our opportunities of knowledge, and with more or less completeness or distinctness according to our imaginative faculties.'

That a mind so keenly sensitive to its own internal constitution and peculiarities should be quiveringly alive to the characteristics of others is only what we might be prepared to expect. The self-anatomist is not unlikely to look about him with a surgical eye. If the probe be here at times followed up by the lancet, at least the treatment has been undergone before it is applied. After all, it is not hard to see that the operation is more that of scarification than of incision, and the wounds, being superficial, at the worst only irritate, if they do not rather tickle. To do our author still further justice, it is proper to add that to praise is evidently his main design and desire. It is in selecting some favourite for his commendation that he sometimes takes occasion, as if by way of clearing the ground, to make sly thrusts to the right and left, more in sport than in anger, bidding mediocrity or rival claims, as the case may be, stand aside, that the proportions of the character or genius he is exhibiting may come out in fuller light. If Tennyson be his theme, and Tennyson's merits the subject of his discourse, the thing is not done without

damage to Pope, Young, and half a dozen others. Nay, Matthew Arnold cannot have his own but at the expense of Tom Moore; and the very censure of Samuel Rogers is relieved and given depth of shadow to by the opener condemnation of Byron. There is a boldness in the foot he plants on the necks of others which we can hardly help admiring, though we are inclined to doubt at times whether the tread be quite safe, considering the stature of some of those he thinks proper to trust under him. Well, the tread is light after all, and can scarcely endanger the vertebræ that have to undergo it any more than the neck of the harmless climber himself, who takes this mode of reaching the object of his lofty preference. Mr. Roscoe's main design, we repeat, is to praise. If it were not so we should scarcely have been justified in the general estimate of his character we have arrived at. He is a warm and hearty, we might almost say enthusiastic advocate when he takes up the case of a favourite; and most of his essays are devoted to his favourites. After all, what a refreshing thing it is to hear a person heartily commended! without reservation, without jealousy, without one selfish, qualifying thought! Something of greatness must lurk in the mind which so freely appreciates the greatness of others, just as meanness is ever the parent of detraction. In his critical essays, we are bound to say, Mr. Roscoe affords practical proof that he maligned himself when he remarked to the brother of his biographer that he "*loved to feel excellencies and talk of defects.*" He is voluble where he admires, and humanely laconic where he finds occasion to object. This must be understood to apply to the immediate object of his notice, being perfectly compatible with the *sidelong censure* already adverted to.

But it is where he abandons the peopled path and wanders into the flowery mead at his will that we find most of the character of the man, and derive most instruction and delight from his words. Instead, therefore, of following him in his criticism—sometimes extremely subtle and discriminating, and always elegant—we propose to turn at once from the judicial phase of his mind to the

significance if it were not illustrated by the personal sketch—scarcely to be called a biography or even memoir—which precedes it. The writer, Mr. Hutton, who was brother-in-law to the author, so thoroughly understands what he is about, and deals so fairly and delicately with the materials—of character and composition—in his hands, that a vast deal of trouble is saved the reader, and a clue is given, through the conscientious accuracy of his portraiture, to certain anomalies of thought and style, which prove, under such interpretation, to be just those lines which nature traced, individualizing the man in proportion as they deviated from the normal type. In truth, Mr. Hutton deserves much credit for taking the hint which the new mode of illustrating personal memoirs by photography offers, and drawing a real rather than a fanciful picture, using nature instead of art in the process, and trusting to resemblance rather than to poetic suggestion to interest the public in the original. Hear how modestly he expresses himself at the very outset:—

“ Though his intrinsic claims to some permanent, if modest, place in English literature may probably be conceded by most competent judges of his literary remains, there was certainly nothing in his external life to render Mr. Carlyle’s most pathetic question in any way inapplicable to his case—‘ Why should a biography be inflicted on this man? why should not no-biography and the privilege of all the weary be his lot?’ But, while an express biography, however succinct, would in the present case be at once inappropriate and impossible, I venture to hope that such a delineation of his character as it may be in my power to give—imperfect, partial, and, possibly, one-sided as it may prove—will both add some little interest to his writings, and derive a real value from them.”

This simple and unexaggerating tone will be found to pervade the entire memoir. From it we learn that Mr. Roscoe’s power lay in his quiet influence over the minds of his immediate associates rather than in brilliant display.

“ That some of my brother-in-law’s literary achievements,” he says, “ inconsiderable as they are in bulk, may prove to be enduring, I feel some confidence. But I am quite sure that they will not be in the highest sense, or in

the sight of God, his most characteristic and noblest work.”

Mr. Roscoe was born in Liverpool in the year 1823. He graduated in the University of London in 1843; was called to the bar in 1850; exercised for some time the office of Marshal to Judge Crompton; then, after a year or two, finding his health failing, retired to Wales, where he became part proprietor of a granite quarry, and died there in 1858. Perhaps nobody’s life ever presented fewer features of peculiarity; but it was not, therefore, without its own character. It might be said, on the contrary, to resemble those pebbles which, undistinguishably dull and shapeless without, exhibit, when broken, a mass of crystals, bright and regular, pointing inwards. It was, in truth, towards his own interior nature that the focus of his intellect seemed habitually to be turned. There might appear to have been a presentiment that he was not to do much as regarded the external world—perhaps that he was not fated to have time in which to perform the ordinary journeywork of life. Such feelings have been felt by some as foreshadowing influences, where Fate has been striding towards its victim before the appointed hour. Some, indeed, beneath the spell of the same apprehension, have redoubled their efforts—have thrown the energy of a life into the compass of an hour. But in the majority of cases the effects are seen as they are seen here: paralysing outward action, deadening outward effort, and concentrating the soul upon itself, and upon those things and those thoughts of others which belong to the inner and spiritual parts of man’s nature.

Not that Mr. Roscoe was fond of thinking thus of himself. But still, the idea breaks out every now and then. His biographer has sketched, in two or three touches, the strenuous weakness—rather, the inefficient strength—of his character.

“ In proportion to the flexibility and delicacy of his powers, his intellect was, no doubt, deficient in *vis* and practical efficiency. It was not nearly as effective an instrument of his will as it is in many men who have not his peculiar genius. Where imaginative excitement was wanting, he could not supply its place by any effort of volition, nor even

by any moral interest in his theme. He said once in a letter to me when writing on a political subject on which he was anxious to explode in print, 'O. has a power of bringing his faculties to bear which I much envy. I have no ideas, only *feelings*: I cannot speak, I cannot write, I can only *feel*, in a passion; which is improving to myself, no doubt, but not practically influential with others.'

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imaginative, and examine with what success canons laid down with soundness and perspicuity have been carried out in independent effort, and exemplified in original performance.

It is remarkable enough, though by no means unprecedented, that the two modes of poetic thought, the dramatic and the lyric, have, in these pieces, developed themselves under the most widely different aspects, and, as it were, under opposite influences. There can be no doubt that there is an essential difference between the intellectual origin of the one and the other. The lyric shows the colour of the mind after one reflection; the dramatic after two; one, namely, from the poet himself, the other from the character he paints. Still, it might be supposed that the hues should resemble each other; that they should harmonize, even where they differ. Here nothing strikes us more forcibly than the contrast they present. Two dramas are comprised in the collection before us: one of them, we are told, having been published in the author's lifetime. Of this drama it may be sufficient to characterize the tone and treatment, by stating, that it is modelled to a certain extent on Shelley's morbidly grand creation of "The Cenci," to which it presents some features of resemblance that can be recognised. The other drama, "Eliduke, Count of Yveloc," less objectionable in some respects, and, in our estimation, more original, if not more effective—still derives its chief interest, not so much from the crimes as from the heartless profligacy of the hero. It thrusts us up too close to the countenance of guilt, though it be for the purpose of demanding that we should shrink with disgust from its lineaments. The lyrics, on the other hand, are as pure and almost as homely as Wordsworth's. In the latter we trace the poet's own mind, the light in which external things and internal ideas are seen: the moral atmosphere of his nature. In the former may be read, if not his estimate of the moral constitution and governing impulses of others, at least the tone of each which he judges to possess most human interest, and to be susceptible of most powerful and effective delineation. His own fancy, arguing from what we read, wanders in a garden of flowers, and odour, and

sunshine. The souls of others, which he professes to present to us, are exhibited as inhabiting the dungeons of terror and of crime, into which he flashes the dark-lantern of his imagination, revealing what might well be left in its obscurity, unless with a view to those grim moral lessons, which, after all, can scarcely be deemed the chief object, though they should be a collateral aim, of dramatic poetry. We are sorry we cannot agree with the author of the memoir prefixed to the collection, in his estimate of the tragedy of "Violenzia." That there is powerful writing in it we do not deny; that noble sentiments, clothed in a rich garb of words, abound, we willingly concede; that it ought ever to have been written, we very much question; that it should have been published, we cannot but regret. It could never be acted, that is plain. And although that fact is not in itself sufficient to condemn a drama as a composition—for the reader will not fail to recal instances of tragedies which remain standard as literature without having ever possessed a place on the stage; yet when the nature of the plot is the cause of its necessary exclusion from the public eye, the same circumstance as peremptorily shuts the library door against it, and includes it in the *index expurgatorius* of an enlightened and refined age. Perhaps, in justice to the author, we ought to quote a few lines from the drama itself, which contains many effective scenes and forcible passages. In the following extract the hero and his friend are discovered on a hill by their camp, at break of day:—

Cor. Why are you so long silent?"

Eth. Stillness of morning,

And the ineffable serenity

And peace of young creation, bind my lips.

Oh, who would mar the season with dull speech,

That must tie up our visionary meanings

And subtle individual apprehensions

Into the common tongue of every man,

And of the swift and scarce-detested visitants
Of our illusive thoughts seek to make prisoners,

And only grasp their garments! Well, let's talk.

Cor. Indeed, no language can express the hour.

Eth. It is the very time of contemplation,
More rich for being instinct with coming life.
Short breathing-space between oblivion's sleep

And the world's tumult. Day's virginity,

Unmarried yet to action, nor made mother
Of all that brood of intricate consequents,
Quick progeny of her ephemeral womb,
That twining with their brothers of past
birth,

Weave the vast web of circumstance. Oh,
think of it!

We are creative gods, and whether we will
or no,

Upon the present moment we beget
Shapes of the future time. Most awful
present!

That swifter than the winged lightning flies,
And more irrevocable; subtly charged
With some small influence, some diminution,
Or fine accession to our immortal character,
Making a difference that shall never die
In what we might have been."

The above passage may be taken as an average specimen of the style and diction of the drama, with its fine thoughts and occasional irregularities of conception and treatment, as they will be found on a more extended scale and with constant repetitions throughout.

In glancing at the other drama, "Eliduke," instead of attempting to sketch the plot—which, after all, is rather wanting in what the French call *vraisemblance*—we shall content ourselves with producing a few samples—squares, as the author himself has expressed it, cut out of the piece almost at random. By so doing, we believe we shall serve the author as well as the reader. Enough will be displayed to prove the powers which might, under more favourable circumstances, have achieved something remarkable, and to engage the interest of those who would be apt to overlook such passages if they were found floating on a level surface of poetry. Enough will be revealed, perhaps, to make it understood that a gap really did intervene between what the author accomplished and what he had need to accomplish to command success, as well as to make the reader appreciate his discretion in withholding the piece from the public eye, at all events until it should have undergone a full and unsparing revision. The story professes to be taken, in part, from the old Breton "Lai d'Eliduc." The style seems more directly and designedly modelled upon Shakespeare than that of the other drama. It may excite a smile to name so great a master and so humble an imitator in the same breath; but in such cases the width of the gap is every thing, and the presumption

would be, not to point to it, but to measure it. Any body may write dramas "after Shakspeare;" even those who do so as St. Leger, according to Swift, "followed the law," namely, "at a great distance." Nobody need be ashamed or offended when he is told that the unapproachable can only be followed *longo intervallo*. Well, the style is Shaksperian, though our extracts are not selected with a view to prove our assertion. Here is what a lover compares his mistress's look to:

"Oh, if she loves me! and last night I thought so,

By the way she fixed her eastern eye on mine

The time I talked of love; an eye more deep
Than the gray cavern from whose twisted
depth,

Unfathomed by the old Egyptian king,
Mysterious Nilus takes a double course."

There is something bold and effective in the few words which pass between the self-upbraiding hero and his faithful and devoted friend, Roland:—

"Roland. Have you an enemy?

Eliduke. Ay, and a fatal.

Rol. And hath wronged you?

Eli. Foully.

Rol. Why, then I'll help you kill him.

Eli. Draw, and do so!

Strikes here."

But candour constrains us to exhibit the reverse of the picture; and it is difficult to bring ourselves to believe that the mind which originated much of what we read here, could have stooped to make the hero propose

"From the native eye of majesty
To wipe suspicion's dust!"

or to put such words as these in the mouth of the same personage, when he pleads for exemption from disgrace:—

"Strip, if you will, these outward decorations,

And leave me naked; but sole Nature's
garb,

The skin of honour, peel not that away."

We fear we must in candour admit that there are other passages which betray a want of appreciation of the delicate boundary-line of the poet's privilege. An image must not be cut out according to rule and square. It should have, as its characteristic, some vagueness of outline; it should partake of the uncertainty as well as

of the fidelity of shadow. It is in the exquisite clouding of metaphor into the atmosphere of imagination that the masters of the art excel. Metaphor is breathed from the exuberance of a fertile fancy, as a mist exhales from the vegetation of a valley, to be touched, as it ascends, with tints more celestial than those of the verdure from which it sprung. The moment you try to clip the edges of imagery into the shape of the realities it has relation to, you reveal paste-board and the paper cap. But the true appreciation or non-appreciation of this lies in the soul; it cannot be taught, nor can it be ever learned. The critic may exhibit its presence, or expose its absence, to the reader; he can never school the poet himself into the inspiration which would discover the one, or detect the other.

It will be seen by the glimpses afforded to the reader, that, in Mr. Roscoe's dramatic attempts, a good deal has been accomplished, though some mistakes have been committed. Nevertheless, had we nothing else to ground our estimate upon, we should have hesitated in according to him the title of poet, in its best sense. Fortunately we are not driven to speculation or left in uncertainty. The reader has been already informed that in the same volume in which these dramas appear, are also found a collection of minor poems—minor in dimensions—which can lay independent claim to our sympathy, and may well be held to redeem the defects we have had occasion to advert to, and turn the current of criticism into the channel of approbation.

Most of these lyrics are domestic. In perusing them it is not difficult to conceive that the loss of a relative who could feel thus, and thus express his feelings, has left a gap which time will be long in filling up.

"Ask me not, sweet, when I first loved thee,
Nor bid me carry back
Love's meditative memory
Down through a narrowing track.

"Remember how, in the sweet spring-time's
First faint prophetic hours,
The golden-headed aconite
Began the time of flowers.

"Then seemed it to our happy hearts,
As we stood hand in hand,
As if the promise were fulfilled,
And summer in the land.

"Slowly the sap rose in the tree,
Slowly the airs blew mild;
Softly the seasons grew, as grows
The sweetness of thy child.

"And when the March-wind sowed the banks
With early violets,
Or April hung the larchen trees
In green and crimson nets;

"Or, with white hawthorn-buds in hand,
Through yellowing oaken woods,
The young light-footed May came down,—
We knew no changing moods.

"We taxed not by comparisons
The season's growing prime;
But stood each present day and said,
'This is the happy time.'

"Now in the royal day of roses,
Our love being in its June,
Stand so, nor ask what note began
This full harmonious tune.

"I know thy love hath broadened, yet
I know when it began
It seemed the fullness of the grace
That could be granted man."

Of the sonnets we have room but for one, which appears to us remarkably original and graphic, maintaining, as it does, a solemn rhythmical rotation from beginning to end, finely appropriate to the idea. It is grounded on this sentence:—"If the earth had perception, how unutterably sad she would be at all the misery she contains!"

"Sad is my lot; among the shining spheres
Wheeling, I weave incessant day and night,
And ever, in my never-ending flight,
Add woes to woes, and count up tears on
tears.
Young wives' and new-born infants' hap-
less biers
Lie on my breast, a melancholy sight;
Fresh griefs abhor my fresh returning light;
Pain and remorse and want fill up my years.
My happier children's farther-piercing eyes
Into the blessed solvent future climb,
And knit the threads of joy and hope and
warning;
But I, the ancient mother, am not wise.
And, shut within the blind obscure of time,
Roll on from morn to night, and on from
night to morning."

With these few extracts we take our leave of Mr. Roscoe's remains. It cannot be expected that they will attract public attention in any unusual degree. They have little pretension, and they appear under the disadvantage of being posthumous. In such a case the author is unable to select, to arrange, to modify, to abridge, to explain. Another mind looks through his eyes, less able to

understand and do justice to what his mind has conceived. The thoughts and expressions born in privacy might, by him who originated them, have been finally clothed in a costume more meet for their introduction to the world than even that in which the generous interest of a connexion has been able to invest them. The dramas might—we are almost tempted to say *would*—have had a very large and sweeping revision; the minor poetry might have been added to, to the exclusion of some of those of greater length, with advantage to the book; and mental chronology—if we might venture on the expression—brought to bear upon the arrangement of those pieces which are conversant with the emotions of the heart and family affections. Such advantages were not fated to be Mr. Roscoe's; yet, without them, he has left behind him what, even as they are now presented to us, makes us keenly regret that more time was not afforded for the maturity of powers that pro-

mised so much; and that the full opportunity was lost of adding one other celebrity to a name already occupying so high a position on the roll of British literature.

Strange speculation, the possibilities of an unaccomplished career! How many a Marcellus has felt the inexorable asperity of fate! A pathetic interest seems to invest the character of which we catch a glimpse such as this, derived almost as much from what we conjecture might have been, as from what we know has been, and has ceased to be. Let it not, then, be laid to the charge of a personal desire to do honour to the memory of a friend, or of a friend's friend, that we have commended these posthumous memorials to the attention and sympathy of our readers. Every thinking and feeling mind must, after a perusal of the volumes containing them, bear its own testimony to the learning, the talents, and the worth of William Caldwell Roscoe.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

It is scarcely probable that the world will soon, if ever, again witness so singular a combination of hereditary peculiarities as that which distinguished the five sons of Colonel the Honourable George Napier of Celbridge, in the county of Dublin. Their ancestry seems, in truth, like a famous parliamentary majority recorded in one of the later volumes of *Hansard*, to be nothing less than a "fortuitous concurrence." And in its result it certainly goes far to prove that a mixture of races tends directly to the elevation of the individual character, hardly less than it unquestionably does to the advancement and invigoration of the genius of distinct nationalities. Of the latter remarkable and wholly incontestable truth, the annals and exploits of the Anglo-Saxon family afford of themselves adequate, or rather it may be said at once, conclusive attestation. Employing yet again, for the nonce, a sufficiently familiar illustration, it is like the imperceptible growth of a running stream—"a rivu-

let, now a river"—widening and deepening in its progress with the influx of many important tributaries. Into the main current of the historic lineage of the Napiers, it is curious to note how many and how important were those tributaries. They secured to it whatever ambidexterous advantages might be supposed to result from the infusion into the blood of the Napiers, of the "divine ichor" of two royal houses—those of Henry IV. of France, and of Charles II. of England. They rendered kindred to that same heroic blood, the blood of two chivalrous but attainted traitors to the Crown—the great Montrose and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Through the maternal line they enabled these five brothers, already mentioned, collectively, to claim the sympathies of relationship with Charles Fox, the orator of the Liberal Opposition; and through the paternal line, farther back by one or two generations, and higher in the intellectual atmosphere, in the very empyrean of ab-

stract philosophy, to trace their descent directly from the renowned inventor of logarithms, the immortal John Napier of Merchistoun.

There are assuredly but very few, indeed, among those who may examine these records of purely personal recollection who will require any explicit introduction whatever to three, at least among that cluster of five brothers—English most of them by birth, Scottish originally by ancestry, Irish by education and residence—who passed the early days of their boyhood together in their little home retreat at Celbridge. It is with the central figure, however, in this notable group that I have to do now exclusively. Another time I may take occasion to relate briefly what I knew, through personal intercourse, of the eldest born among this quintette of ripe scholars and valiant soldiers; the great Pro-consul who added the province of Scinde to our vast empire by the sheer force of his audacity as a military Conqueror, permanently incorporating it afterwards with our dominion by his prudential sagacity as an Administrator. Of the second, or intermediate brother, between the two most illustrious in this little domestic concourse of heroes and authors, I shall have in this place to say a few words, later on, incidentally. It is sufficient to remark now of these, the three eldest of the fraternity, that they all suffered grievously during the chief part of their long lives from formidable wounds received upon the battle field; that all of them gained at the point of their keen swords high military distinction; that each wore for himself the red ribbon of the Bath with its knightly insignia; that all three were simultaneously the Governors of important dependencies—Charles of Scinde, George of the Cape, William of Guernsey. Enough as to the two youngest of the brothers not yet specified, if it is here added that Henry, the penultimate among them, though he adopted the Royal Navy as his profession, will be better borne in remembrance in a purely literary capacity as the author of a luminous as well as voluminous "*History of Florence*;" and that Richard, the last and now the sole survivor of them all, though himself a member of the bar, is under-

stood also to have dedicated his intellectual energies exclusively to the cultivation of the "fresh fields and pastures (ever) new" of literature.

And now of that one central figure—as I knew and honoured it—I may speak here, as I have proposed, exclusively. Our English Tacitus, I love to call him—and, as such without doubt, as the greatest of all our military historians, his brave bright name will survive perennially in the national remembrance. One engraved portrait there is of him—it may be found as the frontispiece to the second volume of his elaborate biography of his brother Sir Charles, the Scindian Conqueror—a mezzotinto by Eggleton, from a classic bust by Adam, which may afford some notion to those who never actually saw the soldier-annalist of the Peninsular War, some faint proximate idea of his eminently noble and chivalric appearance at the age of seventy. He was yet more advanced in years when I saw him last, when I sat conversing with him not very long before his eventual demise at seventy-four, his eyes flashing brightly to the last, an inextinguishable animation it almost seemed, while we talked together, in every outline of those lofty and reverent lineaments. It only needed the casual gusts of a thunder-shower blowing through the open window of his long-years' residence at Scinde House, in that green little London suburb of Clapham, to render him the very incarnation of the well-known couplet in Gray's ode on "*The Bard*:"—

"Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;"

only, that for hoary it should be read silvery—silvery as the thrice-driven snow. And under the crowning grace of that white hair, above the rippled torrent of that venerable beard—one that looked, in its dishevelled flow, like the beard of the "*Shipman*" in Chaucer, as though it had been "*shaken by many a tempest*"—there remained, unmarred by age to the moment of his decease, that handsome aquiline visage the marble effigy of which any sculptor might well rejoice to have chiselled. It was a noble presence, not very easily to be forgotten. It was the weird age of Merlin descended upon the knightly form

and features of Sir Lancelot. Every individual peculiarity of the man bore evidence that General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier was veritably the offspring of that Colonel Napier who is described by him (Sir William) as not simply tall and strong, but actually "gigantic;" and of the Lady Sarah *née* Lennox, the eminently beautiful daughter of a mother herself eminently beautiful—that Lady Sarah Lennox (the celebrated toast and boast of her day for her loveliness), who, at eighteen, had been for a while the affianced bride, as she was ever afterwards the tender regret, of King George the Third! There were still visible the graces of the young mother's countenance reflected in the nobler outlines of the son, when that son had lived to be a veteran of more than seventy winters. There, too, in the stature of the latter, were the lofty proportions of the sire, modified by years, and alas! also, by prolonged suffering.

Those who were the loudest and the most reiterated in their reprehension of what was extravagantly mistaken for the constitutional acerbity of Sir William Napier, whenever he took pen in hand, of late years, with a view to publication, were of all, doubtless, the least aware of the physical anguish with which that pen was often—was almost always, grasped: anguish born of the battle-wounds already alluded to, and of consequent tortures from a protracted neuralgic affection. If, while agonized under these combined afflictions, that dauntless and ever outspoken nature undertook the vindication, for example, of one of his loved and honoured brothers in terms of unmeasured scorn against those by whom, certainly, Sir Charles Napier for one was very frequently and most ungenerously misrepresented, there are none, surely, but may now forget the bitterness of the written words in the remembered bitterness of all that hidden suffering. During many years, indeed, before the soldier-historian breathed his last, his life was one protracted martyrdom, sustained with heroic fortitude. Inasmuch was this the case, that latterly his only practicable exercise was an occasional drive in a little pony phaeton. To move across a room was an effort testing his powers of en-

durance. To touch the hand of a friend was, at intervals, nothing less than an act of courage. Yet, in spite of this, he could write to me under date "Seven o'clock, A.M." I have now lying before me a long letter, of the 21st of April, 1857, literally so headed—an epistle in the course of which Sir William Napier observes: "I write, as you see, before post comes in," &c.; adding, "I am an early riser, though past seventy-one, and a very complete wreck in body; but the fresh air of the morning revives me for work." And it is characteristic of the indomitable energy with which he threw himself into this work, latterly, in his brother's behalf, a chivalrous, self-imposed work of vindication, and often, it may be said, against their traducers, of pitiless reprobation; it is characteristic of the man himself and of his later labours, of his resolution and of his sufferings, that in this very communication to me (taken, haphazard, from among a pile of others extending over many years), he writes under the above-mentioned date, at seven o'clock, A.M., in a rush of burning words—words thus eloquent and impassioned:—

"The most offensive portion [he is speaking of an onslaught upon his brother, Sir George, an onslaught which he terms whimsically enough in an earlier part of the letter from which I am quoting, 'a mixture of snowballs and sweetmeats'] is the attack on my honest, gallant, true-hearted, brother George. To hint at cowardice in the man who passed the night following Corunna with a torch, turning over the corpses of the slain in search of his brother, exposed to the danger of plunderers, of enemies patrolling, and the chance of being left behind a prisoner. To hint at cowardice in the man who carried off Gifford's body in the midst of enemies at Cordova. To hint at cowardice in the man who stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. To do this merely for the gratification of vulgar spite against me, is surely a sign of baseness deeply engrained. And the proof! He, an Englishman, refused the command of the foolish, though gallant, King of Sardinia's army. And again, he, like a true Englishman, refused to step into the place of a better man than himself in the command of the Indian armies; and that man, his brother. Patriotism and honour, and self-negation, would have been the terms in an ho-

nourable mouth ; but with —— it is cowardice !”

Enough, however, (through this one solitary and fragmentary quotation) in the way of a momentary glimpse into our written correspondence. Of our real or personal intercourse I would fain speak, if possible (space permitting), more in detail, as to some of my most vivid recollections. While talking with Sir William Napier upon the occasion already particularized as not being long anterior to the date of his demise, I bear distinctly in remembrance how, in the midst of an animated conversation upon the origin, development, and eventual subjugation of the Indian revolt, he strongly reprobated the undue severity on our part, to which he attributed so much of the subsequent bloodshed, and so many of the later disasters. With a nature thrilling in its every fibre with sensibility, and a temperament singularly impulsive and impassioned, he combined in a wonderful degree, a judgment preeminently judicial and dispassionate. In testimony of this, it is only requisite to glance for a moment at that majestic Plutarchian contrast or comparison with which he closes the last chapter of the twenty-fourth book, completing his great historic masterpiece. The celebrated peroration of that oratorical history, in which Napier contrasts Napoleon (whom the English annalist here designates magnanimously and magnificently “the greatest man of whom history makes mention, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman),” contrasts the great Napo-

leon and Wellington. Comparing the battle of Wellington to the stroke of the battering ram—“down went the wall in ruins !” The battle of Napoleon to “the swell and dash of the mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all !” As thus, in these profoundly deliberated and crowning passages, in his record of the wars of the Peninsula, so equally judicial and dispassionate shone the judgment of Sir William Napier in the heat and vivacity of conversation. It was significant of the English soldier’s impartiality, and of the English historian’s magnanimous regard of the arch foe, that in his principal room at Scinde House (the dining-room) the only picture visible upon its walls, a picture hung too in the place of honour over the mantel-piece, was a portrait, not of Wellington, but of Wellington’s glorious antagonist. An engraving from Paul de la Roche’s exquisite sidelong portraiture of Napoleon, the King and Emperor. As “the other” principal decoration of the soldier-author’s *salle-à-manger*, there was displayed a noble trophy of arms upon the waste of wall opposite the windows of the apartment—sabres and muskets disposed in grim geometric arrangement, having as its central feature (a gracious and graceful gift from the Sovereign, to be thenceforth treasured in the family of its recipient as a priceless heir-loom) the heraldic banner borne by the hand of General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier in the ever-memorable pageant of the great Duke’s funeral, in Saint Paul’s Cathedral.

LEGEND LAYS OF IRELAND.

NO. V.—A LEGEND OF CULLENAGH.

I.

THE Currach* meadows ring with hoot
 Of creaking rail and water-coot,
 The shrilly pipings of the quail
 And bittern's lengthened, mournful wail
 Resound from tufts of blossomed broom ;
 Whilst to Cremorgan's woodst† repair
 The cawing rooks through middle air,
 Where myriads seek their leafy home.
 The owlet, from his cryptic cell
 In Ballyknocken's castle walls,‡
 Grates his harsh, discordant yell
 As evening's sun descending falls,
 Ere he sinks down o'er Cashel's hill§
 And closes on the parting day,
 Leaving the landscape lone and still,
 Casting a bright vermilion ray,
 On those dismantled walls of gray.
 The hurrying clouds were sailing past ;
 Stained with a fringe of rosy light,
 As the sun lingering looked his last
 And parted from the painless sight :
 The valleys, hills, and moors receive
 The sombre tints of fading eve.

* So called, probably, from their marshy, fenny characteristics, as the Irish word *currach* signifies a bog, marsh, or fen ; it is also applied to a course, a level plain, and a burial-ground. These meadows skirt the channel of the principal stream that flows westward from the Cullenagh mountains, by Kilvahan grave-yard.

† The beautiful demesne of Lewis Moore, Esq., who is said to be a lineal descendant of the former chieftains of Leix, forms a remarkable feature in the varied scenery, extending northward from the mountains of Cullenagh. Embosomed amidst the large trees in a particular portion of this finely-wooded demesne, are to be seen the ruins of an ancient church, the chancel of which contains the tombs of former representatives of this ancient family. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Cremorgan was held by Lishagh M'Mortogh Óge O'More and his son Patrick, who joined Ony M'Rory O'More and his confederate rebels, at Stradbally ; for which act Cremorgan became forfeited to the Queen and her successors, according to the Book of Leinster Inquisitions.

‡ The existing remains of Ballyknocken's quadrangular keep are at present in an extremely ruinous state. Only two sides of the old building have partially weathered the rough assaults of time and the still ruder attacks of hostile beleaguers. This castle, situated on the verge of a bog and in the middle of a plain surrounding it on all sides, appears to have had no peculiar defensive advantages of position. It was a dependency of the O'Moores, whose principal fortress was situated at Dunamase, over the great plain of Maryborough. During the progress of some excavations, which took place about thirty years ago, at a hill opposite the castle of Ballyknocken, several skeletons and portions of human remains were disinterred. Tradition had previously pointed out this place as the site of a former battle-field.

§ This rocky eminence is a prominent object near the public road, leading from Stradbally to Abbeyleix, and it lies to the north-west of the Cullenagh mountains. It commands a fine view of the magnificently outlined Sliabh Bloom mountains, which separate the King's and Queen's counties. The rugged, yet verdant sides of Cashel Hill are covered with a luxuriant growth of copsewood and sweet pasturage.

II.

Midsummer held her reign in June,
 When snowy hawthorn blossoms bloom
 And fragrant air perfumes the weather:
 Night wore on that stilly noon,
 When rose the round and cloudless moon,
 O'er Cullenagh's dark mountain heather.*
 Kilvahan,† where the village dead
 Rest in their cold-sepulchral bed,
 Has ceased loud echoes to repeat
 Of milkmaid's song and lambkin's bleat.
 The fleecy flocks now rest among
 Tall, sheltering slabs, that crown each tomb.
 The lingering morn her rise delayed,
 Sliabh Dubh‡ had cast a sombre shade,
 Upon the Middle Mountain§ drawn,
 Till climbing high above his head
 The moon her mellowed radiance spread,
 E'en on the smooth crest of Sliabh Bawn.||

* Cullenagh townland has doubtless given name to the barony in like manner denominated. This townland is situated in the parish of Ballyroan, Queen's County. Its three mountains are conspicuous objects for miles around, and they rise to a considerable elevation over the adjoining country. The townland is divided in two denominations, called respectively Cullenaghmore and Cullenaghbeg. The barony of Cullenagh forms one of the southern divisions of the Queen's county, and was formerly comprised within the ancient principality of Leix.

† A small townland lying to the north of the larger one of Cullenagh. Within the former an old grave-yard crowns the summit of a beautiful hill, and the burial ground is surrounded by a circular fosse and neglected fence, over which venerable hawthorns spread their verdant leaflets and fragrant blossoms in the summer season. The rich pastures around are beautifully undulating, and afford abundant herbage for numerous flocks of sheep. A few upright marble-limestone tombs are kept in a highly polished state, from their constant contact with the unctuous fleeces of these animals that nestle and graze where—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

‡ The Black Mountain is the most elevated of the Cullenagh range. It is supposed to contain coal and other minerals, and several years ago mining operations were here commenced; but they have been long since discontinued. On the north side of this barren, peaty, heather-covered mountain, a large and solitary hawthorn tree hung over a small pond of water near the summit. It was called *Shed Bush*, and is remarkable on account of having been the appointed place for a gathering of the peasantry, about the commencement of the rising of 1798. A numerous band assembled there, partially armed with pikes and guns, but accomplished no greater amount of effective service, than did the king of France, who—

"with twenty thousand men,
 Marched up the hill, and then came down again."

Mountain, less elevated than the former, produces more abundant sturage, and is separated from the Black Mountain by a deep ditch. A rapid stream hurries in a succession of innumerable cascades these waterfalls are of considerable height, and uncommonly frequent rains. A long, but narrow stripe of indigenous forest trees lines the side of this ravine. About a century ago, these primeval woods were extensive, and were infested with wild cats and other destructive beasts. The inhabitants of the country have heard from the accounts of

the most fertile eminence of the three principal peaks. It is rather barren, and devoid of wood, and cultivated to some degree along the flanks. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle find an extended range along the elevated ridges.

The mountain water of the Foyle,*
 Pent within its barrier hold,
 With breasted wavelets, that recoil
 And seem like a plain of molten gold.
 But flashing clear with pearly brightness,
 The rushing streams of silv'ry fountains,
 Rivalling new fallen snow in whiteness,
 And leaping down the shelving mountains,
 In wild commotion hoarsely brawl
 O'er many a glen and waterfall.
 The birds of song their feathered breasts
 Recline in shaded, downy nests ;
 No more their strains awake the dales,
 The noiseless hills and slumbering vales.
 The yellow furze, the stunted thorn,
 The verdant meads, the ripening corn,
 The cots around gleam in her light,
 As the moon brings the middle night.

III.

On such a night—at such an hour—
 Young Connor's steps, as home he hied,
 Disturbed by some delirious power,
 Moved measureless from side to side ;
 The dust-drawn circles, tangents, sines,
 And aught save rectilinear lines,
 Gave mathematic demonstrations
 Of awkward moves and dubious stations.
 His eyes saw not, or saw things double,
 His reeling brain, from time to time,
 Dismissing thoughts of care and trouble,
 Launched forth upon the true sublime
 Of grand resolves, projected feats,
 When gaily decked the Ranger† meets
 Proud ranks of hurlers that resort
 To dare with him the manly sport.

* The Foyle Pond is formed by the intercepted waters of the rivulet, which divides the Black and Middle Mountains. An exceedingly high and broad mound of earth and stone-work has been artificially constructed, to retain the storage water necessary for the mills, that are built at some distance below it; and from the steep and rugged banks rising above the Pond, the latter presents the appearance of a lone and narrow mountain lough, closed in on every side but the one, where the surplus waters escape over the solid abutment. Through this gorge of the ravine, a most varied and interesting vista of the lower plains, hills, and valleys of Kilvahan are seen to great advantage, from the head of Foyle Pond.

† A Cullenagh man even yet delights in this appellation, and the term is often applied to him by the inhabitants of surrounding districts. It arose from the circumstance of Sir Jonah Barrington's father having organized a cavalry corps, called the *Cullenagh Rangers*, during the memorable period of Irish volunteering. The full dress of these citizen soldiers was scarlet, and their undress white, with black velvet facings. This corps was for the most part enrolled from amongst the tenantry on the Barrington estates, and comprised a noble band of well mounted, athletic, and brave young men, officered by their patriarchal landlord and by his large family of sons, with a few gentlemen-farmers living on the property, who served as subalterns. Sir Jonah Barrington had been sent with a detachment of this body to attend the Grand National Convention of Ireland, which assembled in the Rotunda at Dublin, towards the close of 1783. At the head of those few men, Sir Jonah tells us, he felt prouder than an emperor, and that an impression was made on his youthful mind, which even in the chill of age was vivid and animating, whilst at the time, "a glowing patriotism, a military feeling, and an instinctive, though senseless lust for actual service, arose within him."—(*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, chap. xviii.) Long before the writer of this Legend could have

He saw, in mind, his rivals yield
 To Barrington* the well won field.
 When hark! upon the midnight clear
 Rise booming sounds that strike his ear.

IV.

First indistinct and faintly booming,
 Along the hills those sounds were coming;
 Now scarcely heard in sullen languor,
 And wasted on the distant air,
 Returning echoes loudly bear
 Upon the breeze their swelling clangor.
 Briskly as the rain-drops pattering,
 When tropic clouds dissolve in showers,
 Rustling 'mid the leaves and flowers,
 Thus was heard the rereward clattering.
 Deep as the beat of rolling drum,

a knowledge of the historic incidents of the stirring period that called for an embodiment of these and similar brigades of volunteers, he often heard "in the days of childhood," the popular and truly spirited strains of a favourite local song, which contained a threat, that—

"The French and the Spaniards, they might rue the day,
 When they'd face the bold Cullenagh Rangers."

It is rather strange, that Thomas MacNevin, in his *History of the Volunteers of 1782*, omits any description of the dress and equipments of the *Cullenagh Rangers*, one of the most effective and resolute corps ever enrolled, filled with an enthusiastic admiration and attachment towards their brave and popular colonel and officers, whilst ready to dare any enterprise under their command.

* The Barringtons appear to have been lords of the soil over Cullenagh and several other adjoining townlands, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the close of the last century. According to the Leinster Inquisitions, John Barrington obtained letters patent, dated the 12th of May, in the sixth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, conferring this manor on himself and his heirs male, in succession, after the original proprietors, the O'Moores of Leix, had been dispossessed. Towards the close of the last century, the Cullenagh property, incumbered by debts and mortgages, was sold to the late Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and was afterwards transferred to the celebrated Judge Norbury, in whose family the proprietorship now remains. The Barringtons were exceedingly popular, and held an almost feudal sway over the affections and services of their numerous and comfortable tenantry. They were distinguished by a fondness for horsemanship and field-sports, especially for the favourite game of hurling. They obtained still greater notoriety for their duelling propensities, and were generally known by the appellation of the *Fighting Barringtons*. It is said, that Lady Barrington, the mother of Sir Jonah and his numerous band of brothers, was accustomed to practice candle-snuffing with duelling-pistols herself, and to teach her sons the most effective methods of dealing out death or wounds to adversaries that might dare to offer or accept cartels. Her theories and practice were afterwards fully illustrated by the death of more than one of her sons in the *duello*; and nearly all of them had frequent experience of single combat, either as seconds or principals. The only scion of intellectual eminence belonging to this family was the celebrated Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the Admiralty, an eloquent speaker in the Irish Parliament, and the author of several popular works. The facetious baronet's *Personal Sketches* of his own time, are exceedingly amusing, and contain many interesting family anecdotes characteristic of the social state of Ireland over sixty years ago, although several humorous etchings are over-coloured and at least slightly exaggerated. The old baronial-looking residence of the Barringtons is now uninhabited, and the winds whistle through its desolate, unroofed walls, and over its antique gables. Some thirty years back, an exiled member of this family, living in France, had expectations of establishing his claims to the proprietorship of the paternal estates, and sent a characteristic circular to the tenantry living thereon, to pay no rent to the *de facto* landlord, assuring them that "the crack of a Barrington's whip would be heard once more on the Cullenagh mountains." The announcement created the greatest enthusiasm amongst the tenants on the Cullenagh property; but the promise has never been fulfilled, nor is there a prospect of its being realized at any future period.

And murmuring as the queen-bee's hum.
 Like aspen leaves rough breezes shaking,
 The mountain sward around seemed quaking.
 Along the matted tufts of broom
 Young Connor's eye strained through the gloom ;
 His ear directs th' inquiring eye,
 Along the rugged mountain's breast,
 Where the resplendent, moonlit sky
 Relieved its dark and serried crest.
 Swift as the Borealis streak,
 A horseman tops the highest peak,
 A moment seen—and he was gone !
 Swift as those lurid lights divide
 The ambient ether—hurrying on—
 The steed was reined by Connor's side.

V.

" Hail, mortal ! Ho, 'tis Connor's here !
 Commenced th' accosting cavalier,
 " Fortune has smiled approving favours
 And crowned the toil of long endeavours.
 My Connor found—my mission's over—
 List to the secrets I discover.
 In Comber's Park,* this glorious night,
 The fairies hurl by pale moonlight ;
 A wager's laid, and for the bout
 All things prepared, the ground marked out,
 The goals arranged, yet, 'twould appear
 My merry men the issue fear.
 Your prowess known in hurling sport,
 Our fellow-hurlers of the Fort †
 Resolved you should their contest share,
 Urging that couriers should repair
 To seek you out wherever found.
 They sought at home, abroad, where'er,
 A Ranger could or might repair :
 Whilst in their search around,
 They thought of merry Dysart's fair ‡
 And capered with you o'er that ground.

* A beautiful green paddock on the eastern slope of the Black Mountain, formerly a favourite hurling field with the men of Cullenagh, who under the training of the Barringtons attained a renowned degree of proficiency at this invigorating, but rather dangerous exercise. Parishes, baronies, and counties often contended for victorious laurels, at this truly national sport, and vast crowds of the brave and fair assembled as spectators on these occasions. The men of Cullenagh were rarely matched, and still more rarely excelled, by their opponents. Their numerous contests were celebrated by the local ballad-mongers in songs, that are yet popular, although not often perfect in metrical structure or poetic merit. Even the hurling gentry of the day were more celebrated for their prowess at field sports, than by their literary or intellectual capabilities. One of the most notorious amongst the sporting gentlemen of the Queen's County having obligingly complied with the request of a brother sportsman, who desired to complete a certain number of efficient hurlers for an important match then pending, sent a contingent of half-a-dozen athletes, with an accompanying note, containing these words, " Enclosed I send you six of the best hurlers in all Ireland." It proved rather fortunate—yet still inexplicable—that the note was delivered by hand ; for even in those days of cheap postage, the size and weight of such an epistle, directed through the post-office, must have pressed rather heavily on the finances, either of the sender or receiver.

† A name given by the peasantry to one of the many raths, so generally scattered over the surface of our island. These forts or raths are supposed to be the favourite residences of the fairies.

‡ The two annual fairs of Dysart are held on Whit-Monday and on the 12th of

They drove your rivals from the green,
 Guided the whirl of your *alpeen* ;*
 In tents they sported through the dance,
 Tripp'd heel and toe, with rolling shuffle,
 Crossed hands, in reels or jigs advance,
 And quick retire, by covering buckle.†
 We nerved your free and lithesome limbs,
 With frolic played off sportive whims,
 We thrust a nutshell slyly in
 The piper's broken-winded chanter,
 Cracked the Cremona's treble string,
 And raised the laughing dancer's banter.
 We dived in overflowing methers,
 We sailed through air on goss'mer feathers,
 Purloined their heaps from apple-stalls
 And hopped them on each mortal's head,
 Whilst, thick as hail, the volley falls
 Of brickbat loaves and gingerbread.‡
 'Till, wearied with the long day's fun,
 We hurried home at setting sun ;
 But sought you first, and sought in vain
 Your form around the noisy green,
 Hopeless of finding you, again
 The third time have I crossed this scene.
 Then linger not—away to horse—
 We'll sweep with speed our mountain course."

November. In times past, these fairs were disturbed by faction and party fights, which often ended with bloodshed and homicide. The fair-green was situated on one of the elevated ridges of the Dysart range of hills, near the graveyard and the now deserted Protestant Church of the parish of Dysart Enos. A noted local celebrity some years since deceased, and a retired octogenarian captain of Dragoons, who had formerly witnessed some active service in the British army, felt an instinctive passion to behold a good, heady fight, on the periodical recurrence of Dysart fair, and regularly attended as a veteran volunteer, to lend assistance in marshalling the array and directing the evolutions of the contending factions. He generally sided with the weaker party, and when his men were obliged to give way before the assault of their opponents, the Captain would usually cry out, at the top of his voice: "Boys, don't desert your colours, but rally round the Church!" He always felt very indignant, when the police attended in sufficient force to prevent an engagement and overawe the combatants, and asseverated on the honour of a soldier, that the bravery and spirit of the peasantry would evaporate, if the guardians of the public peace could succeed in arresting the single-stick play of blackthorn and shillelagh. He disapproved of stone-throwing during the progress of the fight; but when a volley flew around him, whilst mounted on a splendid hunter he directed the onset, a quick eye and a graceful, agile turn of the body usually protected him from an aimless stroke, never intended for his injury—the good-natured officiousness he displayed on these occasions being always duly appreciated by the belligerents. The business transactions of Dysart fair commonly ended at noon, the remainder of the day being devoted to amusement or rioting. "the good old times." The heroic days of this once celebrated green have departed, and are long since numbered amongst things that were: the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of sucking-pigs, and the bleating of sheep resound over the fertile and verdant hills of this romantic vicinage, instead of the *shibboleth* of party and the wild *abu* of contending factions. The finely-wooded demesne and elegant mansion of Lamberton Park, the seat of Walter Sweetman, Esq., lie between the Dysart hills and the Cullenagh mountains. Lamberton was formerly a possession of the celebrated jurist and anti-union orator in the Irish Parliament, the Right Honourable Arthur Moore, late Judge of the Common Pleas. Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Ireland, spent some time as the guest of Judge Moore at Lamberton Park, and felt greatly delighted with the scenic beauties of the neighbourhood.

* A stout and well-seasoned stick used by the peasantry in faction fights.

† These are feats of agility and movements commonly exhibited in the dances of our countrymen.

‡ The fairies are said to delight in frolics of this nature on Irish fair-greens, but their forms are invisible to human eye during the perpetration of these practical jokes.

VI.

Nor more he said : but quickly braced
 His fairy arm round Connor's waist,
 And vaulting lightly on the steed,
 Once more renewed his headlong speed.
 Then wheeling round with vigorous bent,
 The courser gained the rough ascent,
 And snorting wildly sought his home,
 With eye of fire and mouth of foam.
 Whilst whip and rowel bring the tide
 Of crimson down his tortured side,
 Young Connor dreads the startling race,
 Increased, if aught, at every pace.
 In wild disorder past his eyes
 Each object seen receding flies ;
 The spiry grass, the heather flowers,
 The mountain moss and *froghan** berry
 Spring from the courser's feet in showers,
 That rain along the path, where'er he
 Plants the fast descending hoof
 And hurls the broken soil aloof.
 With every stretch of speed, the horse
 Like lightning leaps above the ground,
 The mountain groans beneath the course,
 Sending an echo round and round.
 The latent spark from flinty rock
 The hoof relumes with every shock.
 Air, earth, and water, moon and sky,
 In mingling parts, disrupted fly :
 A thousand perils crowd that night,
 Before the mortal's swimming sight.

VII.

The mountain top was gained and past,
 When sweeping down its eastern slope,
 The Comber's Park was reached at last,
 Where wond'rous scenes successive ope
 The visions of a fairy land :
 For thick as reeds upon the green,
 The moonlight shed a brilliant sheen
 Above a vast, unnumbered band,
 That issued from the peopled Fort
 To join in feats of hurling sport.
 A silken vest of yellow hue,
 A velvet cap, as azure blue,
 Bedecked one-half the train ;
 A scarlet cap and pea-green vest,
 Relieved both jerkin loose and crest
 Of even numbers that remain.
 A common† from each shoulder hung,
 A plume from every bonnet swung,

* The Irish name given to the *vaccinium myrtillus*, bilberry, which grows profusely on the sides and summit of the most elevated mountain of the Cullenagh range. This berry forms a part of the autumnal food of grouse, and is often used in making tarts. Its collection by the young people affords an inducement or an excuse for many pleasant excursions to the highlands, when it has fully ripened with the advancing season.

† The name given to the wooden instrument, used by the most expert hurlers. It was generally made of seasoned ash, thus combining the qualities of endurance and lightness. The handle was smoothly fashioned and round ; the extremity of the common was crooked, and flattened on both sides.

The plume, and hose, and doublet white,
 Crowned every rich appareled wight.
 Of dwarfish size and slender form
 These men of fairy land appear,
 And endless seemed the crowds that swarm,
 Clad in their bright and sportive gear.
 Though mingled sounds and broken voices,
 Such as he heard at Dysart's fair,
 Struck on the mortal's listening ear,
 Though dashed with fear, his soul rejoices,
 When "Welcome, Connor, welcome here!"
 Burst in a loud, enlivening cheer.

VIII.

Dismounting from the panting steed,
 The horsemen quick descend;
 And fairy bands the mortal lead,
 With his companion friend,
 To hear the hurling roll called out
 By leaders of each band:
 As fortune willed, in sportive bout,
 Together placed they stand.
 His Island green young Connor graced,
 His coarser frieze a garb displaced,
 With colours bright and gay:
 Then quickly ranged, by bugle horn,
 The leaders of each uniform
 Bring forth their men for play,
 Disposed along the grassy field,
 To win the palm or struggling yield.

IX.

The lists made out, the courses cleared,
 For sporting feats the bands prepared,
 Opposing staffs the banners reared,
 That showed the distant goal:
 The ball was tossed aloft in air,
 'Mid many a long, enlivening cheer,
 And ardent hope or trembling fear
 Rose in each elfin soul.
 The hurlets sweep above, around,
 The groaning turf, with hollow sound,
 Rings 'neath their hurrying feet;
 And many a contest rises, where
 The wiry shapes of elfins share
 The struggle, when the leaders meet.
 The restless ball its course pursued
 By bat and stroke propelled,
 And agonized with hope, they viewed
 The aerial path it held.
 From north to south, from east to west,
 It flew above the plain—nor rest
 When downward tending found:
 The bands that wore the yellow vest,
 Against the pea-green jackets prest,
 When to the rescue bound.
 With jostling here and tripping there,
 The shaking turf showed everywhere
 The proof of prostrate forms;
 As toppling down, with headlong speed,
 The inexperienced hurlers lead
 A sport that tires and warms.

An angry call—a shrilly cheer—
 As fortune turned the tide
 Broke on the mortal's listening ear,
 From each opposing side ;
 The oft-repeated, nervous stroke,
 From seasoned commons rung,
 That proved them blades of ash or oak,
 By vigorous wielders swung.
 Whilst over all, the pale moonlight
 Gleamed on their glorious sports that night.

X.

But 'midst their bands, o'ertopping all,
 The green of Connor's vest,
 And swinging stroke, beneath the ball,
 Were marked by all the rest :
 For like a meteor gleaming far,
 He led the brunt of sportive war ;
 He swept like whirlwind o'er the course,
 Though met by more than mortal force,
 His mortal might prevailed.
 He crossed a limb, before each fay,
 And sent him tottering far away,
 Till strength and muscle failed.
 With shouldering shock, he urged along
 Some eager sprite, that led the throng,
 To measure on the field,
 His wiry shape of form and limb,
 To rise in soiled, bespattered trim,
 Again to strive and yield.
 But time and tide brought round reverse,
 The chronicler must now rehearse,
 How fall for fall was paid ;
 The stroke, that bore the ball away,
 Was stopped by many a tiny fay,
 The surge of victory stayed.
 So culled the men—so brisk the game—
 Not e'en a practised eye could gleam
 Where victor's palm might seem t' incline
 On wavering band or moment's time.

XI.

The hours ran by, and swiftly too,
 The hurrying sportsmen eager flew,
 Around the well-contested plain,
 Their parts to play, their goal to gain,
 Till 'mid the glorious bout,
 A nervous stroke propelled the flight
 Of bandied ball across the sight,
 With hope-inspiring shout.
 The horseman of the mountain course
 Gave proof of his untiring force,
 As whizzed the ball in air ;
 And as it stretched a lengthening arch,
 Along its bow-bent, aerial march,
 There rose another cheer.
 For Connor's bat resounds again,
 Above the crowds of *gentlemen*,*

* To deprecate the anger or mischievous propensities of fairies, the peasantry are accustomed to call them *gentlemen*, *good people*, &c. These titles are supposed

That viewed this final stroke ;
 A moment seen, and mounting high,
 The ball was swept along the sky,
 Then through the bars it broke.

XII.

The game was won ! and deafening cheers
 Salute the mortal's aching ears
 From his victorious band ;
 When sullenly the conquered host
 Retire amidst the taunting boast
 Of mortal beating fairy-land,
 And bearing off the victor's wreath
 To deck a Ranger's brow.
 Shame ! shall their men himself beneath
 To Connor's boast allow ?
 But envy yields to nobler feeling,
 When pleasure's tide, resistless stealing,
 Tore from his foes their fierce defiance,
 And merged all hearts in fond alliance.
 For foe, as friend, his welcome pours
 On Connor's prowess tried,
 As wildly joyous murmur roars
 Along the mountain's side ;
 Whilst hurrying to their hawthorn rath,
 The fays direct their moonlit path,
 To taste around the festive board
 Those viands fairy realms afford.

XIII.

The cloth was laid, was loaded, cleared,
 When vinous flaggons decked the board :
 The sparkling glasses round appeared,
 And streams of nectar circling poured.
 Whilst noisy revel rings among
 The busy jovial guests that throng,
 The mortal poured with open throat
 His rhymeless verse and rustic note,
 And choirs repeat the strain,
 With "Hip, hurrah !" and "nine times nine !"
 A health was drunk from time to time,
 For Connor's hurling fame.
 The festive riot swam at length
 Before his reeling eyes,
 Till borne beyond his boozing strength
 Oblivious mists arise ;
 And merry faces, known among
 His boon companions, seem to throng
 By scores the crowded seats ;
 When stealthily, as 'twere, he ends
 By blending sprites with mortal friends,
 Whilst sober thought retreats.
 Then looking round, by chance he spied
 The fairy horseman at his side,
 Who rising up, with eager haste,
 And pointing to the dark'ning east,
 The sprite of air immediate spoke
 As Connor's consciousness awoke.

to flatter their vanity, in case the invisible elves should be within hearing. The Scottish Highlanders entertain a like superstition.

XIV.

“Up, up, my friend, the day draws near,
The presages of morn appear,
And pleasure’s tide has run ;
Our steed awaits, with tireless force,
To try again your homeward course,
With the declining moon.
Cast off your trappings and resume
The frieze of silver grey ;
No longer can our bands presume
Their revels to delay.
For we must close the fairy feast,
When the bright moon has sunk to rest ;
Whilst mortal eyelids close in sleep,
Alone their orgies fairies keep.”

XV.

He said : when Connor soon obeyed
And doffed his jerkin green,
Nor more his thoughts the time delayed
By pondering on the scene ;
As chafed and champing forth was led
The charger, with impatient tread,
That, doubly mounted then,
Flew off with all his former speed,
Whilst parting cheers pursue the steed,
From crowds of gentlemen.
And far, the midnight breezes swell
An echoed “Connor, fare thee well !”

XVI.

Now feast and feasters fade away,
Before the dawn of coming day ;
And, strange to say ! alone appears
The courser that his rider bears.
With thundering pace, the tireless horse
Swept o’er again the mountain course,
And leaping o’er ravines and rills,
An earthquake shakes the rugged hills.
Up crag and down, o’er plain and dell,
The charger’s pattering hoof-plates fell,
Till reined before an humble cot,
The mortal recognised his home,
And eagerly he hurried down
To seek the well-known spot.
The spirit waved his last adieu
And off again like lightning flew.
The mortal raised the yielding latch
And strode beneath his roof of thatch ;
Then sought the lowly pallet bed,
To rest his wearied, reeling head :
Nor more he knew, when langour deep
Spread o’er his eyes the seal of sleep.

XVII.

But morning dawned, o’er hill and plain,
Leading the orb of day again,
With warm and steady blaze
To mid-day’s vertex, streaming on
The slothful subject of our song,
Who dreamed of frisking fays.

He oped, at length, his heavy eyes,
 And rising sought his garb of frieze,
 But sought in vain the rustic dress,
 Nor frieze, nor silk, he found.
 Yet quickly memory's clear impress
 Recalls the hurling ground,
 Where festive sports of yestere'en
 Ran riot 'neath the moonlight beam.
 Half-clothed he returned where
 The loss now felt he might repair :
 And, lo ! identified the prize
 Of bundled homespun met his eyes.
 Thus dressed, once more he seeks his home,
 Assured (as well he might
 Infer) such tale must oft become
 The topic of a night,
 When rustics round the peaty blaze
 Should hear it told, in wild amaze,
 And fear to venture homeward bound
 Across the fairies' hurling ground.

XVIII.

Though many a past, revolving year
 Dissolved the reign of elfin fear,*
 Though hero and historian too
 Have vanished long from mortal view,
 Yet Cullenagh remembers well
 The tale old Connor loved to tell
 She guarantees the wond'rous truth
 The sage related to her youth,
 Who often yet rehearse the tale,
 When daylight wanes along the vale ;
 And who dare doubt, 'mongst sceptics, stood
 The paragon of hardihood.

LACKENHUSIA

* Although these lines in the present legend had been composed, long before the writer was gratified by the perusal of Denis Florence MacCarthy's inimitable beautiful fairy tale, entitled *Alice and Una*, there is a cognate idea, far more felicitously expressed, in the following opening stanza of our gifted countryman's highly poetical romance of *Ceim-an-eich*.

" Ah the pleasant time hath vanished, ere our wretched doubtings banished
 All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea,
 Whom in days now dim and olden, when the world was fresh and golden,
 Every mortal could behold in haunted rath, and tower, and tree—
 They have vanished, they are banished—ah ! how sad the loss for thee,
 Lonely Ceim-an-eich ! "

PARIS INDUSTRIES AND THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.

ALL persons are agreed that it is good to reduce taxation, to simplify tariffs, to extend our markets abroad, and to increase our commercial relations with the French people; but it is a question whether the House of Commons has not been precipitate and extreme in transforming indirect taxation by custom duties into the direct impost of an income-tax. We do not propose to enter into this important question, but simply to take a brief review of the history both of French protection and of the industries peculiar to Paris, and to make some remarks on the condition of the manually working classes of that capital.

Industry in its derivative sense, that is to say, *intus domi struere*, work carried on within doors, in contradistinction to outdoor or agricultural work, is the less visible of these two grand divisions of national labour; and this peculiarity has always somewhat hindered obtaining such insight into its statistics as would enable large views of this important subject to be taken. The manufacturing vision is naturally a contracted one, being confined to the indoor production of a single article; but its shortsightedness has of late years been remedied by the use of mercantile telescopes, which take the widest possible range. A cursory view of the map of France would incline one to say that she is adapted to administer in the largest degree to the commercial wants of the world, her geographical position connecting her with most of the continental nations, and her extensive seaboard giving her outlets to every ocean. But the grand and promising prospects that might be imagined from a superficial survey must be abandoned after obtaining an intimate knowledge of her natural resources and of the arti-

ficial state of her society. Thus, comparing her with England, she is less rich in three bases of industry, viz., coal, iron, and fertility of soil. In compensation, her climate permits her inhabitants to subsist on a lower scale of diet and with less clothing and comfort than are compatible in the rival country; and nature has also endowed her ingenious people with uncommon aptitudes for manufacture, in diffusion of taste, intelligence, and economy. Against these natural advantages she has set an artificial barrier to accumulation of capital, by compelling its subdivision among children. Hence, while possessing special capacities, such as might elevate her to the highest rank among manufacturing nations, she has dwarfed her powers by her own act.

The English social system is, as compared with the French, eminently an industrial organization of society. Partly by fortuity and partly by design, the polity of the British Islands is perfectly adapted to the full development of her enormous agricultural and industrial resources, and consequently industry holds the second rank in England as one of the greatest vital forces of society, and also maintains a splendid pre-eminence over the industry of any other nation in spreading its benefits over the habitable globe. These benefits would have long ago been more widely and fully diffused but for the hostility of foreign nations.

In most of the countries which present the greatest capacity for receiving our manufactures, their admission was and is opposed by protective tariffs, framed for the express purpose of excluding or limiting their introduction; and, while the barriers thus raised by the jealousies of prohi-

Statistique de l'Industrie à Paris, résultant de l'Enquête faite par la Chambre de Commerce pour les années 1847-8. Paris, 1851.

Statistique de l'Industrie de la France. Par M. de Jonnès. Paris, 1856.

Du Principe de Population. Par Joseph Garnier. Paris, 1857.

On the Working Classes. By C. Morrison. London, 1857.

Thoughts on the Treaty of Commerce with France. By J. S. W. Second edition. London, 1860.

The French Treaty and Tariff of 1860. Edited by H. R. Lack, Esq. London, 1861.

bitionists in France and of the Zollverein in Germany are slow in the work of self-demolition, our fabrics have to compete, in the more distant markets to which they are in consequence driven, with the productions of nations who possess some great advantage, either in the possession of raw material, which we are obliged to import, or in cheapness of labour.

Were the world what the ancients believed it to be, flat instead of globular, its uniformity of climate would give no marked variety of products; but the variety occasioned by its spherical form was manifestly one of the designs of the Creator in laying its foundations, in order to promote intercourse between nations, even with the most distant, to whom the Gospel was to be preached. Besides the all-important spread of Christianity, such an intercourse is calculated to prove a source of reciprocal benefit and happiness; but it has hitherto been greatly prevented by the evil passions and blind policy of man.

War has kept those nations apart which are the nearest neighbours, and whose interests appear capable of being so interwoven by long continuance of peace as almost to preclude the possibility of a rupture, were it not that war has ever been an attribute of wealthy, strong, and proud races. And not only did it temporarily estrange nations, but it left a load of debt, which, by increasing taxation, perpetuated the exclusion of foreign commodities. The French, more warlike, and less commercial than the English, have suffered more than any other nation by exclusive tariffs. Armies and navies, the toys of despotic monarchs, have in France been the playthings of the people. The new regime, democratic and republican, to be erected on the law of equal partition to which we have adverted, has by no means dissipated despotism there, nor produced that spread of affluence among the millions which was the professed design of that law. It is remarkable, that while the wisest minister of the best king France ever knew conceived the principle of the doctrine of free-trade, his sovereign earnestly looked forward to the very end and aim of political economy, viz., diffusion of comfort throughout a vast national population. Thus the grand truth of the free-trade

dogma is insisted on by Sully, in his "*Économies Royales*," where he exclaims to his master: "Laissez, laissez la libre conversation entre les peuples. Si Dieu a donné à chaque peuple des richesses diverses, c'est pour quel échange réciproque puisse s'établir entre toutes les nations." Such being the means of spreading the wealth of varied climates, the benevolent wish of Henry IV. "*La poule au pot pour tout mon peuple*," would probably be, if it could be carried out, the proof and acmé of the prosperity of the French nation.

The history of commercial legislation in France gives striking proofs of the obvious truth, that war is the parent of prohibitive tariffs, and peace of free trade. It is, as Mr. Lack observes in his historical introduction to his edition of the recent treaty and tariff, a fact worthy of serious reflection, that so far back as 1786, a commercial treaty was concluded between England and France, the provisions of which were, speaking generally, quite as favourable, as regards the terms upon which British merchandize was admitted into France, as those of the treaty of 1860. The direct object of this liberal convention on the part of England, probably, was to counteract the enmity of France, recently aroused by the declaration of independence of the United States. The French manufacturers received it with very ill favour, and petitions against it were being daily received in Paris, when the Revolution suddenly burst forth and put a stop to all commercial undertakings. A second general tariff was proposed in 1791, but affairs remained in an unsettled state until 1793, when that war broke out which not only annulled all treaties of alliance and commerce with the powers with whom France was at war, but which, having raged, with occasional intervals, for twenty years, raised the national debts of the two countries to such height as that the revenue required those customs duties which long afterwards lasted as the barriers to interchange of commodities.

By referring back to the details of the treaty of 1786, as given in the recent *Journal of Lord Auckland*, we see that the general views of that year have been reproduced in the last. Thus, we then bartered the wine, brandy, and vinegar duties, to

obtain the admission of our hardware and woollens into France; we admitted French linen, cambric, and lawn, in exchange for our cotton goods; we set our gauze against their silk, and our pottery against their porcelain. The broad difference in French and British exports consisted then, as now, in the former being comparatively articles of luxury. Prior to the revolution of 1789, the yearly value of the hair-powder made in France was triple that of the paper; or, in other words, this appliance for fantastically adorning the head cost threefold more than the basis of the means for filling it sensibly. Further details would show, that artizan industry in that country was far more applied to pleasing the upper ten thousand than to catering for the million.

During the government of the Directory, in 1797, the sixth year of the Republic, citizen François de Neufchâteau conceived the idea of a general exhibition of the national industry, to be combined with the annual fête held to celebrate the foundation of the Republic. This sensible proposition being received with enthusiasm, the first exhibition opened the next year, and though it was only to have lasted five days, was prolonged for five more. It took place in the Champ de Mars, not an appropriate scene for a grand show of the arts of peace; and, by another contrast, General Bonaparte, Chief of the Republic, being absent, invading Egypt, preparatory to wounding English industry through India, the battle of the Pyramids was coincident with his first manifestation of pacific triumphs. However, it was considered a brilliant affair, though there were but 110 exhibitors, twenty-five of whom received gold medals. Justice was done to the memory of Jacquart, whose silk-loom had accomplished marvels for the city of Lyons, by dedicating a bronze medal and marble statue in honour of this inventor, whose genius had endowed his country with riches and renown. We should mistake the character of this Paris Exhibition if we attributed a cosmopolitan idea to it, since it was manifestly conceived with the double object of fostering the national wealth and excluding English competition. From 1793, the professed object of France was to force England into

peace; and as she could not hope to do so by arms, she endeavoured, by attacking the industries of the country, to bring her into subjection. Napoleon acted for some years on the notion of isolating the British Islands from the rest of the commercial world. France, situated in the west of Europe, and unprovided with roads, was not merely to be self-supplying, but was to furnish the Continent with what hitherto had easily been conveyed on the high seas and up great rivers. Paris was to be the great centre of attraction and radiation, the civilized Novogorod of the west, the seat of a huge bazaar or continual market for manufactures. The grand industrial exhibition was to have taken place on each anniversary of the foundation of the Republic; but, on account of ensuing events, it was not renewed till three years afterwards, in 1801, under the Consula. This second exhibition took place in the court of the Louvre, where one hundred booths were erected to receive objects sent by 210 exhibitors. In the *Moniteur* of the 26th of September, which gives an account of the visit of the three Consuls to the exhibition, one reads that:—"The first Consul conversed with the several artists and fabricants on the price of the merchandizes produced in their workshops; on the quantity of the productions of each of them; on the extension that they hoped to give to their fabrications; on the number of workmen they employed. He told them he hoped that the next exhibition would be as superior to that of this year as this one is to the exhibition of the year VI.; that the *chefs d'œuvre* of the manufactures of Lyons and the southern towns, which had sent nothing, because the project for the exhibition was not known to them till too late, might be seen there also. He added, that his intention was, that in future the epoch of the exhibition should also be that of a fair, which should become a centre of business, where buyers should find united superior productions and moderate prices." This same idea of a great industrial market was reproduced in a decree which ordered the Exhibition of 1806; but it was never put in execution. War soon erased peaceful ideas from the mind of Napoleon, who, it seems,

was often driven by internal vexations to plunge into the *grande distraction* of war. In fact, even the petty difficulties inseparable from the administration of the court and country, which had amused Louis Quatorze, that pedant in court lore and etiquette, plagued the eagle spirit of Napoleon, chafing him as if confined in a cage with inferior animals; and as his genius was better suited to contend with the obstacles presented by war, than to arrange "*les tracasseries de la paix*," the interval between his campaigns was seldom long. Gradually he became convinced of the impracticability of the Continental blockade; and, foiled in the attempt to destroy the commerce of England, and wishing to relieve the trade of the maritime cities of France, he at length granted a certain number of licences to trade with England. On the Restoration of 1816, stringent protective measures were enacted in both countries, the landowners there seeking high prices for their wood, and the landlords here keeping up the price of corn. There, a system of custom-house legislation, more restrictive than that of almost any other commercial nation, was maintained until the promulgation of the new and liberal tariff. The spirit of protection, even of prohibition, not the acquisition of revenue, animated the system. All successive alterations in the tariff were made to give increased facilities of fabrication to the native manufacturer, or to prevent foreign articles from coming into near competition with his goods in the home market. The interest of the consumer was never thought of. Egotism, the narrowest monopoly, the gain of the few, were to be obtained at the expense of the many. The import taxes not merely enhanced the price of foreign goods to the home purchaser, by the amount of the imposts, so as that he, and not any foreigner, paid the custom duties, but kept up the price by protecting home producers against foreign competition.

The commerce of France has also suffered from another cause, which is particularly liable to cramp its foreign development. Industry is a queen, the spread of whose empire depends on the loyalty or good faith of her subjects. As we learn from numismatic annals, the most thriving com-

mercial communities were the most convinced of the necessity of maintaining their currency unalloyed, whence the term sterling, as signifying the money of Hanse Town traders, and so commercial export houses stand upon preserving the reputation of what are emphatically called their goods, in the points of quality and measure. Some years past French writers confessed that much of the weakness of the foreign trade of their country, as compared to the strength of that of England, lay, undoubtedly, in that weaker sense of honesty which had caused the ruin of many branches of exportation.

The industrial productions of Paris infinitely varied, carry a sort of stamp or sign of Industry's legion of honour, which enables the civilized world to show a discriminating taste in preferring them. This specialty is derived from the cultivation of the fine arts and sciences, favoured by vicinity to numerous precious collections of art which are liberally open to those who wish to derive inspiration at these refined fountains of taste. The directors of the various branches of industry often lead, or in turn submit to, the caprices of fashion and the dictates of the elegant world. The workmen, lively and intelligent, apply themselves with marvellous address to all the changes of form and fabric, so as constantly to adapt their goods to the taste of purchasers. It is thus that Parisian manufactures find easy markets, first by an important local consumption, and then by large exports throughout France and to foreign lands. The distinctive character of manufacturing industry in that metropolis consists in division of labour and enterprises. The great manufactures, long encouraged and sustained by royal patronage, tend to quit a capital where production is become too costly for them, on account of the increased expense of lodging, fuel, and wages. The industries which live at ease in the interior of cities are those which can be partaken of by a number of small undertakers and skilful work-people. It is by fractioning the work, that a variety of productions is obtained and sold at low prices. This extreme division of labour, this multiplicity of productions, renders it difficult to study the industrial movement in that great

metropolis. The Commissioners of the inquest made by the Chamber of Commerce for 1847-8, sought in vain for statistics which would enlighten them as to the past, in the points of amount of productions, and their respective value in affording subsistence to the industrial population. They, however, threw admirable light on the state of this section of the inhabitants by their elaborate and voluminous publication, a work extending to more than a thousand large quarto pages. Here we learn, that the number of separate industries was 325, carried on by 64,816 employers, of whom

7,117	employed more than 10 workers.
25,116	„ from 2 to 10.
32,585	„ 1 worker, or worked alone.

The declared value of their affairs amounted in 1847 to 1,463,628,350 francs; the number of work-people was 342,530; and, therefore, the means of each worker no less than 3,593 francs, 8 centimes. The effect of the crisis of 1848 was to diminish the total value to 677,524,117 francs, or a reduction of 54 per cent. on the average, a proof of the ruinous effect of civil disturbance.

The history of the French revolution of 1848 is so instructive to the artizan class, we are tempted to remark briefly on its salient features. The overthrow of the Orleans dynasty would seem to have resulted from inattention to the condition of the metropolitan work-people, whose state was such as that a financial crisis plunged them into desperate distress. Socialist theorists had hoped to remedy this state of things, by substituting associated for dependent labour. In 1847, a bronze medal was dedicated to record the services of Eugene Sue, as "Propagateur de l'organisation du Travail." The value of the theory remained to be proved. Meanwhile, the position of the many hundred thousands of persons dependent on daily labour in Paris was gradually becoming worse, employment was diminishing, and famine becoming imminent. In a recent valuable work on financial crises, M. Bonnet has shown the periodical nature of industrial and commercial crises, and endeavoured to find out their causes. Within the present century, the mark-

ed years of this disastrous character are 1811, 1819, 1825, 1836, 1847, 1857. Our author traces the last to an exaggerated spirit of enterprise, which produced too great a disproportion between fixed and floating capital; and he shows that French industrial supply had gone so far ahead of demand, that nothing was to be done but await, with folded arms, until the warehouses were slightly relieved. But the workmen and their families, finding they could not live with their arms folded, invented and asserted the famous *droit du travail*, a supposed right which has evoked as much controversy as the question of the right to the poor-law provision, or, in other words, to produce children who are to be supported at the public expense.

The pretended *droit du travail*, the conspicuously paraded phrase during the short career of the Provisional Government of 1848, implying the right of all working persons to be provided with employment at proper wages by the State, requires, indeed, some notice at our hands, since its speedy surrender restored the work-people of Paris to those responsibilities and reliances which are quite inevitable and most salutary. That there is no right without a remedy of power to enforce it, is obvious. The Paris operatives, driven to desperation by "famine in the faubourgs," and with no poor-law provision to fall back on, tried their supposed right to have work provided for them whenever they could not obtain it from individuals, by appeal to arms, when, as the first result, the monarchy of the greatest kingdom of the Continent, supported by an immense army, disappeared after two days' conflict in the streets of the capital, leaving behind it general consternation and anarchy. For the first time in the history of the world, the manually-labouring class of a metropolis became the national government. "Albert, Ouvrier," (Albert, the Workman), was one of the signatures associated with those of the poet Lamartine and the empiric Blanqui, in the ordinances of the new *régime*, under which, it being *à la mode*, nay, necessary for personal safety, for men to style themselves workers, our Parisian brethren of the pen entitled themselves *ouvriers de la plume*.

It seems also, by one of the bronze medals of the period, that the whole French fraternity of literature attempted to form a joint-stock company, by which the interests of demand and supply in this branch of industry were to be reconciled, since a magnificent medallion, dedicated to "Emile de Girardin, des travailleurs de la Presse," 5th March, 1848, has this superscription: "Association du capital travail au capital argent." How long this sanguine society lasted does not appear, and likely enough it was dissolved as quickly as the fabled combination of the lion, fox, and ass in quest of subsistence.

The political revolution, by temporarily destroying commercial confidence, threw thousands of hands out of work, and the proceedings of the Provisional Government completed the destruction. In a few days, the amount of general privation in Paris was as great as if the wealth of the city had been carried off by an invader. A glut of unsaleable commodities threatened the shopkeepers with insolvency; employers were half-ruined, and the unemployed wanted food. Thus, under a government particularly created to improve the condition of the labouring classes, their sufferings were more severe than under the rule of competition. All the measures of that government, being opposed to freedom, increased the evil condition of affairs, the more sweeping they were, the more surely, as when at length the savings deposits were seized for the service of the State. The slaughter of the insurgent workmen by the army, in the bloody days of June, deposed that mischievous government, and made way for confidence under a new and strong sway.

From the ruins of the state laboratories, the surviving operatives of the metropolitan industries turned again to the ordinary but tottering workshops of individual speculation, convinced by sore experience that they must depend for employment on the law of speculation, viz., demand and supply. The attempt to organize labour had proved that industry is subordinate to natural laws, which are not much more susceptible of being modified by legislation or government, than are those of hydrostatics and gravitation; and the

workmen became convinced, that their own conduct forms the main conditions on which their prosperity or the contrary depend. In the words of J. S. Mill: "to the qualities of the poor must be commended the care of their destiny." This truth was illustrated in France in a very simple manner, by the following calculations, made in 1848. An infantry soldier costs 330 francs yearly; a cavalry one, 376; an artilleryman, 413; a gendarme, not living in barracks, could bring up a family decently on the pay of 808 francs. On the other hand, a superior workman at four francs a day, for 300 days in the year, received 1,200 francs; so that the excess of expenses between those of a man living in barracks, and another living in lodgings, was mainly due to the difference of their modes of living. The former, disciplined and subordinate, had contracted habits of order, which the latter wanted. A more remarkable example can be cited, that of the cloth-workers and their foremen of Louviers. These latter, paid a regular salary, received but 900 francs a year, yet their habitations were observed to be cleanly, orderly, and comfortable; while those, earning at task-work from 1,100 to 1,200 francs, lived comparatively "from day to day," making abuse of accidental profits, indulging in *chomage* (idle time), taking no precautions against misfortune, and—sometimes dissipating their gains in those disorderly pleasures which form the greatest burden on the workman's family—were found in wretched, naked, and disgusting lodgings. *Dove c'è miseria c'è risio.* says an Italian proverb. Yet, whatever may be the vices of a human being, it is not the part of Christianity to throw the cure on the suffering party alone; and, as we should be to blame in noticing an evil without at the same time seeking remedies, the following may be quoted as those recommended by the commissioners on the distressed state of the Lyons silk-weavers, which seems to have arisen from the vicious system of having government lotteries:—1st, lowering the price of victuals by extension of the area whence they were derivable; 2nd, lowering the rent of lodgings by construction of additional, or building new and model houses; 3rd, encouragement of economy by establish-

ment of small savings' banks; 4th, elevation and moralization of the poorer workmen by improving their prospect of rising to the superior grades. These objects are highly worth the best attention both of the government and the superior classes interested in the welfare of working men and the tranquillity of the state; and one effect is certain, that the mechanic population, by no means deficient in the shrewdest intelligence and in the best feelings of the heart, becomes justly attached to those whom they see seriously occupied with ameliorating their lot. One point, the first in the above recommendations for increasing the prosperity of Lyons, advising extension of the alimentary area round that huge hive of industry, was doubtless the motive for the recent annexation of Savoy. Whenever the broad principle involved in this mode of enlarging manufacturing power shall assume the form in France of thorough free-trade in food, our artisan population will experience what competition with that country really involves.

Among the curious revelations of the Enquête of 1848, are the details showing the dejection and even remorse of some Paris workmen at the revolutionary result of their mere alimentary *émeute*. At first, their distress had been aggravated and their gain was naught, save by whatever diminution of numbers street-fighting and immigration had produced. Though caring little under what king they lived, provided they could live, they saw clearly that a republican form of government, and universal suffrage, did not make either bread or wood a sous cheaper.

Abstract political rights are naturally not so much valued by the manually-labouring classes as amelioration of their material condition. Manifestly, the purely political doctrine of Jack Cade's scheme of social reformation, "It is said, labour is thy vocation, which is as much as to say, let thy magistrates be labouring men," offers but small gratification to working men, unless it is connected with Jack's practical conclusion, "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops."

Three years elapsed before pros-

perity was renewed, when, in 1851, President Bonaparte put an end to agitation by making himself dictator. Confidence arose, and her mighty power soon became visible. Instead of workmen seeking a *patron* or employer, the latter sought for hands, and gave higher wages, yet received larger profits; and thus, while the good genius of security waved her wand over the city, gleams of comfort shone into the attics of La Villette, where the humble mechanic, enabled to drink wine with his family, saw sufficient of cause and effect to fill out the first glass to the toast of *Vive l'Empereur!* Increased stability in the palace gave a larger loaf in the garret; and the triumphs of Industry having been enshrined in a Crystal Palace in the British capital, our neighbours, ever emulous, covered the Champs Elysées with their Palais de l'Industrie, which was begun 10th February, 1853, and finished April, 1855, for the "Exposition Universelle" of the latter year, bearing this device: "La France couronne l'Art et l'Industrie," art rightly being given precedence.

We have seen that the first Industrial Exhibition in Paris was coincident with the Battle of the Pyramids. By another remarkable coincidence, the latest grand show held there was contemporary with the siege of Sebastopol. The first, therefore, marked the opening of French ambitious designs on the Levant; the second, the destruction of that formidable arsenal which was to have erected Russian dominion at Constantinople. An immediate effect of the latter was considerable reduction in the tariff, especially in the article of iron. It appeared that the French consumer paid 50 to 100 per cent. above the market price in England for many iron articles of ordinary use.

Let us revert to the topic of the condition of Paris operatives. The question is most important, why the working-classes of that city are less manageable *en masse* than those of the United Kingdom, although there are circumstances in the condition of the latter which seem to tend to make the difficulty greater. In France, the manual labourers living on wages are but a small minority of the nation, while in the latter country, the similar class form the

vast majority. Three potent causes appear to account for the national difference: first, the liberty allowed to the latter, but denied to the former, as to settling disputes with employers; secondly, the consciousness that the law insures a provision in case of destitution, which supports the sinking heart of a poor Englishman in his distress; and thirdly, that though the interests and passions of that majority of the nation are opposed, in the dispute between work and wealth, to those of the minority, there is a third party, the middle class, with the aristocracy at their head, which has proved its power both to hold a just balance in the dispute, and to maintain the public peace. The distinction between the natural dispositions of the French and English races is, of course, at the bottom of the difference in their laws, and to the present day nothing has appeared calculated to disprove Lord Macaulay's dictum, that "France is a country in which it has been found necessary to sacrifice liberty, in order to save civilization."

The ills of competition are much dwelt on by French writers, although it is the mainspring of progress. The French, justly assigning prominence to it in the working of our social state, describe the constitution of this state as the *régime de la concurrence*, or competition. No expression is apter for defining the principle of English society, which is free, competitive, and aristocratic; while, on the other hand, equality-seeking, communistic, revolutionary agitators, describe the arrangements they recommend as the *régime de la co-operation*. In the endeavour to obtain emancipation from employers, the course by which working men should become the sole proprietors and conductors of a business, supplying the requisite capital either from their own savings or by borrowing, is naturally the system they regard as the most beneficial. The co-operative associations established in Paris, in 1848, were an attempt to prove, by actual experiment, the advantages of this system. The capital was supplied by Government as a loan from the public treasury. The following is the account of the state of these enterprises at the time of the inquest:—These associations were composed, on their formation, of

785 associates, and the number was promptly reduced to 612. According to their declarations—

35 in 90 associations were doing a good business.

13 were more or less successful.

16 hardly made any thing.

26 whose affairs were in a bad state.

The formation of a joint-stock company of workmen, whose capital should be supplied by savings and credit, is a favourite form of speculation, but is liable to fail from the defect of want of individual interest, and because the limited interest workmen have in co-operative manufacture would hardly enable them to compete successfully against individual capital. Collective industrial responsibility has, indeed, much disadvantage against individual; and since, if the joint-stock system finds that the multiplication of heads does not increase the eye vigilance and brain intelligence of an enterprise, the chance of avoiding failure must diminish when the "hands" have to exercise reflection and providence, and to discern a precipice which may lie before their path. In the greater number of these associations the direction of affairs was confided to the most capable among the men; appeal was made to individual devotedness, and great efforts were put forth to induce the workmen to make it a point of honour to conduct themselves in a regular manner. In difficult moments the most severe economy was accepted; and associations have been cited where, during an entire year, the associates never touched wine. With such sentiments, and a spirit of order, intelligent and laborious workmen will always succeed in attaining good conditions of existence.

The great truth, that excessive competition among the labouring classes, with its consequence, lower wages, are produced for want of moral restraint in the matters of improvident marriages and over-production of children, is one of those truisms which are apt "to lie," as Coleridge says, "bed-ridden in the dormitory of human ideas," and which but few of the human race will arouse into life and action. Yet the preservation of such an equilibrium in the manually-labouring population as will not over-supply demand, is the only sure means by which wages can

be either sustained or permanently raised. The Paris populace acted on this principle when, in 1848, they demanded the expulsion of all foreign workmen; and our operatives are guided by it when they refuse to admit more hands into their trades-unions. These instances are the direct application of a principle which it is less easy to carry into private life, where the action must be continual self-denial, not a mere combination to repel other men from employment. There are notorious phenomena in the upper ranks of French society which make it astonishing that the great law of Malthus should be generally considered in France as monstrous and wicked; but true it is, as Mr. J. S. Mill long since remarked, that the Malthusian doctrines are even more bitterly reviled there than in England; and yet, without the fullest appreciation of them, there can be no political economist.

M. Garnier, in his important work on Population, cites instances in which certain masses of the lower rank of the French people act, like the majority of the higher rank, in restraining imprudent increase of numbers by making constant appeal to the virtue of foresight. Of these cases there are the Lyons operatives of Croix-Rousse, whose families are usually small. It is very noticeable that these workmen bear the highest character for good conduct and dignity of character. Among the agricultural, proprietary, and farming populations, the sage Normans, and particularly those of the department of Eure, impressed with the inconvenience of a numerous family, remain on the average stationary in point of numbers, and consequently enjoy great comparative ease. That the doctrine of the Malthusians is generally gaining ground among our neighbours is visible by the stationary condition of the population.

Apart from moral force, which forms the most efficacious mode of restraining the energy of the principle of increase of population, the physical means of counterbalancing this increase are poor and insufficient. Agricultural progress makes comparatively but slow advance; and whenever a people consents to trust to a low scale of subsistence, it is subject to famines such as in the last century decimated the French peasantry every three

years. The Irish famine of 1847 was a terrible example of one of the natural processes by which a population, which has multiplied until it has reached the minimum of subsistence, is cut down to such an amount as will afford some margin for national amelioration.

Association of workmen in manufacture seems no more destined to supplant the *patron*, or employer system, than Socialism or Mormonism to displace matrimony. Nor are there any promising examples whence laws can be deduced and applied in remedy of disputes between wealth and work, to the avoidance of strikes.

Capital is more sensitive, metaphorically speaking, than any plant or animal. Confidence is its life—it grows or shrinks in proportion to the vigour or the decay of this life. It would receive its death-blow by any measures calculated to compel its partition between its possessor and those it employs; any such attempt would resemble Solomon's command to divide the child between the true and the false mother: the rightful owner would be forced to lose, but the plunderer would not gain, for life would be extinguished by the process of division. Nor will this tender infant, if put out to nurse, receive sufficient care, especially when placed in a number of hands, such as those of associated workmen, individual interest being, as regards capital, equivalent to maternal love as regards a child.

The industrial population of the French capital has long held the highest rank as an aggregate of artistic workpeople, having great adaptation to their calling in consequence of natural and ancillary circumstances. The popular development of the fine arts, the schools, the daily appliance of science to industry, the neighbourhood and relation to many different works of art, form a kind of ensemble of instruction which imperceptibly penetrates the whole industrial class, and gives a notable precocity and singular vivacity of intelligence to the operative *enfants de Paris*. When able to earn high wages, the Paris artizan and his family, if possessing the national characteristics of economy and decent deportment, are also able to accomplish much with their money.

It is calculated that the ordinary

rents paid by the working class in Paris are far higher, often double, than the cost of the same accommodation in London. Fuel is also about double the price, and meat much dearer. So those three items being indispensable, we can understand how it is that these metropolitan workpeople are generally reduced to a decidedly lower scale of subsistence, comfort, and enjoyment, than their English competitors. Every thing in the way of clothing is likewise higher in price, as also are coffee, sugar, and some other little necessary luxuries. Tea is unknown, and the entry duty on provisions raises the price considerably. Here we doubtless find the cause why fabrication of articles of luxury, requiring artistic manipulation, and yielding more gain to their makers than articles of necessity, forms the vast and most profitable department of Parisian industry. Other differences between the operative classes in France and England would deserve our notice, if our present design extended to the prospects of French manufactures in general; yet we must remark on some points common to town and country south of the Channel, the effect of which is to render French rivalry very formidable to some corresponding English departments. Of these distinctive points there is the inimitable circumstance, that the superior warmth of the southern climate enables factory populations to live on a lower scale of diet and clothing than is requisite in the colder atmosphere north of the Trent. Besides, the French people, possessing the secrets of thrift or management, and of reducing their wants to decent simplicity, are content with lower wages than would provide our working classes with the larger share of the necessities of life they happily are accustomed to. Favoured by the natural politeness of the nation, the relation between Paris *patrons* and their hands is generally good. By traditional usage it is customary with many employers to give once a-year, either on the occasion of taking stock, or New-year's Day, a "joyous repast" to their workpeople; and when a workman marries, he in his turn invites his master and mistress to partake of the wedding feast. To possess furniture of his own is the just criterion of respectability in the Paris

workman, since it is a proof of having property, and a reserve in case of distress. On this point the Commissioners of Inquiry of 1848 report:—

"The good or bad state in which lodgings are kept is generally a pretty sure indication of the position and conduct of their occupants; but this means of appreciation is less applicable to the working-classes who live in furnished apartments in Paris than to the rest of the population. Accustomed to a life of privation and rude labour, the inhabitants of these lodgings have little appreciation for what would render their abodes comfortable and agreeable; and it is not rare to see them enduring infectious and unwholesome dwellings without being forced to it by penury—in fact, they seem not to perceive the inconveniences. However, even among this class of the population, and in spite of numerous exceptions, one can still acknowledge, by generalizing observations, the relations which usually exist between the nature and state of the lodgings, and the morality or position of the occupants."

Unhappily many tradesmen, as masons and other workers in the open air, work on Sunday morning, to compensate for compulsory idle, wet time during the past week. But if Sunday is not kept by the workmen as a religious day, it is at least regarded by him as a day sacred to his family. He willingly consents to devote a part of it to labour; in the evening he takes his wife and children out walking; but after this is done, he considers himself entitled to another day of personal diversions and pleasures; Monday is the day of comrades, and then it is that the expense is the greatest; to keep holiday this day is sometimes even the most powerful stimulus to labour. In the course of the 1849 inquiry it was often and regretfully stated, that the workmen who gained the highest salary were those who had the least economy; not only did they absent themselves from work on Mondays, but often passed two or three days in idleness, and only returned to their work when their resources were drained.

All the industrial activity of Paris is centred in the populous quarters on the right bank of the Seine. Except the two important branches of printing and the working in leather, and the more secondary manufacture of counterpanes in wool and cotton,

the industry of the town on the left bank has for its particular destination the providing for local consumption.

The processes pursued at the Paris Imperial tobacco manufactory, between the Quai d'Orsay and the Rue de l'Université, are on a very large scale. The leaves of the plant are first cleared from the stems and ribs by women, these hard parts being afterwards converted into coarse paper. The leaves are then wetted with a solution of sea-salt, which contributes to preserve them. After being coarsely chopped, the tobacco is laid in heaps to ferment, during which operation it attains a high temperature, and, like green hay, would take fire, if air were not admitted into the interior of the mass. The fermentation generally occupies five or six months, and the quantity simultaneously undergoing this process in different stages often amounts to 400,000 kilogrammes. When the fermentation is completed, that portion of the tobacco intended for snuff is ground, and then slightly fermented again. The snuff, on leaving the mill, is passed through several sieves successively, being carried from one to the other by machinery. It is then sorted into various qualities, but not so many, nor subjected to peculiar modes of treatment as in old times, when rappee was the coarse, rasped stuff, and when "old Paris," *étrenne*, and some recondite mixtures, obtained their nasal renown. As to tobacco for smoking, it is pressed between two planks, and thus brought under a sharp knife, like a chaff-cutter, which divides it into fine shreds. Another part of the manufactory is devoted to the preparation of tobacco for chewing, or pigtail, which is spun into cords of different thickness by the same means as ropes are made. Two spacious rooms are entirely devoted to the manufacture of cigars, in which women only are employed. Each has a little table to herself, and is paid according to the number she makes. Another room is set apart for making cigarettes. The Imperial tobacco manufactory employs nearly 1,500 women and girls, and 400 men and boys.

The value of the produce of 1850 in French jewellery and goldsmith's work, of which the metropolis furnished nearly all, amounted to 127,298,000 francs, an enormous sum.

The articles of false jewellery are included by the trade under the general term of *articles de Paris*. The manufacture of what are comprised under this term extends through the old part of the city on the right bank of the Seine. Here are to be found the innumerable workshops and rooms applied to goldsmith's work, fine and false jewellery, artificial flowers, brush-making, toy manufactories, umbrellas, fans, combs, pocket-books, and a multitude of fancy fabrics, of which the following list shows the diversity:—Makers of accordions, splitters of whalebone, makers of toys, buttons in horn, bone, and mother-of-pearl; fabricants of fine brushes, faces for watches and clocks; stitchers and trimmers of straw bonnets, makers of straw plaits and ornaments for ditto; makers of canes, driving and riding whips; preparers and workers of hair; makers of fans, wax-figures, pasteboard; sheath and case makers, artificial flower makers; fabricants of kid gloves, silk and woven ditto; makers of musical instruments with cords and bows, fabricants of wooden instruments of music worked with air, makers of musical instruments in brass, makers of organs, pianos, harps, umbrellas, and parasols; makers of work-boxes, tablets, borders for spectacles; dealers in feathers; makers of pocket-books and articles in Morocco leather.

The manufacture of braces and garters is a very important branch of the lace-making trade; its annual value is more than four millions of francs, and it has successively undergone great modifications; one of the most important of these results from the introduction of india-rubber into the stuff. The following list shows the variety of the objects produced by hand-work in the jewellery business:—

Refiners of gold and platina; preparers and beaters of gold, silver, and brass. Fabricants of jewellery in polished steel, for mourning, and for fine and false jewellery. Gilders and platers for jewellers; garnishers of jewellery. Carvers, engravers, and engine-turners. Enamellers, painters, fabricants of enamelled plates and mosaics; makers of false enamels and stones; lapidaries. Assayers; embossers and engravers in matters for jewellery, engravers of cameos and precious stones. Melters and flatteners of gold and silver. Washers and melters of the dust and filings of

jewellers. Makers of watch lids. Fabricants of silver jewellery and makers of silver spoons. Fabricants of spoons in *maillechort*, workers in *maillechort* and brass; fabricants of plated goods. Fabricants of false pearls, blowers, stringers and setters of pearls. Planishers, polishers, and burnishers for goldsmiths and jewellers; borers and chasers of jewellery.

Glove-making brings in considerable sums; the Parisian manufacture of this article has acquired an immense reputation; it furnishes for exportation on a large scale, and is only stopped by the scarcity or dearth of the raw materials. Kid-skin, which was most of all sought after by the glove makers, becomes more and more rare, and the deficiency in the supply of this material has led to great progress in the art of preparing skins of lambs as a substitute. The fabrication of artificial flowers is one of the branches of industry the progress of which has led to a greater perfection in the productions, and at the same time a great reduction in the price. The work is divided into two great branches; that of the separate or accessory parts of the flowers, called dressings, and that of the forming or manufacture of the flower. The first branch of this undertaking is that which is made on the largest scale; a very considerable *matériel* is necessary for the cutting and figuring of the stuffs, and it is by substituting powerful mechanical aid, that the greatest economy has been arrived at in their production. The putting together of the flowers demands also special talent and skill; the workwomen are almost artists. A single sort of flower suffices often to establish a company; many manufacturers are employed at roses alone.

This department of industry employs a great number of females. In 1848, there were 5,063, whose average earnings were about two francs each person. A higher rate is gained in the straw-hat business, which employed 1,967 women. At that rate, the pay of workpeople in Paris was considered sufficient, particularly wherever natural talent was combined with skill and assiduity. The lower rates were received by *couturières*, who worked at home, and many of whom formed *le personnel des bals publics*. To live in furnished lodgings was and is deemed a bad augury of

character. The *fleuristes*, earning high wages, are reported by the commissioners as particularly liable to be seduced by taste for the toilette, and as sometimes exhibiting an unbridled passion for wine-shops, concerts, theatres, and masked balls. The inquest of 1848 found that the women who, unable to earn part of their support by their natural, domestic functions, were compelled to subsist by needlework, or any other employment, were usually unfortunate. The use of the sewing machine, now becoming general, will assuredly, in depriving females of needlework as a resource, exercise a salutary effect in restraining improvident marriages. Among accidents which give superiority to flower handiwork, is the circumstance that certain colours are produced more vividly in that climate than under a sunless sky. The famous factory of Gobelin's tapestry owes its rise to one Gobelin, a dyer of Rheims, who, in 1450, by using a new scarlet, obtained celebrity for his carpets, and founded the tapestry works which long bore his name.

The quarter of the Lombards preserves its reputation for confectionary, and the production in this article amounted, in 1848, for this district, to 3,749,000 francs, a larger sum than that produced by the sale of confectionary in all the other quarters united. It need hardly be added that the fame of Italians as *chefs de cuisine* is still superior.

Paris adds something to the great national industry in silk manufacture. In 1849, it had ten establishments for spinning silk and floss silk, for working and twisting threads, and for combing the ends of silk warp, which cannot be employed by the weavers. But for the reason before indicated, viz., dearness of living, large factories of articles of ordinary use do not thrive in this metropolis. The cotton factories, which had been exceptionally encouraged by the First Napoleon, were quitting Paris after the last revolution. Some had undergone transformation, and worked in wool, cashmere, and silk, and others had shut up.

Generally and comparatively speaking, the great manufactures of the country are in a state of infancy, yet appear destined, especially by the effect of railway traffic, to grow with

the rapidity and to the stature of a giant.

So primitive are some of the largest manufactures, those of cotton and other clothing commodities, in France, as not to have lost their primeval nature of being the work of the human hand and the rudest forms of mechanism. It is now acknowledged that the preferable distinction between the separate labour of individuals and the combined labour of operatives in factories is, that nothing but the finest and rarest of fabrics should be produced by hand, while all common and cheap stuffs should be made by millions of yards in colossal mills, served by hundreds of disciplined operatives. But, in the north, east, and west of France, it is precisely the cheapest fabrics which are manufactured by the hand-loom. The cotton-prints worn by the *paysanne* and the Parisian *grisette* come nearly exclusively from Norman and Alsatian villages.

Any transition from protection to free-trade that would have the effect of throwing these peasant weavers out of work, will be severely felt by them; and as they own the land on which they live, their distress must be extreme before they will migrate to cities. M. de Jonnès' statistics establish two important facts: first, that the average wages earned by a French manufacturing family considerably exceeds the average amount earned by either an artisan's, tradesman's, or agricultural, family; secondly, that all the progress of science and industry since 1788 has produced no more increase to the wages of the labouring population than an augmentation by one-third.

The Parisian artisan, provided he is prudent, certainly possesses many advantages over both his countrymen and fellow-workmen in other cities. Some of these advantages are changeable and variable, like those crafts in which he and his are engaged, so many branches of Parisian industry, the genius of which is as the fabled Proteus, appearing in a thousand different objects, charming to the sight, and of great variety of price. His appreciation of his position, and his consequent happiness, depend mainly on the religion and refinement of his tastes. Similarly, the articles his city supplies to the civilized world have

the distinguishing quality of being tasteful, and are continually sought for, because incessant search after novelty is used in their construction. Nature seems to have destined the French people to furnish articles of luxury: the English people to occupy themselves with commoner objects. The sense of the beautiful, in which our continental neighbours have long excelled us, is certainly so far introduced among us, that art may be said to be now united to English industry, but not as yet to have produced a progeny as numerous as the usual *famille Anglaise*. A people like the French, perpetually pronouncing themselves to be the most intelligent, inventive, progressive, and civilized in the world, cannot do better, industrially speaking, than apply themselves to the *perfectionment* of their specialties in industry. In almost all into which taste enters, and nearly all in which the highest skill is needful, they are our close rivals, and often our superiors. Thus, in the arts of precision, and especially in instruments applicable to the sciences, they are in advance of us. One point is certain, whatever our superiority in some manufactures, our allies have hardly taken any of our goods. It is to be doubted if they ever will do so, and it is plain that their recent treaty has for its basis and ratification, a sanguine hope of so obtaining primary materials from us as to compete with our manufactures in their home market at least. On strict inquiry, the value of British manufactures exported to France would be found to be astonishingly insignificant. In a financial statement last year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that, in 1858, these exports amounted only to £688,000, of which one-third was for cashmere shawls, which merely came and went in transit. We cannot remove our present impression that British exports to France, in manufactured commodities, will ever amount to a considerable figure. The export of a very few raw materials, as coal and iron, may do so; but by their means, the iron-workers in France will be better able to compete with us. Last year they took less than one-eightieth of our exports in manufactured iron.

EXTRACT from a **RETURN** specifying the various **ARTICLES** the **DUTIES** on which have been **REPEALED** under the late **COMMERCIAL TREATY** with **FRANCE**, with the amount of such duties in 1859.

N.B.—This extract omits all insignificant articles.

	Net amount of Custom Duties received in the year 1859.
Bronze, manufactures of, or of metal bronzed or lacquered,	£1,372
China or porcelain ware plain, painted, gilt, or ornamented,	3,036
Clocks,	8,951
Cotton manufactures,	5,324
Embroidery and needlework,	9,548
Flowers, artificial,	19,137
Machinery, wrought castings, tools, cutlery, and other manufactures of iron or steel unenumerated,	1,512
Lace and articles thereof,	4,577
Boots, shoes, and calashes,	4,082
Boot fronts,	4,537
Leather gloves (after 31st July, 1860),	64,793
Linen, or linen and cotton mixed, manufactures,	825
Musical instruments,	12,276
Oil, chemical, essential, or perfumed,	11,498
Opera-glasses, single or double,	2,860
Silk, millinery,	2,499
„ manufactures of silk, or of silk and any other material, other than millinery,	304,747
Stays or corsets, of linen, or of cotton, or of linen and cotton mixed,	546
Toys—viz., marbles,	204
„ all other toys,	4,365
Watches,	16,242
Woollens—viz., shawls, scarfs, and handkerchiefs, plain or printed,	2,445
„ of other sorts,	1,357
Goods manufactured, not otherwise enumerated or described,	52,220

Aggregate net amount of Customs Duty received in the year 1859, on articles, the duties on which have been remitted (immediately or prospectively) in conformity with the provisions of the Commercial Treaty with France.	£578,447
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On two most important points there is, we conceive, strange malappreciation of the true position of France. Her military and naval strengths are viewed through a magnifier, her manufacturing status and capacity through the instrument reversed. Yet, if her army and navy were formed on the sole reliable principle, voluntary enlistment, they would shrink to probably one-third of their present dimensions, and some almost inevitable changes in the laws of society, such as this treaty has effected and is likely to effect, might raise her manufacturing power to triple magnitude. At present the French are a larger trading community who have trodden up closely on the heels of the English, and that, too, under an almost prohibitory tariff, which made reciprocity, the life-blood of trade, almost impossible to them. M. Chemin Dupontés, the able French statistician, has furnished us

with the means of comparing the three principal trading nations of the world. Here is his statement:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Total in millions of francs
England,	4,696	3,654	8,350
France,	2,689	2,640	5,329
United States,	1,871	1,615	3,486

In other words, the commercial calibre of Great Britain, as compared with that of France, is in the ratio of eight to five, and, as compared with that of the United States, in the ratio of eight to three. On these figures it is observed, in the pamphlet entitled "Thoughts, &c.," that, if they were well understood in France, they surely would remove the idle doubts and fears of her manufacturers, who assert their inability to compete with English manufacturers, not alone in the markets of the world, but even upon her own soil. These figures also should teach diffidence to

our manufacturers, and suggest the necessity of greater efforts towards improved taste, better designs, and undiminished energy, lest France, approaching so near as she has to us in her fettered state, may prove more than our equal in her time of freedom.

Whenever improved agriculture and free-trade in food shall have enabled the manufacturing population of France to increase without fear of famine, her industrial development is sure to be enormous. M. de Jonnès calculates that there are twelve millions of inhabitants, each family of which, averaging four and a-half persons, possesses a rural property which, on the average, brings in 105 francs a-year and pays 21 francs land tax. There are, he says, two and a-half millions of properties of this value, the owners of which are mostly either industrial or agricultural labourers. In the south of France the great impetus now being given to the working of the coal mines is likely to result in the establishment of factories, which will attract millions of the latter class of labourers to such centres of industry, at the same time that agricultural improvements in the swampy, ill-drained meadows of the Garonne and Rhone, in the rich but understocked pastures of Normandy, and in the barbarous farming of Brittany and Touraine, together with some consolidation of the five or six millions of holdings of less than twenty acres each, will place food within reach of the new industrial millions. Several symptoms show that a large proportion of these present proprietors hold land by a very slender tie. They are certainly free from that dependence on employment which was the bugbear of the last revolution, and which they characterized as *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*, a phrase implying that the employer makes profit out of the employed. Yet, they are almost universally bound by another servile chain of relation between the labouring and monied classes, viz., of debtor and creditor. Usually compelled to borrow, they have little means of repayment, and the tenacity common to all landed proprietors induces them not to sell, but to cling to what saves them from the perilous fall into dependence on employment. Hence,

indebtedness is very common among them, and its burthen is felt to be very onerous. But from the earliest times of the ancient republics, when Roman plebeians were virtually servants to patrician usurers, liability to debt, which is the actual difference between wealth and poverty, has been a continual subject of popular complaint. For this evil M. Michelet's notorious proposal to make a *rasa tabula* of all mortgages on the land of his country is quite a French remedy. Viewed in every aspect, the new treaty appears highly advantageous to France, and it is cordially to be hoped that, in the course of a few years, some millions of her miserable landowners will turn from the chrysalis state of petty proprietorship to the more industrious form of hired labour; and that when the entire intelligent population feel the benefits of free-trade, they will neither turn to war nor return to protective duties. Not only is the character of the new tariff satisfactory so far as reduction in French duties is concerned, but the course pursued holds out expectation of future and more important reductions. By freeing the admission of raw materials the French Government have followed the first of our steps which made inroads into the system of war or protective duties, and although the changes are, as might be expected, much more favourable to the exportation to France of primary materials than of manufactured articles, they are, nevertheless, such as must undoubtedly increase the commerce between two great neighbouring nations. The manifold, wide-spreading advantages of even a modified free-trade with England will soon become apparent to our French neighbours, and, as a natural consequence, lead to the more extended application of the free-trade principle. A very extensive and profitable commercial intercourse between France and England would, assuredly, prove the best protection, under Providence, against the horrors of war; and whenever our neighbours shall have thrown off the heavy armour and taxes of their armament they will have followed the lead we have just given them into the path of peace. With one hand Britannia has extended a treaty to them, while with

that women interfered with public life, and were, above all other impediments, the heaviest clog on military operations. Under this conviction he avoided female society as resolutely as Charles the Twelfth did, and never suffered any officer or soldier of his band to be accompanied by such an incumbering addition to his light marching order. He was sparing of speech, but frank in manner, lived almost as abstemiously as a hermit, drank no wine, seldom slept more than two hours in the night, and then always with his loaded pistols in his girdle and the door of his room locked, if he chanced to enjoy the unusual luxury of a bed-chamber. This arose not from fear, but to be prepared, as much as possible, against the many chances of surprise or assassination. The great feature of his tactics was perpetual movement, so that his enemies should be misled by conflicting rumours as to his "whereabouts," unable to fix him in any assigned locality, or to calculate when and where his attack would strike them. With this leading object ever in view, he was habitually incommunicative and mysterious as a hieroglyphic. His most trusted lieutenants never knew the intended line of march nor the game in view until the prize was almost within their grasp. When the drum or bugle was heard, whether for ordinary parade or immediate and desperate service, neither officer nor soldier could tell, but all were required to appear fully equipped, the mounted officers in the saddle, and the mules, with their scanty baggage, loaded for the march. In fact, his entire success depended on profound secrecy and correct intelligence. When least expected, he appeared suddenly, placed himself at the head of his men, issued no complicated orders, but simply exclaimed, "Follow me!" In this manner he often marched thirty miles, with only an occasional halt of a few minutes; and on a particular expedition, where he succeeded in surprising and capturing, near Estella, a large convoy of French stores and provisions, he moved through by-paths in the mountains full forty miles without allowing refreshment either to horses or men for the whole day. At that particular period, he was utterly without provender, and his band must have dispersed for a time

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MINA : A MODERN PATRIOT.

"Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom, who were never free."

LORD BYRON. *Childe Harold, Canto 1.*

GUERRILLA warfare, originating in a local term,* has passed into an acknowledged system, a branch of organized tactics, and is considered by many of our modern Folarads, Guischarchts, and Montecuculis, as not only an important but even a decisive element of national defence, peculiarly applicable to mountainous countries, where great lines of communication are few, and easily broken. It has also been recommended, amidst the host of theories born of the invasion panic, as well adapted to England, where the land is generally level, and a net-work of roads; because, say these advocates, every farm-house is a post, and every hedge-row a rampart. We are not going, at present, to dispute these premises, which seem to involve something of contradiction, or to show that our Rifle Volunteers (more power to them, as we say in Ireland) have not one jot of the guerilla in their composition, or are little likely to be rendered available in that capacity. They are intended for and are capable of much better service, as they will show should the opportunity occur. We only propose to cast a glance at recent history, in one or two instances, and to see what its pages teach us on the subject of guerillas.

Hofer, the "Tell of the Tyrol," as he has been called, and with more justice than flattery, though less fortunate than his prototype; and Espoz y Mina, the renowned Spanish partisan, have won enduring reputation by their exploits as guerilla leaders. Garibaldi once ranked in this list, but he has soared far above it, and is now entitled to be enrolled as a conqueror and liberator on a grand scale. His renown rivals that of Scanderbeg, without even the blemish of early though almost unconscious apostacy. Hofer did wonders in the campaign of 1809, almost annihilated the division of Le-

febvre, which thrust itself into the Caudine forks, at Innspruck, as Dupont did at Baylen, and retarded, though he could not prevent, the subjugation of his country. His trial and execution in 1810 was an act of petty revenge, which endeared his memory to millions, and exalted his fame, while it inflicted indelible disgrace on the conquerors.

When the Spanish regular armies were successively and easily swept from the field, during the Peninsular contest, by the legions of Napoleon, the military strength of the country resolved itself into independent bands, each under a favourite leader, hanging perpetually on the flanks, intercepting the supplies, and harassing, without effectually staying, the march of the invaders. Those who imagine that the tide was checked, not to say turned, by these hordes of banditti, under a patriotic name, for such they were in reality, would do well to consider what a great authority, and a personal observer, Sir William Napier, says on this particular point. Speaking of the exploits of Mina, he observes:—"The communications of the French were troubled, and considerable losses inflicted upon their armies by this celebrated man, undoubtedly the most conspicuous person amongst the Partida chiefs. And here it may be observed, how weak and inefficient this guerilla system was to deliver the country, and that even as an auxiliary, its advantages were nearly balanced by the evils." The greatest of these evils lay in the mutual detestation engendered, and the reciprocal cruelties resorted to. A war of retaliation leads to barbarism in its direst shape, and the patriotic devotion of the Spanish guerillas was too often disgraced by savage acts, which might be emulated but scarcely surpassed by Caffres and New Zealand cannibals. They expected no quarter, and seldom

* From the Spanish *Guerra*, a small war, or skirmish, a body of partisans.

jewellers. Makers of watch lids. Fabricants of silver jewellery and makers of silver spoons. Fabricants of spoons in *maillachort*, workers in *maillachort* and brass; fabricants of plated goods. Fabricants of false pearls, blowers, stringers and setters of pearls. Planishers, polishers, and burnishers for goldsmiths and jewellers; borers and chasers of jewellery.

Glove-making brings in considerable sums; the Parisian manufacture of this article has acquired an immense reputation; it furnishes for exportation on a large scale, and is only stopped by the scarcity or dearth of the raw materials. Kid skin, which was most of all sought after by the glove makers, becomes more and more rare, and the deficiency in the supply of this material has led to great progress in the art of preparing skins of lambs as a substitute. The fabrication of artificial flowers is one of the branches of industry the progress of which has led to a greater perfection in the productions, and at the same time a great reduction in the price. The work is divided into two great branches; that of the separate or accessory parts of the flowers, called dressings, and that of the forming or manufacture of the flower. The first branch of this undertaking is that which is made on the largest scale; a very considerable *matériel* is necessary for the cutting and figuring of the stuffs, and it is by substituting powerful mechanical aid, that the greatest economy has been arrived at in their production. The putting together of the flowers demands also special talent and skill, the workwomen are almost artists. A single sort of flower suffices often to establish a company; many manufacturers are employed at roses alone.

This department of industry employs a great number of females. In 1848, there were 5,063, whose average earnings were about two francs each.

A higher rate is gained in aw-hat business, which employs 1,067 women. At that rate, of workpeople in Paris was not sufficient, particularly if natural talent was combined with industry and assiduity. The lower ranks were received by *couturières*, worked at home, and many of them formed *le personnel des bals*.

To live in furnished lodgings is deemed a bad augury of

character. The *sewistes*, earning high wages, are reported by the commissioners as particularly liable to be seduced by taste for the toilette, and as sometimes exhibiting an unbridled passion for wine-shops, concerts, theatres, and masked balls. The inquiry of 1848 found that the women who, unable to earn part of their support by their natural domestic functions, were compelled to subsist by needlework, or any other employment, were usually unfortunate. The use of the sewing machine, now becoming general, will assuredly, in depriving females of needlework as a resource, exercise a salutary effect in restraining improvident marriages. Among accidents which give superiority to flower handiwork, is the circumstance that certain colours are produced more vividly in that climate than under a sunless sky. The famous factory of Gobelin's tapestry owes its rise to one Gobelin, a dyer of Rheims, who, in 1450, by using a new scarlet, obtained celebrity for his carpets, and founded the tapestry works which long bore his name.

The quarter of the Lombards preserves its reputation for confectionary, and the production in this article amounted, in 1848, for this district, to 3,749 (M) francs, a larger sum than that produced by the sale of confectionary in all the other quarters united. It need hardly be added that the fame of Italians as *chefs de cuisine* is still superior.

Paris adds something to the great national industry in silk manufacture. In 1849, it had ten establishments for spinning silk and floss silk, for working and twisting threads, and for combing the ends of silk warp, which cannot be employed by the weavers. But for the reason before indicated, viz., dearth of living, large factories of articles of ordinary use do not thrive in this metropolis. The cotton factories, which had been exceptionally encouraged by the First Napoleon, were quitting Paris after the last revolution. Some had undergone transformation, and worked in wool, cashmere, and silk, and others had shut up.

Generally and comparatively speaking, the great manufactures of the country are in a state of infancy, yet appear destined, especially by the effect of railway traffic, to grow with

of vengeance, and smeared his face with pitch, not to be washed off until the final expulsion of the invaders; as old General Thomas Dalziel would never suffer his beard to be shaved, under a vow, after the execution of Charles the First, until the House of Stuart was restored. This Empeinado was as bloodthirsty as he was active and enterprising; but in the former quality he was even exceeded by a female demon, named Martina, whose band infested Biscay. She murdered friends and foes with such balanced impartiality, that Mina was compelled at last to hunt her down, until the truculent Amazon and her whole gang were surprised and shot off at once upon the spot.

There were two Minas, nephew and uncle. Xavier, the first and youngest, called also the Student, had but a short career, being taken prisoner by Suchet in 1809, in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna. While reconnoitring by moonlight, in the hopes of surprising a valuable convoy, he stumbled on a French patrol, when it was too late to retreat. He had been proscribed as a bandit, nevertheless his life was spared, but he was kept a close prisoner, and his services were lost to his country. Nothing could be more romantic and marvellous than his adventures, achievements, and escapes, until the night of his capture. Once, near Estella, he was driven to an insulated rock, which could only be assailed on one side. That point he defended until darkness set in, and then lowering himself and followers by a rope, he slipped away without losing a man. When his unexpected loss occasioned many disputes as to who should succeed him, Espoz y Mina, who had hitherto served under his nephew, yielded with considerable reluctance to the general wish which nominated him as chief. He had been brought up as a tiller of the land, and was scarcely able to read or write; but on the call of the Junta, summoning all children of the soil to the defence of their country, he came forth from obscurity, and took up arms with the rest. Until accident made him a leader, his opportunities had been few; but no sooner did he assume command than his daring and decided character immediately exhibited itself. Echevarria had created a schism in opposition, and called off

many partisans. The force became divided and enfeebled. Mina lost no time in bringing the question to issue. He surprised his rival, shot him, with three of his subordinate officers, and re-united the wavering band. No sooner was this competitor disposed of than Mina encountered a more subtle danger through the treachery of one of his own sergeants, who, from the evil expression of his countenance, had received the distinctive appellation of *Malcarado*, or foul-faced. Disliking the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and with this object entered into arrangements in concert with the French general, Panettier, whose brigade was in the vicinity, to surprise the guerilla chieftain in his bed. The attempt very nearly succeeded; but Mina, obtaining a few minutes' notice to prepare, defended himself desperately with the bar of the door, until his chosen friend and comrade, Gustra, arrived to the rescue with a few followers, and enabled him to escape. Mina, with the rapidity of lightning, collected his band, repulsed the enemy, took *Malcarado* prisoner, and executed summary justice on him without delay. The village curé and three alcaides, who were found to have abetted in the plot, were hung side by side upon the same tree, and their houses burned to the ground. No sharper practice had ever been exhibited in the old border warfare between feudal chieftains; but Mina's uncompromising severity, at the outset, terrified the discontented and the plotters, and secured for him, in all his future operations, the implicit obedience of his followers, and the ready co-operation of the country people and local authorities.

An account of Mina's guerilla exploits was written in 1811 by a Spanish colonel, Don Lorenzo Ximenes, who had served with, and describes him from close intimacy. From this narrative, which may be fully relied on, with memoirs of a later date, we collect the following particulars.

Mina was a well-made man, of a florid aspect, robust in form, and about five feet eight inches in height. When the Spaniards took up arms, in 1808, against the French, he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having been born at Ydocin, near Pampeluna, in 1782. He had a fixed idea

that women interfered with public life, and were, above all other impediments, the heaviest clog on military operations. Under this conviction he avoided female society as resolutely as Charles the Twelfth did, and never suffered any officer or soldier of his band to be accompanied by such an incumbering addition to his light marching order. He was sparing of speech, but frank in manner, lived almost as abstemiously as a hermit, drank no wine, seldom slept more than two hours in the night, and then always with his loaded pistols in his girdle and the door of his room locked, if he chanced to enjoy the unusual luxury of a bed-chamber. This arose not from fear, but to be prepared, as much as possible, against the many chances of surprise or assassination. The great feature of his tactics was perpetual movement, so that his enemies should be misled by conflicting rumours as to his "whereabouts," unable to fix him in any assigned locality, or to calculate when and where his attack would strike them. With this leading object ever in view, he was habitually incommunicative and mysterious as a hieroglyphic. His most trusted lieutenants never knew the intended line of march nor the game in view until the prize was almost within their grasp. When the drum or bugle was heard, whether for ordinary parade or immediate and desperate service, neither officer nor soldier could tell, but all were required to appear fully equipped, the mounted officers in the saddle, and the mules, with their scanty baggage, loaded for the march. In fact, his entire success depended on profound secrecy and correct intelligence. When least expected, he appeared suddenly, placed himself at the head of his men, issued no complicated orders, but simply exclaimed, "Follow me!" In this manner he often marched thirty miles, with only an occasional halt of a few minutes; and on a particular expedition, where he succeeded in surprising and capturing, near Estella, a large convoy of French stores and provisions, he moved through by-paths in the mountains full forty miles without allowing refreshment either to horses or men for the whole day. At that particular period, he was utterly without provender, and his band must have dispersed for a time

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himself in this way, almost miraculously.

If a juvenile recruit applied for enlistment in the cavalry, Mina began by minutely examining and questioning him in person; after which he called for the commanding officer of the infantry and said:—"This boy wishes to serve in the cavalry; take him first with you, and let me know how he gets on." In the first action that took place a mounted captain kept him close to himself, and narrowly watched his behaviour. At the fourth, if he stood fire resolutely, and showed an ardent spirit, the captain brought him to the chief and made his report:—"The lad will do; he is worthy to die for his country." Mina then gave him a horse and arms, and kept his own eye upon him in the hour of battle. On this system his small troop of equestrians were composed of the most devoted and intrepid Spaniards in the peninsula. There was amongst them a boy, scarcely fourteen years of age. He was mounted on a pony, with arms in proportion to his size and youth—a small double-barrelled carbine, with pistols and sword. He was always in the advanced guard and first in a fight. Once, he found himself in the midst of five French troopers, and called on them to surrender. They, observing a strong party of Mina's cavalry closely following their young leader, turned about, and were in the act of galloping off, when "*el chico*" (the fine boy) charged one of them, knocked him off his horse, and, at the same time, seized the bridle of a second, until some of his companions came up and put them both to the sword. Mina saw the exploit, and exclaimed, "*El chico* is the bravest man in the division!"

The French designated Mina the King of Navarre. Whenever he entered a house, everything he wanted was laid before him ere he could ask for it. The whole province thought it an honour to have him for a guest, and none of his officers were suffered to pay for their meals. There might have been policy as well as love in this, under the idea that they would take without ceremony if not ceremoniously treated. Mina adopted an ingenious plan of ridding himself entirely of French spies, without inflicting on them the extreme penalty, as

by the articles of war of all nations "in such cases provided." When his outposts seized and brought one of this suspected fraternity before him, he caused the prisoner to be stripped naked, to see if he concealed scraps of paper, plans, or drawing. If anything of the kind was found, he called one of his chosen guard and said, "Take this fellow, he is a spy; cut off his right ear." The soldier, who had been pretty well practised in this work, drew out his sword and performed the operation with the dexterity of a regular surgeon. That part of the ceremony concluded, "Viva Mina" was stamped on the forehead of the culprit with a red-hot iron. He was then kicked out, indelibly branded for the rest of his life. So ashamed were the sufferers under this disgrace that they shrank from showing themselves, and in more than one instance were found lying in the hills, starved to death.

Mina established an hospital for his sick and wounded, near a beautiful little village called Estella, on the brow of a mountain. It was attended by six female nurses and two excellent surgeons. The French discovered the exact spot, and made several attempts to surprise the hospital, but never with success. Mina was always made aware of their approach. The inhabitants of the village then, at his signal, turned out in a body, and carried away the invalids in biers, on their shoulders, at least six leagues into the mountains, where they remained, in inaccessible security, until the enemy retired. In this same mountain was a cave where he fabricated his own gunpowder, with which he was in general, well supplied. His operations were principally confined to his native province of Navarre, every inch of which, mountain and plain, he was acquainted with from infancy, and could traverse by night without a guide.

Mina encouraged the Navarrese to traffic with the French, and gave them passports for the purpose, by which means he secured many articles essential to the comfort and advantage of his men that he could not otherwise obtain. If those who wished to trade were rich, he exacted permissory fees from them, which went towards the pay of his soldiers, and more particularly to the remuneration of the pea-

sants and others who brought him information of the movements of the French. To these allies he was unbounded in liberality, and they, in return, supplied him with information worth more than its weight in gold. Not a man could stir in the enemy's quarters without his being immediately acquainted with it. If the *alcaldes*, or justices of the peace, of a village were ordered by the French general to make any requisition, and did not at once communicate the particulars to Mina, he paid them a domiciliary visit in the night, and shot them incontinently. Nine of these judicial episodes illustrated his career. If he obtained the necessary information, he took his steps accordingly, either to intercept the supply, cut off the escort, or delay their march. Every volunteer who joined his band had an ample supply of wine, meat, and bread. Every thing he took in action he was allowed to consider his own, but not until the battle was over. Marauders who left off fighting to plunder prematurely were fusiladed on the spot, without even a drum-head court-martial.

Mina's field manoeuvres were simple and concise. His "*Dundas*" would not have occupied half a page. "Form column! — line-of-battle! — charge!" This was all. He could not say, with old Sir Andrew Agnew, at Fontenoy, "Lads, dinna pull a trigger till ye spy the ruffles on their sarks," for the French in Spain wore no ruffles, and not always shirts: but his word was, "Never fire till you feel sure of hitting your mark." Gaming of all sorts was prohibited in his camp, and neither officer nor soldier possessed a pack of cards. When duty was neglected, punishment fell on all alike, without distinction of rank. He invariably rejected "*regulars*" when they offered themselves. "These automats," said he, "are mere book-men and theorists, made to fail. They pretend to every thing, and do nothing." The book-men and theorists repaid the compliment in full, for, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, they held the irregulars in sovereign contempt. "Clear the way, *canaille!*" was Murat's word when he rode in singly amidst a cloud of Cossacks. Both sides were wrong, as extremes are never right.

Gurichaga, Mina's second in com-

mand, was also a remarkable man, with many requisites for his post—the only person in whom the chief had implicit confidence, and sometimes consulted. He was about the same age, taller and thinner, with less self-command, of a most hasty and insolent temper, of moderate talents, but brave as a Paladin of old, fiery in action, and powerful with the sword. He was severe with the troops; but as he never spared himself either in toil, privation, or battle, they feared, respected, and obeyed him. He watched every one in action, and upon his report they were degraded or promoted. Every man knew the country and the mountain passes as well as their leader did; and when the pressure of circumstances required, Mina dispersed his band, naming a particular rendezvous, perhaps twenty leagues off, where they never failed to arrive, even though the intermediate country might be held by divisions of the enemy. A remarkable instance occurred in 1810, when he was surrounded by 20,000 French, who had received orders to destroy him and his corps at all hazards. Mina knew the full extent of the danger that threatened him, but with his 3,000 men, remained in the mountains for fifteen days, treating the beleaguering host with the utmost contempt. At length, about dusk on an autumnal evening, he saw himself fairly surrounded by four columns, bearing down upon his front, flanks, and rear, and taking up ground preparatory to attack on the following dawn. Mina was now fairly encompassed in a net, from which extrication seemed impossible. With the greatest coolness he called his officers round him. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are rather unpleasantly situated here. Let every captain look to his own company. The rendezvous will be at such a place (naming one), the rallying word—Mina: and now let every man disperse, and make the best of his way." The order was obeyed instantly, and without noise. The French deployed their columns at daybreak in the morning; but where they expected to catch the sleeping weazels, they found nothing but untenanted furze. In five days afterwards, there was Mina again upon their track, committing his usual audacious depredations, ten

eagues from his circumvented lair, and without the loss of a single man.

Not long after this, on the 22nd of May, 1811, Mina achieved the greatest of all his exploits—a deed of partizan daring and success almost equal to that of Sarsfield in 1690, when he sallied from Limerick, took, and blew up King William's battering train, and effected the raising of the siege with the liberation of the beleaguered city. A column of twelve hundred French infantry was escorting a convoy of eight hundred Spanish prisoners and a considerable amount of treasure to France. Mina attacked them at the Puerto de Arlaban, near Vittoria, with the most triumphant result. The prisoners were restored to freedom, and their joy at their unexpected deliverance exceeded all bounds; but it was checked by the death of many of these unarmed captives, indiscriminately confounded with their guards, and thus unfortunately killed in the *melée*. The victory was also stained by the deliberate murder of six Spanish ladies, who for being attached to French officers, were in cold blood executed after the fight was over. Such instances were not solitary where the *lex talionis* seemed to be the recognised military code on the part of all the belligerents. Massena, whose baggage was captured, intended to travel homeward by this convoy, but disliking the order of the march, he remained in Vittoria until a better opportunity, and thus Mina lost the chance so nearly thrown in his way of adding to his trophies a French marshal of the empire of the highest reputation. Franceschi, a young French general of rising fame, was taken in this miserable way, at an earlier period, and died a prisoner.

Mina had struck a blow that resounded far and wide through the country. The enemy for the moment was paralysed at his daring and good fortune; but he was surrounded by watchful opponents, and a sudden onset of cavalry, a single neglect by an outpost, might at any moment force him to abandon his prize. He had no time to waste either in delay or deliberation. His next object was to place the prisoners he had emancipated beyond the casualty of recapture. He marched through many villages, and across many mountains, sometimes in

a narrow defile, at others across an open plain, and not unfrequently close to the French lines. He moved in the direction of Valencia for the purpose of opening communication with Duran and the Empecinado, to whom he despatched messengers, requesting them to co-operate with him by passing along the banks of the Ebro, to protect his own passage across. He waited with anxiety eighteen days for an answer from the Empecinado, but none arrived. That partizan had, unfortunately, been attacked at the precise juncture, and lost his artillery. Mina then resolved to execute his project alone. He ordered some boards to be placed on cars, with preparations to construct a bridge, and spread a report that he intended to cross the river at a certain point. The carts and waggons, loaded with these materials, he moved down in the day-time towards the water. The French drew nigh and waited anxiously, expecting Mina and his troops. In the meanwhile he started at dead of night, marched twelve miles below the point where it was given out that he intended to throw his bridge, and coming to the banks of the Ebro, jumped off his horse and said, "Here is the spot where I intend to carry you across." The whole column was halted without noise or confusion. Mina forced his own horse into the river to try the depth, and finding it practicable, ordered a hundred men to get up behind a hundred of the cavalry, and plunge into the stream. In this manner the eight hundred enfranchised prisoners were taken over, and safely landed on the other side, before the French were aware that he was not on his way to the bridge. As soon as this manœuvre was successfully accomplished, Mina exclaimed, "Now, Spaniards, you are safe from all danger of recapture." He then divided two handkerchiefs full of dollars amongst them, saying they had as good a right to share in the plunder of the French as he and his own people had, and, wishing them farewell, galloped back into the river with his cavalry, leaving twenty dragoons and an officer to escort them on their route to Valencia.

This extraordinary leader might often have doubled or trebled the amount of his force, so popular had his successes made him; but he had

no personal vanity, no desire to be the general of a host: his ambition was bounded to the reputation of first of the guerillas, and he was often heard to say, he could manage four or five thousand men, but that he should be lost at the head of a regular or numerous army.

In October, 1811, Mina descended from the mountains of Leon, and entered Navarre with an organized band of above five thousand in number. They were well armed, but in want of clothing and ammunition, with which, through the agency of Mr. Tupper, our consul at Valencia, they were soon abundantly supplied. A general plan of invasion was discussed, in conjunction with Duran and the Empecinado, but the three leaders were unable to agree, and each then acted upon his own resources. Two were speedily discomfited, but Mina contrived to cut off and either kill or make prisoners of a whole battalion of Italians, while crossing a plain in the neighbourhood of Huesca. The French generals, Reille and Musnier, exasperated at this misfortune, spread around their columns to intercept him; but he contrived to evade them, and, between fighting and rapid marches, reached Motrico, on the coast of Biscay, with his captives. The *Iris*, an English frigate, took some off his hands, and the remainder were sent on to Corunna, through the Asturian mountains, but only thirty-six out of three hundred arrived. The rest were shot by the escort, under pretext that they made a noise near a French post! These, and similar acts, such as shooting prisoners in retaliation, in the ratio of ten or even twenty to one, as practised by the curate Merino, Napier says, "were recorded with complacency in the English newspapers, and met with no public disapprobation."

On the 7th of April, 1812, Mina attacked and defeated with great loss a Polish regiment, escorting an enormous convoy of treasure, prisoners, baggage, camp followers, and invalided officers returning to France. All the Spanish prisoners were released, and joined Mina's band; and it was said that at least one million of francs (£40,000), fell into his hands, besides the equipages, arms, stores, and a quantity of church plate. On the 28th of the same month, he captured

another convoy; but he had now become so notoriously formidable, that General Abbé, recently appointed French governor of Navarre, directed every corps in his command to unite in combined movements to put him down. Abbé was an active, able officer, and Mina with much difficulty escaped from his clutches. He was often heard to say that no general ever gave him so much trouble, or proved so truly formidable to him. In 1813, after the battle of Vittoria, when Clauzel, with the wreck of the French army, was slackly pursued by the Duke of Wellington, Mina displayed tactical ability far beyond what might have been expected from a partizan general. He imposed upon Clauzel a belief that the whole allied army were close upon his track, took from him three hundred prisoners, and forced that skilful strategist to destroy some of his artillery and heavy baggage, and retire rapidly to Jacca. During the blockade of Pampeluna by O'Donnel and Carlos D'Espana, Mina and his guerillas again did good service as a covering corps. But when the Allies entered France, the Spaniards began to pay off old scores on their invaders by plundering and murdering to such an extent, that Lord Wellington was compelled to send the greater portion of them back to their own country. Some of Mina's battalions mutinied, and were foremost in these excesses, which materially impeded the English general's comprehensive plans, tarnishing at the same time their own reputation, and exposing themselves to defeats which somewhat diminished the credit of their renowned commander.

The subsequent career of Mina, although he lived to 1836, and reached the age of fifty-four, furnishes less satisfactory and less remarkable materials for biography than his short and meteoric course as a leader of guerillas. In that capacity alone we treat of him in this short notice. After the general peace of 1814, he soon discovered, in common with all Spaniards who really loved their country, that in fighting for the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, they had restored a monarch who was almost equally compounded between despotism, imbecility, and a systematic evasion of his solemn engagements. Mina endeavoured to produce

a reaction against the existing system, in his native province, but failed, and sought an asylum in France, where Louis the Eighteenth not only protected, but granted him a pension. In 1822 he returned to Spain, under an expectation that Ferdinand would, at last, be true to the constitution to which he had most reluctantly yielded under compulsion. Mina was then appointed Captain-General of the three armies of Navarre, Catalonia, and Arragon, but again, in 1823, found it prudent to leave Spain, and come to England. He was cordially welcomed as a hero and patriot of the

first order, and great attempts were made to lionize him, from which he shrank with unaffected modesty. Sheridan Knowles inscribed "*Virginius*" to the guerilla chief, with this laconic flourish: "Illustrious man! to you I dedicate this play. Who will demand my reasons?" On the accession of Queen Christina, Mina returned to his own country, received an important command, and took an active part against Don Carlos. But he added little to his earlier fame in that sanguinary contest, his measures partaking fully of the savage animosity with which it was pursued.

THE MONTH'S CHRONICLE.

FROM Calais to Constantinople, and from Archangel to the Gut of Gibraltar, there is nothing but distress of nations, with perplexity. Nations have either risen against their former rulers, as in Italy, or are rising, as in Poland and Hungary. So unquiet is the political barometer that, in a few hours, the glass shifts from fair to much wind. One day the news from Paris is all pacific, and, as we begin to calculate on it, storm signals come flashing by, to say that all is unsettled again, and that we must prepare for the worst. It is no use consulting the weather-wise in cases like these. Some give the French Emperor credit for seeing beforehand what is about to happen in Europe, that he can vaticinate peace or war, for the simple reason that he holds in leash the dogs of war, to let them slip, at any moment, either on the Rhine or the Po. This, of course, is a simple key to all the imbroglio. But Europe is not yet a French chess-board, with the Emperor for the champion-player, and the nationalities for the pawns which he throws forward when he wants to take castles, knights, or bishops. Such explanations are far too plausible to be true. It saves trouble, of course, to lay to the account of one man all the unquiet under which Europe now groans. But the real cause of this unrest lies far deeper than the busy plotting brain that sits watching the telegraph wires in a closet in the Tuileries. It is not the case of a Catiline conspiracy, when,

as soon as the conspirator is designated in the Senate House, Europe is relieved and the Commonwealth safe. It is rather the case of a break up of the old patrician Europe, and of Cæsar rising up at the head of his soldiery to lead the democracy in the name of liberty. The causes of the present convulsions lie as deep as those which broke up the Roman Republic and founded the Empire. The old monarchies of absolute Europe are as effete as the Patrician families who long monopolized the liberties of Rome. Outside this privileged class was a fierce democracy, clamouring for their rights, and demanding that the barriers of privilege should be broken down in their favour. They had clamoured long and in vain. For centuries they had made secessions to the Mons Sacer, had obtained tribunes of their own appointment, and even places in the Senate; but it was all to no purpose until they got the army on their part, when a renegade noble took the popular side, and, flushed with conquest, became the idol of the people; then the Patriciate went down, like Pompey's comely youths before the *feri faciem* of the stern old tenth legion; then was formed an alliance between Cæsar and the democracy. Imperialism was popular because it punished the *ancienne noblesse*; and before the throne of the master of thirty legions prince and peasant bowed alike.

Continental Europe is unquiet at present, because it is passing through

the throes of revolution, the same as those of ancient Rome. Cæsarism is ascendant in France, where the people bow the neck contentedly before the military chief who represents the principles of 1789, and the abolition of all feudal privileges. The rest of Europe is smitten with this passion for Cæsarism. The more oppressed a country has been the more democracy has risen against this repression, and now calls for revolution as the only means of riddance from their present tyrant. Secessions have taken place innumerable. America has been peopled in many parts by discontented Germans, Italians, and Poles, flying from worse oppression than that which planted a New England under the Stuarts. But secession leaves the sore open as ever: and the only remedy which will be effectual is a revolution as sweeping in Hungary, Poland, and Italy, as that which abolished the Patriciate in Rome, and the *ancien régime* in France.

The remedy, it is true, is almost as bad as the disease: for the first generation infinitely worse. But the fault lies with those who have refused reform so long that now their people will be content with nothing short of revolution. Italy has swept out her petty tyrants at Naples, Modena, and Florence, and Hungary and Poland are clamouring for the same deliverances. These nationalities are to a Napoleon what the *plebs* were to a Cæsar. He will use them for his own purpose, and turn their wrongs into a step-ladder for his ambition. But it is blindness to the lessons of history to fall foul of imperialism for using democracy to serve its own end. Let the present rulers of Europe do what the patricians of Rome refused to do till it was too late—let them heartily consent to share their power—let them not make a mock of the people by using their name only as an instrument of oppression, as the Senate of Rome used the S, P, Q, R, obliterating in practice what they retained in name—that the people shared in the Government of Rome with the Senate—and then democracy will be no longer the ally of imperialism, the nationalities will not send deputations to a Napoleon, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, if he will only order his legions to march on the Rhine or the Vistula. The crowd in

Warsaw, during the disturbances there which followed upon the anniversary of the battle of Grochow, marched under the windows of the French consulate, shouting *vivas* for the Emperor Napoleon. It is a popular instinct throughout Europe to claim the French Emperor as the champion of oppressed nationalities. It is not that they love Cæsarism, but that they hate their feudal tyrants; and if there is no other way, out of legitimate misrule, except through French imperialism, then welcome even the French, so long as their coming shall seal the downfall of the old absolutism.

Thus, Napoleon III. represents a principle as well as a defeat. We only think of him as the nephew of the Corsican General whom Wellington defeated at Waterloo; but in the eyes of millions of Italians, Hungarians, Croats, Poles, Roumelians, Serbs, and Wallachians, he represents a sacred principle; he is democracy, with drawn sword, come to reckon with their oppressors. We are not surprised that Dred, in the great dismal swamp, should become a dreamy enthusiast, and rave about the day of vengeance and the year of the redeemed, in the lofty language of Isaiah and Ezekiel. He has heard the bloodhound's bay close to his lair; he has seen the rattlesnake's glistening eye fastened on him as he couched in his covert; he has fed on berries which have fevered his brain and poisoned his blood, and so he is hardly master of his thoughts or feelings. Surely there is an oppression which drives even wise men mad, much more a poor ignorant and hunted slave. This is the condition of nearly the whole of the Austrian and Turkish Empires and of a great part of Russia. Conservatives in this country, the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease, may denounce these Dreds as fanatical disturbers of the peace of Europe. Those who do so want the philosophic temper to see that a Mazzini is the counterpart of a Pio Nono, an Orsini of a Francis Joseph, a Robert Blum of a Frederick William. The violence of the revolutionary fever in 1861 is the measure of the reactionary excesses since 1848. As surely as ague follows malaria, or Asiatic cholera alights on the undrained, ill-paved alleys of Europe,

urely the convulsions into which central Europe is now thrown are nothing else than the tetanus fit brought on by the strychnia of absolute rule. The Jesuits are thus doomed to overreach themselves again and again. By a stroke of cleverness they succeeded in tutoring the young mind of Francis Joseph when heir presumptive of the Austrian Empire. They moved the mind that moved the Empire. Absolutism was safe under such tutelage, and the cause of the order went prosperously on for awhile in the wake of the law and order which it upheld. But now the collapse has come. It was easier to tutor an Emperor than an Empire, and to direct one conscience than to pacify the *bellica multorum capitum*—the people. The rule of a Camarilla governing out of a confession-box has broken down completely. First, the concordat was thrown over to lull the storm, then the reactionary clique of Schwarzenbergs, and Rivoli, and Metternichs, and all kinds of promises held out of good behaviour for the time to come. But it seems all to little purpose. *Trop tard*, as Lamartine said of the Duchess of Orleans, the only brave, because the only unselfish member of the deposed family of Louis Philippe. Ministers like Baron Von Schmerling will have the unhappiness to see all their constitutional reforms thrown back upon them by the nations who thoroughly distrust the whole Hapsburg Lorraine dynasty. The people know the Jesuits well, and are persuaded that one of their pupils is incorrigible; he has engrained their principles into his mental composition, so that if they cannot be touched, no more can he. We may lament it or not, but the break up of the Austrian Empire appears as inevitable as that of the Turkish. Turkey is dying for want of Turks, and Austria for want of Austrians. The little duchy on the borders of Germany and the Tyrol can no more supply the life-blood for a centralized despotism, than the Turks of Stamboul can keep up the appearance of unity among the mixed multitude from the Danube to the Euphrates who call the Sultan Padi-shah. It is a tradition of British statesmanship to help those crippled empires to hobble on as long as they can. Constantinople and Vienna are embassies of the highest rank when

rivalry is laid aside and protection and advice the tradition of office. The tradition is handed on from Ministry to Ministry. Lord John Russell's desire to maintain the Austrian Empire intact is little less sincere than Lord Malmesbury's. But the time has come when the two sick men must die together. The Nationalities will have to be bandaged together no longer by the tourniquet of Pachas and Feldzeug-meisters. We, in this country, who do not feel the hardship, and who only look on Turkey and Austria as sand-bags against Russia on the west and south, do not affect to feel for the unhappy condition of the nations sewn up in the sack of Austrian and Turkish misrule. We take a diplomatic view only of their existence. We know nothing of Hungary except as a province of an ancient ally, the Emperor of Austria, nothing of the Herzegovina, but a rebellious province of our very good friend and neighbour, the Grand Turk. But diplomatic pedantry like this will not keep Turkey or Austria alive longer than they can live on their own internal resources. And it will be all the worse for us when the day of reckoning comes, and the Nationalities start asunder, to lead by themselves, or to form new political combinations. Perhaps it may be premature for us to interfere or to offer to revise the Map of Europe as Parisian printsellers do whenever they want to cause a sensation in their shop-windows. But we should not obstinately keep our eyes closed to the eventualities that may happen any day on the Danube, and throughout the whole east of Europe. As far as our influence goes, it should extend, not to patching up what is rotten, and which only makes the rent worse at every patch, but to cutting the cloth again to a new pattern whenever we get the shears in our hand. Some Confederation of the Danube would answer our purpose quite as well as either Austria or Turkey. If we let the opportunity slip by, Russia may bring out her Confederation, which, like that of the Rhine, set up by Napoleon, in 1806, may be only an outlying province of the great empire which it ought to bank out from further encroachments on its neighbours. It is a hopeful sign, at least, that Moldavia and Wallachia are united, though it was in

spite of British diplomacy. So little did we see our true interest, that we endeavoured to check the combination which suits our policy, as well as meets the wants of the inhabitants. Blinded by our traditional policy of not weakening the Sultan, we thought to strengthen him by keeping his revolted provinces weak and divided, never thinking that whatever kept them weak served the interest of Russia more than it did even the interest of Turkey. When a change is inevitable, it is the part of wisdom to accept it frankly and make the most of it, relying on new combinations springing up, out of which we can make our account as well as out of the old.

Bearing this in mind, we shall see without regret Hungary and Croatia declare for independence of Austria. It is only three centuries ago since the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia fell in by marriage to the fortunate heiress-hunting house of Hapsburg, and have continued ever since its proudest jewels. Burgundy, Spain, and the Milanese have dropped off from time to time, but Hungary and Bohemia have been held ever since, and would have continued Austrian for ever but for the bad faith of their rulers. Should Hungary, then, reassert her former independence, are we to stand on punctilio, and not to acknowledge this new nation because we do not see how she will take the place of the old Empire as a rampart against Russia? Such is too often the tone of Downing-street, as much under a Palmerston as a Derby Ministry. But the country is really wiser than her statesmen, precisely because it knows nothing of the noble art of diplomacy. The country admires Kossuth and respects the brave Hungarian people, and the country will prove that it was more longsighted in the end than the professional statesmen, for a free people is the only barrier against Russian encroachment. Austria and Turkey, as they now are constituted, invite instead of repel aggression. It is only because Russia is nearly bankrupt herself that she does not pour her troops into the valley of the Danube, as a set-off to the French occupation of Syria. Were Russia in the state in which she was ten years ago, she would have pushed

her frontier on from the Pruth to the Danube. Never was there a more tempting opportunity than the present; but if she leaves the two sick men of Vienna and Constantinople alone, it is because she is sick herself, and has too much on hands in Poland and Russia Proper to meddle much in foreign affairs.

Serf emancipation and a rising in Warsaw are enough to task all the energies of the young emperor. Alexander II. is now on his trial, and it is almost more than we can expect to find his new-born liberalism stand the rude shock it has received in Poland. When autocrats like the Czar of all the Russias grant constitutions, they should be received as our municipal towns received their charters from James II., on bended knees, and with accents of contrition for their boldness in asking for such rights. But Warsaw appears to be lost to all sense of propriety. It is not satisfied with the slice of constitutional cake it has got from the great parish beadle of Russia. It has actually committed the offence of sending up its plate for more. St. Petersburg is aghast, and the whole of Russia struck dumb at such impudence. But the beadle has recovered breath and knocked Oliver down for his assurance. An unarmed crowd assembled at the governor's palace to petition for the restoration of the old kingdom of Poland. Cavalry and infantry were ordered out, shots were fired on the defenceless multitude, and a hundred lives or more—for the numbers are carefully concealed—have paid the penalty of their temerity in pressing the Czar to put his good intentions into practice. Constitutions, it seems, in Russia, like revolutions elsewhere, are not made with rose-water. The Czar has slain his hecatomb on the newly-raised altar of Polish liberty. He has signed her Magna Charta in the blood of her citizens, but whether such a compact is likely to be lasting is very doubtful. Blood calls for blood, and Warsaw still wears her weeds, and will not rejoice, although she is offered a semi-independence and the show of a separate and a national administration.

It is to Italy that we are to look for the match which has fired this long train of explosions. Central Eu-

ope has caught the contagion of liberty from Southern Italy—the east of the nationalities—is now the first to regain her liberties as a nation; and the topstone has been put on the work, by the proclamation of Victor Emmanuel, as King of Italy, and his acknowledgment as such at the British Court. All that Italy now wants is a capital, and that cannot be long withheld. Count Cavour has openly declared that he must go to Rome; and the Italian Parliament meet at the base of that *Ara Cæli* Church, where Gibbon met a body of bare-footed friars chanting in a procession, which suggested to him the thought of writing on the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Times are altered since 1761, when Gibbon, like Volney, was musing on the ruins of empires, and concluding that Rome was a city of the past, as much as Babylon, Tyre, or Carthage. The cry of the Saxon pilgrims, as they saw the Coliseum still a majestic pile in the eighth century, has turned out to be nearer the mark—"While the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; and when Rome falls, the world." Rome has renewed her youth twice, like the eagle—once, as the city of the Cæsars, and again as the city of the Popes. A third time she is renewing her youth, by reviving the memories more sacred and venerable than either of these—she is to become again the city of the Senate and people of Rome. Still does that magical quadrilateral S. P. Q. R. meet the eye on the capitol—still is it emblazoned on the municipal banner borne before the senator of Rome, in his procession to the Vatican—still are the Roman people reminded of these great memories. At last, Madame de Stael's sarcasm, that they are a people who have mistaken memories for hopes, is about to be falsified. Disappointed a hundred times, they are not going to wait for ever, till the malaria has crept into the very heart of the city, and made the Corso as uninhabitable as the Campagna. When the monks thought John Wickliffe was dead, they came round his bed to feast their eyes on their enemy, dead before them, but he gathered strength, and lifted himself up in the bed, exclaiming, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord." And so it proved in fact. From that

sick-bed John de Wickliffe rose to nonplus the monks for many a year—to preach the Gospel boldly in Oxford and London; and, after sowing the seeds of Lollardism, which bore fruit a century after to the great Reformation, to die in a good old age in his own chancel at Lutterworth. Rome is not dead, though ten thousand priests, friars, and nuns have watched for her obsequies. There is life in the old city yet; and the ten thousand holy idlers who suck her strength out, and live on the decay of all around them, will find to their surprise that she can shake them off, and become the hearth and altar of the Parliament and people of Italy. It is not in the power of human obstinacy to stave this off much longer. The Pope-King is tenacious of life; and while he can humour the French, he reckons on remaining master of Rome. But he is no more a king than Charles I. in the Scots camp. When the Northern Presbyterians got their price from the Southern Independents, the game was up with Charles. He was bartered at Newcastle for a consideration; and, jingling the pounds Scotch in their pockets, the canny Scots rode over the Border, with a light heart and a heavy purse. So will it fare with his Holiness. The French are his stanch friends and protectors till the price has been arranged between Cavour and Napoleon. Already there are whispers about the island of Sardinia, which is conveniently near Corsica, and another stepping-stone across from France to Algiers. If the Pope could be induced to become titular sovereign of Sardinia, France would take care of all temporal matters for him in the island, and, like the Tycoon of Japan, relieve the Mikado of all labour but that of saying mass and hearing confessions. When the time comes for selling the Pope, he will be sold as unscrupulously as Charles was at Newcastle; and he has only himself to blame for trusting his person so long in the French camp, which Rome has been to her for the last twelve years.

The French chambers, Upper and Lower, have met, and blustered in the cause of Legitimacy and Divine right, till Paris has become ashamed of their proceedings, and calls for their dissolution. If it pleases a few obscu-

rantists, like Keller, and Kalt, and Plichon—a duke or two with a historical name, and the five salaried cardinals, who sit as senators by the favour of the Emperor—to use passionate language on behalf of the Pope, their insignificance is their best excuse—they have no reputation to destroy; and if they succeed even in pulling down the Assembly about their ears, they are too small to be crushed in the ruin. But have Guizot and his friends no regard for their fame, to lend themselves to a factious opposition at any price? Are statesmen to measure their opinions by their hatred to the Emperor, and to adopt one policy because he inclines to another? By such miserable courses, Orleanism is wearing out the little respect remaining for it in France. Guizot and Bishop Dupanloup, banded together to advocate the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and so to thwart the Emperor, is a *mésalliance* so bad that we look to the tables of affinity, beginning with—a man may not marry his grandmother. With what a quiet smile the Man of Destiny must watch the *doctrinaire* Guizot, putting on the Pope's night-cap, and extinguishing himself forever amid the ridicule of nine Frenchmen out of ten. Such are the follies which disappointed ambition will commit. It is like the Deistical Bolingbroke passing over to dote with the foolish and fat old Pretender, at St. Germain's—the friend of Atterbury, Pope, and Swift, carrying the gold stick among a small circle of pensioners, amid the shrugs and the smiles of the courtiers of Versailles, who could only pity his fatuity.

He is a good hurler—the Irish proverb says—who stands on the ditch. We in this country stand calmly by to scan the mistakes made in the great hurling match between North and South in America. "Hast thou philosophy, Lincoln," we may say, as Touchstone to the shepherd; "not to see that your position to the Confederate States is identical with that of Lord North to the United States in 1776?" Americans are never tired of declaiming at the obstinacy of George III., the dull pertinacity in wrongdoing of his Minister, and the happy imbecility of his Generals, all of which conspired to make American Independence a great success, and to

elevate a few revolted colonies into the great Spread-Eagle Republic of the west. They tell us, and it is too true to be denied, that the bulk of the English nation supported George III. in his obstinacy. If the king were blinded by pride, the electors of Bristol were also blinded by commercial cupidity to the real position of the revolted colonists. The sovereign would not give up his right to tax his transatlantic subjects with the consent of parliament; but Bristol also would not give up its monopoly of the colonial trade, and the right to carry tea, woollens, and hardware, in British bottoms, and no other. It may be humiliating to our national pride, but the sovereign people were as purblind as the sovereign himself. Save and except one or two great men, who towered head and shoulders above the men of their day—a Chatham in the Lords, and a Burke in the Commons—the whole community went into the American war quite as heartily as the king. It was not a king's war only, it was a people's war quite as much. In a fair fight between the mother country and her colonies, the colonies beat the mother country, and taught her a lesson which we shall never forget. We thank America for this—but where is President Lincoln's philosophy, that he cannot discern that his position to the revolted South is identical with that of Lord North. We are compelled to ask the fool's question, "Hast thou philosophy, shepherd?" Can it be that the man in the field cannot see the mistakes which are so plain to us who stand on the ditch? How is it that Americans who were so quick to see the error of England in 1776, cannot see their own in 1861?

It is curious to remark the phases of European politics repeating themselves on free American soil. President Lincoln is a legitimist of the first water; he stands on the divine right of the Declaration of Independence. He talks in the brave old Tory style of the right to revolt as a contradiction in terms. The Whigs in the days of Locke made this step, which their opponents were not slow to fasten on. There are emergencies when we must take the law into our own hands and act for the best; but these are necessarily cases without a precedent. But to sit down to jus-

ify them by Vattel, Puffendorf, and Grotius, is pedantic. The Ultramon-
 anes had Lord John Russell on the
 hip with his unhappy reference to
 Vattel a few months ago, and no one
 ridiculed him when his pedantry was
 turned against him. The Republican
 party in America have also got their
 little bit of legitimist pedantry. Is
 it written in the bond of Union—they
 ask—that the Federal States may dis-
 unite whenever they please? Some
 American Grotius must start up to
 write *De Jure Divortii*, to lay down
 on a pin-point what amount of provo-
 cation will justify separation, and
 when the President may say to a
 revolted state, go in peace. Mr. Lin-
 coln pleads that there is no such sta-
 tute of divorce in being, and, there-
 fore, that the whole proceedings of
 the South are irregular, illegal, and
 unprecedented in American history.

This may be all very true, but even
 Touchstone's philosophy might have
 taught Mr. Lincoln, that when two
 communities so great as the North
 and the South have such divided in-
 terests, the best thing which they can
 do is to separate. When internal dis-
 union has reached a certain height,
 and gone on for a certain length of
 time, it is wisdom at last to recognise
 it, to admit that separation, though an
 evil, is inevitable, and the only escape
 from a worse fatality still, civil war.

Fair words and soft speeches will
 not charm back the Confederate States.
 They have gone too far to
 retreat. They have set up a President
 of their own in a new capital. They
 have begun a national debt, the most
 unmistakable sign of a nationality,
 whether republican or monarchical.
 They have contracted for cannon, am-
 munition, and stores—have raised a
 respectable army—and have only to
 settle the important question how
 many stars are to go with the stripes,
 or whether they will not leave the
 tawdry "stripes" of red and white to
 the Northern Republic, to Liberia,
 and the Sandwich Islands, and choose
 a new bunting, more becoming gentle-
 men and slave-owners. It will not be
 easy to undo all this six months' work
 of secession. The interregnum be-
 tween Lincoln's election and his swear-
 ing into office may have saved a civil
 war, but it has lost the Union. Co-
 riolanus' mother saved Rome, but
 lost her son. So war is averted, but

secession inevitable. Mr. Lincoln now
 trusts to starve the south into sub-
 mission. But the South has starved
 out Fort Sumpter first. There is
 nothing that we can see to bring North
 and South together again except the
 name of a union which has not lived
 to the age of that Earl Bathurst, the
 auspicious youth whose angel Burke
 so eloquently imagined opening to him
 in vision what America would grow
 to during the ninety years that he
 should live. There are those alive,
 we may still say with Burke, "whose
 memories might touch the two extre-
 mities," who lay in the cradle with
 the American Union, and will soon
 follow it to the grave. There is Lord
 Lyndhurst, the Bathurst of his day,
 who travelled through the States when
 they and he were in the heyday of
 youth, and who will outlive, we trust,
 the Union which has lasted only to
 see and forgive the great grandson of
 George III. in person. The Prince of
 Wales standing by the tomb of Wash-
 ington in the autumn of 1860 is a fine
 subject for a prize poem; but a finer
 subject for a philosophic essay would
 be the Prince of Wales standing over
 the grave of the Union which had
 stripped his great grandfather of the
 grandest colonial empire which the
 world ever saw. We do not write this
 in any vindictive spirit. Reflections
 like these are above the petty disputes
 of statesmen—the dust on the great
 wheel of Providence which the fool-
 ish fly thinks that it raises with the
 flapping of its wings. No; not in
 retribution for their casting off our
 allegiance, but because America is too
 great to be a dependency either of the
 Cabinet of St. James or of Washing-
 ton, do we discern a manifest Provi-
 dence in this secession movement.
 There is a Nemesis yet awaiting the
 South for its persistence in slavery.
 Well will it be for the North some
 years hence that it has shaken itself
 loose from that connexion. The Nor-
 thern democracy, too, have sins of
 their own, for which the South is not
 responsible. It will be best for both
 that they are separately reckoned with.
 It is our fervent wish that the Dis-
 united States, left to pursue their own
 policy, may purge out their domestic
 evils under separation, when, if they
 confederate ever again, it will be a
 more lasting union than that which
 is now almost at an end. In spite of all

the Charlemagnes, Charles the Fifths, and Napoleons, the broken fragments of the Roman Empire never would reunite in Europe. Europe was too great to be one empire, as Christianity is too brisk for the old bottles of a united Christendom under a Roman Pontiff. So it is now with America. The stars are too many for the firmament of Washington. President Lincoln must take the Northern constellations, and leave the Southern to President Davis.

The Schleswig Holstein affair is what Sir Lucius O'Trigger called "a very pretty quarrel indeed, and every word of explanation would help to spoil it." Yet notwithstanding this excellent authority we intend to give an explanation in the hope that the Press may be in time to spoil a very pretty quarrel which is fast getting out of the management of the Acres and Falklands of diplomacy into the hands of the O'Triggers and Absolutes of the Danish and Prussian service. Jutland, or the land of the Jutes, is a promontory jutting out of the back of the fatherland, as the hump out of the back of the camel. These Jutlanders are of the Scandinavian stock, and look north towards the home of their ancestors, where Norway and Sweden, like a bear with extended paws, appears to be darting down upon Europe from the North Pole. Mixed up with these Jutlanders, in the southern province of Denmark, are many Germans who look south for their Fatherland, and have little or no sympathy with Scandinavian traditions. Thus Denmark is a Rebecca with two nationalities struggling in her; and, like Jacob and Esau, the Teutonic Dane and the Scandinavian Dane hate each other as brethren only can hate when they are rivals, and are contending for supremacy. So long as Denmark was left to herself—the case was simple enough—she loved Jacob and hated Esau; but the German Esau has made powerful alliances with fatherland, and threatens to break the yoke from off her neck. Holstein is a German province attached to the Danish Crown, and Schleswig is peopled in great part with Germans. It is not surprising, therefore, if these German Danes—now they have the opportunity—should try and retaliate on their Danish masters the treatment

they have hitherto endured. They were forced to become Danes against their will, and now they try to force the Danes to consider themselves Germans. For a long time the Danish Crown tried to force Danish schools and Danish clergymen on the German population; it is now the turn of the Germans to be revenged for this one-sided treatment, and so a Teutonic Denmark starts up, demanding its nationality, while Prussia is ready behind to enforce its demands at the point of the sword. Schleswig and Holstein, the one only partly German, the other entirely so, demand to be treated as one province. It is as if the French Canadians insisted on the upper province adopting the language of the lower, and the Crown of England submitting to the demand: or to put a case nearer home, if all the MacMahons of that ilk were to insist on a Celtic Ireland, to which the Protestant North should submit under pain of coercion from the sword of the Duke of Magenta. These are threats which a spirited nation never can submit to. So long as two races or two factions contend with each other with their own strength and no other, the supreme authority can tolerate their internal jealousies and disputes; but the moment one of the factions calls on the foreigner to right the balance in its favour, it has passed the bounds of fair party strife, and the nation which submits to this dictation has signed its own death-warrant. Denmark is not likely, then, to allow Germany to dictate to it how it shall treat its German-speaking provinces. If these Germans have griefs they shall be redressed, in a lawful way, but this appeal for support beyond the Eider cannot be tolerated. It was from utter contempt at their insignificance that our MacMahonites were allowed to go in peace to Chalons as the *Débats* dryly remarked, with passports provided by the British Foreign Office. But it is too serious a matter for a little state, like Denmark, to tolerate such open treason as this. She can no more afford to have her refugees harboured by Prussia, than Athens could afford that her ostracised public men should betake themselves to the court of the great king, there to plot in safety their return to power. Prussia is a dangerous and ambitious neighbour. She envies the

maritime supremacy of Denmark as much as Persia did the galleys and long walls of Athens. Kiel is the Piræus on which Prussia has cast a covetous eye, and the slights put on the German-speaking Holsteiners and Schleswigers, are only a base pretext, like the injuries of a Mardinus, or a Hippias, which the great king made much of as an excuse for intervention in the internal affairs of Athens. Denmark has already redressed the inequalities complained of by her German subjects. Schleswig has no more cause of complaint than those suffering patriots, Smith O'Brien and Martin. But a strange longing for martial fame appears to possess the new king of Prussia. He seems dreadfully uneasy that he should be under the suspicion of resembling his brother, the late king—letting I dare not, wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the fable. Hamlet the Dane, the subtle, irresolute, self-torturing man of inaction, was the very model of the Prussian king, who died a few months ago. Hamlet the Dane, provoked into action by his own reproaches—stung to desperation by his own sarcasms, leaping into Ophelia's grave in a rant, and, at last ending a mad love-fit with a mad lover's duel, is too like the present King of Prussia, to be a flattering comparison in courtly lips. But it would be well for King William if he could listen to what his true friends in this country think of him and his Danish policy. They grieve over it most unfeignedly, for it is freezing the hearts of his only real allies in Europe into coldness and hostility, and drawing on him the watchful eyes of France, who has not forgotten that the Rhine was the boundary of ancient Gaul. Prussia is making the mistake of supposing, that because a spirited foreign policy put Sardinia into the hegemony of Italy, which was a first step to her absorbing the other provinces into union with herself, the same is going to happen over again north of the Alps. But circumstances alter cases. In the first place, Sardinia did not annex Tuscany and Naples by bullying some weaker neighbour, as Prussia threatens to do; and, again, when Germany calls out for amalgamation with Prussia, she will do so for defence on the Rhine, not on the Eider. It is insulting to common sense, that

Prussia should think to show her fitness to absorb the lesser states of Germany by her readiness to hustle and bully a small state like Denmark, while she turns her blind eye to the real point of danger on the side of France. We have too great faith in common sense, to believe that Prussia will send her soldiers to fight like gladiators in a Danish arena, with the *Salve te Cæsar nos Moriture salutatur* on their lips. Such a bar of sentiment to keep the German courage up for the real tug of war coming with France at some future day, is too horrible to contemplate. We do not choose to believe in it; and, therefore, till diplomacy has passed and repassed it through its camel-like stomachs, chewing the cud of ultimatums and ultimatissimums again and again, we do not expect to hear that hostilities have broken out.

It is sometimes awful to think how still we are at home, while the rest of Europe is excited with war, or the fear of it. In this month of April, with Italy heaving still from the fires of a recent eruption, with Hungary boiling like a geyser, and Poland treading on hot ashes, we have nothing more serious on our hands than to number our people, and lay the foundations of a great glass temple to the arts of peace. The two operations are pacific; the second especially so. We are taking stock of our population, and hope to find that, though we weed out men at the rate of almost a thousand a day, the numbers still increase, and that the inhabitants of the British Isles number thirty millions after every drawback of famine, emigration, and war. As to the glass-house at Brompton, the foundations are already laid, and the men on strike are coming back to their work—so our fears of the contract falling through from failure of hands is at an end. There is something of Babel-like audacity in thus erecting a temple to peace when the waterfloods are surging almost to our own shores. On what is grounded that confidence with which we give out a contract for three hundred thousand pounds, and invite all the world to send in their treasures of art and industry next year? The Roman Senate sold the very ground on which Hannibal was encamped, not far from Rome. It was an auction *sub hasta* in more senses than

one, and probably the only one in which the uplifted spear has no more a belligerent symbol than the auctioneer's hammer among ourselves. Are we so confident that 1861 will pass away, that its Cannæ will close in a Capua, and all its revolutions end in smoke? It is something to wish it may be so. And perhaps there is wisdom in acting as if it would. If the best way to avert war is to be prepared for war, the best way to seek peace is to ensue it. This Exhibition of 1862 is a great manifesto to the nations; it is a solemn protest of our abhorrence of war, and curses be on the head of him who spoils our holiday next year by launching one nation against another.

The Indian famine has grown to such appalling dimensions, that it has been impossible to treat it any longer as a local matter, and to confine the appeals for relief to the benevolence of the British public in India. Like the Indian mutiny, it has sprung at once into the importance of an Imperial question. The first application made by Colonel Baird Smith to the Lord Mayor of London was put off with a cold refusal to stir, on account of the apathy with which the appeal had been received by a few leading merchants whom the Lord Mayor had consulted. But in a few days a pressure was brought to bear on the Mansion-house, against which it could hold out no longer; and at last a public meeting was held in London, in one of the last days of March. Once the example had been set by the metropolis, the country has taken it up, and the great centres of wealth and intelligence have been appealed to not in vain to raise subscriptions and to send out relief as rapidly as possible. Fifty thousand pounds has been probably collected already, and as much more could be raised, if the appeal is carried forward with spirit, and pressed upon the inhabitants of the rural districts. The utilitarian, perhaps, in search of an excuse for his want of liberality, may remind us that the age of miracles is past, and that our relief will not go farther than the five barley loaves and two small fishes among the five thousand hungry men, besides women and children, would have gone, unless it had been miraculously multiplied. But the uses of charity are not to be measured by the

amount of human misery which it relieves. It may be very true, that we cannot open the windows of heaven, or unlock the hidden granaries of earth; but it is not a small thing after all, to show that the charity which begins at home reaches even to the earth's end. There are a few Rascals perhaps in the world, whom Hood so unmercifully gibbeted:

“But you have been to Palestine—alas
Some minds improve by travel—others
rather
Resemble copper, wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther;”

but as a general rule, the spirit of true charity is rather like a river widening its banks the farther it flows, and sometimes like the generous Nile, overflowing these banks with an inundation of good. We must irrigate India morally as well as materially. Our canals must carry one kind of water to the poor man's rice field, and in Christian hearts and hands another kind of water, called the water of life, to the poor peasant's heart. Tombs become dilapidated with age, and as useless sometimes as those tombs which the Moguls have left behind as the sole monuments of their former greatness; but real Christian charity will open up a well of water, springing in all seasons, and under all skies, in Hindoo hearts. But this Indian Famine Relief Fund is an indirect missionary donation. It will tell in the long run for the conversion of the people of India to our holy faith; so that besides its special urgency as a measure of relief to men's temporal necessities, we would commend it for its ultimate and spiritual influences on a people who, for want of this gentle dropping dew from heaven, this most Christian quality of mercy, have hearts as hard to the natural affections outside the circle of their own kin and caste, as the parched plains from which they are now flying to reach the nearest town where a granary is.

Our infant iron navy is beginning to increase and multiply. The Admiralty led off with twins, the Warrior and Black Prince, and since then the Resistance and the Defiance have seen the water, and are doing well in their nursery. If the old lady of Whitehall goes on as well as she has begun, we may look for a large family of

onsides. "I was ever of opinion," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who remained single, and only talked of population." So say we of ship-building. Too long Whitehall was indoctrinated with Malthusian principles. My lords were afraid that the dockyards might warm with useless hulks, and the navy breed like fishes if no check were imposed. It was safer to talk about iron ships than to go into contracts for building them, and so the Admiralty remained single and talked of population. At last our neighbour across the Channel began to propagate an iron progeny at such a prolific rate, that the Admiralty took alarm; and so we are to have some of the giants as well as France. The first Arab who saw a steam ship on the Euphrates exclaimed, "By Allah, here is the father of all the pots and kettles." What would he say to the Black Prince? He would exclaim, "What such a kettle never was seen before—a kettle which, if called to do duty off Cherbourg, would outvie Leviathan, and make the waters to boil like a pot."

We have not yet overtaken France, though we are not far behind her. She has one Ironside in commission, and three afloat and ready for sea, and ten more on the stocks. We have now four afloat, and almost ready for going to sea, and four more, the lines of which have been laid down in the builders' yard. We thus stand to France, as far as numbers go, in the proportion of eight to fourteen, but as each of our iron-cased frigates is nearly double the tonnage of the French, we are not so far behind after all. It is an expensive game which we are forced to play against France—"beggar my neighbour," as *Punch* called it in one of the best squibs of the day. But those who began first must leave off first. We say, like the poor frogs, it may be sport to you, Jean Crapaud, to throw stones, but it is death to us not to maintain our naval supremacy. It is for France to cry "Hold! enough!" in this duel at distancing us in ship-building. It is a wonder how she has borne it so long, and it can only have been endured because she is nursing a great project to revindicate (to use a

Gallicism) her lost colonial empire. The first Bonaparte lost all which the Bourbons had planted during a century and a half of colonization. The nephew aspires, no doubt, to repair his uncle's losses, and to avenge Waterloo in Syria, Cochin China, New Caledonia, and elsewhere. So be it, provided only he does not cross our path. The sea is open to all, but the path of French progress does not lie across the waters, notwithstanding all this vast preparation. Nelson's sailors used to say that the French built ships that we might sail them. So their ship-building activity may come to nothing after all, should real hostilities break out. The genius of France conducts her to the water's edge, and then leaves her. Like the French Cupid, according to Moore, she seldom goes far in a vessel so frail, "but just pilots her off and then bids her good-bye;" so it will probably be with the French navy in a great and prolonged European war. It will be very effective for a few years. To the last it would harass us seriously in the Mediterranean, and perhaps in the Channel; but out in the wide Atlantic and Pacific Oceans it would be the old story of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." The empire of the ocean is not a divided empire. Whoever is mistress of the seas must be absolute, and reign without a rival or a partner. Coalition fleets would fare worse than coalition armies. It is easier to beat them in detail, as Nelson proved. Napoleon was so outwitted twice by Nelson—once at Copenhagen and again at Trafalgar; and, without presumption, we may hope it would be the same again. Our alarmists say, truly enough, that if France, Russia, and Denmark, for instance, joined in a naval coalition, where would our maritime supremacy be? But it is like the omen of three white crows, when they are seen together something very dreadful, no doubt, will happen, but we must see the three white crows first, and then we shall prepare for the worst.

Ways and means is an irksome topic, which even the fancy of our present fanciful Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot make light. A budget may have its tropes and metaphors—of which there were too many in Mr. Gladstone's great speech of 1860—but unless there are the heavy

stones of supply at the bottom of the sack, the British tax-payer will grumble. We will not do here as in some parts of America, hang a man first and try him afterwards; and as the Gladstone budget for the forthcoming year is still on its trial before Parliament, we suspend our judgment for a few weeks. Meanwhile, to other learned and honourable gentlemen the word "ways and means" has a more awful sound even than to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Edwin James, for instance, on Census night entertained some unwelcome visitors in his new mansion in Berkeley-square. The sheriff's officers were there taking a census of the effects and furniture of the honourable gentleman, and doing certain inquisitorial things which no free Englishman willingly submits to. The truth is, the member for Marylebone has been insolvent for many years, and, under the old state of things, would have lived on his insolvency or even risen to fame on it—"from dirt and rubbish, as fair Venice rose." Many a marble palace of fame, where full-wigged chancellors and many-starred generals lived and prospered, has risen on the quaking foundations of debt. In the good old times a man's credit rose with his creditors, as a ship in dock floats when the water is let in on her. The royal dukes, when George the Third was king, bravely made a bagatelle of their debts; the Duke of York banked with Coutts—or rather, as old Coutts once dryly said, that his Royal Highness mistook, it was he who banked with the Duke. Debt was then fashionable, and a generous nation or a spirited party paid the debts of the noble insolvent. But the new act puts all men on the same level, by abolishing the distinction between bankruptcy and insolvency. In the eye of the law as it now is Edwin James, Esq., ex-M.P. for Marylebone, and ex-Recorder of Brighton, is only a Lawyer Silvertongue, who sells talk as a mercer sells ribbon, by the yard.

We are to become at last, professedly, the nation of shopkeepers which Na-

oleon untruly taunted us with being half a century ago. The distinction between property and person is at an end. No man's person is now in danger, and no man's property is safe. The gentleman may smile at the terrors of Marshalsea, but his estate may go to the hammer, and perhaps we shall some day or other come to the Edgeware-road style of puffery with regard to incumbered estates. "Alarming sacrifice—a bankrupt's stock—this fine estate and mansion to be sold at a ruinous loss." The new procedure, no doubt, has its uses. The debtors' prison was a very barbarous kind of punishment, little better than the old press at Newgate, by which reluctant witnesses were squeezed down till they consented to give testimony. Relief for this was desirable, whatever substitute could be found for the old plan of incarceration. But it was evident that if the creditor's security was taken off the person, it must fall on property. Taxes must be direct or indirect, there is no middle course between, so the dilemma of bankruptcy is between property and person. We have chosen one horn, and must be impaled on our estates since our persons are to be sacred. The old rule of caveat emptor is now brought down on the professional classes with the swing of a catapult. Let not the professional man listen to the siren voice of the tailor with new patterns, or the dealer in pictures who has gems of art for a distinguished patron, he cannot keep his creditors at bay as formerly, or die magnificently insolvent as Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt. Mr. Edwin James has fallen on evil days, and we pity him, but what is worse in his case, his reputation is bankrupt as well. Why this should be so we do not pretend to say. It is the etiquette of the bar and no doubt a wholesome restraint on the profession under a former state of things. But under the altered law a professional man ought to be allowed to start fair again in the world as traders do; and no doubt it will come to this before long.

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WHAT NON-ACADEMICIAN IS THE GREATEST WRITER OF THE DAY?

THE French Academy is engaged upon a question of considerable literary interest. It may be thus stated: who is the author, whose works within the last ten years have conferred most honour upon France? As the period indicated embraces, if not the whole reign of Napoleon III., yet reckoning from the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851, a time entirely submitted to Imperial influence, it will at once be understood that some special motive underlies the inquiry. Had the question originated with the Academy itself the public would at once have suspected a hostile motive. People hearing every day that literature is on the decline, and on the decline because deprived of that atmosphere of freedom in which the mind rejoices to put forth its unfettered strength, would have said that the Academy, which is composed of men who had attained their eminence under parliamentary government, wanted to mark in some striking manner the withering effects of despotic government upon the products of thought; nor would such suspicion have been unfounded. Within ten years many vacancies have occurred; and yet, in each and every instance of an election for a new member, the choice has invariably fallen upon some conspicuous opponent of the Imperial régime. We need only mention the names of Montalembert, Berryer, the Bishop of Orleans, the

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Duc de Broglie, the legitimist Count de Falloux, and the Abbé Lacordaire, to show that the illustrious Forty are not exclusively governed by respect for literary distinction when balloting for new members. Berryer, the ex-leader of the legitimist party in the Chamber of Deputies, although a brilliant orator, has not attached his name to any written composition. The Bishop of Orleans has by his genius risen to be the recognised leader of the Ultramontanists, as he is the most furious declaimer against the anti-papal policy of the Imperial Government. The Duc de Broglie is to the Orleanists what Lord Lansdowne is to the Whigs. The Abbé Lacordaire is like the Count de Montalembert, his earliest political and theological friend, an able writer as well as brilliant orator; but yet the Academy in throwing its doors wide open to these distinguished individuals thought more of the political significance of their choice, than of the literary greatness which it is their proper mission to crown with honour.

In making choice of conspicuous politicians rather than of mere men of letters, the Academy was influenced apparently by other motives. It wished to show, no doubt, that while all other institutions were obliged to submit to the levelling force of irresistible authority, there was one which still knew how to maintain its integrity.

The lofty spirit of Cardinal Richelieu, its founder—of that Richelieu, whose absolutism overshadowed royalty, still animated an institution, which neither the Revolution nor the Empire could mould to its own will. It steadily barred the door against all adherents of the Second Empire. Then it chose not only persons whose position could leave no doubt as to the reasons for choice, but persons whose public reception would be best calculated to pique public curiosity, and create what the French so much like, a scene. It would not be safe to select some rude, violent man of genius, whose unrestrained vigour of expression might afford an excuse for playing off a minor *coup d'état* at the expense of the Academy itself; who could answer for a fantastic, impetuous Michelet? or an erratic speculator upon random effects, like an Emile de Girardin? No! The man for the occasion should be one who, on the day of his reception in public, could wield with most graceful adroitness the glancing weapons of irony, and of such delicately subtle insinuation, as only the keenest attention could follow, or the most finely strung ear detect. The public favoured with tickets to a reception-day at the Academy is a peculiar public indeed. The majority is composed of ladies of the first rank, attired in the splendid simplicity with which severe taste disposes opulence. A ticket of admission upon such an occasion is far more precious than a card of invitation to Court. It is not an assembly for outward demonstration. It is one for exquisite enjoyment; and every well turned sentence, every sly hit is appreciated, though the applause be no louder than the rustling of wings, and the smile the most innocent which malice has at its disposal. The Berryers, Montalemberts, and De Falloux, who knew their *monde*, hardly pitched their voice beyond the conventional tone of the salon. The fiery Dominican, notwithstanding the picturesque waving of his white drapery, found that to commence with a shriek as of a tortured spirit, was a mistake; nor was his usually excessive action effective until it became composed. He had to suit himself to an audience that, like any French audience, is the slave of routine. The *genus loci* was too strong even for the Abbé Lacordaire. But

after a bishop in full canonicals, the Dominican was the next best costume for the required effect. It was something to see a bishop one day and a friar another set divinity aside and discourse political satire so finely distilled, that law or power could no more seize it than they could a perfume.

In presence of so ingeniously conducted an opposition, the Emperor tried the bold game of generosity. His Majesty presented a prize of twenty thousand francs for the author of the work, or inventor, or discoverer, of whatsoever should have within the present reign proved most to the honour of France, or to the greatest public good. The first effect of the proffered bounty was, to use a vulgar expression, to set by the ears the five Academies which compose the *Institut*. There is first the *Académie Française*, or as it is emphatically called, *the Academy*. The four others are the Academies of Inscriptions, of Science, of Fine Arts, and the Academy of Moral and Political Science. If the prize should be thrown open to general contest, it was clearly seen, that on the principle of nothing like leather, each division would cast its eye in the direction of its own special vocation. The astronomer who had calculated the time that Jupiter's light would take to travel to one of his Satellites would be supported by M. Biot and M. de Verrier against a second *Cirneille* or Racine. Romance would fare still worse at the hands of that section of moral and political science called political economy; and would not the Fine Arts exclaim against neglect of its idols as downright Iconoclasm. After some lively interminable discussion it was at length agreed, that each division should be allowed to adjudge the prize in turn, the Academy taking the lead, upon the condition that the successful candidate should enjoy the Imperial bounty for two years, when it would be ceded to the chosen candidate of the next division, and so on, to recommence at the end of ten years, and follow the like order—shall we say, for ever and for ever.

The academicians being the judges are necessarily excluded from competition, so that the works of writers redounding most to the honour of the country must be sought far beyond the pale of authors whose

reputation has already been sealed with academic sanction. Four writers are understood to occupy the first line; and the world will, no doubt, hear with eager attention, the names of the four who, in the opinion of the highest literary body in France, have, under the first decade of the second Empire, produced writings most conducive to the glory of their country—they are, George Sand, Jules Simon, Henri Martin, and the Count d'Haussonville. As the world at large is best acquainted with the name which stands at the head of the list, we shall reserve our observations until we shall have noticed the claims of this lady's three rivals for the Imperial gift confided to the Academy for disposal.

It is not out of place, however, to remark, by way of preliminary, that the whole number are opposed to the Imperial régime. If there be any shade of exception, it would be in favour of the lady who, in 1848, was said to have held the pen of Ledru Rollin, while that burly Danton the second was sending a shudder throughout the land, by ministerial instructions to roving revolutionary commissioners, which in letter as well as in spirit abrogated all law, and left property and personal security at the mercy of intoxicated caprice. A transfer of admiration from a many-headed despotism, to that of a single over-mastering will, is not altogether inconsistent. When the ideal republic saw its red flag trampled down in the days of June by the foot of a soldier, whom the socialists cursed as an apostate, they probably preferred a government of an extremely opposite character to the rickety thing which they looked upon as a compromise of failure, reconciled for a moment by panic, and to which each had contributed its ill-fitting fragment. It was said, too, that George Sand, inspired by a true woman's motive, that of saving endangered friends, made her peace with the author of the *coup d'état*, and, in the name of mercy, renounced politics, of which, in the sickness of disillusion, she had grown weary. Without supposing her to be a Bonapartist proper, yet her selection for the Imperial gift would be seen with most pleasure by the friends of the court.

The political principles of Jules Simon are not to be mistaken. He is a republican *doctrinaire*. Over Henri Martin's voluminous History of France democracy is stamped on every page. The Count d'Haussonville, author of the History of Lorraine, partakes of the Orleanist principles of his father-in-law, the Duke de Broglie. All these would object to its being supposed that their writings, however honourable to their country and themselves, could be indebted for their distinction to any influence derived from the Imperial régime.

The best idea we could give of the character of the works of Jules Simon, and of the position which he fills in the minds of the present generation of Frenchmen, would be to compare him with John Stuart Mill. He treats the same class of subjects, and with a certain coincidence of opinion enough to suggest the comparison. He lacks, however, the massive, weighty force of thought and expression of the English philosopher; and although he shares the sensibility which imparts soul and feeling to the economical speculations of our own countrymen, yet is its expression more passionate and, as it were, aggressive. It is fit that it should be so. Mill may reason comparatively at ease. The liberty he loves incurs no danger from approaches of despotism. The miseries of society, over which he would mourn, and in the hope of relieving which he questions the new social science, which hitherto gives only faltering answers; those miseries are like the diseases incidental to mankind, and curable through wise treatment. Simon, astonished and confounded at the fall of freedom in a country which had seemed to have established democracy by the overthrow of aristocracy and the subdivision of land, and to have destroyed right divine by the subjection of the ecclesiastical to the civil power, appears to suffer a sudden collapse, which sends him back upon the first and most common elementary principles of right. He is like one whose memory of all previously acquired knowledge went in an attack of fever, and who finds himself forced to begin again, and by a painful effort reconstruct the glorious fabric of his youthful acquirements. A book upon duty, with the

simple title, "*Devoir*," would seem to us an unnecessary piece of commonplace. It is amongst ourselves a universally accepted principle, "that every man should do his duty." Yes, if he can. Why can he not? No, answers our French moralist. It is not possible for man to perform the obvious demands of duty, if deprived of liberty of thought. He must be free to think before he can act under the control of his intellectual faculties, and by the light of his conscience. For the sake of the power of mind, and of the rights of conscience, a man must be in full possession of himself. He must be free. That a book of this kind must respond to some deep want in the heart of France, is proved by the ready favour with which it has been received. Edition after edition has issued from the press, as if it contained some startling novelties; and yet it is as old as the hills. It is a closed account, balanced and written off. The present condition of France is revealed, in the fact of such arguments reappearing, with a freshness borrowed altogether from the obscurity that seems to have fallen in some inexplicable and mysterious way. The force of logic is, in a Frenchman's hands, a terrible force. It carries him in a straight line to the abyss that overhangs the sea, nor would he rein in and turn aside at the call of any intermediate consideration. "Perish the Colonies rather than a principle," was no isolated cry of a revolutionary fanatic. Simon's logic has carried him to the extreme length of individualism, such as when divested of the sense of dependence upon an overruling Providence, cannot be wholesome in this world of marked mutual dependence. Hence his work upon Natural Religion is as faulty as that upon Duty is admirable. Finding that liberty lay at the bottom of his search after duty, and that man in full possession of his mind and conscience could suffice unto himself, he makes his free man step over the sacred boundaries of religion, and with a confident hand rend aside mysteries, and trample upon institutions, as if they were analagous to oppressive systems of government. We believe that in the debate in the Academy, upon the titles of candidates to the great prize, it was urged against Jules Simon that

he had treated the Christian religion in a way which it would be an offence towards the country, upon the part of the Academy, to seem to approve. There are, however, times when free inquiry cannot, from the circumstances of society, be restrained. The evil which Simon combats, is that of moral and intellectual stagnation, and his remedy is to persuade his fellow-man, rather say his fellow-sufferers, that each has within himself the power of reasserting his rights through the exercise of all his faculties. If guidance be repelled, it is because they who ought to guide have not been faithful to their trust. The priesthood made a compact with despotism in its own interest; and if it turn against despotism at home, it is for the sake of upholding the greater despotism of Rome. To confound the church with religion, is the mistake of those who, suffering the loss of liberty, implicate in their resentment the doctrine with the teachers. The many readers of the French philosopher know how, we are sure, to make allowances for the circumstances which have excited this exuberance of a generally wholesome energy. The errors will pass away, the good will remain.

In his latest work, the *Ouvrière*, M. Simon deals with the more practical evils of the modern manufacturing system. Yet the inquiry here opened into the condition of women in factories would seem to have grown out of an abstract consideration regarding the true foundation of the social condition. M. Simon, with his straightforward integrity of search, has arrived at, or rather verified for himself, the truth of a maxim which it seems strange should have ever been doubted, that the basis of all pure and sound society must be the family household. A society which resolves itself into pure homes, the dwellings of domestic virtues, stands upon a coral reef, never to be undermined, and is invested with the beauties of bountiful earth and sky. But the family is broken up, and the domestic hearth extinguished, by the modern manufacturing system. M. Simon seems to have investigated the subject with the zeal of a government commissioner, and the heart of a philanthropist. The great factory has absorbed the little hand-looms,

and machinery has, like a vortex, drawn whole families into the one immense establishment. Women and children can indeed be made available, but all work in herds, while there is yet no intercourse. The family separates in the morning, to meet again at night, too weary for social enjoyment. The taste for home lies out, and it is to the *cabaret* or public houses that fathers and mothers too often repair, and children too, after which they turn in besotted, and so ends the day. Women's labour, while it is the frequent substitute for man's, serves to reduce his wages; and what is the woman's pay? M. Simon sets down the wages of a strong, serviceable *ouvrière* at two francs, or s. 8*d.* a-day in the chief manufacturing districts, from which he contends that deductions must be made for sickness, holidays, short time, and other accidents, leaving her on an average, dress and lodging deducted, about thirteen sous a-day for food. This is the root of the social evil. How is it to be mended? Perhaps if M. Simon succeeds in impenetrating the times with the deep sentiment of individual duty, we may not despair. Political economy will discover that it has yet some lessons of humanity to learn. It will find out how much harm has been done by regarding labour as mere material or machinery, to be used up and replaced as the state of the human market may afford. It may be right as far as it goes, but at the point where political economy breaks, or seems to break, with those moral considerations of sympathy between man and man, and with man's interdependence, it commits a grievous error of omission. In such men as John Stuart Mill, in England, and Jules Simon, in France, we see the rise of a school of thinkers and feelers, who are erecting what we would venture to call a spiritualist political economy, such as will correct the hardness and narrowness of the prevailing school, while rendering it more complete, and accordingly more worthy the name of a science.

Henri Martin was said to be the favourite candidate with the majority of the Academy, because his copious History of France appeared in their eyes to combine most of those qualities which go to the formation of a

truly great literary work. It is, indeed, a most vividly written history, and yet the leading idea is one open to controversy. Henri Martin has adopted, if not invented, an historical position peculiarly acceptable to national vanity. The modern French lineal descendants of the ancient Gauls are held up to be a peculiar people, with an ever conquering mission—a people whose advances, though destined occasionally to be checked, have never incurred subjection at the hands of any other race, while their lead in influence has ever been maintained, until eventually they took their stand at the head of civilization. This mode of treating the history of the Gauls or French is to make of them a peculiar people, with a distinct mission like that of the Jews, or as the historian would prefer to say, like that of the Greeks or Romans, combining the brilliant intellectual perceptions of the former, with the latter's unique genius for organization. There are two schools of history in France, the one which assigns to the ascendancy of the Franks the introduction and perpetuation of the elements of civilization; and this is, or may be called, the aristocratic school. It would assign to the Franks the same part performed by the Normans in the history of England. The other school may unhesitatingly be named the democratic, and it rejoices in the perfect identity it discovers between the light, mocking, impetuous, and racy-tongued people, who measured their strength honorably with the legions of Cæsar, and those who pronounced the son of the victorious Napoleon King of Rome. It is a strange literary phenomenon the mere catalogue of names of existing histories of France. The titles alone fill four large quarto volumes, and they are to be reckoned, without the slightest exaggeration, by thousands; no language is indeed so rich in ready and tempting materials. Personal memoirs abound. Any reign from Saint Louis may be read in original memoirs of the time, giving not merely public occurrences, but the life, manners, and colouring, with a vivacity which makes the reader a spectator, and almost an actor amongst the people to whom he is introduced. He feels like a stranger at a masquerade concealed in a domino, who while

observing the company, catches the very spirit, though he does not actually participate in the action of the crowd. It is for this reason of abundant materials for historical romance that France has produced no Walter Scott. There is no room for invention. There can be no created dialogue where the actors have bequeathed their own speech. But, on the other hand, the temptation to erect a history out of such glowing materials becomes irresistible. As Francis the First erected a palace in the Bois de Boulogne, of which the barbarians of 1793 destroyed the only trace, that is said to have sparkled like a diamond when its enamel caught the rays of the sun, so do our literary architects never tire in rearing the bright materials by which their fancies are intoxicated, and which they hope shall become enduring memorials. When we ask for the best history of France we must expect to be handed the latest in fashion. For a while Michelet promised to be the favourite of the present generation. His muse of history took up the picturesque, but we fear tasteless, costume of the romantic school, which leaped forth from the last days of the old Bourbon dynasty, to be received with open arms by the people of the barricades of July. His fantastic passion, and broken lyrical utterances, are already falling odd upon the prosaic ears of a nation that has felt its heart chilled by the rude rupture of not merely political illusion, but of settlements regarded so sure as to be taken for granted. Not all are disappointed that an attempt at a republic should fail, but who could have imagined that the moderate compromise of parliamentary freedom should itself be swept away? Where there can be no answer to expanse of feeling, especially if it be in some degree factitious, the faculties of criticism and analysis become more exclusively employed, and history at such a time will be studied not in its dramatic but its philosophical aspects; not for its pictured panorama, but for its account of the formation of races and their language. It will deal with abstract inquiries. The taste of this day is for ethnography, and this taste Henri Martin gratifies in the way most agreeable to a people peculiarly vain touching all that concerns itself in the past. A great prize

to Henri Martin would be sure to be ratified by the opinion of the country.

Of the Count d'Haussonville's candidature, notwithstanding its favourable reception, not much need be said. The history of the annexation of Lorraine to France is undoubtedly interesting. But as a partial circumstance, it would not, however undeniable the merits of treatment and style, be allowed to be of sufficient importance to answer the description of the work by which France has been most honoured within the last ten years. The Count's high political and personal connexion would be taken to weigh too much with the arbitrators of the Napoleon prize. The place assigned on the list of candidates will probably insure his being soon elected to a seat in the Academy itself.

In selecting George Sand as the writer who, beyond the pale of the Academy, is entitled at least to dispute for the honour, by what principle, the world will feel itself entitled to ask, have her judges been guided? In this question is implied a subject for controversy concerning which English and French readers would probably be found most widely to differ. That art is to be judged by rules having reference to art alone, is an axiom with most French writers and artists of the modern school. They will tell you that art rules without restriction in her own domain, unimpeded by the laws of ethics. She is not bound by religion or morals. The writer of fiction is as free to study the human being as is the painter or sculptor to require his model to arrange drapery at will, or cast it altogether away. The anatomist of the sensations, feelings, passions, claims the privileges of the surgeon and the sculptor, forgetting that the one does not invite the curious crowd to be witnesses of the means which, vanishing before the eye of science, fascinated by its object, would be repulsive to the ignorant spectator, whose disgust could only be overcome by a hardihood that would be demoralizing. The beautiful work of art is veiled until it stands forth a miracle of enchanting perfection. How different is the case in these *Romans*, which—like some we hesitate to name, so filthy are they—what their authors in a sort of cynical honesty call their realism, run through their twenty

editions, without satiating the perverted taste of the French public! The plot is generally as simple as an anecdote. It is wrought out of a single position, which suffices for the reason that complexity of sensations takes the place of old-fashioned incidents and events. There are the husband, the wife, and the lover, or the guilty pair alone. Let us pause, however, to ask how far society may not have itself to blame for this sort of literature, which could not command so much deplorable success if it were not a true image of an existing state.

There can be no novel—there can be no drama—here constructed upon the innocent love of a young pair, whose difficulties on the road to matrimony are made the means of engaging the pure sympathies of readers and of spectators. A young girl has nothing whatever to do with the choice of the husband with whom she is to spend her life. A young man is held to be equally unconcerned in the match made for him by his parents and guardians. Until he is twenty-five years of age he is an infant in the eye of the Code Napoleon, and submits to the decrees of the *Conseil de famille*. It is all a question of money and property between the parents and notaries; and the hands given at the altar bind two properties certainly, and sometimes two hearts. Marriage in France is, upon the maiden's side, an escape from irksome subjection, in which the known vices of cunning and demure hypocrisy are cultivated, to be exercised, unhappily too often, to the destruction of trust and confidence. Contrast this sort of preparation for wedded existence with the joyous and innocent freedom of English life. The contrast has, indeed, struck many Frenchmen, who have given practical proof of their preference for English training by taking to themselves English wives. The number of alliances between French and English families is indeed so great as to excite flattered, if not gratified surprise. If our readers desire to see the question well treated by a French pen, they will take up Leon de Wailly's last novel, "*Les deux filles de M. Dubreuil*." The two girls have been brought up—the one in England, and the other in France. The English girl arriving in Paris occasions as

much confusion in the orderly household of M. Dubreuil, as if a wild bird had dashed into a dovecot. Following her accustomed habits of independence, she leaves home alone, spends the morning in shopping, allows a young male friend to accompany her to the door, and fills the prying guardian with alarm, by a kindly adieu in the open street. Poor M. Dubreuil rushes in a panic to his notary, requires the sly jocose man of business to refer to his books, and go through the names of desirable *partis*, until the probable pecuniary conditions are found. All is accordingly settled. Miss Louisa is desired to get ready for matrimony. Miss Louisa flatly refuses. Why? wherefore? What objection can *she* have? Every possible surmise is offered in the shape of interrogation, without the true reason being divined. At last the answer comes like a clap of thunder upon the old gentleman's ears. Is the world turned upside down that a girl should dare to tell her lawful guardian she had made her own choice? As soon as the guardian recovers breath, a fresh wonder awaits him. Miss Louisa means to marry a clergyman of the Church of England. She does, in fine, become a clergyman's wife, and is not the less worthy of being the partner of a good man, whose labour she partakes in hospital and school, because better faculties had been trained than those which are employed in the evasion of a suspicious *surveillance*. Baffled by his ward, M. Dubreuil is determined that his daughter shall not be allowed time for the evil example of Louisa to undermine parental authority. He finds the proper match in his notary's account-book, and the matrimonial chain is thrown over Adelaide's neck, who no more dreams of resistance than would a poor lamb led to the slaughter. We take it to be conclusive proof of M. de Wailly's fine sense of art, that the husband he provides for Adelaide is an admirable young man, with whom she might have led a happy and honourable life, had not her attempts to increase their fortune by over-cunning and unworthy scheming, and, in fact, that love of intrigue which in one form or another becomes the bane and passion of the Frenchwoman's life, involved herself and family in disgraceful difficulties, leading to tra-

gic consequences that would seem exaggerated, if not actually derived from known occurrences of the present time.

Very different, indeed, is the tone and teaching of the more popular romances of the day from this latter production of the author of "Stella and Vanessa." Let us state, by way of parenthesis, that M. de Wailly has just introduced to the admiration of his countrymen, some of Dean Swift's most ingenious political squibs, or, as the title on the preface is, *Opuscules Humoristiques de Swift*. However de Wailly's theory regarding the character of the Dean of St. Patrick may be open to question, that he puts on the hypocrisy of seeming evil, out of horror of the more common hypocrisy of appearing to be good; yet the reverence he feels for his genius, and his appreciative understanding of his wit, lay Irishmen under obligation to the author of a novel, which, known generally through the translation of Lady Duff Gordon, has created as much astonishment as delight at a

foreigner having seized the features of the country and of the times with a fidelity not to be surpassed by a native.*

We have alluded to the greediness with which publications of a widely opposite character are swallowed, and we have asked whence this sympathy with a class of writings which, owing to the paucity of persons and of incidents would seem to be of wearisome monotony enough to counterbalance any argument from the wiles of falsehood. There must be some cause for the sympathy with which so many who are pure and virtuous can regard deviations from the right path. The fact we fear to be, that the honest passion of youth, unnaturally suppressed, is held to be fairly avenging itself. The heroine of these works is generally a self-anatomist engaged in analysing her own feelings, in the hope of finding excuse, or of saving her respectability in her own eyes. To her may be applied the language of a divine, addressed to an opposite description of persons. "There are

* In his introduction to his translation of Swift's humorous papers, M. de Wailly draws the portrait of the illustrious Dean in terms which our space does not allow us to produce at length. The following extract contains, however, the pith of the ingenious Frenchman's observations:—

"This Irishman, who considers himself in exile in his own country, cannot obtain a residence elsewhere; this Irishman, ever ready to abuse Ireland, risks for her his fortune, his liberty, his life, and preserves her for nearly a century from the domination with which she is menaced by England. This great politician has from conviction what others had from calculation, a foot in each of the two camps, between which England was divided. Love of liberty inclines him to the Whigs; regard for the High Church leads him to the Tories. This clergyman writes a book in support of religion, which is treated as irreligious by those whose cause it defends; and a work which opens the way to fame, shuts him from the Episcopacy and the House of Lords. This vicar, who cannot attain to anything, procures for others all that he demands. This village curate, in a country where rank and wealth are most esteemed, without other alliance than personal merit and force of will, obliges the most important persons of the court and of the town to bend before him, carries love of independence and of equality to despotism, and acts the hypocrite out of horror of hypocrisy. Lord Bolingbroke called him a hypocrite reversed—that is to say, affecting evil, lest he should be suspected of affecting goodness. He performs his devotions in secrecy; he is at once delicate and gross, or, rather, gross out of delicacy, and at the moment of rendering service is on purpose rude in his demeanour. Add to such disposition that sentiment of force which impels to controversy; the fire of character, which, impatient of obstacles, overleaps the mark; as the price of this pride which disdains explanation comes the chill that follows intentions misunderstood, and the contempt for men which such disappointment occasions, while at the service of this contempt there is a power of sarcasm, which for one enemy laid low raises up a thousand; then an habitual exercise of irony, that figure of speech so fruitful of misconception; and in despite of his robe and grave air, an irresistible humour, which makes him regard the dignity of language, at a formal period of flowing wigs and high heels, as perhaps another form of hypocrisy; add to all these causes of erroneous interpretation, the spirit of political and religious party, and you have the prejudices accounted for which death has not destroyed, perhaps because his writings, which do not die, keep them continually alive."

anatomists of piety," says Isaac Taylor, "who destroy all the freshness of faith and hope, and charity, by immersing themselves night and day in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms." If, then, self-examination be unwholesome, even on the part of those who aspire to be good, how utterly destructive must be the immersing night and day in the infected atmosphere of bosoms where the infection is incurable. A very elegant, and, we will add, pure author of this so-called realist school, Edward Gourdou, states in his preface to "Louise"—and by way, we presume, of apology—that so decided is the current of public taste in this deplorable direction that were Molière himself to appear again upon the earth, he would feel himself obliged to follow a little the *Dame aux Camelias*. In this popular novel, "Louise," there are only two persons; yet their language is so sweet and chaste, their affection so pure, their demeanour so considerate and kindly respectful, that the English reader would wonder why such true lovers do not hasten to sanctify by religion a tie that ought never be broken. The tie is broken. They go each their own way. It is the story of an incident which causes no blush in the telling or on the cheek of her to whom it is told. Why, if you ask the author—why, gratuitously, as it were, place two such interesting persons in a position so needlessly false? And the answer would be, because the guileless expansiveness of accepted courtship is suppressed in our land. If love is to be painted, the colours are not to be composed out of the tints of spring, for the blossoms of spring are torn from the life of young people; they must be glowingly meretricious, to please eyes that are not those of innocence.

When we charge society itself with thus corrupting literature, we know not how far we may be right in joining in accusations against George Sand for being the original source of this deluge of sentimental impurity. She raised the banner of revolt, indeed, against the injustice perpetrated by society, in the name of Love, against her own sex. Like all first enthusiastic leaders in the work of reaction, she challenged first principles, and disputed received definitions of morality. If we are to admit the modern

school the right to claim her for foundress, it is marked by the degeneracy which awaits imitation. The fiery female Rousseau, with her daring sophisms, defying in their glowing radiance the scrutiny of the unaccustomed eye, finds herself followed by doctrinizing realists, who reduce to frigid maxims her magnificent assertions. With searching analysis there may be exceedingly delicate handling, and wondrously nice examinations, and marvellously subtle distinctions; but the end of French invention, with its poetry and passion, is at hand. The word chosen by authors to cover indecency with a claim of truth, "reality"—marks the mortal disease with which their work is stricken. Reality is of the earth, earthy. Whatever the cause for which George Sand may have claimed sympathy, and whether rightly or wrongly her imitators assert, or seem to assert, rights for vice itself such as belong only to virtue, if they do not ignore virtue altogether, press them in the name of morality, and they take shelter behind the doctrine of the rights of art to paint any subject of which the prototype is to be found in society. We will dispute the principles no more, but bid society look to it.

Our readers will now perhaps be surprised to learn, that the reaction against this school promises to come from George Sand herself. In her "Marquis de Villemer," and other of her recent novels, she draws her inspiration from the highest and purest sources. She maintains her male *nom de plume* indeed, but no longer masquerades in male attire, as an apostle of the rights of woman to equality with man's usurpation of the privileges of moral lawlessness. She dresses up no repugnant paradox in the bewildering drapery of her matchless eloquence. But as if wearied of meretricious glare and distorted doctrine, she turns, with the child-like simplicity of the true artist, to nature and truth. Pity she had ever allowed the better sense within her to have been overpowered by ambitious display on the side of a bad cause. Pity that passion, in its grosser meaning, should have occupied the place of those divine emotions which express the true passion of the soul. She is, after all, the one genuine genius amidst a crowd of perverted talents, whose elaborate

sensual metaphysics will probably wither at the touch of the fine hand, which recovering in the full-orbed serenity of her autumn of life the grace, purity, and lyrical fire, and sweetness of her early dawn, will hymn down the dry realism of the prevailing school.

It appears that for two days the Academy discussed the claims of George Sand to the Imperial prize. Her most prominent champions were St. Beuve and Alfred de Vigny; yet the former is the author of "Port Royal," the profound admirer of the Jansenists, and the latter a most unexceptionably pure writer. The author of "Cinq Mars," that fine historical romance, of the affecting "Stello," and of the divine poem of "Eloa," the angel born of the Saviour's tears, could not have been influenced by other than high notions in the course which he deemed it his duty to take. We are told that a chivalrous appeal was made to the feelings of the more rigid censors. It was observed that France, notwithstanding the well-known gallantry of her people, had never raised any lasting monument to female genius. What statue had been raised to the incomparable Madame de Sevigné? What memorial in marble stood to the honour of Madame de Staël, whose mind was of masculine character in the best sense of the word? It was already hard enough that woman should be allowed no official place in the corporations of the learned. Philosophy and poetry would seem in France to have adopted the Salic law. If the Academy cannot point the lady to a *fauteuil*, let it not grudge the laurel crown to the bright brow upon which it would sit so well. M. Guizot leading the ministerial side, dwelt with effect upon the immoral and subversive tendency of the candidate's writings; and the Duc de Broglie protested against the comparison instituted between George Sand and his mother-in-law, Madame de Staël. As the Duke's own son-in-law, the Count d'Haussonville, would not permit his title to be discussed, his name was withdrawn, and George Sand, Henri Martin, and Jules Simon remained the only two serious competitors.

Out of doors the feeling seemed to be in favour of George Sand. The newspapers almost generally supported her upon the ground of the prefer-

ence due to creative genius over acquired erudition. The old distinction between genius and talent was discussed, or, rather say, it was not allowed to admit of discussion. The *Hommes des lettres*, the artists—we might go farther, and declare that the whole population of Paris—would, if the appeal lay with the people, have set fiction over history, and romance over morals. The Academy met and met again, and debated and voted, and could not agree. It was finally determined that upon Thursday, the 18th of May, the question should be settled. Out of the forty members, only twenty-nine attended. The numbers were, for George Sand, 8; for Henri Martin, 7; and for Jules Simon, 8. Another ballot was tried with similar results, the name of M. Thiers coming up with 4. Whereupon M. Dupin proposed that, seeing the impossibility of an agreement in favour of any non-Academician, they should consider themselves free to choose one of their own body. He accordingly named M. Thiers, the author of the "History of the Consulate, and of the Empire." M. de Falloux seconded the motion; a ballot took place, and as 18 voted for Thiers, he was proclaimed the winner. This decision gives little satisfaction, and as it must be ratified by the five sections of the Institute meeting in general assembly, it is not unlikely that this question will be re-opened. Out of doors Thiers is not popular, and within the Academy there are greater writers than this flippant falsifier of history.

In history, the most important work that has appeared of late is that of the "Revolution of 1848," by Garnier Pagès. Two volumes have only as yet appeared. The first is devoted to the Italian movement; the second to those of Hungary and of Germany. The author having himself been a prominent member of the French Provisional Government, has evidently felt how open he must be to suspicion of partiality. There is even some serious reason for distrust in his evident attempt to carry to the credit of the evanescent French Republic the wide movement of the time. It is well ascertained, that both Italy and Hungary were only waiting the occasion—the one to realize its long dream of unity, the other to recover its ancient

constitution, so like that of England in its essential features, while older again in point of date. If the French revolution of 1848 could ever fairly lay claim to the glory of having fired the nationalities of Europe, so, on the other hand, must be laid to the charge of the internal disorders under which the Republic sunk into the melancholy security of despotism, the success of the subsequent reaction. After being a witness to the sad and disgraceful spectacle of Hungary being crushed by a Russian army coming to the aid of the beaten Austrians, and to the no less sad sight of Italy being again reduced to her former humiliation; of Germany being baffled in her hopes, and of the chains of Poland being riveted afresh, France, while still republican in name, played the apostate, and laid a fratricidal hand upon the Republic of Rome. The historian of such transactions being a member of the Provisional Government may be loud in assertion, but the undercurrent of apology will be no less felt. M. Garnier Pagès has certainly offered the best possible guarantees of impartial attention, in bringing forward the best available evidence in support of every statement he makes. He told a friend of ours, that he had questioned no fewer than twelve hundred witnesses of various events; that he had compared their statements, and embodied them with knowledge within his own reach. He has put forward, in his first volume, the most captivating chapter of the history of the time—the defence of Venice, the account of which he derived mainly from the lips of the wise and heroic Manin. There could have been no more trustworthy source. The name of Manin is the one which comes out the purest, simplest, and most complete of any. What a truly unaffected hero the man was; how unobtrusively he bore his exile; how he shrunk from purposeless display; and laboured in obscurity to support himself and his beautiful daughter, by teaching his own language. When he lost his only child his sustaining strength failed, and he lived just long enough to taste the morning dawn of his country's revival. M. Garnier Pagès wants, however, the nervous style of the historian. His hand is not powerful enough for the stone tables and the plates of brass upon which the

muse of history writes the abiding records of the life of nations. He too frequently betrays his want of force by rhetorical exclamations; and where he would fain be eloquent, is only declamatory. These faults of style may be attributed to the obligation which he feels to be laid upon him as an actor in the circumstances which he describes, to show how strongly he participates in the needful passion of revolutionary movements. His point of view is too near to allow of the sober perspectives of historical relation. As materials for the future historian, the work of the Finance Minister of 1848 will be most precious, and may even now be consulted with advantage by all of us who wish to see arranged in consecutive narration, events which our memory recalls in fragments.

The ninth volume of Louis Blanc's great history of the French Revolution has just appeared, bringing the narrative of events to the close of the Reign of Terror. The author will have to live down many prejudices before his countrymen shall be able to do justice to a work which, while enjoying a high reputation in England, is regarded here with distrust. The fact would seem to be, that the French public cannot believe in a disinterested history of a Revolution, to the end of which they do not think they have as yet arrived. We are even now only passing through another phase of the series of events which began with the overthrow of the monarchy of the Bourbons. When Thiers wrote his brilliant history of the Revolution, it was supposed by himself and his readers that France had settled into that constitutional or parliamentary system, of which England sets the brightest example, and which the soundest political thinkers regard as the form in most complete harmony with that blending of all interests and classes, and that union of freedom with authority, by which modern civilization is characterized. The overthrow of Charles X. was a great disturbance to people's minds. The Republican feeling burst out afresh, and it required all the popularity of Lafayette to render Louis Philippe acceptable upon the understanding implied in the veteran's promise to the people, when he shouted from the window of the Hotel de Ville, "*Voilà la meilleure des Républiques!*" Some years be-

fore the Revolution of 1848 Republicanism brought up the heavy artillery of history against a system that seemed to have well withstood the lighter weapons of political warfare. Louis Blanc took the lead with his pungent exposure of the faults of this reign in that "*Histoire des Dix Ans*," which delighted a tasteful public with its admirable beauty of style. Its systematic arrangement, its calmness and lucidity offered a specious guarantee for its damaging truthfulness. The lurking purpose, because skilfully concealed, was the more effective, and Louis Blanc might, without much exaggeration, be regarded as the pioneer of February. Lamartine, with his florid history of the Girondists, gathered up all the loose sentimentalism of the *Pays latin*, and of the ladies; while Michelet set the howlings of the Faubourg, and the shrieking of the Halles to his brazen music. Encouraged by his previous success, Louis Blanc began a more systematic account of the Revolution, of which only two volumes had appeared when his labours were interrupted by a call to a seat in the Provisional Government. His attempt to carry out those socialist doctrines, which it was the object of his history to advance, led to his being obliged to fly, and it is in England that he wrote the seven volumes, of which the last has just appeared. Has his residence in a more sober atmosphere influenced his views? It is certain that the man himself is a favourite with all classes of the British people. That he prefers British liberty to residence in his own loved land under a system which he cannot be supposed to regard with satisfaction, is proved by his refusal to avail himself of the late amnesty. Yet do his countrymen exhibit no avidity for the fruits of his painstaking research. A prejudice obscures his work, which time may probably wear down, or some sudden return of caprice or passion for novelty, although it be an old doctrine in new form, may turn distrust into radiant admiration.

Strange as it may sound, the history of the Revolution has yet to be written. At all events, no history that has as yet appeared can be regarded as the accepted one. There are two classes of revolutionary historians, the one which treats that great convulsion as being on a par with the

Reformation of the sixteenth century; the other, which looks upon it as a plague and a curse not to be sufficiently condemned and decried. Of the latter, the most conspicuous at this moment is Granier de Cassagnac, a Member of the Corps Législatif, and editor of the Imperialist organ, the *Pays*. The motives by which this able but reckless writer is animated are betrayed in the title given to his recent work upon the Revolution, "*Histoire des Girondins et des Massacres de Septembre*." Thus, these pure, moderate Girondists, with their eloquent chief, Vergniaud, over whose sad and unmerited fate Lamartine has caused countless eyes to weep, are, by an insinuation, conveyed through a juxtaposition, held up to be the authors of that massacre of priests and nobles and innocent women, by which the gaols of Paris, when gorged with prisoners, were cleared for fresh victims, and particularly for the Girondists themselves. How this Granier de Cassagnac must have tortured history, and how he must have distorted facts, how mad with reactionary rage he must himself have been, and how stultified and blinded he must have imagined others, when he could have dared to take such liberties with current facts. Since others before him wrote, it appears that the foul record of the prison massacres has been found. Here are written the names of those who, called one after another before the ruffian Maillard's improvised tribunal, were dismissed after a few questions, to be felled in the passage out of doors. Marks of blood from fingers that turned over the pages, and stains of wine tell of the familiarity with which the assassins checked the register. Granier de Cassagnac dwells much upon the advantages enjoyed by him as a historian, in the exclusive perusal he has enjoyed of this inspiring document. The sight of it has sadly perplexed his logic and confused the order of events. The Revolution arose before his imagination in topsyturvy fashion, the Girondists and the Terrorists becoming confounded together as the one party equal in guilt.

A history written for the sake of pointing a doctrine will not be saved by its bulk from being called a pamphlet. Granier de Cassagnac's history is, notwithstanding its four

bulky volumes, a pamphlet against liberty, for, with his usual tendency to extremes, he denounces the freedom of parliament and of the press as being no better than other forms of the revolutionary principle, which he would extirpate, root and branch. Authority is the god of his idolatry; and by authority he means a supreme rule, or, in plain language, a despot. Between a writer of this kind and Louis Blanc, whose sole regret it is that the revolution had not been allowed to perfect its principles, and in whose eyes the troubles and the Reign of Terror are to be laid to the account of those whose hearts and understandings were not steeped in the humanitarian sensibilities of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and who slew his prophets, Robespierre and St. Just. Between two such writers the difference is wide indeed. And yet, between such, Thiers no longer firmly holds his place. If Thiers be no doctrinaire, and if he be free from definite party purpose, yet is he without insight, and he has no morality. His sympathies are with force, to which he allows the most unscrupulous excesses, provided that it justify its pretensions by success. Danton, the real author of the September massacres, is the hero of M. Thiers. It is the like admiration for unscrupulous force which led the same writer to blind worship of Napoleon, despite his avowed admiration for that parliamentary form of government which raised him, a poor journalist, to be Prime Minister of France. His own ideas of patriotism or policy are in consistency with his principles to make military force subdue all other countries to French ascendancy. His sanity keeps him apart from the second empire, where he cannot be first; and his antagonism to the brotherhood of action, and the humanitarian ideas, visionary or otherwise, of the Republican, cause him to be repudiated by every shade of the Republican school. There is, accordingly, no party with which the sentiments that prevail throughout Thiers' History of the Revolution can be said to coincide; and we repeat, that the standard account of that great change remains to be written.

A history which promised well, that of the reign of Louis Philippe, by Nouvion, has been cut short by

the premature death of the writer. In looking at the contents of the last volume, we are unconsciously startled to find ourselves reminded of what stirring events marked the reign of a king whose character we are accustomed to treat as over prudent, and whose policy was censured by the colourless title of *Juste milieu*. Within the four years from 1836 to 1840, there took place the attempts of Alibaud and of Meunier upon the king's life, and the successive attempts of Louis Napoleon, at Strasburgh and at Boulogne, to obtain his throne. The marriage of his eldest son with a princess of distinguished talents and virtues is supposed to have been happily inaugurated by an amnesty which fills the land with content. Nouvion's own hand is arrested by death before he could narrate how the prisoner of Ham came to restore the empire of the defeated of Waterloo—how the prince, upon whose head the crown, picked from the barricades of July, was to have descended, purified by hereditary right, was killed upon the high road by an ordinary accident. How his widow, whose father-in-law's act of amnesty only served to let loose implacable conspirators, saved, by her courage, the credit of a family whose dispersal seems even yet unintelligible; and how she died in England, surrounded with sympathy and respect. Looking over the chapters which, in their sober grace, offer security for a history that would have been worthy of the name had the writer been spared to accomplish his task, we are struck by the account of the recall of the French troops from Ancona; and at a time, too, when the question of the withdrawal of the French army from Rome is so much agitated, we are startled at being reminded of the storm of obloquy which such a concession to the will of Europe drew down upon Louis Philippe's Government. Count Molé, the minister at the time, found that an act of policy which was in perfect accordance with the principles of non-intervention that nearly all had accepted, united together the doctrinaire Guizot and the tricky Thiers, the liberal Odilon Barret, and the republicans, to whom he stood as much opposed as he did to Guizot and Thiers, and they to him. As soon as Molé fell before the unnatural coalition, as it was deemed,

the league split asunder—the chiefs of parties resumed their attitude of hostility and of jealousy—and the Chamber suffered a loss of consideration which it never recovered. Leaders, whose names had previously been taken to signify principles, came to be set down as factious partizans, greedy of place and power. This was not wholly true, nevertheless the impression remained; and the evil effect was taken to be confirmed when the two leading figures in the coalition, Thiers, as prime minister, and Guizot, as ambassador at St. James's, playing at cross-purposes, provoked the great powers of Europe into the conclusion of that treaty of July, 1840, for the prevention of the break up of the Turkish Empire, from which France was excluded, to the disgust of all parties at home, even of Count Molé, who, nevertheless, had his revenge; but we must not proceed further than we are warranted by this fragment of history—alas that it should be so!—of which we are rendering an account.

The appearance of a small volume upon the subject of *Centralization*, from the pen of Odilon Barrot, throws us back upon a point of literary and political history which is of considerable significance. The present work purports to be one of a series, which under the general title of *Etudes Contemporaines*, a number of eminent persons proposed to issue with the view of filling up the great gap in active political life, occasioned, as they said, by the very limited debates in the Chambers, and their still more limited reproduction in the columns of the newspapers. Prevost Paradol, a pungent contributor to the *Journal des Débats*, led off with a *brochure*, entitled, "Ancient Parties," which was forthwith seized, and the author prosecuted before the tribunal of correctional police. As trials for libel are not allowed to be reported, no more can be said with certainty, than that he was condemned by the bench to a month's imprisonment. We suspect, however, that the reform which followed soon after, by which the right of holding a general discussion of imperial policy was restored to the Chamber, with the further privilege of the most ample reports of proceedings, must in some degree have originated with the plan adopted by Prevost Paradol and his colleagues. It is cer-

tain that the latter resolved that they would not be deterred from carrying their object into effect. Count d'Haussonville followed with a letter to the Senate, freely censuring that body for not taking a larger part in the originating of proposals for the public good, and for not availing itself to the utmost of the liberty, little or much, conferred by the constitution. Then came the imperial decree, allowing the Chamber to draw up replies to the speech from the throne, of which the terms should be prepared in committee, and discussed in open assembly, and reported in full to the country. This revival of the old parliamentary debate, deprived the authors of contemporary studies of the excuse they had had for opening a sort of indirect discussion through the press of topics, that were now within the legitimate handling of the representatives of the people. The general debate upon the address being over, the parliament seems to have got no more to do than pass the ordinary routine bills, authorizing local taxation, and town and district loans for public works; and M. Odilon Barrot, thinks the time come for resuming these essays, to which all who take interest in public affairs are invited to take part.

No more graye question could be raised. Indeed most thinkers regard it as the question of questions, so long as centralization is to be the ruling system, so long must the government of the French people, whatever it be nominally called, whether republic, moderate or red, or constitutional monarchy, or imperialism, be corrupt, or despotic, or both. As extremes meet, so does this absolute absorption of power present a source of danger by the prize it holds out to conspiracy. Revolution becomes simplified, when to seize the telegraph department of the Home Office is to master the whole machinery of administration. The author of a *coup de main* in the capital has only to flash orders along the web of wires, to paralyze opposition, or rather to command obedience, which neither prefect nor mayor would have the boldness to refuse. The experiment was tested in 1848, and so clearly demonstrated, that between the nomination of the Provisional Government, and the battle of June, the manœuvres of parties meant a scramble for the tele-

graph. That the present ruler of the French has divined the mystery of revolutionary success is evident in the strategical improvements of Paris. There will be no more barricades in narrow streets, for ample space and room are provided for the convenience of cavalry and artillery, and the comfortable movements of Zouaves. That magazine of best military stores, the stone pavement, is abolished; and the subterranean sewers are widened to the extent of tubular bridges for underground manœuvres. M. Odilon Barrot, therefore, may think it unnecessary to treat the dynastic bearings of the question. But there is a more general point of view, affecting the whole world, which the writer treats at large, and that is the insecurity of peace so long as it is in the power of a government to set in motion at any moment the prodigious means of aggression which the system of centralization puts into its hands. Orders are conveyed to any number of points, and there are railways to allow of concentration at any spot, and France is committed to war without an opportunity for raising her voice in protest. Who is to protest? Not the press, which is not free. Not the magistracy, for it is an executive instrument. Not the people, for they cannot hold meetings, and are, moreover, so little trained to the exercise of the public duties of citizens, and so little accustomed to be moved at the will of official agents, and so easily excited by the sound of the drum and trumpets, and so prompt to the temptation of glory, that the voice of opposition would be drowned at once. While this state of things endures, all Europe will be restless and uneasy—all Europe will be an armed camp, and the peoples weighed down by war taxes in time of universal peace.

This argument, so obviously true, comes from no enemy of Napoleon. Odilon Barrot was the Prime Minister of Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic. His brother continues to serve the Emperor. To Napoleon, in the place of Louis Philippe, swaying the sceptre of a constitutional monarch, Odilon Barrot would, it is supposed, yield ready allegiance. When the constituent assembly refused to vote for two Chambers, and decided upon concentrating the whole legislative powers in the popular representation, unchecked by an upper house, Odilon Barrot saw that the republic was gone, as he now sees that unless there be some diffusion of liberty through the members of the state, France must play the automaton, and Europe feel herself at the mercy of accident.

A brisker stimulant to the revival of pamphlets than the sober treatise of Odilon Barrot, is the letter of the Duc d'Aumale to the Prince Napoleon. Many replies have appeared, and some of them are telling enough. The Duke's personalities are easily enough retorted; and as for the criticisms of imperial policy, of what weight are they from the panegyrist of Lamoriciere and of the expelled princes of Italy? Without being absolutely popular, the Prince Napoleon is far from being disliked. His faults are excused on account of his good-nature, and since the delivery of his really remarkable speech in the Senate, his reputation for ability has risen high. Should he take the pen into his hands, and reply to the Duc d'Aumale, he would prove himself a formidable controversialist; but for the sake of the prestige of royalty itself in France, the less diversion afforded a mocking public by the abuse of royal and imperial highnesses one of another the better.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILWARD was in Ned Locksley's room, the morning after the gaming scene, before that early-rising subaltern was out of bed. On his countenance sat blank despair. Ned was frightened as he raised himself upright on the tent bedstead to face him.

"We made a bad business of it last night, old fellow."

Milward, as pale as death, shook his head, and said nothing.

"Can't say I like the looks of it," continued Ned, "for more reasons than one. First and foremost—you mustn't breathe it for worlds, you know, as I know nothing of cards—I'm not cock sure that Rufford's deal was fair that last hand. Next and worst, I was an intolerable ass for interfering."

"What must you think of me, then, for embarking on it?"

"'Hope no offence,' as the 'cads' say; but I never did exactly take you for a model of wisdom, Milward."

"Ah! but you little think what a fool I am! And worse, what a knave!"

"For Heaven's sake no, Milward, not that, I hope. You may have been the dupe of that gaming lot; but no 'chum' of theirs, I'll lay my life."

"You're very kind to say so; and in one way right, though you'll think worse of me when all's known."

"Not much worse than of myself, if half as ill, I take it," said the other; "but it don't want twenty minutes to parade. Suppose you abscond during my ablutions; and come up with me when we're dismissed, to conclude the council of war. I'll tell my soldier to get us a bit of breakfast here, so that we shan't be interrupted."

"All right," said Milward, with a look which belied the trivial expression.

Parade was over. O'Brien was talking with the Major. "There must be some mistake," said the latter; "Locksley's the last man in garrison to be mixed up in such a mess. Besides which, it was late before he left our house last night."

"Sorra the morsel o' mistake, Major," quoth the Irishman. "Young Mansfield told me but now. He was present, first and last."

"I don't doubt he was," growled the Major, quite willing to convict that ensign upon evidence not admissible against the other.

Just then, as if to strengthen O'Brien's statement, Locksley and Milward passed arm in arm; and Ned, instead of stepping aside to shake the Major by the hand, and ask after Mrs. Anderson, as usual, only nodded as he went by. O'Brien winked significantly at his senior, who turned on his heel, half offended, muttering to himself as he left the ground—

"I shan't and won't believe anything to that young fellow's prejudice, till I have it from his own lips. That's all about it."

At the door of his own quarters, surprise awaited Ned. A tall sergeant of the H.E.I.C.'s "Europeans," whose bilious look showed what had sent him home upon recruiting service, saluted, and said,

"Mr. Locksley, sir, here's a recruit, leastways intending, who won't take the shilling he came for, till he's had speech of you."

He stepped aside, uncovering, so to speak, his rear rank man.

"Why, Tommy Wilmot, is that you?"

"Yes, Master Ned. Beg pardon, Cap'en Edward."

"Promotion don't go quite so fast in the Company's service, Tommy. But what on earth brought you here?"

"Want's to list, Cap'en," he answered, determined to give Ned his "brevet," "if so be; that is, as I can mak' sure o' gooin' to East India along wi' you yoursen, sir."

"Well, that wants consideration. Tell ye what, sergeant, I'll see to this young man's affair. I'll see, too, that you get your bounty for bringing him all right, if he's attested so you needn't wait about."

Sergeant saluted and disappeared.

"You, Tommy, come up stairs after us; and I'll tell my man to give you some breakfast whilst we are getting ours. I have business of my own on hand just now that won't wait; but I'll hear your story by-and-by, unless you are in a hurry."

"Not a mossel, Cap'en," said Tommy.

Milward made a vain attempt at breakfasting. The first sip of coffee nearly choked him, and brought tears into his eyes. Ned, grave enough himself, couldn't quite understand him. He thought it doubtful for a moment whether Milward would only turn out "soft," or, as he himself had seemed to intimate, a "scamp."

"The first thing, of course, is to pay Rufford. I don't think we are prepared to dispute the fairness of his play, whatever private opinion we may entertain."

"But I've not two hundred and fifty in the world," he said. "Not more than thirty or forty, when my Indian outfit's paid."

"Hadn't you that sum staked before he called on you to double, and promised to go halves?" The lad's pale face turned purple.

"Yes! I had!"

Ned said nothing; he had not been prepared for this. He happened to have made up his own account with the Army-agent two days before the card-play. Angry and off his guard as he was when he egged Milward on, it was distinctly present to his memory at the moment, that his balance was just £257 14s. 6d. It was bad enough to reflect, as he had done before getting off to sleep last night, that he should have to take his first step in the expensive eastern life with a capital of "seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and six pence;" but he judged himself rightly fixed for his folly. His whispered offer to Milward was merely meant to justify the extra risk. It had never entered his honest head that the lad had pledged his own honour for a stake which, if he lost, he was unable to pay.

"I told you you would think me more knave than fool, when all was known," said the other, with great effort, under his breath.

"Well, it wasn't a nice thing to do," Ned answered. But he repented of the words the moment after, when

he saw how completely Milward was crushed under their weight. His elbows were on the table, his face between his fingers, out of which came rolling great scalding tears.

"A pretty devil's device this gambling!" thought his comrade, sick and wroth at heart against himself for having let his proud impatience of defiance betray him into sanctioning the madness of the luckless boy.

Any farther scolding, even if he had felt himself entitled to administer it, would be misplaced now. The question was how to give a dram of comfort. But Ned's bottle of consolation was ominously empty. Milward kept on sobbing; but made no articulate sound. At last the other thought he heard him say,

"My mother—my poor mother!"

This was an opening.

"Don't take on so, Milward, man. I've got a mother too—just about."

Ned's speech was of set purpose, under rather than up to the level of his true sentiment. He could not trust himself to words expressive of much feeling.

"And a father too, first chop; we'll pull through somehow."

"Ah! but I have none. She's a widow, poor dear, with only me to look to. My sisters and she have little enough to live on!"

Merciful Heaven! He had lent his hand to push a poor widow's hope over that precipice!

Yet out of the black darkness of that thought, one ray of light came flashing on his generous and open mind. He had indeed a father, first chop! What a word! He smiled involuntarily at the expression. He had indeed faith in his father; and faith, even in an earthly father, can "move mountains" out of a young man's path in life, sure token—would he but discern it—of the miraculous might of faith in a Father which is in heaven.

A minute's silence was enough to form and mature his plans.

"Now, Milward, will you be guided by me? God knows I've guided myself ill enough, so far; but I see my way out now. Will you put yourself in my hands?"

"Only too willingly," said the heart-broken boy.

"As a general rule, then, I hate hiding things. If there were any sort

of use in it, I should say, 'tell your mother at once;' but it would only distress her. Some years hence, when we've all got wiser, you may and must."

"How can I raise the money without application to her? Though I'd sooner coin my blood into gold."

"Every grain of which, if you could, she and your sisters would be the better of, if I understood you."

"They'd suffer any thing sooner than my dishonour. I wonder if Rufford would spread it over a term of years, till I could save it out of my pay?"

"Ask *that* 'leg' any favour!" cried Ned, in a voice of fury, little becoming his new mentorship office. "I'd sooner see us both tied up in a bag, Milward, and chucked overboard on the voyage out, by a long chalk."

Milward opened his eyes. He began to understand that some other passion than that of gambling had animated his backer on the previous night.

"Rufford shall be paid, at any rate, in three—— No, let me see: he'll get it by the eleven o'clock post from Cransmere, and couldn't answer by the day mail. No; he shall be paid, every farthing, in *four* days at the farthest: but you must give me your word of honour for one thing."

"What?"

"For this: that you neither touch a card, nor make a bet above 'five bob,' for the next five years. By that time we shall both be shot, or dead of the liver complaint, or grown wiser, or something. There now; clear out, if you've had your grub," quoth Edward, falling into his preventative slang again, on purpose. "I'm on recruiting business for the Honourable Company; and my recruit's been kicking his heels outside this half hour. Out along; there's a good fellow." To prevent any possible objection, he opened the door and bawled out—"You, Tommy! Tommy Wilnot! Come in."

Milward, perforce, went out: Tommy came in. Ned's judgment on his case, when he had heard it, was that, on the whole, he had probably left his home all for the best. There were some regulation difficulties about his being allowed, if enlisted, to leave the *dépôt* before completing certain drills, for which the period of Ned's de-

parture would not now give time. There was a finance difficulty, farther about his passage out overland. The latter, as Ned's own money matters now stood, seemed formidable at first; but it appeared that Tommy had a certain sum in the Cransmere Savings Bank, which would nearly cover the extra expense, if only the regimental impediment could be got over. For this, Ned's first application must needs be to the Major.

He thought he observed in the worthy commandant's manner an unusual wistfulness, for which the nature of the petition about Wilnot would not account.

"Any thing ail you, Major?" he asked, when the old officer had written down, methodically, the points of Tommy's case, and promised to refer it at once to superior authority. "Mrs. Anderson all right, I hope? She was looking very well, I thought, last night."

"And is very well this morning, thank you. But I say, Locksley," if the Major hated roundabouts, "what's this humbugging story they've trusted up, about your being in with some of that Rufford's card-sharpping last night, eh?"

"We mustn't say 'sharpping,' Major. We've no proof the fellow doesn't play fair. But Milward and I, between us, lost five hundred pounds to him last night, I am sorry to say."

"Sorry, indeed! That young Milward's a confounded young fool."

"And that young Locksley, Major?" asked he, with a frank good-humour which was irresistible.

"Is another, of course; and so am I, for not giving him, since I have lost him, the 'wiggings' he deserves."

Ned laughed outright.

"It's all very well, youngster," went on the Major, with a tentative frown; "but I can't bear to be taken in. Didn't you tell me once that gambling was your detestation?"

"I did; and so it is."

"That you knew no more of cards than the difference between a diamond and a spade?"

"No more I don't, Major."

"Little wonder you lost. What induced you to play?"

"Nothing; for I didn't. I only backed a bet."

"More reckless gambling than the game itself. What made you do it?"

"A sneer on Rufford's face, Major, and a kind of challenge on his tongue."

"I see!" cried the old soldier. "Do you pick up every glove a fool or a knave throws down? I thought you braver, my boy."

"I am learning to be so, sir. This is my latest lesson."

"Costly," said the other. "Can you make it convenient to pay?"

Ned found it hard to answer with perfect openness, because the secret difficulty was no secret of his own. The gray Major marked his hesitation.

"I have no scapegrace of a son to break my bank for me, my boy. So my balance at the paymaster's is on the right side. If you should want a cheque"—

"Major! I have no words to thank you," said the young man, interrupting. "I shall never forget such generosity. But I have no secrets from my father. I have written to him already, and posted my letter as I came. He'll set me right by return of post, I know."

The sonless man gazed on him as he turned to leave the room. Oh, had he but such a scapegrace son himself, with no secrets from his father, who could set him right by return of post. The letter he had written ran thus:

DEAREST FATHER,

"I have been and broken mother's jar again. I am a greater fool than you think me: much greater than I thought myself. As little able to command myself as when Phil and I shot with cross-bows on the lawn some years ago. I took up a challenge at cards, in the way of a bet on me—you know I can't play—and long with another man, whom I could have kept out of harm's way, contrived to lose in all £500. He can pay none, poor fellow, of which I am not aware, or I hope, for his sake, should not have been so cruel as to ask him. I have £250 of my own, rather of what you gave me for a part, and I now want to know whether, in your great kindness, you will lend me an equal sum. I am sure you would regret as much as I that my name should be mixed up in any tussling about a debt 'of honour,' as they call it; of dishonour, as I think it could rather be. Tell dearest mother that she shall have every detail of this fine exploit when, please God, it comes. I need not tell you how

ashamed I am at having to doubt whether I ought not to sign myself

"Your undutiful, though affectionate,

"NED."

The answer came, as he had not doubted, by return of post.

"DEAR NED,

"Enclosed is a draft on Messrs. Child for £500. It is crossed, as you see, and must be endorsed by you, and cashed through the Chatterham banker or the regimental agent. Your mother and I come, please God, on Thursday week.

"If you want telling that once is enough for an 'escapade' of this kind, you are not the Ned I take you for; but I shall ever be, as I am,

"Your loving father,

"R. LOCKSLEY."

He drew £500 in crisp bank notes, and put the letter with them into Milward's hands. As he did so, his heart was swollen with joy and pride at his father's trustful answer to his trustful application.

"I told you he was first-chop, Milward, and you needn't fear. I have not betrayed your name, even to him: if one could 'betray' a thing to such as he. But mind I have your word of honour for five years clear."

"You have, and fifty at the back of them, if you think fit."

"See that rip of a Rufford gives you the receipt on a sufficient stamp. I don't trust him any farther than I see him: indeed not half as far. Of course my name don't appear in the transaction. And there's an end, I hope, of one ugly chapter in our united histories."

Amy Grant was beyond measure anxious for Mrs. Locksley's arrival. Ned had told her that his mother would come, and from that moment she had begun to count the hours as eagerly as he. Her sudden friendliness for him did not, as children's sometimes will, die suddenly, like flowers they pluck in haste at play and stick rootless in the ground to "make a garden." Nor did her shrewd guess at the true complexion of his countenance shift and flit, as the summer dragon-flies, which children love to watch, though bright and quick as those winged needles of live steel. She was sure of the sadness, which others failed to read upon his features. Childlike and womanlike

she longed to know whence that shadow was cast upon their pleasant light. With womanly rather than childish self-control she stayed upon her lips the question often almost asked in lively talk of Ned. Perhaps she should read an answer, unasked, in his mother's eyes: perhaps hear one at her mouth.

The very day on which Mrs. Locksley was to come, Amy was at the Andersons, and Ned on his way down to the lodgings he had secured, chanced to look in.

"Are you going to meet her, Ned?" asked the sunshiny little maiden, eagerly. "Do, pray, let me go with you to the coach-office."

"I think they'll post down, Amy, as my mother is not much of a traveller."

"Oh!" said Amy, with such a sudden cloud of disappointment over her summer sky. She wasn't quite sure what Ned's answer might mean. A postchaise and pair was a luxurious mode of travel beyond the poor Paymaster's purse in those days; and Amy's idea of posting had reference to letters rather than to ladies on a visit to their sons. Yet she guessed that the pleasure at which she caught was imperilled, and that she was no longer likely to share the gladness of her friend's meeting with his mother. Ned could not help understanding all this in the sound of that one monosyllable.

"I am going to ask a great favour, Mrs. Anderson," he said, "of yourself and my friend, Amy, here. I am not certain when my mother will arrive; but, I think, it will be within an hour or so. She would dine early on the road, she said, and I was to have tea for her. I want Amy to come and make it, for I am a poor hand at that. Besides, I must get some flowers in the chimney ornaments and on the tables: my mother dotes on flowers. Amy makes exquisite nosegays. I could do nothing like her in that line either. Do you think Mrs. Grant would mind her coming?"

"Oh you dear good Mrs. Anderson," cried Amy, clapping her hands with glee. "Oh do say yes! Oh do say no!"

"Say yes, say no, which do you mean, child?"

"Both, to be sure, dear. Say 'yes' I may go: say 'no' mamma wouldn't

mind. Of course she wouldn't: how could she?"

"You are wilful children, both. I suppose you must have your way," answered the Major's wife, laughing.

"Children, indeed!" cried Amy, opening her great eyes with an affectation of supreme displeasure. "Why Ned's a grown-up soldier, with a sword. I should think he was certainly thirty or forty years old. And you know, Mrs. Anderson,"—with much dignity—"I am ten on the sixth of December!"

Ned was right about her taste in flowers, whatever may have been her talent for making tea. They bought a gorgeous bunch or two at a stall he wot of on their way down. From the little shrubbery of the lodging-house garden she gathered green boughs enough to set them off. Even the grate became a bower after expulsion of the shavings from between its bars, and its redecoration by Amy's busy, tasteful fingers. She had scarcely given the finishing touches before the "yellow chay," with its blue-jacketed boy and his knockkneed "posters" was grinding the gravel at the door. Hidden behind the curtain, Amy saw the greeting between mother and son, but before his father had stepped out to grasp his hand, she had run out of the sitting-room and fled like a sprite to hide herself elsewhere. It had just gleamed on her that they might find the presence of a stranger irksome. Her little heart beat violently when she heard them come up the stairs making straight for the very room in which she was ensconced. Self-possessed, however, in this emergency, she opened the door wide to let them in, concealing herself behind it; then, darting out as they entered, she ran to the sitting-room again.

"Didn't I see some child go past when we came in?" asked Mrs. Locksley of her son, who waited outside on the landing to lead her downstairs to tea. "Such a lovely child. Was it the landlady's?"

"I don't think there are children in the house," he answered; "at least I noticed none when I came down to see that your rooms were ready."

"Well, I saw one. She only flitted past; but she looked lovely. Such fairy-like golden curls!"

"Oh, that must have been Amy, with the curls, then."

It had never struck him that the child was indeed so very beautiful. An image of womanly beauty, nowise childish, though still in freshness of glorious youth, filled his eye and heart so full, that they took little note of what besides was beautiful.

"Amy?" said his mother, "what Amy?"

"Amy Grant, the little girl of the old Paymaster and his pretty wife. I must have told you about them in some of my letters."

"Yea, to be sure. I think you said the Paymaster's wife had a sweet countenance. Is Amy like her?"

"I scarcely know. Come, let me see. Is Amy like Mrs. Grant? I think she is, a little. You shall see both, and judge for yourself. Meanwhile, Miss Amy," he continued, opening the sitting-room door, "does the honours of the tea-table for us this afternoon. Here, Amy, here's my mother."

Amy turned fiery red, and would scarcely look up, though she made a little curtsy full of formal grace, and held out her hand. Mrs. Locksley took it, drew the child nearer, parted the sun-beamy silk on her forehead, and kissed it very kindly.

Amy's apprehensions vanished. She threw her arms round the neck of the motherly figure which bent over her, and rising on tiptoe whispered in its ear:

"Then you are not angry with me?"

"What for, dear child?"

"For being in the way here when you came to see your Ned."

The answer was given on her soft cheek.

By-and-by came Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Grant, who at first refused to intrude upon the new arrivals; they were only in search of Amy. But Mrs. Locksley herself ran out with Ned, pressing on them to waive all ceremony and come in. How could she too soon have the pleasure of making acquaintance with those to whom she owed so much for their kindness to her son? So she drew them with gentle force into the room, where, much to Mrs. Anderson's amusement, Amy sat at the tea-urn. Mamma, when she saw her there, was a little anxious lest her darling should have been pert and forward; but Ned

explained that it was at his mother's request, as well as at his own, that she held the post of honour; and Amy's self-composure was so free from affectation or impudence, that her mother could, after all, find little fault.

The three ladies being thus brought together, and Mrs. Locksley discovering that both the officers' wives took the warmest interest in her son, the three families spent more of those parting days together than would have been possible otherwise. So long as she herself might not lose sight of him for one unnecessary hour, even Lucy's jealous love could not wish to separate him at the last from friends whose affection and esteem were so genuine in themselves, and so honourable to him.

Amy watched Ned and his mother with unflagging interest, and the keen speculation so often rife in a childish mind. She was so young, it passed even her quick wit to conjecture all the covetous longing which streamed from Lucy's eyes upon her only child. But she noted that their loving agony was ever most intense when fastened on him; whereas the sadness seen in Ned's, as she had seen it at the first, was saddest, not when they looked upon his mother, but away from her, into some dim distance.

Amy showed only one of her dolls to Mrs. Locksley, the Ayah of the dolorous nose.

"You see she was my nurse: for I was an Indian baby. You were not, were you?"

"No, dear child; I was an English baby, born close by where I now live, at Cransdale."

"But Lady Constance was not, was she? She was born in India, too, like me, your son said. She must have had an Ayah to nurse her, too."

"Yes, I suppose she had," Ned's mother answered, much wondering how he had brought himself to let that name cross his lips.

Amy determined, she scarce knew why, yet determined, in her half wayward, half earnest childishness, to ask her question now.

"You love Ned very, very much, I know, and you are very, very sorry that he's going to India, far away?"

"Yea, indeed, dear Amy."

"And we love Ned, though not as

much as you, you know ; and we are very sorry he's going away."

"I know that Ned has found kind friends," his mother said.

"Does Lady Constance love him?"

Lucy was deeply troubled. The child looked on her with such hushed, eager, sympathy, that she knew not what to say in her amazement. At last:

"They have been like brother and sister all their lives."

"And is Lady Constance sorry for Ned's going?"

"Indeed I can hardly say."

"Is Ned very sorry for leaving her?"

"I think so."

"More than for leaving you?"

Do what she would, the mother's sob broke out.

"Oh forgive me, forgive me. Don't cry, dear Mrs. Locksley."

The little arms were thrown about her neck, the golden curls about her face, the child's cheek pressed close to hers, and the fairy-like lips were kissing the tears away.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry, to have made you cry. I only wanted to find out what made dear Ned so sad!"

The next day was their last in Chatterham. On the third after it the Peninsular and Oriental boat would leave Southampton. Those were the earliest days of the overland mail. Ned, with his father and mother, walked down late in the afternoon to take leave of the Grants. The last words were being spoken, the door was ajar, when Amy, who had kept one hand behind her all along, came forward and offered to Ned what she had been concealing.

"Take this, for my sake and Lady Constance's."

"What is it?" said he, much astonished.

"Only my poor Ayah. I thought you wouldn't mind her nose being stuck on, since she was Lady Constance's nurse as well as mine."

But mamma, who had not heard what she said, saw that she was thrusting too large a parcel upon Ned, and on that score interfered.

"His trunks are full, and packed and gone. How could he carry such

a clumsy keepsake all the way to India, silly child?"

"Oh dear! what shall I do then, when they are just off, and I've no time to think of any thing?"

Looking rapidly round the room, she caught sight of her mother's open work-box on the table. In one second she had pounced upon a pair of scissors, and had cut off, not a lock of hair, as the measure of such mementoes is reckoned, but a very cluster of her golden silky curls, which she thrust into Ned's hand, and ran away.

The time was come. It was low water at Southampton. The *Cleopatra* swung at single moorings in mid channel, steam up, and ready to paddle off at first flow of returning tide. Now that Ned had fully taken the irrevocable step, his mother felt no longer constrained to pen back her flood of grief at parting. It almost unmanned him. Both his father and he insisted that she should not accompany him, as she proposed, on board.

Ned left his parents in each other's arms, and went alone on foot, from the inn to the pier. There, a little steam-tender waited for the latest batch of passengers. Tommy Wilnot, whose difficulties had been got over, thanks to the Major's interest, was already on board, with the very last carpet-bag and cloak.

Two stately female figures stood under one of the Custom-house sheds, close by the gangway of the little steamer. Both had thick veils down. As Ned came by, one drew him towards her, lifted her veil, put her arms round him and kissed him, almost with the fervour of his poor mother's last embrace.

"God bless you, Ned! Mind, you have *two* mothers!"

The other did not raise her veil, nor touch his face with her sweet lips; the last time she had done so was under compact that she must never do it more. But her two hands, of exquisite shape and softness, pressed the young soldier's between them with a loving force; and, from behind the veil, he heard her distinctly say:

"Mind also, you have a true sister till I die!"

CHAPTER XV.

"CAPITAL fresh eggs!" cried Keane Burkitt to his mother, at the other side of the breakfast-table.

"Positively creamy!" demolishing the third and last in the eggstand.

"They might have boiled one for you, though!"

"There were no more in the house," she said; "the milkman only brought half a dozen last time."

"Just like him, a thoughtless rascal! He knows, or ought to, by this time, that I relish a fresh egg. I've half a mind to set up a lot of Dorkings for my own benefit. You could look after 'em, and see their eggs marked with a criss-cross, to make sure of my always having 'em myself."

She went on with her dry toast.

"There," said he, after a while, again pushing a small dish over to her, "that's what I do call streaky bacon; not so badly toasted as usual either. There's a little bit left; you can taste it, and see how I like it 'done.'"

"Thank you; but it's almost cold now; lukewarm bacon ain't nice."

"No! That's what I keep it on the hob for, till I've eaten my eggs, when I can get an egg fit to eat, that is."

He threw himself into an easy-chair by the window.

"Just tear the cover off the *Times*, and hand it to me, will you?"

He shoved the "Supplement," much loved by ladies for "births, deaths, and marriages," behind the cushion at his back, and turned the colossal broadsheet inside out, to get at the City Article. This he read over to himself, audibly yet inarticulately. His eye wandered next over the "ship news." In the paragraph headed, "The Mails, Southampton," a name caught his eye.

"Hullo, mother, that's him, I take it!"

"Who, Keane?"

"E. Locksley, Esq., Company's Europeans."

"Your cousin, Ned? Well, what about him?"

"Sailed, or rather steamed, for Alexandria in the *Olcopatra*, on the 7th."

"Poor Lucy!"

"Well, what's the matter with her?"

"To part from an only son must be very sad, Keane."

"Perhaps it ain't pleasant. What a rage old Locksley must be in with him!"

"What for; for leaving them?"

"Maybe for that a little; but still more for chucking such a chance away."

"What chance?"

"The same his father has had, this score of years and more—the finger-ing of the Cransdale agency. I dare say Ned knows, or thinks he knows, the old 'un has feathered his nest pretty well. Still, a fellow must be a fool to turn out of such clover in search of a liver complaint."

"Perhaps he is ambitious."

"Ambitious of what? How high does he think to climb? There's no ladder so tall as that with golden rungs. However, if he's a fool I'm not, so you'll be so good as to write a sympathizing letter to Aunt Lucy on your part; and say something neatly civil and regretful on mine."

"On yours, Keane! What do you care about his going or staying?"

"A good deal, to be sure. Do you think I have no family affections, ma'am?"

She would have found it hard to answer such a question honestly, at least in regard of herself, in whose person his whole home family lay.

That he was more selfish in respect of her than she in respect of him, was scarcely questionable. Yet, in one sense, it was less evident to her than to others. What unselfishness she knew, was special and limited in its kind and object. Her motherhood had taught it her; but only in respect of him on whom she had lavished a certain inconsiderate maternal idolatry. She was reasonable enough not to think it so very strange that he should be towards herself, what she herself was towards others except him. That the possessor of power should use it as an irresponsible possession, seemed to her quite natural; and as her son came gradually into possession of his, she was not astonished at having to feel its pressure. But love craves love, and, spite of

reason, expects return in kind, whatever the degree may be. So it troubled her sometimes to think of what kind might be the more or less of feeling her son might have for her. She certainly could not call him undutiful in one main respect. That aversion from pursuit of business, which had once seemed to be the most threatening cloud on the horizon of her motherly hopes, had disappeared. He was assiduous and eager at his office work. Old business-connexions of his father's, who had never withdrawn all dealings from the firm, but had, perhaps, diminished them, talked of a time when they should put themselves and their affairs entirely into its hands again. They prophesied that within those office walls the portent would be seen for once of "an old head upon young shoulders." They would congratulate Mrs. Burkitt with such heartiness as their natures allowed, upon the "really remarkable steadiness of her son, and his aptitude for affairs." The first flavour of such congratulations had, indeed, some sweetness; but such as soon cloyed the palate of her soul. An aftersmack of bitterness succeeded it. Sometimes she felt almost disgust at the full satisfaction of her once anxious wishes. She was no frequent reader of the Psalms, nor given to much devotional meditation thereupon, yet one verse, when read out at church upon a Sunday, would fall heavy on her heart, as that of which she had her own experience: "He gave them their heart's desire: and sent leanness withal into their souls."

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," resumed young Burkitt, after another spell at his paper; "when you write to Aunt Lucy, you must invite her down here again. A little change of air and scene is just the thing, if she's out of sorts about Ned's going from her. Besides which, it would be pleasant company for you, as you are a good deal alone in my office hours."

She looked up at him quickly, as if to assure herself that indeed there was a thought, if only an after thought, for her. Keane met her look with a very gracious one. He was anxious that his aunt should be invited, and that his mother should so give the invitation as to make its acceptance probable.

Poor hungry heart! Grateful for this graciousness, she replied:

"I think we must let a few days pass first, Keane, and then invite her. But perhaps it would be as well to write and condole at once."

"As you please, dear; only mind you manage to make her come, and old Locksley into the bargain, eh?"

No artifice was needful on Mrs. Burkitt's part to colour her letter with semblance of true sympathy. Her son stayed, whereas Lucy's was gone; yet she could feel for a mother who should lose her heart's darling. There are more manners of loss than one. Sometimes, keeping and losing are notions which get confused. Lucy was touched by her sister-in-law's evident sincerity. When, after a few days, the second letter came to invite her, she hailed the invitation as a relief; all the more gratefully that Lady Cransdale and her daughter were returning to the House. She had little inclination as yet for their society; and her husband was still in London upon legal business of the estate.

Her nephew himself wrote, upon her acceptance of his mother's invitation, offering, in the most considerate manner, since his uncle was not at home, to come over to Cransdale and escort her to Freshet, should she be in any way nervous or apprehensive at undertaking the journey alone. This was not to be thought of; but it made a favourable impression upon his aunt, and a deeper one, for her sake, upon Robert Locksley, when apprized of it.

Nothing could be in better taste and keeping than Keane's conduct during his aunt's stay with them. There was an unobtrusive sympathy and deference in his manner towards herself, that was very pleasing. His bearing also, in her presence, towards his own mother, was a more delicate and tasteful compliment to her maternal character, so nicely blended were filial affection and respect. He was anxious to discover, amongst other things, what effect his cousin's breaking off from old plans and home ties might have had upon Mrs. Locksley's maternal feelings, whether their wound chafed as well as ached; but he had the wit to divine that the probe must be used with very tender and skilful hand.

One day he thought the opportunity was given to say without offence :

"How could Ned have found it in his heart to leave you both ?"

"He didn't," answered Lucy, firing up even quicker than he had thought it possible.

His eyes alone asked further explanation.

"I found it in *my* heart ? that is, *we* found it in *ours* ; his father and I.

"Ah ! that accounts for it," said he, dexterously. "I felt, from what little I had seen of Ned, that his heart must be loving as well as brave."

"That is very true, Keane. His is a noble spirit. Too much so for the quiet homely life we had intended. He would have been thrown away at Cransdale ; though it's a kind of treason to my own dear husband to say so. He will make a fine soldier."

"That he will. Do you know, though it seems presumptuous to say so, I really believe I know more than even you can of his bravery ?"

"No, really. Do tell me what you mean !" asked Ned's mother, excited and eager for some fresh token of her son's great heart.

"You will wonder that you never heard of it before, as you must have done, had not Ned's modesty been in excess even of his generous boldness. I scarcely know now whether I am not breaking, unjustifiably, a seal of secrecy."

"But I am discreet, though a woman, and a fond mother, into the bargain."

She was so afraid of losing the precious token after all. So Keane told her of their adventure with the puffin. His calculation was profoundly just. She took him to her own heart readily, as that for which her son had freely risked his priceless life. She took him to her heart more readily than if he had been the saver, not the saved. To have owed Ned's life to any but his Maker, his own father, and herself, might perhaps have brought that restless sense of debt which ends by rousing debtor against creditor. Who knows down what a steep such temptation may not dash the soul ?

Henceforward, Lucy's eyes were spell-bound when they looked upon her nephew. There was the prize for which her own great-hearted boy had plunged into the treacherous deep—

which he had brought out safe. In her sight it was luminous, as if with phosphorescent lights out of the sea waters. She could no longer judge Keane truly through the mist of generous prejudice which glorified him.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. That which brought Robert Locksley to Freshet to rejoin his wife, blew good on this wise to a certain poor client of Keane's. The man, by name Job Sanger, had contrived, not without faults as well as blunders, to get "into difficulties." He was a small freeholder, who not content with cultivating his own freehold to moderate advantage, as his fathers had done before him, must needs enter as tenant upon a larger farm adjoining his few paternal acres. The mischief was, that to raise any capital for the undertaking, he was forced to mortgage heavily his own inheritance. A thoroughly foolish act ; for the amount so raised was far below what might have justified him, on sound commercial grounds, in entering upon the wider field, off which his best and wisest friends all warned him. The "difficulties" came neither sooner nor later than might have been expected ; but a more serious mischief arose from Job's peculiar way of attempting to meet them. With the vicious cunning of a fool, he contrived to raise a second, and this time, fraudulent mortgage on his own land, the proceeds of which did as little for the success of his tenant farming, as those of his honest folly had done before. Both transactions had become known in course of time to Burkitt and Goring, omniscient, as it sometimes appeared to the neighbourhood, in all such matters, round about the town of Freshet. The young head of that old firm was, for reasons of his own, desirous of obtaining some footing as landed proprietor in the county, no matter on how small a scale. Job Sanger's mortgages seemed to offer an opportunity. He bought them both on advantageous terms from their respective holders ; and Job, once freeholder, became, of course, Keane's thrall. The first exercise of his new lord's power over him, which Job thought cruel and arbitrary, was truly both judicious and kind, although dictated by no special tenderness for him. Keane had business relations with a substantial man hankering after the

very farm which Job occupied as tenant, and to the occupation of which he still clung with all the obstinacy of a knavish muddlehead. Keane, oiling his transactions with the man of substance by promise of the coveted holding, signified to Job his will and pleasure that it should at once be vacated—being helpless, he obeyed.

Wretched Job, unable to find, as his great patriarchal namesake, motives to patience in consciousness of his own integrity, withdrew into his original snail-shell, there to live in continual dread not only of foreclosure, which should leave him lackland, homeless, and penniless; but likewise of exposure and indefinite punishments, wherewith Keane would amuse himself, by darkly threatening him now and then. Once a fortnight, on every "Great-Tuesday's market," as it was called at Freshet, he was required to put in appearance at the office; sometimes merely to be sent about his business curtly by a clerk; sometimes to be ushered into Mr. Burkitt's own inner room, there to endure sneers at his folly, reproaches for his knavery, or, if Keane were in savage humour, threats of impending and total ruin. Not seldom he wished the catastrophe come.

"I culdn't be well wuss ruined nor now; and I shuldn't be so plaguy worried!"

The catastrophe came; but, luckily for him, in the presence of Robert Locksley.

It was on a "Great-market" Tuesday as usual. Keane, not without cause, was full of suppressed ill-temper. First and foremost, on his way down from home to the office he had encountered Mr. Davenant, owner of the schooner-yacht *Ocean Queen*, who informed him, with polite expressions of regret, that, in bringing her to moorings last night, he had unfortunately fouled the *Lady Constance*, Keane's pet sailing-boat, carried away her sprit, and damaged her bows. Mr. Davenant was a client, a wealthy man, the father of certain Miss Davenants, leaders of fashion in Freshet, in whose eyes Keane wished to stand well. There was no help for it but to utter civilities in place of the rising execrations in his throat. Arrived at the office, he found among his letters one announcing the ~~miscarriage~~ of an affair, not only

confidential to allow even of an exclamation in presence of the clerks. So he went into his own room, and banged the door. An unfortunate ebullition, which shook down from a lofty bookcase a plaster bust of Lord Eldon in his wig, shattering it upon the floor. Hardly were the fragments collected, and swept out by the errand boy, when Job Sanger, twirling his broad-brimmed, but now napless beaver, knocked at the door. Luckless Job! The "come in" was pitched in a key which, like the overture to an opera of the school of horrors, gave promise of tragedy to follow. He was too much upset to close the door after him as he obeyed the summons; unless, indeed, prophetic presence of mind had whispered how advisable it might prove to secure an open way of retreat.

"How long, sir, am I to tolerate this sort of thing?"

Well might Job wonder within himself what sort of thing was intended, and of what kind Mr. Burkitt's notions of toleration might be. But all his answer was, as he smoothed with his left coat-sleeve what had been the nap of his beaver:

"Hope no offence, Mr. Burkitt, sir!"

"No offence, indeed, you swindling sawney! Putting off a parcel of worthless mortgages upon me, doing one out of more money than twice your cabbage garden's worth!"

There was double poetic licence in this eloquent outburst, transfer of identity and amplification of amount. Mr. Keane Burkitt was the last man upon whose hands Job would willingly have put off his mortgages, worthless or otherwise; and the "consideration" for which they had found their way into that practitioner's hands did not perhaps actually reach twice the value of the fee simple.

"Mr. Burkitt, sir, it aint a bit o' use denyin' as I've 'ad my misfortins, which I'm sure as I'm ashamed to illconvenience any genelman as you. But I 'opes you wun't be 'ard upon a man as is down, sir."

"'A man as is down,' eh?" sneered Keane; "one as ought to be up instead, before the Freshet bench of magistrates to answer for his plain dealing, eh?"

"Bother the bench!" muttered the culprit, restive at last; "thay culdn't

'ave a chap up onst a fartnight any-
'ows."

"So, Mr. Sanger; I've seen you sulky before, but never saucy till now," said his tormentor, with a savage grin. "I'll spare you the trouble of these fortnightly calls in future. What's to-day? Tuesday, the 17th. Ah! very well; this day week will be the 24th. You will be good enough to have paid in to Messrs. Burkitt and Goring's account on or before that date the amount of both mortgages, with all arrears of interest due upon them, or you take the consequences and I the freehold."

"Now, dont'ee, Mr. Burkitt, sir, dont'ee! Me and mine 'as 'eld that fre'old this two 'underd year and more, as I've 'eard say."

"All the more reason some one should hold it now that will make better use of it."

"Aint you never no mussy, then, Mr. Burkitt, sir?" said Job, in piteous accents.

"Mercy, my good Job! Indeed, I hope I have; this would be a poor world without it. If I thought I was really doing you any kindness by granting longer delay you should not have to ask twice for it."

Keane spoke loud and free, not in his usual dry noiseless manner when saying unpleasant things; so that Job stared, and marvelled what new shape the spirit of persecution was assuming.

"Nothing could have been farther from my wish all along, than 'to drive you into a corner,' as they say, my good man. I have too much regard for your wife and family for that. If I have seemed to press heavily at first upon you, it has been simply to bring home the lesson to you, that honesty is the best policy after all."

Job actually gaped upon him.

"Here, Uncle Robert," cried Keane, crossing the room from the mantelpiece, against which he had been leaning, to the open door, which he opened wider still: "do come in here a few minutes, will you, and help me with a matter that's as much in your way as mine."

"You here, Keane! I thought you said you were to drive over to Lanercost; I just looked in to ask a question of Mr. Goring about a man

whose name I can't find in the law list."

"Well, here's mine, we can look over. I saw you come in, as the door was ajar; give me a bit of advice, since you are come. I don't go to Lanercost till after lunch."

So Robert Locksley came into his nephew's private room; and the door of that sanctum was duly shut now, and Job, in utter bewilderment, was requested to take a chair, whilst Keane, with mingled severity and consideration, explained to him that he was taking his uncle into confidence upon the state of his—Job's—territorial and financial affairs, because no one had more experience than Mr. Locksley, manager of the great Cransdale estates, in the science of blending mercy with justice on a matter of the kind.

Mr. Locksley went into it at once with interest and attention. It certainly was not complicated; yet he was much struck, in Keane's exposition, by the way in which, without harshness or affected reserve, he contrived to put Job Sanger's conduct into the clearest "dry light," so to speak. His nephew had, apparently, the dispassionate judgment indispensable to the man of business, who must act without prejudice between lord and tenant.

"The mortgages, however, are both in my hands, uncle, now; and as I was saying to Sanger just as you came in, all I want is to keep him from shifts and trickeries, which not only will ruin his own character, but will take the bread out of a wife and children's mouths at last. What terms I am to give him, I leave entirely to you. As I am acting for myself, and not for a client, as I must do so often in these mortgage cases, any indulgence you think hopeful and reasonable I will gladly make."

Keane had truly said that the Cransdale administration, though studiously just, was largely tempered with mercy. Locksley's award sent Job homewards from that fortnightly market with a lighter heart than he had owned for some time, though the puzzle in his brain was in a tangle still.

"What can a come to un?" he mused, as he drove out his tax-cart

between them; but they must frequently have produced a crisis in her exchequer. The broken porcelain was always replaced, no matter at what cost of money or of trouble, as exactly as circumstances would allow. One rule was invariable: if no perfectly resembling substitute was to be found, at least no inferior was ever tolerated. Exchange, like that of glebe land, must be for the better or not at all; the novelty must needs be costlier than the loss it repaired.

"Keane, my dear," said the little old lady after the first civilities had passed between them, "you must tell your groom to put up at the Swan. Your horse can't wait about all the afternoon. I shall keep you some time."

He went towards the door to give his man directions.

"But Keane, my dear, the man shan't sit in the tap-room. Tell him he may come in here to tea, if he don't smell of tobacco."

Keane was not so very much surprised at her terms of endearment. Though he had never had much to do with her, he had known her all his life; and she had on all occasions taken a caressing tone towards him. But when his dog-cart had driven off, and he was seated on a very slight stiff seat in the drawing-room—for Miss Davenant sat in one arm-chair, and three puffy kittens, on no account to be disturbed, were nestled on the other—she suddenly accosted him in terms which almost made him open his eyes wide, an unusual practice with him.

"Keane, my dear, you may not be aware that you ought by rights to have been my son, and not your mother's."

"Indeed!" he said, not without misgivings as to the old lady's sanity.

"You may well say 'indeed;' but Isabella Keane—Burkitt that now is—knows it as well as I do."

"You don't mean to say so, my dear madam?" said Keane; because he couldn't think of any thing else on earth to say.

"I always say what I mean," she answered, primly.

This was not to be gainsaid, so Keane held his peace.

"Not that your dear father and I were ever positively engaged," she resumed, "nor indeed that he ever made me exactly an offer; but I always

have thought, and will think, that it was in his mind to do so, till he came across Isabella Keane, your mother that now is."

The old lady spoke in the most matter-of-fact way, as if Keane had really undergone a change of maternal parentage.

"What's more, it was always in my mind, and is so, to have accepted him when he should ask me; so that I *should* have been your mother, Keane, my dear, by right, you see."

Sane or not, she was perfectly self-possessed. No emotion seemed to quiver in her chirping little voice.

"I always loved your father as long as he was alive; and I have always liked you for his sake, since you were born; not your mother though. But I forgave her, a little bit, when she lost poor James."

The kittens woke up, and began a game of romps, during which one of them rolled on to the floor.

"Poor, dear little pussy!" cried Miss Davenant, catching it up and fondling it.

"The long and short of it is, my dear, that I want to make my will; and as I hear you are a first-rate man of business now, and as I think you will deal fairly with me for your father's sake, I have sent for you to tell me how to set about it."

This was coming to the point, and was a great relief to Keane, who produced a pocket-book.

"I am sure, dear madam, I deeply feel your personal kindness towards me, and you will find, I trust, that, professionally, your confidence is not misplaced. If you will allow me to take down the heads of your intentions, that is, unless you may have memoranda of your own prepared, eh? No. Then, as I said, I will take down rough notes, put them into shape to-morrow or next day, and do myself the honour of waiting upon you with a draft."

"Yes, well, I suppose you *will* have to do something of the sort, my dear. But not quite so straight off: though I have no doubt you are very clever at business matters: your father always was. There's a good deal to get at—about those Mexican mines, for instance."

"Yes, a bad business most times. I hope you have not been 'bitten hard,' as we say in business."

"Inky!" said Keane, and shook his head. "I spill too much of that dark fluid when on shore, and couldn't bear to blacken the blue sea with it."

"The 'Cormorant.'"

"Name too near the nature of a lawyer, folks might say. No, ladies; I only want your leave to call my little craft 'The Sisters.'"

"I'm sure you've mine," cried Sophy; "but the name's not choice in Freshet. There's an oyster boat of Widow Skaite's of that name in the harbour, and a collier brig from Appleby."

"Thanks for a concession so graciously made," he answered, with a low bow of mock solemnity.

"But what says Miss Davenant? There are two sisters to the name, remember."

"I think you might leave it the Lady Constance still."

"But since I will not, you do not absolutely forbid the new name, Miss Davenant?"

"I hardly know by what right I should do so."

Keane made another bow, as solemn as the last, without its mockery.

The Davenant girls rode on. Keane, springing into his seat again, took the reins from his groom, and drove towards Lanercost.

Queens of society in Freshet, the two sisters ruled, after all, a narrow court circle. Keane's energy and ability distinguished him within it only too easily and too favourably. Being neither ill-favoured nor ill-mannered—for his selfishness was of that dangerous kind which can keep itself, at need, under vigilant self-control—he was well received by the Davenants, when, for the sake of such social distinction as it might give him, he sought their closer acquaintance. At first he divided his attentions between them with strict impartiality. Sophy's careless good nature allowed him to gain with her a certain familiar footing, beyond which he did not care to adventure. He inclined to think her prettier than her sister; but Fanny's greater reserve roused, by degrees, his innate love of predominance. Without setting much value on the prize itself, should it be won, he could not resist the pleasure of striving for the mastery. Like a cautious engineer, he opened his first parallel at safe distance—so safe, that

Fanny was in doubt whether his advances were insidious, or simply deferential. She felt but little attraction or liking towards Keane; but there was this affinity between them, that her temper had in it also some love of a mere struggle, finding therein a satisfaction apart from the resulting issue. It nettled her to feel, as she was sometimes dimly conscious of feeling, a little afraid of Keane. This consciousness provoked her to acquiesce in the growth of an intimacy against which, now and then, she would almost determine. She was not the girl to desire direct compliments to her person or her mind; yet Keane had wit enough to offer a continual and subtle flattery. Her education, though imperfect, had been ambitious, and had roused intellectual aspirations which there was little to satisfy in the common tone of the young men around her.

Keane noted and profited by this. His acuteness readily caught up hints of the drift of her thought and study; and his lawyer-like ability in getting up a subject enabled him to win from her considerable respect for his own attainments, whilst paying in conversation a delicate deference to hers.

Thus matters stood between them up to the time of their chance meeting that afternoon on the Lanercost road. Neither the sisters nor Keane suspected what influence his drive to that village was to exercise upon their future. Keane of course knew, what the sisters did not, and what with professional caution he kept from them, that he was driving thither in answer to a summons from their own aunt, Miss Davenant. She was a queer, little old lady, whose cheeks had kept a sort of streaky withered bloom, such as some apples keep long after Christmas time. Her eyes were bright and restless; her little figure erect; her footstep light and quick; her voice thin and clear. She was counted neither very sociable nor very shy; neither very amiable nor very cross; neither very rich nor very poor. She lived in a cottage rather smaller than her estimated income might have warranted, but for her combined love of cats and china. The crashes which her animate pets produced at times among her pets of still-life never disturbed her temper, so equally were her affections balanced

They three must divide any surviving cats between them, and shall have £5 a-year for each pussy for its lifetime. That's moderate. Then there's yourself."

Keane looked up and fairly stared this time. His very pulses quickened.

"Yes, I shall leave you just £1,000 for every year that I may live after the will is signed, my dear. The more years I live the larger figures before the noughts, you know. I shouldn't like you to long for my death at all. See you make that part clear, eh."

"And the bulk of the property, Miss Davenant?"

"No, not so fast, my dear, there's the china. Who shall have the china? I should be almost as sorry to have it badly treated as the cats. Do you know any one who is fond of old china? Not your mother. I know she is; but I haven't quite forgiven her to that extent. There's your aunt, now, your father, James's sister, Lucy, does she like old china, think you?"

"To be sure she does, intensely," said Keane, who knew nothing at all about it; but thought he might get credit with Aunt Lucy sooner or later for the legacy.

"Well, your aunt shall have it. Lucy Burkitt that was, Locksley that now is; put that down."

"All right, madam. And the bulk of the property?"

"Will be divided, of course, between my two nieces, Fanny and Sophy Davenant."

Well might he determine on doubly gilt gold letters for "The Sisters" on the stern of his redecorated sailing-boat.

"Equally divided, I presume, dear madam?"

"Wrong, my dear, as nine presumptions out of ten are. I shall make an heiress; for I detest equality. It's a French revolutionary notion. And I look upon all such as wicked and—bloodthirsty."

"Gold thirsty would seem to fit this case better than bloodthirsty, Miss Davenant," said Keane, affecting jocularity to hide the tremulous concern which had come upon him, succeeding the wild expectation that the mention of his own name had roused. Of which sister would she make an heiress? That was indeed a momentous question. Though she could not

suspect that he had any, the remotest, personal interest in asking; yet he feared to betray himself to her in putting the next necessary question.

"It shall be two-thirds to one of the girls: only one to the other," she said.

"It will, of course, be necessary to specify which of the young ladies is to take the larger share under the will, Miss Davenant."

"Certainly. But there's no need to put any names in the draft. They can be filled in after. I don't know that I've made my mind up yet."

"I should have thought you were a stickler for 'primogeniture,' Miss Davenant, with your anti-French revolutionary feelings."

"There's something in that, my dear: a good deal, indeed. 'First come first served:' sound enough sense, I say."

"And your executors?"

"Yourself and the girl's father, my youngest brother, George: indeed my only remaining one. A bit more short bread, or another glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you; though both are excellent. What day would be convenient for me to wait upon you with the rough copy of the draft?"

"Any: the sooner the better. Remember there's one thing I must insist upon."

"Which is?"

"The strictest secrecy. I don't want my nieces to be wishing me dead any more than you yourself, my dear."

"Do I look like a man to let a client's affairs leak out, Miss Davenant?"

The little old lady eyed him curiously, then said at last:

"Not a bit, my dear."

Keane's dog-cart was soon bowling home again. French revolutionists did indeed abolish the laws of primogeniture. Miss Davenant thought those revolutionists both wicked and bloodthirsty. Mr. Keane Burkitt stood upon some vantage ground, though never so narrow, with Miss Fanny Davenant. That young lady was her aunt's elder niece. A man of business has many things to think about. They seemed to reach the town turnpike in no time. Yet when he got home his uncle and aunt both said:

"You have nearly starved us all. Keane, you are so late home to dinner to-day."

"Oh, dear me, no; my mine turned out well for a wonder. Most of those which didn't I sold when they were well thought of. Then I have other what you may call 'em, 'security,' things of different sorts. I believe you'll find I'm very rich, my dear, when all's reckoned."

"I am sure I hope I may; but nine times out of ten, when I look into people's money matters I find them poorer than they took themselves to be."

"That's not the case with me, you may depend upon it. Shall you have time to look through my papers, or will you do it another day?"

"No time like the present," said the cautious Keane, looking at his watch. "We don't dine till eight; and if we did, they know my ways too well to wait for me, when I am over office hours."

"Come into the dining-room, then. You shall have short-bread and sherry whilst you look through the documents in my tin case."

It was of the shape and size of many on Burkitt and Goring's shelves; but heavier than he had expected. As he lifted it from under the sideboard on to the dining-room table, it crossed his mind that there might be china plates packed up in it. Miss Davenant's name was in fat white letters outside.

Fidgeting in her pocket for the key of the padlock, she said—

"My poor old man of business, that was, is dead, up in London, and I wouldn't let strangers have any thing to do with my affairs; so I sent for the box, and here it is. I can trust you, my dear, I feel, for your father's sake."

But when the lid was open, Keane opened his eyes again, wider and wider after inspection of every fresh handful of papers and parchments.

"Why, Miss Davenant, excuse me, your man of business was a very good one; or you are a very good woman of business yourself."

"A little of both, perhaps. I have never been extravagant in any thing but porcelain."

There was no confusion. All was docketed, endorsed, and ticketed: all tied with pink tapes, some pale with age, some with the blush of recent manufacture on them. Long before Keane had found his way to the under

layers with the most faded ties, he was fairly overwhelmed with astonishment at the old woman's wealth.

"Excuse me, my dear madam; but I had no idea your property was so considerable."

"No, nor had anybody, but me and my old man of business, that's dead and gone, you know. No one shall have now, but you and me, my dear."

"You may count, of course, on my discretion as on your own, Miss Davenant."

"Just so, my dear. Do you like the carraway comfits on the short-bread, or the bits of candied lemon best, eh?"

"Varanas Viejas! Why, my dear, madam, those are the best things in 'silvers' going now-a-days. I saw them, only yesterday, quoted at a stunning premium in the *Times'* city article. One, two, three, four, five, of the *original* 'coupons' too. How on earth did you get hold of them?"

"Ah, well, never mind that now, my dear. They were in a bad way once, after Garboga's insurrection, I can tell you. But you are too young even to have heard of that. Good little Mr. Gossett lost heart himself about them, and said I might make them into spills to light my taper with; but I didn't you see: and I was right, and he was wrong, my dear."

Keane gave her a look of unfeigned respect and admiration, not so much even for the wealth, as for the wit that had won it.

She brought him pen, ink, and paper, for the matter had grown beyond the limits of his little pocket-book, and he proceeded with an enumeration of the different valuable securities.

"I never use all my dividends," she said, when it was drawing to a close; "so the banker's book shows a balance, as you shall see."

A balance, indeed! Whose could such expectations be? "I must next ask, whether your intended dispositions are intricate, Miss Davenant?"

"Oh, dear, no. The simplest in the world. There are the cats; of course I shall do nothing extravagant or eccentric for them. I've never been reckoned either, and don't mean to be when I'm dead and gone, you know. Seventy pounds a-year each to my own maid, my cook, and housemaid."

reason, expects return in kind, whatever the degree may be. So it troubled her sometimes to think of what kind might be the more or less of feeling her son might have for her. She certainly could not call him undutiful in one main respect. That aversion from pursuit of business, which had once seemed to be the most threatening cloud on the horizon of her motherly hopes, had disappeared. He was assiduous and eager at his office work. Old business-connexions of his father's, who had never withdrawn all dealings from the firm, but had, perhaps, diminished them, talked of a time when they should put themselves and their affairs entirely into its hands again. They prophesied that within those office walls the portent would be seen for once of "an old head upon young shoulders." They would congratulate Mrs. Burkitt with such heartiness as their natures allowed, upon the "really remarkable steadiness of her son, and his aptitude for affairs." The first flavour of such congratulations had, indeed, some sweetness; but such as soon cloyed the palate of her soul. An aftersmack of bitterness succeeded it. Sometimes she felt almost disgust at the full satisfaction of her once anxious wishes. She was no frequent reader of the Psalms, nor given to much devotional meditation thereupon, yet one verse, when read out at church upon a Sunday, would fall heavy on her heart, as that of which she had her own experience: "He gave them their heart's desire: and sent leanness withal into their souls."

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," resumed young Burkitt, after another spell at his paper; "when you write to Aunt Lucy, you must invite her down here again. A little change of air and scene is just the thing, if she's out of sorts about Ned's going from her. Besides which, it would be pleasant company for you, as you are a good deal alone in my office hours."

She looked up at him quickly, as if to assure herself that indeed there was a thought, if only an after thought, for her. Keane met her look with a very gracious one. He was anxious that his aunt should be invited, and that his mother should so give the invitation as to make its acceptance probable.

Poor hungry heart! Grateful for this graciousness, she replied:

"I think we must let a few days pass first, Keane, and then invite her. But perhaps it would be as well to write and condole at once."

"As you please, dear; only mind you manage to make her come, and old Locksley into the bargain, eh?"

No artifice was needful on Mrs. Burkitt's part to colour her letter with semblance of true sympathy. Her son stayed, whereas Lucy's was gone; yet she could feel for a mother who should lose her heart's darling. There are more manners of loss than one. Sometimes, keeping and losing are notions which get confused. Lucy was touched by her sister-in-law's evident sincerity. When, after a few days, the second letter came to invite her, she hailed the invitation as a relief; all the more gratefully that Lady Cransdale and her daughter were returning to the House. She had little inclination as yet for their society; and her husband was still in London upon legal business of the estate.

Her nephew himself wrote, upon her acceptance of his mother's invitation, offering, in the most considerate manner, since his uncle was not at home, to come over to Cransdale and escort her to Freshet, should she be in any way nervous or apprehensive at undertaking the journey alone. This was not to be thought of; but it made a favourable impression upon his aunt, and a deeper one, for her sake, upon Robert Locksley, when apprized of it.

Nothing could be in better taste and keeping than Keane's conduct during his aunt's stay with them. There was an unobtrusive sympathy and deference in his manner towards herself, that was very pleasing. His bearing also, in her presence, towards his own mother, was a more delicate and tasteful compliment to her maternal character, so nicely blended were filial affection and respect. He was anxious to discover, amongst other things, what effect his cousin's breaking off from old plans and home ties might have had upon Mrs. Locksley's maternal feelings, whether their wound chafed as well as ached; but he had the wit to divine that the probe must be used with very tender and skilful hand.

SCENES AND CUSTOMS IN THE WEST INDIES—JAMAICA.

CROSSING a wild and barren plain in Barbadoes, rough with fragments of coral rock and other stones, and bounded suddenly and sharply by the deep azure of the Atlantic, we became aware of the booming of some great surf, and occasionally a light wreath of spray appeared. Approaching still nearer the shore, as we expected, our guide, who was considerably in advance, seemed to sink at once into the earth, and we who followed anticipating a jump down to the beach, were checked and startled by finding ourselves on the brink of a terrific precipice of coralline and limestone rocks, eaten away by the action of water into innumerable sharp pinnacles, like the teeth of saurians, or the honey-combed faces of Saracenic architecture inverted. The cliff rose almost perpendicularly to a height of perhaps 150 feet above the sea, which is here ascertained to be about seventy fathoms deep; and when the wind blows from a certain quarter it is lashed into a yeast—gigantic waves rush on successively like Neptunian horses, with their snowy manes streaming to the wind, and breaking over the rocks to a height of at least forty feet, sending their spray sometimes, as we saw, completely over the cliffs. The descent, to one unaccustomed to such places is very difficult, and more so, of course, when the wind is high, as it often is in the month of January. At the base of the cliffs a broad ledge of rock, entirely undermined and standing out like a balcony, stretches along in front of the caves, whose giant portals, with their grim buttresses, like some huge Norman keep, frown boldly above. On this ledge of rock, in the autumn, a child almost might venture; but during the winter months no living thing (save a mollusc!) could possibly exist for a minute.

The entrance to the cave is midway down the precipice, and the starting point, at which the real perils are encountered, is called, from a singular form of the rocks, the "Kettle of Beef." Here our guide, whom we had overtaken, advanced, and watching the recess of a wave, made a

rapid rush across a semicircular ledge, called the Saddle—(slippery only where roughness would be most desirable)—and trusting entirely to his hands, thus scrambled into the cave. At this point the wave recedes about thirty or forty feet—its return is terrific—the deafening boom—the cold spray—the knowledge that instant destruction would follow any hesitation or pause. A young man was lost here about two months before. He was the last of three, and was caught by the returning wave. The cave once gained, we seem to enter the cloisters of some ancient abbey—the St. George's Hall of another Gibraltar. We have scarcely entered when the aperture is closed by the wave we have just escaped—with an emerald gate. The caves recede in an inclined plane upwards—and, therefore, being blocked in is not attended with any danger.

Pale green stalactites and stalagmites depend in clusters from the roof. The floor contains the most transparent pools of water, on whose margins are those exquisite zoophytes, from which the caves receive their name. These resemble delicately shaped claret glasses of purple, yellow, and brown, but on the slightest approach towards touching them, they collapse and disappear.

Further on is the "Carpet Cave," so called from the splendid colours of the seaweed at the bottom of the beautiful natural baths which it contains.

Returning as we came, we walked along the plain above, admiring the savage grandeur of the shattered coast. Here and there, in the midst of tempestuous breakers, rose huge fragments of rocks, or, probably, the more ancient portion of the coast.

I tasted some fine salt off the rocks. As we proceeded, I noticed what seemed to be the aperture of a large old well; and approaching looked down at least eighty feet, where there was an opening, through which the tremendous surf was rushing, while beyond one might catch a glimpse of the sunbeams playing upon the sea in the distance through the wave-

worn communicating passage. Farther on, we let ourselves down through a narrow cavity in the ground into a natural coral and limestone crypt, but in reality a wild circular cave which had an opening to the sea at a great elevation, each successive wave blocking up the entrance with the noise of a siege gun, and then rushing hoarsely off in foam and spume. Each wave as it struck the cave raised the level of the watery floor; and when it receded, the sun playing on the falling foam on the rocks outside reminded me of Niagara.

At the far end of this cave, like the genius of the place, flecks of foam were twisting spirally about in a still nook, like the spirit that appeared to the Lord of Corasse. This appearance is caused of course by an air-vent.

I RODE to the pretty English-like parish church of St. Andrew; and I may remark, that in its parish churches, not only Jamaica, but the other West India Islands, have reason to be satisfied. They are generally small, homely, Gothic edifices, with an air of repose about them which is indescribable. Perhaps, clustering about the porch may be a clump of oleanders bending under their exquisite rosy blossoms, and within the church mural tablets, rich in blazonry or chaste from the classic chisels of our best sculptors. Now we find an inscription to a Cromwellian, and then perhaps another to his political opponent, who had a reward or an asylum here in the seventeenth century. In these respects the West Indies differ from all our other colonies, and present in their sepulchral monuments the key to many a genealogical enigma.

It was early in July when we sighted the low sand bank of Morant Keys, off Jamaica, and during the afternoon of the same day the superb coast scenery of the island itself appeared in view, with dark mountains in the distance—the white lighthouse standing prominently forward. The emerald green of the ocean passes into paler tints as it dashes up in a snowy surf against the long beach (as it is called) of the Pallisades—the graves of so many Europeans—and apparently on the instant every instant of overwhelming adjacent mosaic-like islets, tufted

with verdure, and inhabited by pelicans—some rising on the wing, others quietly perched, dressing their plumage with their great bills. Rounding a sharp low point, covered with government buildings and cocoa-nut trees, we entered the harbour of Port Royal, and passing over the submerged town came to our anchorage. Here I hired a small boat, in which we seemed to force our way through intricate channels, where the mangroves almost interlaced overhead, and where appeared the melancholy monumental headboards over the hundreds of graves. We then emerged into the land-locked and beautiful bay of Kingston, where we set sail, and in about two hours landed at the Ordnance Wharf. Awaiting us was an extraordinary rickety vehicle, drawn by two lean, but wiry horses, without collars or saddles. I was told that this was an omnibus, although it certainly could not have contained more than four children with any comfort. We, however, took our seats, and drove to one of the principal lodging-houses. Here in the old mansion-house of a former wealthy family, we found floors of beautiful polish, and all the faded splendour of decayed opulence. At my request, the servant put his hand out at a drawing-room window and plucked a bunch of geneps, (a fruit resembling the Chinese sichi), with the beauty of which I had been struck immediately on entering. Everything had a sumptuous, although decayed air, and as the night-breeze, laden with the perfume of the tree-jasmin, rustled the curtains, and sighed through the jalousies, a not unpleasant feeling akin to “eeriness” crept over me.

The town of Kingston is about a mile and a quarter long by a mile in breadth, and like most other of the West Indian towns, the monotony of the streets is relieved by many pretty private gardens. The parish church contains some interesting monuments, and amongst others that of the famous old Admiral Benbow.

One is astonished at the abundant exhibition of fruit and vegetables on the various stalls along the streets. There is a general appearance, except about the European stores and shops, and sometimes even there, of discomfort and neglect, which contrasts

strangely with the evident profusion of the natural productions of the soil. In most of the houses, albeit the owners were most hospitable, there appeared to be a defective system of ventilation, notwithstanding the jalousies and verandahs, and not a sufficient use of water, to which luxury one is accustomed in most other tropical countries. This impression is often heightened by the time-worn style of the furniture and chintz patterns.

I took my seat in the train for Spanish Town. This railway extends thirteen miles through a labyrinth seemingly of waste plantations and swamp, matted with reeds and creeping plants, and with here and there pasture land and a few fine cattle grazing. Half way, a number of hawkers, offering fish for sale, came alongside the train. Many of the trees we passed (I believe "the Cashaw") were almost knitted together by meshes of cobwebs, which, however, I was told were the nests of a peculiar description of rat.

I was surprised to find the seat of government such a city of the dead, with its grass-grown piazzas, silent streets, and decayed wooden houses. The square containing the government house and public offices, is, however, comparatively handsome. Here are a fine statue of Lord Rodney, and another, inferior in execution, but of colossal proportions, of Lord Metcalf. The cathedral, from its age and handsome intermural monuments, is of considerable interest. There is a marble tablet, with an inscription over the entrance, which was placed there by the Duke of Manchester, a former governor. The belfry, or tower, is very quaint, with its pointed windows, Corinthian pilasters, and gilt cock for the vane. Amongst the finest of the monuments is that to a Countess of Elgin, in white marble. The lady, nearly, if not quite, the size of life, is represented reading a book. The countenance is beautiful. Most of the older monuments had blazoned escutcheons, some of which were of well-known old English families.

The boarding-house at which I stayed was like all the others I had seen in the island: the furniture very old, but substantial; the floors well polished, and the window-curtains

faded and with tawdry fringes. While residing in this house, street musicians used frequently to play beneath the windows, and often with very considerable taste, for the negro race is of all talents least deficient in that of music. I observed, in some houses, hammocks slung in the verandahs, and occasionally admired the extremely luxurious postures of their occupants, who generally held some half-open book in one hand, and something else, which I could not so easily distinguish, in the other, while clouds of smoke proceeded from their lips as they thus sawed away the more tedious hours of the day.

I was glad to find a most charming bathing place at a short distance from ——'s house. No one seemed to consider that complete ablutions were healthy, and, as for a Creole negro, he believes that he attends amply to cleanliness if, on rising in the morning, he takes a little water into his mouth, rubs his teeth with his forefinger, and then ejects the former with a squirt peculiar to his race. One day I called at the house of an acquaintance, who, by the way, was a patron of ablutions. He was not at home, but an old black woman, his housekeeper, knowing my predilections, insisted on preparing for me a delightful bath, and a tumbler of scarcely less refreshing tamarinds and water. There is an anxiety to please "Massa's fren'" amongst these poor people which tends greatly to produce the impression of hospitality.

Passing along a beautiful level road between partially abandoned pens, and having paid toll more than once within a short distance, we soon got on the rough and narrow, but infinitely more picturesque continuation, called the Bog Walk, on the way to the parish of St. Thomas in the Vale. A fine river, the Rio Cobra, flows rapidly on the right, and considerably below the road. The precipitous banks are densely clothed with splendid trees in the greatest variety, while the lofty funereal plumage of the bamboo heightens the effect. Plantations (or fields, as they are called) of the broad-leaved cocoa, appear here and there to break the densely wooded banks; while pre-eminent in beauty, on inaccessible spots, rises the graceful mountain

pride, with its bee-hive shaped crowning panicle (several feet high) of exquisite rose-coloured blossoms. Charming flowers are at one's feet; the purest blue sky is seen through the delicate lacework of tamarind boughs overhead; and the sound of rushing waters blends soothingly with the echoes of the horse's tread and the song of birds.

After crossing two or three bridges, and over the sombre Black River, whose quiet waters creep through and mingle with the impenetrable twilight of vegetation enshrouding it in that deep ravine, we commence a gradual ascent. Suddenly diverging into a narrow pathway, through a grove of orange trees laden with fruit, and intermixed with the darker green of the pimento, and the broad vandyke of leaves of the bread-fruit-tree, we found ourselves before the house of —. Like most of the country-houses of the island, it has a somewhat poor and dilapidated appearance, and not the slightest pretension to any description of architecture, being simply a large cube, with the usual complement of windows and doors, and a shingled roof. Had there been ever so small a garden about it, perhaps its hard aspect might have been relieved. The domestics, although attentive to the duty of rubbing the polished floors daily with Seville oranges (the chief use to which they are put here)—for, till nearly noon some negro woman on her knees may generally be found thus occupied—are not equally so in other respects; for I was not a little surprised, while sitting in the drawing-room, at the intrusion of a white and a speckled hen, which took no notice of me, but seemed to be striking at infinitesimal crumbs about the corners. This was not an unusual occurrence.

I was shown a small bomb-proof building on an estate, which I was told afforded shelter to the family during hurricanes, and at other times was used as a cell for refractory slaves.

Bernard (or Mr. Bernard, as he was styled), the factotum on the estate of a gentleman with whom I stayed a few days, after a bout of excessive drinking, during which he was nowhere to be found, was one morning overheard moaning in a cellar below the house, "Hey, poor boy me, me no get no ap this whole a maunin."

I was surprised at the style of the lamentation, considering that the sufferer was a grizzled old negro considerably over forty years of age.

"Pap," or a sort of porridge made of Indian corn, is a favourite mess amongst the negroes, and even the sons of book-keepers, or the poor class of whites, may sometimes be seen cooking, and eating it with the servants.

Descending the northern face of Mont Diabolo we soon entered a district the scenery of which again was quite unlike what we had hitherto met. The lower and more undulating hills, full of rich pasturage, and with, at agreeable intervals, pleasant villas and lofty mounds, crowned with magnificent groups of the great cotton and other trees, had an appearance of cultivation and comfort almost English. Fine cattle were grazing in all directions, and, seen from our lofty elevation, in the extreme distance, was the pale blue of the sea, bounded by the horizon. Some of the decayed and bleached trunks of a group of old cotton trees springing in magnificent shafts to a height of sixty feet without a branch, reminded me of the noble columns of classical antiquity. It was the trunk of one of these ceibas that formed the canoe ninety feet long, which I have somewhere read caused such admiration amongst the first discoverers of the island.

Along the wayside we remarked the pink-flowered penguin, well known for its strong fibre. The Avocado-pear-tree, whose curious fruit—more vegetable than fruit—is called the subaltern's butter, from being a cheap and good substitute. The seed of this pear is an excellent marking ink, and from the pear itself a fine oil is extracted.

We entered the wonderful volcanic fissure or ravine, extending for two miles northwards, called Moncrieff's Gully. Though the sun was still powerful, his influence did not penetrate these deep shades. The gully is just wide enough to allow two carriages to pass, while the rocks on either side tower abruptly to the height, in some places, of about three hundred feet; but so dense is the foliage that it is only occasionally that the rock itself is detected. From every crevice and fissure, and from

the base to the summit, trees, large and small, start forth, arch over, and interlace their branches, and tower far up into the blue chink of sky that is visible. They are densely covered with parasitical plants and seem to be corded together with singular vegetable ropes. These latter, in their turn, are also bound with convolvuli and spomæas which, springing from below, catch the depending suckers and climb up them, throwing out at every leafy articulation a red, white, yellow, blue, or purple blossom.

Occasionally a fallen tree, with its load of parasites and stay-like ropes, bridges the ravine; and, as a stray slanting beam broke through some slight opening, the effect was enchanting. I thought of the passage, "And the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower." Sometimes, at a later hour, when the fire-flies and glow-worms begin to show their tiny lanterns against moss and fern and tree, the effect is beautiful, realizing much of the force of Quarles' quaint metaphor, "Golden lamps hung in a green night."

The road from Linstead village to Moneague is very good, and the scenery, as might be expected, magnificent. At some places one passes along a precipice and through a Gothic nave, formed by lofty bamboos, close and matted. Far below are dimly seen rocks and foam, while the murmuring river itself is scarcely heard to flow. On emerging from dim avenues, the grand amphitheatre of hills or mountains, called Pedro's Cock-pit, bursts upon us; and as we gradually began the rugged and precipitous ascent of Mont Diabolo, we entered a path, shady with gigantic palm-like ferns and trees covered with rich orchids, the wild pine, and other parasites. The delicate white lily, so common in this island, borders the path. From this point the view is not unlike that of the Vale of Stirling, but with a foreground more beautifully elaborated with flowers. It was at sunset that I entered the pass of Mont Diabolo, and a lovely rainbow was spanning the valley which I had just left.

From my bed-room window there was an exquisite prospect of forest and mountain, but no more; for the former was so dense that neither

roads nor houses could be seen, and the latter were only indicated by, here and there, the light wreath of bluish smoke from a wood fire. A forest and nothing more; but it was a forest of wonderful diversity, full of orange trees, bending under their golden fruit, which drop, when ripe, and become the food of the swine that are always roaming about. Here, also, conspicuous by its rich foliage of green and copper-colour, is the star apple tree, likewise the rose apple, plums innumerable, mangoes, guavas, rose apples, the striking trumpet tree, with its fine broad leaves, and occasionally a cocoa-nut or cob palm. A storm was growling in the far distance, on Mont Diabolo, and white mists or clouds rested heavily on his sides.

During my stay in the parish of St. Ann, one afternoon we rode through a grove of spicy pimento and orange trees, and came out at the farther side on an elevated plateau of land, which commands a fine view of the distant bay of St. Ann's, speckled with the white sails of coasting schooners, the middle distance being occupied by hill and dale, clothed with forests, with intermitting houses and patches of cleared land. In the opposite direction there is a grand prospect across Pedro's Cock-pit, bounded by the rugged outline of lofty mountains, whose culminating peaks attain an elevation of 8,000 feet.

Near this spot I noticed the burial-ground of one of the old families. Although abandoned for such a purpose only a few years before, the growth of vegetation is so rapid that there was not one monument there into whose brickwork and masonry considerable trees had not worked their roots, clasping them in the most fantastical embraces.

At a short distance below the house where I stayed there is a beautiful linn, where, from an immense boulder which overhangs the stream at a cataract, I used in the early morning to take a plunge-bath. Sometimes the young negroes passing the ford near this spot and observing my unfamiliar face on the surface, evidently took me for a water wraith. I was charmed during my rambles with the delicacy of the ferns, particularly with those called the golden

and silver, from the colour of their leaves. Here also I observed some very lofty trees, resembling Lombardy poplars, or perhaps rather in the fineness of their foliage the "*Acacia longissima*" of another hemisphere.

The missionary of the place was a very good man, and attentive to his duties. He had, however, a peculiarity of saying "yaas" to everything, that often embarrassed a conversation; but he was a relief from the bluff, noisy overseer, who had been in South America, and could smoke his dozen cigars, and finish his quart of rum at a sitting.

I visited the beautiful Milford waterfall on Shaw Park estate. This cascade descends from a height of about two hundred feet before it falls into the stream. It is on the face of a hill which anywhere else would probably be called a precipice; but it is, as usual, so gorgeously screened by foliage, that one must almost climb amongst the rocks and trees to see its finest effects. The dripping limestone has here caused the most exquisite fan-like incrustations; and as branches of trees have been detached, and lighter foliage and ferns have come under the same influence, they also become fossilized; and some of them petrified, or perhaps more correctly, incrustated branches, are "roughened" or densely studded with beautiful pale amethyst-coloured crystals. These crystals, however, do not acquire their full brilliancy until they have been removed to a dry place.

Roaring River is one of the most charming of the romantic scenes of Jamaica, and the road to it is scarcely less so. The scarped face of the rocks shows a fine fossiliferous limestone and coralline formation. Portions of fossil trees protrude frequently. At a certain part the road lies between what one might easily imagine are the remains of the flanking towers of some Cyclopean gateway. A parapet of the solid rock on the sea-side overhangs an abyss of certainly two hundred feet of sheer descent, but at the bottom, and wherever a crevice can be found, lovely trees flourish, and even sweep the high tide with their drooping branches. Standing on this parapet at sunset, a lovelier

of the kind can scarcely be
ed. Farther on, we come upon
of the golden green guinea

grass, in which black and red kine are feeding, while all around the foliage is empurpled with the blossoms of the bastard cabbage tree, and the low dykes and small shrubs are crimson with the seeds of the liquorice (*abrus precatorius*).

Beyond is a bridge spanning a beautiful foamy white waterfall, and then we approach Roaring River. The noise of waters is heard on every side. Falling in a natural descent of many plateaus or steppes, the river mingling with the foliage, bubbles in a thousand tunnels, gushes, roars in foam, or gently glides along in devious courses within no clearly defined limits, overshadowed by the beautiful long leaves of the anchovie and other trees.

The cattle of Jamaica are celebrated all over the West Indies, and deservedly so. As for the horses, their endurance and speed are remarkable, and a Jamaica horse will generally bring a high price in all the other islands.

"Huya! Huya! Massa, me tumble two time off de mule," exclaimed my servant, Mr. Edward Seymour, who had returned from Kingston without the parcel which he was bringing. "De bush work." "What do you mean, sir," said I, "where is my parcel?" "Massa, parsell loss; de bush work." "Explain your meaning." "So, Massa," continued my servant, "two perrit alway de in do bush; de bad one him say, 'come make we kill him,' but de good perrit say, 'Nuh! no make we kill him; den him work de bush to make him no say.'"

Stranger superstition! a local Ormuzd and Ahriman peculiar to Jamaica. But the Creole negroes believe that Obeah men by their enchantments can cause such unpleasant incidents in the bush by placing it under the power of, or in fact renting it to certain spirits. There was a magnificent old cotton tree near where I resided, which no negro on the estate would touch with an axe. Some practical purpose might have originated this objection; perhaps some cunning old negro, in the times of slavery, loved its cool shade, and brought superstition to protect it. Be that as it may, no negro would raise an axe against it, and when I asked the reason, an old man told me: "Somebody no fo

use cutlass ; by-bye, blood come out o' de tree, an' him go dead." He assured me solemnly that instant death had invariably been the penalty of the attempt.

I heard of a curious custom which I may mention, as having, until lately, been practised by sick nurses. While in conversation with one of the latter, she remarked, "They had given him over, and were just going to pull away de pillow." "What!" said I. "Oh, massa," continued the nurse, "him tink him going dead. Poor ting! de pillow pull away, and make him dead easy."

The negro women, whatever general ideas they may have in other respects with regard to beauty, evidently do not consider wool preferable to hair, for their attempts to disentangle the former, and twist it into plaits, often produce a grotesque *coiffure*, not unlike a cluster of small horns. If only two of these plaits are shown, the rest are concealed under the popular red kerchief, over which, on gala days, is perched the Parisian or London bonnet. There is often a strong propensity to ignore their race and origin ; and if the shade of colour be sufficiently light, the darker portion of their relatives are shown no mercy, but are called "dem black fella," or something else equally disparaging.

The younger black women, and particularly the wives of African soldiers, have in many instances exceedingly fine forms, of that peculiar type which is sometimes so successfully rendered in bronze statuettes. The negroes admire their own narrow foreheads, and call a full broad one "like 'em goat." Blue eyes they describe as "puss yeye," and red lips, which to them are frightful, and suggest ideas of roast beef, they term "ros lip."

I rode to Ochorios. A portly mulatto—rather a jolly-looking fellow—was standing in the road, taking aim, for about five minutes, at a dickie-bird perched on a maringa tree, not fifteen yards off. In the meantime, however, the bird changed his perch to another tree, and so baulked the sportsman ; but the latter was not to be duped, and began to whistle to the feathered biped, and to follow it from tree to tree ; and I have little doubt, from the complacent manner in which he chirruped, that such stratagems generally prove successful. He glanced

pleasantly (as only fat men can glance) from the bird to me, and then continued chirruping, with his fowling-piece ready for action.

From St. Anne's to Falmouth, &c., the road is in very bad repair ; and as the gig which I had procured for my conveyance was a relic of the last century, with nothing of its former stuffing but the tacks which bound it, and which sadly troubled me all the way, the sight of so many small boulders before me was any thing but encouraging. We passed several streams ; and amongst the fine sugar estates that lay along the road, I was attracted by the careful cultivation of Draxhall.

At Rio Bono, a pretty but deserted little seaport, we put up at a large hotel, the furniture of which alone was worthy of a visit. From my antiquated gig I walked into a mansion which seemed not to have undergone any change since the year 1750, or thereabouts. The arrangements were painfully indicative of the taste of long since departed families. How so large a house could ever be kept in repair, in so uncommercial a place, was beyond my comprehension. The woman who waited on us was a kind creature. During my stay I had a sharp attack of fever ; and, had I been her own son, she could not have shown greater interest, or been more attentive. Rio Bono was once populous. I asked how it had dwindled to such a condition. "Dem all die, sir." "But did they leave no children?" "Ebry body no hab children," was the logical answer.

Falmouth is apparently a pleasant town. It has an old parish church and a town hall, which latter contains two good portraits of Lord Keane and Lord Metcalfe. On this road is the Cave of Emy harbour, which is believed to be of immense extent. I visited it, but as I had no guide or torches I did not venture far. It is full of the guano of bats, and is a favourite resort of the lazy yellow snake.

There are some excellent boarding-houses at Montego Bay ; and I generally found throughout the island, that whenever the management was in the hands of coloured persons of the better classes, one was better served, and received, as a general rule, more civility. The higher classes of

disregarded their warnings, and found it infinitely more salubrious than the box-like atmosphere of a closed room, full of mosquitoes.

I observed one of those negroes in better circumstances, whom I have already remarked, riding from church, who, with scrupulous care, had pinned back the skirts of his black dress coat, to prevent their being soiled on the mule's flanks. This was done quietly as he diverged from the more public part of the road. Some of the negro similes and terms of contempt or abuse are singularly expressive.—“Him face like tar apple tree,” is said by the Creole negroes of a deceitful person, in allusion to the leaves of that tree, which, on one side, are a bright satin-like green, and on the other a fine metallic copper colour. Chegger-foot is a favourite term of abuse amongst the negroes. The little insect which gives rise to it is one of the greatest plagues of these islands, and where care has not been taken to extract them in time, the loss of a member may ensue.

Petty larceny is the peculiar and besetting vice of the lower orders of negroes throughout the West Indies. Phrenologists might amiably lay the blame directly on the organ of acquisitiveness being too prominent in this type of the human race. We found fault with a negro woman who was trespassing. She saucily bit her nail at us, and said disdainfully, “Buckra can do nothing; me don't care dat for dem!”

THE pimento (*Eugenia pramanta*, or allspice) is one of the most beautiful as well as valuable trees of Jamaica. It is not only indigenous, but, I believe, peculiar to this island, and grows in great abundance on the undulating hills of St. Ann's; but I do not think that it is so common on the south side of the island. Its numerous clusters of little white blossoms mingling with the dark green foliage which shields its almost pearly white and glossy branches, present a novel and beautiful appearance.

The tree is generally from 20 to 30 feet high, and does not begin to bear until its fifth year. From August to October the berries are picked, when in a green state. The crops come on successively during this period; were so, half the produce would be

lost, as when the berries ripen to a deep purple, they are unfit for the purposes of commerce, and are then only used to make a luscious description of liqueure.

There is a curious and general belief that this tree cannot be propagated artificially by seeds or slips, but that the former must pass through the crops of birds and be allowed to germinate spontaneously. The seeds which are planted, it is affirmed, never spring up; and when a grove is to be laid out, the bush is searched for young saplings, which are then removed to the selected spot.

The negro men ascend the tree and break the branches, which are loaded with berries, while the women and children sit below to pick them into baskets. The highest boughs are pulled down by long crooks. This wholesale denudation of the foliage, strange to say, does not injure the tree materially, but were the branches to be cut, the result would be very different. I proposed a steel instrument, by which the crop might be gathered with less manual labour, but this objection was looked on as insuperable.

Towards sunset the pickers, with bags and baskets full of berries, proceed to the barbiene (a platform of masonry, finely plastered over) where they deposit their contents. This is called “throwing,” the quantity picked by each labourer being measured and counted by half-barrels. These heaps remain till next morning when they are raked and scattered for the purpose of drying, and every evening they are again gathered into heaps as a protection from dew. After this commences the process of winnowing, and finally, the now hard, shrivelled, little aromatic brown berries of commerce are transferred to Osnaburg bags, capable of containing from 100 to 120 lbs., the net value of each bag being about £1 5s. The cost of packing is about 3s. per diem for each labourer. It is then carted to the wharf and consigned to the merchant. From the berry a fine oil is extracted, which resembles that of cloves. Its leaves are used in medicated baths, and for other purposes.

CONSIDERABLE sums may be realized in Jamaica by purchasing estates when money is scarce, and then retailing

"fit," for "ripe," struck me as being peculiar to Jamaica, or, at any rate, to the West Indies. It is used much in the sense of the Hindostanee word "pucka."

The evenings being sultry, we generally retired at the good, early hour of nine o'clock; and the attention, as I fancy, of the ladies, in decorating my toilet with bouquets of charming flowers, with the pleasant looking little straw bound bottle of fragrant Eau de Cologne, and, on a silver salver, a large crystal tumbler full of the cleanest water, in which floated lumps of American ice, was very agreeable to a stanger accustomed to the exact *quid pro quo* of ships and hotels.

I chanced to overhear a matrimonial squabble, which appeared to me characteristic. The old planter had, the day before finished a bottle and a half of rum, over proof, before sunset. Next day his wife, to prevent any recurrence of the excess, locked away the spirits; on which her indignant partner exclaimed, "What! will you dare, madam, to refuse me a *little beverage* after all the work I have had with the crop."

In Jamaica, any one who wears a black hat is an "Esquire."

Negro servants pay no attention to the ringing of a bell. They consider such a summons a species of insult to their respectability and sense of equality as members of the human family. Nor will they often answer if called simply by the Christian name. They generally require the prefix of Mr., Mrs., or Miss. "Heigh! dem call me like daag ho cril; me no go—me no daag."

At St. Thomas in the Vale the abundance of fruit is so great, that it falls off the trees for the benefit only of hogs. It would never occur to a negro to turn to account all this vegetable wealth; and I have been told, that were the people to use a little skill in packing oranges, they might open a profitable fruit trade. Nature is so bountiful, and the population so limited, that without ambition there is no inducement to labour, and domestic servants render their services more as a favour than from necessity. The consequence is, that as a general rule, slovenliness prevails to a greater or less extent in most establishments,

unless there be a lady of energy to coax or tease the domestics to work.

It is usual to picquet the horses under the trees, and if there are more horses than ropes, those who are not supplied with the latter are not unfrequently allowed to have a loose stall in the bush, whence they are recovered after a regular hunt, and often with the blemish of a lopped ear, besides being covered with vermin. Observing a negro about to turn loose a horse, one day, for want of a rope, I pointed out the trumpet tree to him, and advised his twisting a strip of its bark for his purpose. He stared at me and laughed idiotically; but when I persuaded him to do as I suggested, and when he found that the substitute was excellent, all he could say was "my king," the Jamaica loyal expletive, equivalent to our old-fashioned "egad."

Although cows and goats abound in the island, it is often a matter of the greatest difficulty to get milk, even after the tea has been procured. I have waited for hours until Messrs. Ned, Sam, Jack, Tom, and Harry, and the Misses Delia and Pamela had exerted all their strategic genius in capturing the refractory milch goat. Milk is evidently regarded with the same suspicion as bathing, and it is almost invariably scalded, as I was told, to preserve it from "turning," even when the temperature is no higher than that of London on a warm summer's day. I myself tried the experiment of simply keeping it in a cool place, and was thus enabled, much to the surprise of my good friends, to prove that "scalding" is not necessary. The extra "trouble" is the true cause of this practice. For a similar reason, I believe, fresh butter and fresh fish are seldom used; though the former is easily made, and the latter abounds in the rivers and on the coasts. It is easier to buy dry salt fish from America, and imported salt butter, which not unfrequently resembles the unctuous yellow deposit which is applied to railway carriage-wheels. The hard, cool bed, its magnificent mahogany posts, carved in a most sumptuous and elaborate style, is, however, one of the redeeming features in all West Indian houses. Some of the old Creoles have the greatest dread of admitting the night air into their apartments; but I always

like the sky; and the whole assumes an unreal appearance, like scenes in a "dissolving view."

I have never been in any place where I heard so many singular, and, I am sorry to say, scandalous stories of cases of poisoning. The Obeah system, when more prevalent, was, of course, a fertile source of such narratives. There is no doubt that "poisoning" used to be a very common, and often undetected, crime, and the variety of vegetable poisons known solely by their effects must be considerable. It was only when suspicions fell on persons in the better walks of life that much interest was excited, or inquiry instituted.

THERE is a small society in Jamaica, the members of which being men of education and of good family, from their habits and other antecedents find the general society of the island inconvenient, and do not mix in it. Their absence is generally attributed to "pride," instead of uncongeniality. In the houses of such persons, without the slightest illiberality towards the other portions of the community, the visitor is compelled to acknowledge a marked superiority even in the most trifling household arrangements. Here are reproduced most of the comforts and refinements of English life; and as for a good dinner, what more could an epicure desire than one of the rich island soups, mountain mullet, plump ring-tail pigeons (scarcely inferior to grouse), flavoured with pimento, and served up on toast; and a silver goblet of foaming Scotch ale, or a glass of old port?

There are few places which, within the period of two generations, have suffered a greater reverse in public opinion than the British West India Islands. At the commencement of the present century, a Jamaica proprietor was almost synonymous with a man of fortune, and he ranked in wealth with the notorious Indian Nabob. But his antecedents were generally better known than those of his Oriental compeer, and in many instances he was regarded rather as the fortunate restorer of some decayed Royalist or Cromwellian family, than the parvenu founder of a new one. The reply of one of these, it must be confessed, somewhat purse-proud West Indians to an English nobleman, who refused to accept the payment of a great sum of money lost at cards, is characteristic, "My Lord, you cut your oaks once a century. My canes I cut once a year!"

But these palmy days are over. The wiser and wealthier of the old proprietors transferred their capital in proper time to the mother country, and so secured it for their descendants, who may now be found as proprietors of the oak, instead of the humbler sugar-cane.

The West Indies have had their historians and their naturalists, but their splendid scenery has never, to any extent, been rendered popular by the artist; and thus, while far inferior beauties have won a world-wide reputation, the general public doubts that any thing good can be found in these much, and in certain respects, very undeservedly abused islands.

A SUMMER SONG.

THE summer winds are wooing
The leaves in the woodlands green;
The summer birds pursuing
Their mates the boughs between.

O life in the far green forest!
O love by the brookside fair!
Stern care, in vain thou warrest
With the breath of this odorous air.

Thou canst not dim the glitter
Of streams through the woods that run:
Thy touch shall ne'er embitter
Our love-draughts drunk i' the sun.

M. C.

them in small lots to negro purchasers at double the price per acre. Almost any negro may thus acquire land, for labour is so highly remunerated, that one or two months' service as a house-servant will realize wages equal to the purchase of as many acres. I have even known a servant receiving land in lieu of wages. Of course I do not mean to impeach the managers of estates as a class, but I have known of some, and men, too, in other respects, upright, and even ambitious of the reputation of superior piety, who, nevertheless, could not resist the temptation of, perhaps, by quiet pressure, keeping a widow out of her thirds, and then inducing her with an apparently fair offer, to relinquish her claims on the estate, having in the meantime covenanted for its purchase through the agency of another name. And these are often the very men most intolerant of the faults of negroes, whose advantages of education are so much fewer. There is an old saying in Jamaica, "Make me your executor and I don't care whom you make your heir."

An island capable of any degree of improvement, whose water-power is immense, and whose soil is of the richest description, has for many years been allowed to go nearly to ruin. I felt certain that the tea plant might be successfully cultivated on its uplands; for the climate, at a certain elevation, is very much that of those portions of the Himalayas where this shrub has been reared with such advantage. Some assistance, however, from government would, I think, be requisite.

New countries and colonies suit the commercial and labouring classes whose incomes are fluctuating, and who have it in their power very often to fix the prices in the market, so as to keep themselves on a par with those who have fixed salaries or certain revenues. In the West Indies, notwithstanding all that is said, labour does not appear to be very much more expensive (if indeed at all) than in Canada. The labourer in the former place may work a little all the year round; in the latter his labour is confined to the few months of summer, and out of his wages he has to supply himself with the expensive clothing necessary to protect himself during the rigour of winter, and to

supply himself and family with fuel, which is scarcely an item of expense in the former colonies.

As a general rule, I have found living in warm climates more economical than in cold. In the item of dress alone, the difference is probably fifty per cent. It must be as much between Canada or England and the West Indies; and I am persuaded that were the labouring classes of emigrants more abstemious, and if they could be persuaded to live on a system, they would fare better in the West Indies than elsewhere.

It is well known that the ornamental and other woods of Jamaica are not surpassed anywhere. For cabinet-work, and in the arts generally, their beauty and fitness have already been publicly proclaimed at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Perhaps British Guiana may compete with this island, while it has the means of transport which cannot be found here.

During my visit to Jamaica, I used to hear in lonely places, where other sounds there were none, a curious, deep, booming noise, like the low notes of an organ. On mentioning the circumstance, I was told that the sound was produced by the sea rushing into a peculiar chasm on the iron-bound coast westward, but I was more disposed to believe that the cause was volcanic and subterranean.

Amongst the most curious of the natural features of this island, are its sink holes—deep, narrow, and penetrating into the earth to, in some instances, undiscovered depths. They are volcanic, and look generally like old wells. In the bush, where they are overgrown with weeds, they are dangerous, and some odd stories are told of them.

A LOVELY morning in October. The air is clear, the sky bright, and the distant ocean line of the horizon is sharply defined. At this elevation of nearly 5,000 feet there is a profound silence, only interrupted (as everywhere in the island of springs) by the sounds of abundance of waters, the occasional buzz of a humming-bird, or the distant echo of the woodman's axe in the valley.

In the dream-like distance seaward, like white gulls, schooners flit along the waters, which, indeed, look more

pride, with its bee-hive shaped crowning panicle (several feet high) of exquisite rose-coloured blossoms. Charming flowers are at one's feet; the purest blue sky is seen through the delicate lacework of tamarind boughs overhead; and the sound of rushing waters blends soothingly with the echoes of the horse's tread and the song of birds.

After crossing two or three bridges, and over the sombre Black River, whose quiet waters creep through and mingle with the impenetrable twilight of vegetation enshrouding it in that deep ravine, we commence a gradual ascent. Suddenly diverging into a narrow pathway, through a grove of orange trees laden with fruit, and intermixed with the darker green of the pimento, and the broad vandyke of leaves of the bread-fruit-tree, we found ourselves before the house of —. Like most of the country-houses of the island, it has a somewhat poor and dilapidated appearance, and not the slightest pretension to any description of architecture, being simply a large cube, with the usual complement of windows and doors, and a shingled roof. Had there been ever so small a garden about it, perhaps its hard aspect might have been relieved. The domestics, although attentive to the duty of rubbing the polished floors daily with Seville oranges (the chief use to which they are put here)—for, till nearly noon some negro woman on her knees may generally be found thus occupied—are not equally so in other respects; for I was not a little surprised, while sitting in the drawing-room, at the intrusion of a white and a speckled hen, which took no notice of me, but seemed to be striking at infinitesimal crumbs about the corners. This was not an unusual occurrence.

I was shown a small bomb-proof building on an estate, which I was told afforded shelter to the family during hurricanes, and at other times was used as a cell for refractory slaves.

Bernard (or Mr. Bernard, as he was styled), the factotum on the estate of a gentleman with whom I stayed a few days, after a bout of excessive drinking, during which he was nowhere to be found, was one morning overheard moaning in a cellar below the house, "Hey, poor boy me, me no get no pap this whole a maunin."

I was surprised at the style of the lamentation, considering that the sufferer was a grizzled old negro considerably over forty years of age.

"Pap," or a sort of porridge made of Indian corn, is a favourite mess amongst the negroes, and even the sons of book-keepers, or the poor class of whites, may sometimes be seen cooking, and eating it with the servants.

Descending the northern face of Mont Diabolo we soon entered a district the scenery of which again was quite unlike what we had hitherto met. The lower and more undulating hills, full of rich pasturage, and with, at agreeable intervals, pleasant villas and lofty mounds, crowned with magnificent groups of the great cotton and other trees, had an appearance of cultivation and comfort almost English. Fine cattle were grazing in all directions, and, seen from our lofty elevation, in the extreme distance, was the pale blue of the sea, bounded by the horizon. Some of the decayed and bleached trunks of a group of old cotton trees springing in magnificent shafts to a height of sixty feet without a branch, reminded me of the noble columns of classical antiquity. It was the trunk of one of these ceibas that formed the canoe ninety feet long, which I have somewhere read caused such admiration amongst the first discoverers of the island.

Along the wayside we remarked the pink-flowered penguin, well known for its strong fibre. The Avocado pear-tree, whose curious fruit—more vegetable than fruit—is called the subaltern's butter, from being a cheap and good substitute. The seed of this pear is an excellent marking ink, and from the pear itself a fine oil is extracted.

We entered the wonderful volcanic fissure or ravine, extending for two miles northwards, called Moncrieff's Gully. Though the sun was still powerful, his influence did not penetrate these deep shades. The gully is just wide enough to allow two carriages to pass, while the rocks on either side tower abruptly to the height, in some places, of about three hundred feet; but so dense is the foliage that it is only occasionally that the rock itself is detected. From every crevice and fissure, and from

MODERN PRERAPHAELITISM.

SOME years ago a few young English painters rose in fierce rebellion against the artistic rules and traditions of former days. Eager to astonish the world with something new, and filled with youth's proud consciousness of undeveloped power, they refused to look at nature through Raphael's eyes, and went forth to glean new lessons of marvellous import in those broad fields which the great Italian himself had not half explored. They would become to painting what Wordsworth had been to poetry, the high priests of a natural truthseeking school, the faithful self-denying worshippers of a mystery which former ages had failed, through ignorance, pride, or utter carelessness, to read aright. They seated themselves like children at the feet of a mistress in whom was no fault, whose every word was the highest wisdom, every motion the fairest grace; in whose person could be nothing mean, nor aught unlovely in her adornment. To them this outer world was a book in which every passage was equally beautiful, strange, suggestive; every character equally important, whether by itself or in relation to the whole. Their philosophy allowed no distinctions of great and small, of ugliness and beauty. "A primrose by the river's brim," they painted with as reverent zeal, and brought out into as marked a prominence, as the figure that passed beside it, or the wooded heights that threw out grey gleams of rugged cliff beyond. Their worship of the natural displayed itself in an obstinate liking for uncomely forms and staring colours, in a daring disregard for the rules of vulgar perspective, in a painful elaboration of small details, accompanied by utter blindness to the general effect. In their hatred of things conventional they rendered nature with a literal slavishness seldom truer to the sound of her general utterances, than Hobbes' rendering of the Iliad was true to the poet whom he unconsciously parodied. Striving to raise up a school of art imbued with the earnest spirit of that which flourished before the age of Raphael, they have done little more than pro-

duce a series of ambitious failures, which can only displace the masterpieces of other days, whenever good drawing and truthful expression shall have been classed among the strong points of Chinese painting.

There was talent enough in this small band of "Preraphaelite" painters to command the attention of those who were least inclined to endorse their principles, or encourage their eccentricities. The movement, too, had its better side, which would show itself more clearly in due time. So far as it implied a protest against the tendency of all art to crystallize into one set of traditional forms, it owned a meaning which no watchful thinker could fail to see, and no art-loving critic could quite condemn. When Messrs. Hunt and Millais began to send their pictures to the Royal Academy, pictorial art in England was fast settling down into one broad level of barren commonplace. With Turner himself, according to the late Mr. Leslie, the old school of English landscape painting was about to die. In other departments only a few good names twinkled faintly through the surrounding darkness. Faded landscapes, simpering portraits, tame groups of theatrical figures, all of them drawn and coloured after one set of hacknied models, wearied the eye that looked for better things from the countrymen of Wilson, Reynolds, and Hogarth. Painting after nature had become translatable into painting after some received tradition. There was a certain range of subjects, and rules for handling them, beyond which few, if any, dared to go. It seemed a kind of heresy to paint scenes not found in Goldsmith, or landscapes wearing other hues than those of autumn. Views of particular places were made as carefully unlike the originals, as portraits of ugly people usually are. As long as the painting was smooth and pleasant to the eye, it seemed to matter little how much it lacked in freshness, truthfulness, and poetic power. In pleading for a more careful study of nature, for a wider choice of themes, for greater boldness of general treat-

ment, combined with greater finish of each detail, the leaders of the new movement seemed to point out the only way by which our national art could in time be rescued from the decay which threatened swiftly to eat it down.

The power their own talents were likely to wield over the public mind made twofold way through the timely championship of so eloquent an expounder as Mr. Ruskin. But for the ceaseless hammering of that æsthetic Gladstone their cause might have had to wait much longer for the kindly hearing which he soon secured them from a public ready enough to be dazzled and browbeaten out of one set of notions into another. It is true that naturalism in painting would soon have followed the prevailing naturalism in literature; but it needed some help from the latter art to bring the new fashion into immediate vogue among the admirers of its less prominent sister. To this end the author of "Modern Painters" has delivered himself for many years past, directly or allusively, in divers volumes great and small. In season and out of season he has sung the genius of Mr. Millais and the patient painstaking of Mr. Hunt.

"Vos veniente die, vos decedente canebat."

And for some time in certain directions his success has been very great. Covered by the writer's fruitful eloquence, the critic's rash judgments passed off with the many for sound and searching knowledge of the things he handled. People who never cared to think for themselves yielded a sort of spell-bound homage to the words of one who could write so graphically about all things beneath the sun. The voice of the charmer, charmed he never so foolishly, fell like angels' music on their ears. They rushed to the yearly picture-feasts with eyes duly trained to admire the texture of this piece of drapery, or the exquisite painting of those blades of grass. Taking for granted what they did not comprehend; and, missing the main points for special criticism, they hung delightedly on a bit of painted stone, a patch of bright velvet, or a heap of autumn leaves. So long and loudly had Mr. Ruskin blown the trumpet for his friends, that each year saw larger

worshipping at the feet of their

new idols, and the painters of "Ophelia" and "The Light of the World" quickly found themselves commanding prices which naturally tempted other young artists of good promise to sacrifice their better instincts to the popular taste. Not least of the misfortunes traceable to this main-spring is the marked change for the worse that has lately come over the style of those two who once painted "In Memoriam" and "The Dead Chatterton." Let us hope that their recent follies may, after all, be the parents of a riper excellence, the more lasting on account of the intermediate falling away.

To what a pitch of absurdity the Preraphaelite movement has already grown, may be gathered not only from such works as "Sir Isumbras" and "The Dead Stonebreaker," but even more from the lecture which Mr. Ruskin has lately delivered to his old pets in the last volume of his "Modern Painters." Time, that spares nothing human, has wrought its changes even on the least fallible of art-evangelists. Among other recantations, more or less wonderful, he has actually found a flaw, if not two, in the paintings of "the modern pathetic school." Tired, it seems, of always praising, he has begun at length to disparage the work of his own hand. "Scared by the sound himself had made," he would mend the mischief by suddenly breaking into a minor key. The song of triumph has ended in a partial wail. Having for years been praised and patted onward in their humble groping after the natural, Mr. Millais and his fellow-pupils are suddenly accused by their master of inability to achieve any mark-worthy or broad result. From the first he had noticed their liking for subjects that would have lacked all interest in other hands, and in their later efforts he saw, "with increasing wonder, that they were almost destitute of the power of feeling vastness or enjoying the forms which expressed it. A mountain or great building only appeared to them as a piece of colour of a certain shape. The powers it represented or included were invisible to them." Their fancy revelled in confined and broken forms. In any thing larger than furze, fern, reeds, and such like, they missed the main lines, "and this no less in what they loved than in what they dis-

liked." Fond as they were of foliage, "their trees always had a tendency to congeal into little acicular thorn-hedges, and never tossed free."* Some poor atonement for so rough a blow his followers will doubtless be good enough to take unto themselves in the admission that this narrow tendency of theirs "has its beautiful uses, and is of special value in the present day." As their great teacher never contradicts himself in volumes laden with seeming contradictions, they will naturally be at no loss to strike that just mean between his latter and earlier sayings, which our own impatience of fine-spun sentiment and cloudy spiritualism would render us somewhat slow to understand.

And here, indeed, we are taken aback by the prospect of an issue not wholly impossible in the case of so erratic a thinker as Mr. Ruskin. What if he should spin yet further away from his old beliefs? Has he not already forsworn Rubens, flirted with Salvator Rosa, and owned to a violent fancy for Giorgione? Almost every school of painting has found in him, by turns, its champion and opponent. He has finished the "Modern Painters," but a pen so active cannot keep idle long. How if his next work should contain a longwinded exposure of the Preraphaelite school? The new aberration would not be more startling than several we have already seen. If it did happen, how would the consequences tell upon his former clients? We tremble to think of the sudden change that might ensue in the market worth of "Apple Blossoms," and "The Bloody Tryste." There would be cause to fear that no more crowds would flock to pay their shillings for the sight of another picture by the author of "Christ Disputing in the Temple." Their only chance for the future should rest on one of two things. Either they would have to paint in a different style, or it is just possible that Mr. Ruskin's readers may have learned by this time to dispense with the guidance of a prophet who never seems certain of his own mind for many months together.

The latter event would, indeed, be

a certain gain to the world at large, however reluctantly it might be greeted by the prophet himself. Any one who has steadily tried to mould himself on the rules propounded from time to time in those five massive volumes, which chant the praises of our greatest landscape-painter, must surely have learned at length, through many failures, to distrust a revelation so cloudily fanciful, so hard to reconcile with itself. The author writes as some of his pupils paint, like a clever child addressing itself to somewhat smaller children. He lays down the law for their tender minds with an undoubting glibness, a half-compassionate scorn, which sends the humbler part of his audience into an ecstasy of grateful awe. They think he must know so much who talks so largely. They hang, with open eyes and open mouths on the words of a teacher who mixes old things with new in a way so winningly self-complacent, so loftily condescending. Children and poor people like to hear the same things told again and again; and very young men and women prefer the lecturer who tickles their vanity with the largest infusion of high-flown sentimentalism. With minds of this order, Mr. Ruskin may pass for awhile as the inspired apostle of a new faith, who has never contradicted himself, and is always right and comprehensible. Yet, even children grow wiser in time, and learn to see through the shams they once adored. And children of a larger growth must be very foolish indeed, if they can long be blinded by an author who in one place boldly sneers at their intellectual weakness, and in another proves his own consistency by setting before them a string of passages from his former writings, each more or less at variance with its neighbours. Sooner or later most of them will have come to smile at the sentimental jargon of a critic who, preaching up nature, seldom thinks or writes of anything in a natural way, who finds something inconceivable in the fact that the smallest portion of a great composition helps the whole, and whose zeal for truth shows itself in elabo-

* "Modern Painters." Vol. 5. By John Ruskin, M.A. Smith and Elder. 1860.

rate praise of certain pictures, wherein Turner altered the scenes he was supposed to copy, as coolly as a playwright would alter the tale he is going to turn into a drama.

Mr. Ruskin warns the reader against trying to get too much out of a Scripture text—the very folly of which every work he has written affords examples without end. No man ever twisted a line of Shakspeare or a verse of the Bible into so many different meanings as this one has squeezed out of his favourite Turner. He looks and looks into a picture until his warm imagination has filled it with all sorts of colours never placed there by the artist himself. Like the Egyptian boy gazing into the ink enclosed within his palm, he lets his own fancy turn painter, and dreams that the secret lies in the thing he broods over. He rhapsodises about curves and straight lines until he has trained himself to believe that an iron ring on a stone wall makes all the difference in a picture, between a flowing river and a stagnant pool. A great deal that no one else would have dreamed of looking for, is made out of certain millstones and a small plate of eggs, lying near the corner of another picture. His lively fancy not seldom misses the truth, which plain common-sense would easily have discovered, as when, for instance, Turner is declared unable to “enter into the spirit of the pine,” because he never drew one of them straight and smoothly rounded at the top. To people of a less imaginative turn, such a fact would have seemed accountable, simply from a painter’s preference for those more crooked, if less characteristic forms, which look so well in some of Turner’s landscapes. A pine forest is grand to see, but to draw single pines in all their noble straightness and rounded smoothness, were a task which any painter might well be excused for avoiding. Equally wise and probable is the notion that Turner had no bright views of England’s future, because he loved to paint the ruined glories of Chepstow, and Raglan, and Lindisfarne. Nor would any one whose wits were less ethereal than Mr. Ruskin’s, have devoted ever so many pages to an utterly mystical farfetched comparison, between—in nearly all things so unlike her as Turner and Giorgione.

In the same way this writer makes much of discoveries which all the world had found out long ago. As poor young Fergusson gazed with the joy of a first inventor at the rude watch of his own contriving, so does he, too, spin out page after page with a child-like rhapsody about the pine. Englishmen, it seems, are in the habit of supposing that pines grow crookedly and with ragged foliage, and so this grandmothers’ teacher undertakes, from his great experience of pines abroad, to enlighten them on a point which no resident or traveller in our southern counties, not to name many parts of Scotland, could easily overlook or misinterpret. The most ignorant Cockney need not travel many miles out of London to appreciate the solemn beauty, the cathedral-like vistas of a pine-forest, with its long, sunlit aisles of straight, soft-tapering stems, and its broad masses of dark green spiny tufts closely twining overhead. And many who have watched the effects of sunset on different trees, could have told Mr. Ruskin, that not pines only, but many other trees, are capable, under certain conditions, of becoming “trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself.”

Endless word-spinning, rash dogmatism, and affected phraseology, form Mr. Ruskin’s chief pretensions to the rank of a deep and original thinker. Give him a word for his text, and he will turn you out his superfine speculations by the mile. His airy castles need no earthly resting-ground. Hoping to get at some useful or suggestive truth, you are put off with chapter after chapter of half-visionary, half-trivial talk about “the lance of Pallas,” “the dark mirror,” “the angel of the sea,” or “the wings of the lion.” Tented plants and building plants are the new names given to flowers and trees. Spiritual meanings are squeezed out of the smallest trifles, and each casual glance at some familiar thing suggests a rhapsody worthy of Thomas Aquinas. He can never see more than one side of the truth at a time; and from what he does see he draws the widest conclusions, stated in the most unqualified terms. Hence come his extravagant croakings over the spiritual present of this country—his extravagant dislike for painters of the classic school

—his praise of Turner at one time, or the finish which he slights in Carlo Dolce; at another, for the wise reserve which displeases him in Claude and Poussin. He cannot do justice to our great countryman, without speaking harshly of Salvator, and disdainfully of Cuyp. He cannot see the uses of a critical judgment to counterpoise the dangers of a blind enthusiasm, any more than he can recognise the deep yearning after a surer faith, which underlies and accounts for the growing scepticism of modern England. Of any clear, broad principles of art, his views, for the most part, are either misty or mutually self-destroying. What of rational meaning his works contain is unfolded, like the meaning of Turner's water pictures, in a haze of colouring which only a very fertile fancy would seem itself able to comprehend. To simplify minds the task of following out his views seems much like wandering in a wilderness of tangled wood, with no other guide than the faint beams of doubtful daylight that struggle into it here and there. Once in an hour or so you may light on some noticeable truth or fair-seeming conjecture; but who would knowingly brave so tiresome an ordeal to pick up so trifling a reward?

To those, however, who read for mere amusement, or ask for no more than a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack, the faults of such a writer may doubtless seem as nothing beside the witcheries of his lowly-picturesque style. They will skip the geometrical teachings, yawn lightly over the criticisms, smile or stare at the more eccentric passages, only to linger, with a lazy delight, upon the long-drawn descriptions of natural scenery with which these volumes are plentifully spiced. Graphic writing, more or less dashed with strange conceits, seems to have become the chief end and aim of our current literature. It is taken for granted that nobody likes plain food, or cares for any thing that he would be forced to chew. A very little thought is held to go a very long way, and he is pronounced to be the greatest genius who can cheat the most readers into thinking that they think at all. Whether the reader likes this treatment or no—whether such treatment may do him more harm than good—his

mind is continually pampered with all kinds of dainty pictures, provided for him by the most skilful hands. History is beaten up for him into a thin mess of biographic flummery, and his novels are duly weakened with a large infusion of very natural small-talk, and wholly impertinent details. His science and his criticism are conveyed to him through an amount of sugar that must often neutralize the good effects of either. In like manner does Mr. Ruskin seek to tickle his readers' fancy, by means of word-paintings many and minutely drawn, not very pertinent nor quiet in tone, but greatly more tolerable than the rest of his work. In his case, and for the sake of all concerned, it may be just as well that people should neglect the criticism for the sugar that encrusts it so deeply on every side.

In our art no less than our literature it is the sugar that most abounds. The thought beneath it is quite a secondary affair. Whether we write or paint we bury away the central meaning under a heap of misplaced or needless details. Our artists, like our writers, are forgetting how to compose. Especially from the new pre-Raphaelite school does all sense of just proportion seem to have utterly died out. The sway of intellect without feeling has been followed, as we might naturally have expected, by the sway of feeling without intellect. Out of the cold classicism of the eighteenth century has sprung the unbounded fancifulness of the present day. Under the guise of deep devotion to the teaching of natural facts, painters of the new school would win the public favour by utterly ignoring the great achievements of modern art, and galvanizing, into a moment's life, the long-buried monsters of a comparatively barbarous age. Like the leaders of the late Tractarian movement, they would stir up the stagnant depths of popular feeling by trampling on the common sense of all who have eyes to see and brains to reason for themselves. In exchange for the mechanical commonplaces of another school, they bid us accept anew the childish grotesqueries that marked the childhood of Christian art among nations whose æsthetic training was still guided by the faith and knowledge of the cloister. A childish delight in brilliant

colours, a childish disregard for accurate drawing and graceful forms, a childish scorn for truth of outward relations and artistic effects, are among the most striking features of the work they have hitherto done. So far their search for truth has only led them into glaring falsehoods; they have degraded the goddess they professed to worship, and heightened, at least for a time, the evil they sought to cure. You cannot, by taking thought, subtract a cubit from the stature of a full-grown man. So far as they have tried to do this, to cut off, from the mind of the nineteenth century, all that varied growth which marks it off from the mind of the fourteenth, they have utterly and necessarily failed. They may become the fashion, just as any thing new and singular will generally become the fashion for a time. But with all their talent they cannot reproduce for us even the spiritual tenderness of Fra Angelico, much less approach the classic grace of Raphael, or the sensuous harmonies of Titian. Instead of an "Ecce Homo" they can only give us a "Light of the World," instead of a "Holy Family" or a "St. Sebastian" we have to put up with "Sir Isambard" and "Peace Concluded," instead of a genuine landscape by Claude or Cuyp, our eyes are startled by the eccentric drawing of "Apple Blossoms," and the kaleidoscopic colouring of "The Bloody Trysta." Between the jog-trot realism of the old and the unnatural naturalism of the new school, English art has, in these latter days, fared almost as badly as English literature.

Meanwhile, however, both schools are very popular. Mr. Frith, the painter of the "Derby Day," seems to be running a close race with Messrs. Hunt and Millais. The former's excellent knack of hitting off the outward aspects of social life commends him to those whose realism contents itself with skin-deep faithfulness to the costume, manners, and other appurtenances of ordinary beings. It is not unlikely that his coming picture

sightseers for more than a twelve month past! This work may be taken as a fair sample both of the faults and beauties visible in paintings of its class. It represents at once the devotional and naturalistic tendencies of the new school, as they might work on a mind of middling calibre, utterly devoid of humour, and lacking that poetic feeling which half atones for the worst extravagances of more powerful but less patient Millais. In this picture the artist has tried to do himself all the justice he had strength to do. We find exactly how many years he took to paint it, but the proofs of his painstaking are visible enough throughout. It was easy, without being told, to see that the figures had been drawn not from tradition, nor out of his own inward consciousness, but from most carefully studied in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem itself. The faces of the Rabbis are wonderfully Jewish, not after the fashion of Hounds but after the nobler bearing of the East.

So great a flourish of rusty trumpets had heralded the appearance of this painting, that every one of our earliest leisure hastened to see a picture which had escaped the dishonour of a place in the second third line on the walls of the Academy. It may be that the company of many hundred rivals have thrown its peculiar merit into the shade. At any rate, the picture was to be seen by all alone, like the moon on a clear night. On payment of a shilling you were allowed to feast your eyes on a "great masterpiece of modern art." Who that had the money and time to spare, could help to quaff his fill of nectar offered on moderate terms! Mr. Hunt's "goat" had taught us not to be over-awed by him who had once presented "The Light of the World." Having paid our entrance money, we quickly found ourselves in a room, one side of which was filled by a largish painting

rich colouring! what play of character! Such were the whispers that floated about the room, as they pointed to this or that part of the picture, and held their glasses to each other's eyes. Hearing one enthusiast murmur to her friend that the picture required deep study, we took our time to con it over; but from first to last, and again on a second visit made some months later, the feeling it brought out most vividly in ourselves, was one of half-mournful, half-mirthful surprise. We looked and looked, peered at it now on this side, now on that, closed our eyes and opened them again, but to no better purpose than before. Lacking Mr. Ruskin's suggestive fancy, and the quickening faith of the many who came there to worship rather than to examine, we saw only what our hard hearts would let us see. To us, indeed, the chief marvel about the picture was, that so many people should be thrown into the highest raptures with so glaring a monument of perverted cleverness and wasted time. It was not that the colouring was wholly bad, nor the perspective hopelessly wrong. Mr. Holman Hunt had not repeated the facial ugliness of Mr. Millais's "Nuns," nor the wonderful drawing of his knight on horseback. He had for once eschewed the paltry symbolism, and improved on the meanness of his own "Light of the World." His central idea is not quite effaced by a jumble of tawdry colours and ill-proportioned details, like that which stultifies the later efforts of artists in every way greater than himself. But, all this notwithstanding, his work appears to us a failure and mistake. The careful perseverance of many years seems to have ended only in proving his utter lack of that higher feeling which ennobles the work of many a middling artist, and without which the cleverest piece of mere painting must fall infinitely short of the greatness achieved by a Raphael or a Guido. For want of this saving virtue "The Finding of Christ in the Temple" has no more claim to be called a great picture than Mr. Patmore's "Faithful for Ever" has to be called a great poem.

That want is chiefly to be traced to the rendering of the youthful Christ. The picture easily divides itself into two parts—on the one side

are several Rabbis; on the other are Joseph and Mary, leaning over their new-found son. Behind the former group are one or two supernumeraries, in bright clothing; beyond the latter, seen through a window, are workmen plying their tasks in the fiery yellow sunlight. The whole picture, indeed, is ablaze with an excess of light and varied colouring, that reminds you at once of Brighton cliffs in a hot summer noon, and of the coat that Jacob wrought for his son Joseph. From the Saviour's coat of striped purple, to the elaborate gilding of the Temple-roof, there is not one small oasis of soothing shadow throughout. You cannot escape from all that merciless glare and glitter, save by turning the eyes away from the picture itself. Those hoary old gentlemen on the left would surely have fainted for want of a little shelter from the surrounding blaze. They could have told the painter that even natives of an Eastern clime have a decided fancy for shutting out the sun. For the sake of natural, no less than artistic truth, that open window should have been darkened with a friendly curtain. "Ah, sir, those painters knew something about the arrangement of their lights and shades," was the answer that capped our own reflections, as we stood one day in the Dulwich Gallery, gazing into the transparent shadows of Hobbima's Watermill, or basking in the mellow sunshine that falls on the dark bulks of Cuyp's pensive kine. Had the theme of Mr. Hunt's picture been less holy, and more dependent on conditions of race and climate; had he merely wished, in short, to give us an Eastern scene, marked by the peculiarities of Eastern life, it might have answered his purpose to make us realize the burning clearness of a bright Eastern afternoon. As things are, however, we only realize the fact that he has spent some years among the scenes of our Saviour's life, without improving his eye for artistic effect, or helping us to one sufficient reason for preferring his own realistic treatment of so large a theme to the nobler, if not always sounder, conventionalism of the great old masters.

The Rabbis themselves are undoubtedly Jewish, and in costume, probably correct. Seated on their low stools, they go off sideways in

pretty good perspective, diminishing, as they sit, in point of age, from the very old patriarch in the foreground, to the younger-looking adult at the tail. This new arrangement may seem, to profane minds, like a pleasing variation on the usual mode of sizing a company of soldiers; but the friends of Mr. Hunt will doubtless feel, that he has only sacrificed some paltry picturesqueness to a stern regard for truth of historical detail. The reverend fathers, unlike each other in face, look rather like each other in point of expression, of which, between them, they muster about as little as a party of Hindoos would generally show. Over the Virgin's not uncomely features there plays a wooden smile of vague tenderness. Her attitude, as she bends over her truant son, is also wooden, but the blue drapery is certainly the quietest part of the whole picture. Beside and beyond her stands Joseph, his heavy, but not ill-looking, countenance also trying to kindle into some deep emotion. In front of him, one hand clasped by his mother, his full face turned towards the spectator, stands the youthful Jesus himself, clothed in a glossy tunic of intricate pattern and brilliant hues. On the thinness of his figure we need not dwell; nor yet on the brightness of his garb. It is about the head that we have most to say, and it is in the head that its painter has most erred. Of expression, indeed, there is for once no lack, but it is chiefly expression of a kind that should not be there. The painter has evidently thrown all his strength into this part of his work, and the result is a countenance, not in itself ignoble, but unworthy of the occasion nevertheless. Unable to rise to the height of his great argument, he has wrought out the face of a young enthusiast, flushed with the heat of a long dispute, and half displeased with his parents for having cut it short.

It were, doubtless, a hard task for the highest genius to paint a head of the youthful Saviour. How to express the right union of majesty with boyish feeling, at the age of twelve, was a problem which the Old Masters lacked the will, or, at least, the hardihood to tackle. But the fall of Icarus tolls no warning to modern ears. Mr. Holman Hunt has striven to soar

heavenward; and the fitting crown to his elaborate failure, glows, largely visible, in the stiff, bright locks of his boyish hero.

It is easy to see how he fell into this worst blunder of all. Seeking to compromise between no halo and one of the old conventional pattern, he hit upon the happy and philosophic idea of making the hair itself do duty for the halo, and what hair could serve his purpose so usefully as red? Yet which would seem the most offensive to an honest eye—Mr. Hunt's red hair, or the golden plates in one of Orcagna's pictures? If any thing of the kind was needed, he might have followed the more artistic methods of later schools, by giving us a faithful copy of the first halo he caught hanging about either moon or sun. But he had set himself above all things to be thoroughly natural, and the Nemesis of his creed has already found him out.

This soulless naturalism is the rock on which not Mr. Hunt alone, but several others of his school, have suffered, or seem like to suffer shipwreck. Forgetting that what is conventional is not therefore inevitably untrue, they seem to look on every departure from the one as a sure approach to the other. Like all who embrace half a truth they carry their principles to the length of a gross practical falsehood. Few, indeed, have erred so foolishly as he who painted "The Light of the World" and "The Finding of Christ in the Temple," but these two pictures are only the wildest expression of tendencies more or less visible throughout the school. Between Mr. Hunt and Mr. Millais the difference is doubtless very great; the manner of the one being generally as mean as that of the other is noble. But both at opposite sides form part of a common movement towards an issue practically unsound. According as each man of their party fails in common sense, fine feeling, and perception of the humorous, does he flounder more or less deeply into the bogs that beset their common path. Absolute truth of details, and utter abnegation of each man's critical and plastic powers, seem in practice to sum up the rule of doctrine which these rash priests of nature seek to enforce. Finding in the art of their day a tendency, as it were, to

take a few telling points, and slur the reading of minor passages, they insist on articulating every phrase in exactly the same pitch of voice, with exactly the same degree of emphasis. The mirror they hold up to Nature reflects for us a heap of dead facts, each drawn with the same clearness, and strung on to the next with an un-doubting blindness to its relative worth and right place in the general view. In their zeal for establishing the sacredness of small things, they have forgotten that art is no more identical with outward nature than the human is identical with the divine. Art, being human, has to render into its own faltering language as much as it may comprehend of that nature which He only who made all things can wholly understand. For its purposes there are many things which seem either unpicturesque in themselves or worthless in relation to other things. It must deal with its material much as an English poet would have to deal with a dark and mutilated chorus in the *Agamemnon* or the *Œdipus Coloneus*. Its part is clearly to pick and choose, with an eye to some definite issue, to drop out something here, and qualify something there, to give heed to the due gradations of shadow and perspective, and to combine the several pieces of the picture into one harmonious and intelligible whole. In the world of art the whole is virtually greater than the sum of its parts, and the half is often more valuable than the whole. Here, too, is it the letter that killeth, the spirit that giveth life. In Raphael's 'Miraculous Load of Fishes,' who, but a literalist, would care to ridicule the smallness of the boat, as he drank in the graceful nobleness of the forms above it? For all its partial untruths of scenery and costume, there can be little doubt that a play of Shakspeare, as brought on the stage by Garrick, was on the whole more worthily rendered than a play of Shakspeare, as presented in all the wealth of modern realism, by Mr. Charles Kean.

By all means, in whatever we do, let us aim at a certain truthfulness of detail, and grudge no time to needful finish. Whether we paint or write, let us leave out nothing characteristic, nothing that may serve to heighten

the general effect. Let the trees in the foreground be drawn as nearly as may be like natural trees, and let our likenesses, whether of real persons or real scenes, be such that every one may feel their truth. If it be needful to the right understanding of him, let us have Cromwell with the wart upon his nose. But let us also remember that every thing in nature has its right place and value towards perfecting the great whole. It is a mere confusion of ideas, an outrage to the words of Christ himself, to affirm that all things are equally good; that even in God's eyes there is nothing great or small. The noble simplicity of a great artist has little in common with that dull meanness which prides itself on the faithful copying of a dead donkey, or a broken chair. A good portrait by Vandyke or Titian contains more essential truth than the best photograph ever yet taken by the lens of Mayall or Claudet. "George Eliot's" mechanical skill in reporting the emmet-life of her poorer countryfolk, seems to us rather a sorry exchange for the larger insight and manlier graces of Walter Scott, or even for the poetic grandeur that redeems the worst faults of Bulwer-Lytton. For all its close details, and straightforward simpleness of style, few of us seem to remember that the *Iliad* is a masterpiece of classic art, in its main parts as skilfully composed, and in its outline as nobly proportioned, as the Greek temple of a later time. Only a poet can translate a poet, and only an artistic eye can measure the whole difference between petty treatment of great things, and noble treatment of things great and small. This is the age for glorifying rags and mere muscle. The dignity of labour and the loftiness of mean things have been preached up already far too long, until Teniers has come to be deemed as great as Titian, and Mr. Coventry Patmore finds admirers ready to link his name with that of Homer. For the sake of English literature, as well as of English art, we can only pray, that the absurdities of the reigning fashion will shortly begin to work their own cure, and that only such grains of truth as it does undoubtedly enfold may be left behind, to bear some good fruit in due season.

MINISTERS OF THE DEVIL.

LONG before the time when Baron Liebig discovered a new and nasty way of making raw-meat soup, it was remarked by somebody who knew what he was about, that "God sends meat, but the Devil, cooks." The proverb, it may turn out, has a deeper foundation in fact than has commonly been imagined. Taken in its grosser and more obvious sense, it points to spoliation of good victuals, by ill-starred notions of cookery. None but the Devil could have suggested to Soyer the horror of a red-herring pie, or potatoes mashed with cod-liver oil; and surely, it must have been the Devil—if not Moloch himself—who put into Liebig's head the horrible notion of extracting the red juices of raw beef and mutton, by cold muriatic acid, and calling the product "soup." But, if we mistake not, the ministrations of the spirit of evil in all that relates to food, have a wider scope, and a deeper meaning, than are evidenced by mere culinary bedevilments. Satanic influences have from times immemorial penetrated, with subtle fascination, the consciences of people concerned in ministering to human stomachs, the elements of nutrition and bodily heat. Who but the Devil could have prompted Vadius Pollio to fatten his lampreys with dead slaves, and fancy them the better for such fodder? We are not sure it was any other than the Devil who suggested Spartan black broth—a sort of liquid black pudding:—

" Proper food
For heroes who delight in blood."

To rip open a living sow in order to impart flavour to her viscera, was a practice most demoniacal. Small wonder that the promoters of such gastronomic rites were the blood-stained Claudian race, and the pampered Heliogabalus. Satanic ministration to the human belly-god is, perhaps, less active than heretofore; but he who—not to shock delicate susceptibilities—would represent cruelty as altogether banished from the gastronomy of modern times, that man is either a fool, or an incarnation of the things of which Satan is the father. Let the rites of the abattoir

pass; they could not be dealt with in these pages. Is there no cruelty in skinning eels alive, or plunging lobsters into a pot full of boiling water? To worry a stag with bloodhounds, before shooting him through the head, may, indeed, make the flesh more tender; but the deed is Satanic. Much of our vaunted modern humanity is a sham and a pretence:—a sepulchre, fair to view without, but grim with skeletons inside;—pestilent with corruption. The century which can tolerate the horror of nailing geese by the feet to boards ranged before a fire—giving no water, but stuffing to repletion, until the animal's livers grow enormous—all for the sake of a Strasburg pâté—that century has not yet exorcised the gastronomic Devil. The leaven still remains of those horrible tastes which, dæmon-inspired, ran riot in the brain of Apicius. It would not be a matter to surprise one very much, if some transatlantic epicure should fatten Kentucky blue-fish with negroes killed for the occasion. The modern Abyssinian fashion of getting up a steak may now be just adverted to. Whence came *that* horrible idea? what its paternity? Be not too severe, O ye delicate ones, on the Coptic taste! The time may come for that habit to prevail in civilized Europe. The gastronomic student perceives certain indications of a tendency to fall back upon raw flesh. The witty Brillat Savarin can find no greater objection to raw flesh than that it sticks to the teeth. Mr. Symonds, too, looks upon raw animal food with no especial disfavour. If ever raw steak comes into fashion here, let one hope that death will have, to some extent, consecrated the sacrifice. Considering the extent to which fashion is capable of leading its votaries, one does well not to make too sure that the Abyssinian style, in all its integrity, may not yet find favour amongst us. Let such as think otherwise ponder over the tale of the curate's pig, quoted by Mr. Symonds:—

" A French curé, exiled to a deserted part of our forests, and who for the whole year, except on a few rare occasions,

lived only on fruit and vegetables, hit upon a most admirable expedient for providing an animal repast to set before the curés of the neighbourhood, when one or the other, two or three times during the year, ventured into those dreadful solitudes, with a view of assuring himself with his own eyes, that his unfortunate colleague had not yet died of hunger. The curé in question possessed a pig, his whole fortune; and you will see the manner in which he used it. Immediately the bell announced a visitor, and that his cook had shown his clerical friend into a parlour, the master of the house, drawing himself up majestically, said to his housekeeper, 'Brigitte, let there be a good dinner for myself and my friend.' Brigitte, although she knew there were only stale crusts and dried peas in her larder, seemed in no degree embarrassed by this order; she summoned to her assistance Toby the Carrot (so called because his head was as red as that of a native of West Galloway), and, leaving the house together, they both went in search of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, was caught by Brigitte and her carrotty assistant; and, notwithstanding his cries, his grunts, his gestures of despair and supplication, the inhuman cook, seizing his head, opened a large vein in his throat, and relieved him of two pounds of blood; this, with the addition of garlic, shalot, mint, wild thyme, and parsley, was converted into a most savoury and delicious black-pudding for the curé and his friend; and being served to their reverences smoking hot, on the summit of a pyramid of yellow cabbage, figured admirably as a centre dish. The surgical operation over, Brigitte, whose qualifications as a sempstress were superior, darned up the hole in the neck of the pig, who was then turned loose until a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required."

Next to be mentioned, in evidence of culinary Satanic agency is the cross-grained perversity of cooks. If the very Devil be not in them, that perversity is inexplicable. The spirit of evil, too, must have suborned the purveyors of food to falsify it by adulteration; and we are not sure that Satan has not prompted the analysts who have written on adulteration to mystify that word for their own private ends. Then, finally, it must be the Devil, and none else, who makes it appear to British ladies of our own age, that they sacrifice every claim to elegance and refinement if they only dare to learn the way of making a tart, or ever thrust their delicate noses

into a kitchen. So, by this time it must appear—we should think—a matter incontrovertibly made out that the position with which we started, as from a text, is true:—that not only does the Devil send cooks but that the *res culinaria*, in all its ramifications, is under his influence, control, and dominion.

That cookery is a science few will dispute. It is allied with the most recondite department of chemistry, and tempered, moreover, with a poetic, or æsthetic sentiment which few chemists possess to the degree of enabling them to become unimpeachable cooks. Reflecting on the conditions required, these would seem to be limited by the problem of getting the maximum of nutritive matter with the minimum of expense;—then offering it to the stomach under forms most favourable to assimilation. At this limit most philosophers who have turned their attention have stopped—stopped to their own discomfiture. They have failed to consider the æsthetic element altogether: missing the poetry of the subject, by virtue of which certain things are innately disgusting and unbearable. Like all matters appertaining to the æsthetic sentiment, this is one to which there are no fixed limits. The Chinese eat rats and puppies without repugnance: wherefore the Chinese cook—dealing with sentiments as he finds them—does well to bring the chemistry of his art into operation, and dress up rat flesh and dog flesh under aspects congenial to digestion. More fastidious (more foolish, perhaps), few free-thinking European gastronomes exist, having strength of mind and of stomach enough to go beyond the limits of established taste much farther than horseflesh. Hedgehogs are, indeed, sometimes eaten in Europe, but only by gipsies and other outside people, whose influence to modify existing gastronomic tastes is but trivial. The veriest outcast here would not commit earthworms to the digestive charge of his presiding Archæus. Gipsy rationalism is not to be compared, for thoroughness, to the rationalism of John Chinaman. We have already adverted with severity, to the raw, acid-extracted sanies, miscalled "soup," devised by Baron Liebig. That great man has broken down in his capacity of culinary re-

generator—for the reason that, keeping the mere utilitarianism of the thing in view, he altogether missed the poetry of it. Regarding him as a mere chemist, Europe is a fair field for the development of Baron Liebig's ideas; but, regarding him under a gastronomic aspect, it seems a pity the presiding destinies of his existence did not plant him in Abyssinia.

Though Brillat Savarin and Mr. Symonds both contemplate the eating of raw meat with no disfavour, they are not open to so much adverse criticism as the great German chemist. They have sufficient respect for a delicate sentiment to prevent any forcing of the custom on people not yet ripe for it. Indirectly they seem to aim at creating a sentiment, leaving the rest to follow in due course. They give themselves no magisterial airs; not endeavouring to force a Coptic dinner down one's throat before one is prepared to digest it. Not so Liebig. He pronounced his dictum in favour of raw meat soup with too much arrogance. He coolly gave the world to understand that fire was prejudicial to the object he had in view. Even Liebig, however, was obliged to concede a point to sentiment, after all. He confessed that his raw soup might—from its redness—be disagreeable to look upon:—wherefore he suggested the colouring of it brown.

We look upon chemistry as destined to lend much aid to cookery: therefore the animadversions we may make on certain gastronomic chemists should not be attributed to the existence of a prejudice. We would claim acceptance for the proposition that matters of taste *de re culinaria* are not to be lightly disposed of. Man is a sympathetic creature:—his sympathies must be respected. Unreasoned likings and dislikings are not to be ruthlessly torn out of us. They are holy instincts sometimes; standing for truths beyond reason to fathom: but whether standing for truth or error, not to be removed by violence. It will not suffice for chemists to look at the sum total of their elements and offer the stomach ounces of this for pounds of that, after the manner of a table of equivalents. Sentiment has to be consulted as well; and, to make bold with physiological chemists, we would venture to express the doubt whether

any aliment—however chemically unexceptionable—can satisfactorily minister to alimentation if swallowed under protest of the stomach;—that is to say, under a feeling of disgust. A lamented chemist, some time since departed, announced, with all the authority of science, that to secure the full benefits of tea, one should not merely *drink* the infusion but *eat* the leaves. The chemistry of the thing is unimpeachable, so far as we know to the contrary; but tea-leaves, though not disgusting, are *not* pretty eating. Again, ever since the proteine doctrine of Liebig and Mulder gained acceptance, setting forth this organic compound to be the starting point of animal tissue formation, there have been chemists ready to swear by Tubal Cain and Hermes that peas, weight for weight, are better food than beef or mutton. *Credat Judæus*; there are more secrets in the arcana of animal digestion than they wot of in their philosophy. However great the wildness of chemists in some respects, when theorizing on the functions of assimilations, the dictum is fairly borne out that nitrogenous principles alone (indeed only a certain number of these) are capable of yielding blood and flesh—capable, in point of fact, of supplying the wear and tear of animal organization. As regards carbonaceous and hydrogenous principles, they may be regarded as standing in the same relation to animal bodies as fuel to an ordinary fire. By a simile old and trite, the animal organism has been compared to a furnace, and life to an ordinary process of combustion. Here, as in many other cases, a popular expression—one laying claim to no higher merit than an allegorical presentiment—turns out to be the almost literal embodiment of a scientific fact; so true is it that popular intuition, expressed in the language of allegory, may be only the shadow of discoveries on their march. Between the chemical energies of fuel-consumption in an ordinary furnace, and the chemical energies of animal organic life, the difference is only one of degree. In both cases oxygen is absorbed, carbonic acid generated. Development of heat is common to both; but, whilst light results from ordinary fuel combustion, there is—or rather there seems to be—none evolved from the combustive organism of animals.

It is impossible, however, to regard the absence of light as a sufficient cause for distinguishing, fundamentally, between the two phenomena. Many chemical functions there are, totally unconnected with vitality, which display combustion of many grades of activity. Between the combusive vigour of phosphorus in oxygen and the combusive languor of phosphorus when merely surrounded with atmospheric air, the difference is, perhaps, not greater than between the latter and the slow change of elemental degradation commonly indicated by the term decay. There are many bodies which illustrate two or more states of combustion: phosphorus has already been noticed as supplying a case in point; gun-cotton affords another illustration. The natural inflammability of this substance is well known. If brought into contact with flame, it flashes off, vanishing instantaneously; but if gun-cotton be placed aside, and exposed to ordinary atmospheric agencies, it undergoes a slow disintegrating change, which can only be regarded as combustion of a very low degree. Gradually losing its rapidly combusive quality, it crumbles to dust. An oxidating change has taken place; a species of combustion has supervened. Heat, no doubt, there has been developed, though under conditions unfavourable to recognition. Light, probably, too, has been developed, though in so low a degree that it was not perceptible. Here, be it also observed that, for aught testimony can advance to the contrary, light, proportionate to the vigour of combustion, may, possibly, be evolved during the heat-elaborating function of animal life.

These physiological details are dwelt upon because they underlie the science of Cookery. Extending a proper recognition to gustatory claims, conciliating sentiments—prejudices if you like—still the chief object of every system of rational cookery is, and ever must be, the support of life. This leads one to a curious train of reflection. It leads one to ponder over the nationalities of cookery; on the modifications of culinary science as determined by climate, avocation, and other surrounding circumstances. Every people has its own type of alimentary staple; its own style of

cookery. Though there be violations of hygienic laws in every gastronomic code, yet experience has a great tendency to shake all things down at last to a consistent level.

Notwithstanding a few apparent anomalies, the distribution of foods into fat formers, or combusive and blood or flesh formers, plastic or nutritive, is, in the main, correct. Scrutinize it as we may, it comes well out of the ordeal. Whilst physical exercise is great, there is no more chance that fat will be deposited, than there is a possibility of hoarding coal in a cellar when demand for it is in excess of supply. But if combusive food be ingested and the patient healthy, then there being no immediate call for fuel, nature turns her combusive foods into the middle condition of oils and fats, to be stored away and utilized when wanted. Some physiologists have experienced a difficulty in, according to Liebig, the universality claimed by him for his theory of digestive combustion. This philosopher, indeed, establishes his propositions on the broadest generalization. He would have it appear that the same degree of external cold should demand, under all circumstances, a fixed equivalent of fuel supply; wherefore, all individuals affected by equal degrees of cold, should—other things being equal—experience the same craving for combusive food. On the other hand, it has been argued, that the natives of cold Alpine regions are by no means so addicted to the gluttony of fat eating, which characterizes inhabitants of the northern and southern frigid zones; secondly, that natives of certain hot climates are also addicted to fat gluttony. As to the first objection, a circumstance must be remembered which may, perhaps, explain the discrepancy; the condition of atmospheric tenuity in Alpine regions. Whatever be the oleaginous matter taken into the stomach, it can no more evolve heat without the co-operation of a proportionate amount of atmospheric air, than the combustion of ordinary fuel can be maintained without a proportionate air draught playing through it. For this reason it follows that, under the condition of an expanded atmosphere, the amount of oleaginous matters capable of being digested for equal degrees of cold, must be necessarily less. This objec-

tion, then, to the Liebigian hypothesis, appears to be plausibly disposed of. The phenomenon of fat-gluttony, prevalent amongst natives of certain hot climates (if it be really authentic), is not so easy to explain. It is curious to notice how the craving for combustible food, determined by the influence of cold without, and which prompts to the ingestion of fatty matters amongst uncivilized denizens of the frigid zones, is recognised under a modified form by civilized inhabitants of the same regions. Civilized Icelanders, Swedes, Norsemen, and Russians, cannot reconcile themselves to drink train oil by the quart, indeed, nor eat tallow candles; but the oleaginous type pervades their established methods of cookery, and they, moreover, indemnify their respiratory function for any little deprivation in the matter of oil by copious alcoholic draughts. From time immemorial, northern races have been celebrated as deep drinkers, and that, moreover, of the strongest.

From this digression return we to the starting proposition. That the principles of all rational cookery are based upon physiology, and the means of giving effect to physiological suggestions are mainly chemical. Viewed under this aspect, a kitchen is no other than a chemical laboratory. Its operations embrace the whole economy and functions of heat: and, to the extent that a kitchen differs from a well-appointed laboratory, by so much does it depart from the *beau idéal* of a model kitchen. From the kitchen turn we now our attention to the presiding genius of it, the superintending spirit of the whole—the cook. As chemical laboratories vary, some being laboratories of research, others laboratories of routine, where deductions of master-minds are implicitly carried out; vigorously, empirically so, under the culinary system here advocated would there be kitchens wherein discoveries should be made, and kitchens where food preparations should be carried on as a matter of unreasoning routine:—regarded as a mystery not to be departed from. The faculty of making analytical discoveries in physical science, is a rare endowment. It is a branch of the creative faculty—in point of fact, one very nearly allied to poetry, if it be not a particular aspect of the

very same. It involves many rare combinations, the due allotment and just mingling of which are seldom vouchsafed to any single human being. In tracing the career of any physical science, its discoveries will be found to have emanated from one of two sources. Either they are empirical, the result of tentative approaches, combined with sharp powers of observation, or they are inductive, eliminated by sheer reasoning on first principles, by nature established. The discoveries hitherto made in culinary chemistry are almost purely empirical; and, like all empirical discoveries, are mixed up with much irrelevant matter, and involve many unreasonable contradictions. The Chinese, for example, have a partiality for gelatine; but they might obtain gelatine from many an easier source than swallows' nests, collected at great expense from the Malayan archipelago. English plum-pudding is improved by the flavour of brandy, but that is no reason why a plum-pudding should be boiled in brandy, or flavoured with brandy in the manufacture; both opposed to the plainest requirements of chemistry, and purely the result of unreasoning empiricism. Empiricism in the cookery art has, nevertheless, its advantages. When once the steps which led to a successful operation have been noted—chalked down in the memory—any departure from them is generally to be deprecated. The thick veil of empirical unreason now becomes a protective ægis. The world has already seen to what extreme of culinary licence the uncurbed inventive faculty may lead a philosopher in the example of Liebig's raw meat soup. Should a woman-cook happen to get imbued with the spirit of culinary discovery, heaven only knows to what base experimental uses our digestive organs might be put!

Where ought culinary regeneration begin? What society ought to require, if rational, would be an empirical adherence to codes of procedure, either the result of happy chance, or else acquired by some process of rational induction. As to chance discoveries they are beyond the power of man to influence. Whence are first principles of rational cookery to originate? Not from the writers of cookery books, except the race be modified. Not from professed men

cooks, who are, without exception, deficient in scientific knowledge. Shall we look to our better halves for this, or, if not hymeneally blessed, turn hopefully towards the dear creatures to us reserved by fate, and for whom fate reserves us? God forbid! Women have their own proper duties to perform as gastronomic regenerators—granted:—but may all the horrors of cookery be ours for life; may haggis be our daily portion—Liebig's raw meat soup going before, and Abyssinian steaks to follow—may we lunch off red-herring pie; and have our salads tempered with cod-liver oil; may perpetual indigestions wait upon us by day, and incubus press heavily upon our maw o' nights, if ever we, by any word of ours, strive to make women reflective creatures—least of all in the matter of cookery! Whenever a woman tells you such and such a thing stands to reason, depend upon it, she would gain your acquiescence for something wholly unreasonable. A woman cook has no business to reason, because she is a woman. She should implicitly follow prescription; heeding what has come to her by tradition, and not striving to go beyond it. Consecrated memories of other cooks, high priests and priestesses of the art, should be ever present. Cookery to her should be a veritable culture—a religion—a belief reposing on faith, not to be reasoned upon without danger, or departed from without heresy.

It is not a thing to be marvelled at that here, in these isles, the first principles of cookery have been reduced to a less complete system than elsewhere in Europe. Firstly, the Anglo-Saxon mind is repugnant to codification. John Bull loves to exercise his own private judgment. In the next place, various surrounding circumstances beget a tendency to a few simple processes of food preparation. The economy of fuel amongst any particular race does much to determine the character of national culinary processes. Contemplate our national open fire-grates—our national fuel. Given these, roast beef and mutton follow, almost of necessity. There is another cause predisposing to plain roast joints. So excellent is the pasture of these isles, so tender and succulent the animal food, that the very simplest operations suffice to make pala-

table what would be repulsive in almost any other country. Nor should the point be forgotten that the moderate atmospheric temperature here exercises no small influence over our prevailing cuisine. Our system of plain roast and boiled would be intolerable, were it not that we habitually prepare our meat by hanging a suitable time. Under climatic conditions of a little more warmth than our own, this hanging preliminary cannot be adopted, decomposition setting in with rapidity. The exact *gout* so appreciated by the gourmand; that tenderness so congenial to digestion; that critical distance, half-way between death and catalytic resolution, can only be hit in a coolish, temperate clime. Hotter atmospheric conditions induce complete putrefaction at once, whilst any considerable lowering of the grade of temperature so completely arrests those catalytic changes—the first steps towards putrefaction—that hung meat might as well not have been hung at all. Cold is the most powerful of all known antiseptics. In many cases, too, it is the most ready of application. When a Russian winter fairly sets in, fish, flesh, and fowl laugh salt to scorn: cold sufficiently preserves them. Ay, that mighty cold, did it but last, would preserve them to the end of time. Thus have preadamite mammoths and rhinoceroses shelled out from the icy banks of rivers in Siberia, not mere skeletons begetting doubts of identity, save to professed geologists, but entire carcasses, with flesh which wolves and dogs did not despise, and hair intact of which some thirty pounds were taken from one individual.

In extremely cold regions elaborate systems of cookery are suggested by the very temperature. Meat by mere hanging will not grow tender there. If tenderness be desired it must be brought about by cooking. In very hot climates causes diametrically opposed conduce to the same result. Meat cannot be hung there, because of the rapid changes of decomposition ensuing.

Whilst a temperate climate, good pasturage, and abundant fuel supply, are circumstances suggestive of a plain system of cookery, there can be little doubt that plainness may be carried too far, and that John Bull has yet many secrets to learn in the *ars coquina-*

ria. In roasting no one can equal him; and as for broiling, it is positively not understood out of these isles:—but he is weak at frying; and as for stewing, it is purely beyond his competence. Boiling, what of it? Much praise cannot be awarded to British cookery on that score. Boil, indeed, we do, but much too furiously. Strange, in the land where steam engines were discovered, where the economy of fuel, and the philosophy of latent heat are so well understood and applied in matters mechanical, the widest possible departure is sanctioned—nay enjoined—in our cookery. We don't want our female cooks to understand first principles; but it is strange that none of our philosopher cooks, or cook philosophers, should ever have taken heed of the obvious fact, that, when water—set over a fire, in an open or tightly closed vessel—boils, it can be made no hotter, however great the consumption of fuel, and however furious the boiling. If this obvious fact had been impressed upon the makers of cooking ranges, it would have influenced the construction of the latter; and gradually our female cooks—without reasoning at all, which we deprecate—would have boiled with less frightful expenditure of fuel. Nor is waste of fuel alone in question. Many culinary processes—all the varieties of stewing, for example—are best performed at temperatures considerably below boiling. Of this class of operations British cooks have not the remotest idea. Reasoning beings, who contemplate the *ars coquinaria*, from a philosophical point of view, will not do amiss to revolve in their minds the beautiful doctrine of equivalents of force. The fragment of coal thrown into a fire, and burned, and, to ordinary apprehensions, destroyed, is merely converted into other states, invested with exactly the same amount of physical forces. A definite amount of coal burned, evolves a definite amount of steam; that steam is composed of two elements held together by an equivalent attractive force; and, if the steam be turned to account as a mechanical agent, it will display the same equivalent of force under the aspect of mechanical work done. It is demonstrated by philosophers that the heat evolved from a single ounce of coal is sufficient to convert a pint of water into steam,

the latter occupying the space of two hundred and sixteen gallons. This steam, if applied as a mechanical force under the most favourable conditions (expansively), can raise a weight of seventy-four tons one foot high. In the Cornish steam-engines, where fuel economy is carried to the highest practicable degree, a single bushel of coals is made to do the work of fifty strong horses labouring for a day. Think of this! Why a thorough-bred English cook will throw well-nigh a bushel of coals into the range before she can boil an egg. Heat equivalent to the labour force of fifty horses for a day, or, according to another way of putting it, one hundred and ten million pounds weight, raised one foot high! Can extravagance and absurdity go farther?

It is not a thing to be marvelled at that old Van Helmont and Paracelsus assumed the existence of an Archæus, or individual spirit-intelligence, presiding over the stomach. A mistake common to nearly all physiologists, who, branching away from contemplation of the functions of digestion, have trenched upon gastronomy, is this:—They have erroneously limited the stomach to the condition of an administrative agent; they have acted too much in the way of saying to the stomach, “Do such and such a thing,” when do it the stomach must, if at all within its competence. For our part we are not sure that Van Helmont and Paracelsus erred. The demonstration has yet to be made that the stomach is *not* endowed with a separate intelligence;—a reasoning power we do not mean, but an instinct; for at times the stomach is altogether unreasonable—the presiding Archæus rebelling against conditions which he would, if reasonable, have left as they were. The stomach must not be reasoned with, but conciliated—petted—and sometimes (having its own tranquillity of mind in view) even deceived. The presiding intelligence of the stomach is truly feminine in its ways; and must be dealt with as you would with a lady.

Nothing in the form of untanned skin can resist the potent alchemy of the modern confectioner's jelly-pot. We have heard of a certain French cook, who served up a delicate ragout made out of the leg and upper leather

of one of his master's boots. It *may* have been so; but the tan one would have imagined troublesome to deal with. White kid-gloves can and *do* make excellent jellies, as our pastry-cooks can testify. There is nothing objectionable in kid-skin *per se*; and, should the glove have invested at some earlier date the soft palm and coralline fingers of a lady, the jelly would come all the more redolent of love and poetry. How dashed with bitterness are all sublunary things! Alas! the smaller kind of ladies' so-called kid-gloves are made chiefly out of rat-skins. The smaller the hand the more *ratty* the inference! Parchment trimmings contribute in no small degree to the stock of a London pastry-cook's jelly-pot. It is said that a hiatus exists in the parchment documents of the Patent Office; a boy on the establishment having surreptitiously taken documents away and sold them to the confectioners. Very good jelly (scientifically speaking) can be manufactured out of parchment; but, any person amenable to sentiment in the slightest degree, would spare his stomach some qualms by not inspecting the manufacture of parchment. Absolutely and rationally there is nothing repulsive in the idea of manufacturing ivory dust into jelly; but how a fair creature—engaged in soft dalliance with a jelly—would pout and make wry faces, and thrust the jelly from her, if told (which is the fact), that most of the ivory dust in question is purchased of the small-tooth comb makers!

The physiology and culinary history of gelatine is well worthy the study of a philosopher. Existing in almost every part of every animal, and that in large proportion, it is ever found, though remarkably soluble, in the condition of a solid. It has never yet been discovered in any healthy animal fluid. More, perhaps, than any other article of food, it has been the fate of gelatine, to come in for an extreme of both praise and depreciation. There was a time—and that perhaps within the recollection of many of us—when gelatine under any form was held to be the quintessence of animal nutriment. Chemists lamented the stores of gelatine wasted in bones; and forthwith, Papin's digester for extracting it, began to find place in well-appointed kitchens.

Majendie was amongst the first to question the extreme nutritive properties of gelatine, finding that dogs could not be kept many weeks alive upon a pure gelatine diet. Subsequently to the French Gelatine Commission Inquiry, Liebig and Mulder investigated the proximate principle proteine, stirring up a very pretty quarrel between them; in the course of which the Hessian Baron consigned his brother of Utrecht to *τοπον τινα υπο την γην μεγαν* in a fit of anger. The proteine doctrine since has been torn to shreds and fragments. Whether the so-called proteine ought to be regarded as a distinct proximate principle is doubtful. Physiologists are, for the most part, inclined to the belief that there is something in the proteine doctrine, but, at the same time, that Liebig and his school pushed their generalizations too far. By virtue of these generalizations, it was ruled that proteine was the starting point of flesh and blood formation; and that no pabulum could contribute to blood and flesh formation in the least degree which had not proteine in it. Now, there is no proteine in gelatine, wherefore Liebig and his school supplied a reason for the deduction arrived at by Majendie and the French commission. Liebig, indeed, even denies that gelatine can minister to the respiratory function; briefly, he considers gelatine, when swallowed, to do more harm than good. This, assuredly, is going too far. Say that the physiology of gelatine is not understood, and you will be nearer the mark.

The experimentum crucis, as it was considered, of Majendie and the other commissioners, really only goes to the extent of proving that the stomach of an animal likes change, and will not be tied rigorously down to one unvarying provend; in illustration of which accept the following:—Some years ago a certain starch manufacturer would have laid a wager ten thousand to one that he had made his fortune by a new way of fattening pigs. Wheaten flour we all know to be the foundation of the staff of life; and wheaten flour (chemical refinements unheeded) is made up of starch and gluten in variable proportions. Starch not being a proteine compound, holding no nitrogen in point of fact, is assumed to minister alone to the respiratory

function. Gluten has been regarded as the strong part of the staff of life. Theoretically there seems no reason wherefore an animal capable of living indefinitely on bread, should not live indefinitely on extracted gluten. So thought the starch-maker. As starch is ordinarily manufactured the gluten is utterly lost, fermented away, and the starch particles liberated. The starch manufacturer, on whom a new light had dawned, concluded to extract the gluten bodily and fatten pigs with it. He reckoned without his colleagues. The pigs had to be consulted. He considered their acquiescence a thing to be taken for granted. He erred. Voraciously the pigs attacked their gluten at first, and fattened well. After a few weeks they grunted dissatisfaction, and curled up their snouts. After a few weeks more they declined the gluten altogether; and rather than partake of it they died with piggish obstinacy. Mark now what followed. The gluten which pigs would not eat is converted into a fancy material dignified with a fine name, and sold to invalids as a strong dietetic restorative! Science has not yet proved itself equal to the task of determining the circumstances under which alimentary bodies should be associated, in order to constitute a perfect aliment; and this counsels the propriety of frequent change. At all periods of the world's history, gelatine has formed a prominent part of human aliment; and, considering that about half the entire weight of an animal is gelatine, the theory which dogmatically asserts its absolute inutility, is surely devoid of foundation.

There is no single good gift of Providence which may not be wrought into the likeness of evil by human perversity. The qualities of agreeable savour and smell may be made to cover the presence of materials injurious, or even poisonous: nevertheless, in a general way it may be stated that whatever is agreeable to smell and taste, is also good for nutrition.

This concession is very wide in significance. Many articles of food which come recommended to one race, with all the charms of flavour and odour, are to another utterly repulsive; and here we enter upon some curious considerations. What are the circumstances which contribute to the for-

mation of culinary tastes? What connexion is there between the dietetic type of a people and their qualifications, moral, mental, and physical? What influence, immediate or remote, is exercised by particular dietetic systems on posterity? To what extent do the culinary tastes of modern races differ from those of antiquity?

Looking at general systems of cookery, with a view to their comparison, it would seem that great similarity is recognizable between Roman cookery, towards the latter days of the Empire, and that of the modern Chinese. Both systems are eminently elaborate and artificial. The same partiality for gelatinous matters characterizes both. The Chinaman's hankering after unclean beasts may be thought at first to be a distinguishing characteristic. Well, it does not seem that the Romans had much reason to plume themselves on any superiority over the Celestials on that account. If the Romans did not eat dogs, and rats, and the arch-enemy of rats, they ate hedgehogs commonly, and dormice were a *bonne bouche* reserved for fête days. The *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, is a disgusting creature of the ocean, contributing to the nourishment of John Chinaman; but the Romans ate cuttle-fish, which is somewhat nastier. The Romans had their "garum" and "liquamen," both liquid-products of the decomposition of the entrails of fish; whereas the Chinese manufacture something like it out of decomposed earth-worms. In some respects the Chinese cuisine is superior to the Roman.

In the vulgarity of money squandering without taste, in the fostering bizarre conceits, bordering on the verge of insanity, the system of cookery prevalent at Rome during the latter period of the Empire has never been equalled. Heliogabalus plumed himself on the invention of sausages filled with crabs, lobsters, and dormice; and a certain *Æsop*—not the fable maker, but a comedian—had the strange conceit of spending thousands of pounds over a dish made of the tongues of all manner of expensive talking birds.

Concerning the diet of the Romans—during the latter period of the Empire at least—abundant evidence has been handed down to posterity through the published works of Api-

cus. There were three Apicii, who lived at different times, all of them gourmands. The middle Apicius is considered to have been the author, but the probability is that the work which bears his name stands in the same relation to him that "Euclid's Elements" do to Euclid: that the foundation of the book was merely due to his pen, additions having been made by subsequent writers. The Apician treatises, at any rate, have always been considered authentic, to the extent of representing the system of cookery as it was during the latter days of the Empire.

There are some conclusions in which one is inclined to place implicit faith, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. For our part, we believe, and always intend to believe, despite any amount of evidence, that some connexion subsists between refined eating and drinking and refined sentiment and manners. Had there lived a Grecian Apicius to hand down to posterity a full statement of what the classic Greeks ate, drank, and avoided, perhaps our own unreasoned conclusions would have been substantiated, and many reflections now cast on the repulsiveness of Hellenic cookery might cease to be applicable. The Spartan war diet of black broth is not a case in point. That, doubtless, was a political institution, established by Lycurgus. It had nothing to do with gastronomy, properly so called, and we unhesitatingly adopt the hypothesis of a certain native of Sybaris, who, having tasted Spartan black broth, exclaimed, "Now do I perceive why it is that Spartan soldiers encounter death so joyfully: dead men require no longer to eat; black broth is no longer a necessity." But wherefore cast such aspersions on the *μελας ζωμος*? According to Julius Pollux,* it was only blood thickened in a particular way, after all; and what, pray, is modern black-pudding? More difficulty is experienced in dealing with Attic fare. It is stated to have been so rough and coarse, that to live *Ατροκηπως*, that is to say, in Athenian fashion, was said in the way of reproach by the Ionians. One dish has been handed down to posterity

as Hellenic in the broadest sense of nationality: it was called *Μυττωρον*, and composed of cheese, garlic, and eggs beaten up together. The Greeks had another dish, called *Θριον*, because it was served up in fig-leaves, eggs, honey, cheese, and rice were its component parts. Athenæus has handed down a full account of an Attic feast. Silphium, supposed to be asafoetida, is frequently mentioned as a leading component of both food and sauces. The guests must have had strong stomachs.

To fancy a refined and poetic race partaking of these things is almost impossible. Picture to yourself a beautiful Hetæra thus nourished. It makes one's very hair stand on end! By a sweet euphemism honied words are said to pass between lovers when they meet. Picture to yourself bright Phryne redolent of asafoetida, or white browed Lais breathing alliaceous words into the ear of Alexander!

As for the Greeks of Homeric times, their fare was substantial and simple, as the Blind Man of Scio testifies. To the critical discrimination of Madame Dacier we owe the discovery that Homer only alludes to boiled meat once.†

Time and space admonish us to linger no more amidst the cloudy records of gastronomic antiquity. A whole mountain of books, hunted out from their dark recesses, with what patient industry, alas! the reader will never know, admonishes to take a passing glance at the capabilities of our ancestors in the matter of dining. It would be hardly worth while to carry our investigations back to the Danish, much less the Britannic period. The Anglo-Saxons were crude feeders at first, but for some time anterior to the Norman Conquest they imbibed culinary ideas from over the water; so that when the Normans came to settle permanently amongst us, the new gastronomic regime which they formally inaugurated was not quite a novelty. The Norman cuisine, viewed on the whole, was a sort of foreshadowing of French cookery at the present time—highly elaborate and artificial. In one respect, however, the Norman gustatory taste dif-

* Onomast, Lib. vi.

† Il. 21, v. 362.

roasted in his feathers, and his head sometimes gilt; a taste quaint and grotesque indeed, but not like many culinary Roman tastes, foul and vicious. The crane, too, was a favoured delicacy. Chivalric culinary art always showed a leaning towards large birds—pity Columbus had not yet discovered America and brought to light the turkey.

It must not be imagined that chivalry had all the *gourmandise* to itself. By no means. Holy men, ecclesiastical as well as secular, patronized warmly the culinary art. The feather-clad peacock was no stranger to the monastic dining halls. Pope Julius III. was partial to the regal bird, which incited him once to blasphemy. Be it understood, by way of premonition, that Pope Julius was one who may be said to have clothed himself with curses as with a garment: he had a habit of swearing. It happened on a certain occasion that the holy father had been partaking of a peacock at dinner. He liked it much, and having taken his fill, commanded that the remains might be set aside and presented again at supper. Supper-time came, and with it another peacock, hot and smoking. "Where is my cold peacock?" demanded the Pope Julius. Alas! it was eaten—which his holiness being told, he began to curse and swear, as was his custom when angered to do, until a cardinal standing by blushed for very shame, and, according to Hollinshed, remonstrated. "Let not your Holiness," said he, "I pray you, be so moved with a matter of so small weight." Then thus Pope Julius answering againe, replied, "What! if God was so angrie for one apple that he caste our first parents out of Paradise for ye same, whie may I not, being his vicar, be angrie then for a peacocke, sithen a peacocke is a greater matter than an apple."*

It is curious to note the correspondence between the decline of chivalry and the decline of gastronomy. We have seen to how high a degree of splendour the *ars culinaria* was raised by Richard II. That epoch corresponded with the golden age of chivalry. By the time of Elizabeth's accession to the throne chivalry had well-nigh died out. Carving, no longer performed by

attendant squires, was delegated to menials. Jesters occupied the place which bards whilom had filled. Of former table joys big joints remained, but heraldic "sotilties" had departed. Rude plenty characterized the board, but it was mingled with coarseness. Oriental splendour at meals was a tradition; the feathered peacock, if seen at times, was seen only to be gibed at. The "Book of Cury" began to be irreverently superseded. Old luxuries of the table, departed or departing, had not yet found a substitute in the refinements due to the resources of a manufacturing age.

We have mentioned that the Book of Cury was fast being superseded. True English cookery books may be regarded as an institution of the Elizabethan age; those dear old books, so quaint, and confused, and solemn, half dietetic, quarter medical, quarter necromantic, wherein food, physic, necromancy, and ways of exorcising the devil mingle so amusingly. Many of these Elizabethan cookery books are bulky, but they prove by matter extraneous to the subject in hand, how meagre was the cookery lore of that period. All of them contain medical and surgical receipts, of course, as well as mere precepts of cookery. We do not quarrel with it; believing that dietetics have been too much neglected. The aim is good enough, but the achievement is abominable. Talk of Spartan black broth, why it must have been as nectar and ambrosia, by comparison with many triumphs of dietetic cookery held in repute about this period. The philosophic gastronome, who, casually glancing over the farrago of incongruous things which enter into these formularies of medical dietetics, thinks he has had enough of them, and feels inclined to shut the book, may profitably take counsel with himself, and think again. He will discover the remnant of a half-smothered superstition pervading the whole, mingled with something of the repulsive, but with still more of the quaint and ridiculous.

British cookery books, written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, afford a passing commentary on the marketless condition of England in those days. What would be

* Hob. Chron. p. 1128, a. 40.

per herbs. Nor was the following
*"caudle to comfort y^e stomacke, good
 for an olde man,"* amiss for the year
 1595: "Take a pinte of good Musca-
 dine, and as much of good stale ale;
 mingle them together; then take the
 yolkes of twelve or thirteene egges,
 newe layde; beat well the egges,
 firste by themselves, with y^e wine,
 and ale, and so boyle it together, and
 put thereto a quarterne of suger, and
 a fewe whole mace; and so stirre it
 well til it seethe a good while; and

when it
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THE IRISH POOR LA

AMONG the numerous institutions
 founded by the State within the last
 thirty years, designed to amelior-
 ate the social condition of the Irish
 people, none has had a more import-
 ant or difficult field of operation than
 the Poor Law system. It has been
 put to the test of several extraordinary
 crises, and although more than once
 unequal to the strain of famine, on
 the most trying of such occasions it
 did a great deal more than was anti-
 cipated to mitigate the horrors of the
 visitation. By gradual improvements
 and extensions it has been made to
 include ample provision for the relief
 and proper treatment of the sick poor,
 the infirm, and children. Exceptional
 circumstances have been admitted, in
 contradiction of the fundamental prin-
 ciple of the scheme, wherein succour
 may be given to persons outside the
 workhouses. Arrangements have been
 liberally entered into for the educa-
 tion of the young, and sufficient gua-
 rantees given for the religious safety
 of the inmates of rival creeds. Spi-
 ritual teachers have been adequately
 salaried for each, and every reasonable
 facility afforded them for prosecuting
 their duties. Commodious buildings
 have risen in every part of the coun-
 try, within easy reach of the districts
 where destitution is most to be feared;
 and the regulations as to food, cloth-
 ing, and lodging have gone to the ut-
 most limit of that rude comfort, the
 overstepping of which, in obedience
 to any spurious sentiment of benevo-
 lence, would be to offer a temptation to
 idleness and unthrift, and to demoral-
 ize the agricultural community, by

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clothing, salaries of officers, and all other expenses, for the year 1859, £413,719. Number relieved—in-door, 153,706; out-door, 5,425. For 1860, maintenance and general expenditure, £272,652, which, together with salaries and rations of officers, and sundries, amounted to a total of £454,531. Number relieved—in-door, 173,549; out-door, 8,965. The greater cost of food in the latter year must not be forgotten in contrasting the outlay. It is also of importance to state that, while there was an increase in 1860, under the head of in-maintenance and clothing, of £38,480, under the heading of out-door relief, the increase amounted only to £2,275, from which the conclusion arises, that, even in periods of very extensive and severe destitution, a lax and unlimited resort to out-door relief is unnecessary.

Before showing more fully the bearing which these facts have upon recent inquiries before the Parliamentary Committee, it will be well to adduce the experience of those best acquainted with the operations of the Poor Law in the sister country on the serious question whether out-door relief should be more largely introduced. The Irish reader cannot need to be informed that the Roman Catholic bishops, at their late meeting in Dublin, drew up a petition, embodying their views at length upon several radical changes in the Poor Law system, and among the rest claimed a larger scope for Boards of Guardians in the administration of out-door relief. Before noticing their representations, let us consult our neighbours on the point, and see whether Englishmen, after practically testing both plans, of in-door and out-door, agree with the dignitaries referred to, or with the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, with the forty-one Boards of Guardians, who replied to their circular as has been stated, with the members of the North and South Dublin Union Boards, who have passed resolutions strongly condemnatory of out-door relief, and with Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the intelligent clerk of the Cork Union, who, on his examination before the Select Committee, seems to have disappointed his party, and disconcerted Mr. John Francis Maguire, by declaring, in positive terms, that out-door relief

ought to be strictly confined to the exceptional cases in which it is at present permitted.

In Sir George Nicholls' valuable "History of the Irish Poor Law, in connexion with the condition of the people," a work which every guardian and gentleman of property should now make himself acquainted with, the end to be attained by a poor law is defined as the relieving of the community from the demoralization, as well as danger, consequent on the prevalence of extensive and unmitigated destitution, and "to do this in such a way as shall have the least possible tendency to create the evil which it is sought to guard against." This may seem a truism; and yet it is the very thing that a number of influential persons, whose station lends their perverted judgment mischievous influence, are at present disregarding. They desire what they call amendments in the administration of the Poor Law, which would have a tendency to produce the evils which a poor law should be framed with an especial view to curing. Instead of discouraging pauperism, these new arrangements would rapidly increase it, would render it an institution of the country, a thing fostered, pampered, and perpetuated. It is at this moment our pride that, besides the infirm and very young, our number of poor dependent upon the rates for support is greatly fewer, in proportion to the population, than the poor of England and Scotland to theirs; but, under the system proposed by an influential party, this honourable distinction would be lost. Whole villages would be put in receipt of out-door relief ere six months passed, where at present the people are struggling through life—very laboriously, indeed, and suffering extreme privations occasionally, notwithstanding which, however, it is better, both for society and the individuals themselves, that they should continue to prefer their hard battle with adverse circumstances to the loss of every manly and proper feeling, which would follow their acceptance of public charity. Place the temptation of out-door relief before these people, and they will eagerly catch at it, ceasing from that moment to put forth their former exertions, or to husband what they earn. To acknowledge that other

ria. In roasting no one can equal him; and as for broiling, it is positively not understood out of these isles:—but he is weak at frying; and as for stewing, it is purely beyond his competence. Boiling, what of it? Much praise cannot be awarded to British cookery on that score. Boil, indeed, we do, but much too furiously. Strange, in the land where steam engines were discovered, where the economy of fuel, and the philosophy of latent heat are so well understood and applied in matters mechanical, the widest possible departure is sanctioned—nay enjoined—in our cookery. We don't want our female cooks to understand first principles; but it is strange that none of our philosopher cooks, or cook philosophers, should ever have taken heed of the obvious fact, that, when water—set over a fire, in an open or tightly closed vessel—boils, it can be made no hotter, however great the consumption of fuel, and however furious the boiling. If this obvious fact had been impressed upon the makers of cooking ranges, it would have influenced the construction of the latter; and gradually our female cooks—without reasoning at all, which we deprecate—would have boiled with less frightful expenditure of fuel. Nor is waste of fuel alone in question. Many culinary processes—all the varieties of stewing, for example—are best performed at temperatures considerably below boiling. Of this class of operations British cooks have not the remotest idea. Reasoning beings, who contemplate the *ars coquinaria*, from a philosophical point of view, will not do amiss to revolve in their minds the beautiful doctrine of equivalents of force. The fragment of coal thrown into a fire, and burned, and, to ordinary apprehensions, destroyed, is merely converted into other states, invested with exactly the same amount of physical force. A definite amount of coal burned, evolves a definite amount of steam; that steam is composed of two elements held together by an equivalent attractive force; and, if the steam be turned to account as a mechanical agent, it will display the same equivalent of force under the aspect of mechanical work done. It is demonstrated by philosophers that the heat evolved from a single ounce of coal is sufficient to convert a pint of water into steam,

the latter occupying the space of two hundred and sixteen gallons. The steam, if applied as a mechanical force under the most favourable conditions (expansively), can raise a weight of seventy-four tons one foot high. In the Cornish steam-engine, where fuel economy is carried to the highest practicable degree, a single bushel of coals is made to do the work of fifty strong horses labouring for a day. Think of this! Why a thorough-bred English cook will throw well-nigh a bushel of coals into the range before she can boil an egg. Heat equivalent to the labour force of fifty horses for a day, or, according to another way of putting it, one hundred and ten million pounds weight, raised one foot high! Can extravagance and absurdity go further?

It is not a thing to be marvelled at that old Van Helmont and Paracelsus assumed the existence of an Archæus, or individual spirit-intelligence, presiding over the stomach. A mistake common to nearly all physiologists, who, branching away from contemplation of the functions of digestion, have trenched upon gastronomy. Is this:—They have erroneously limited the stomach to the condition of an administrative agent; they have acted too much in the way of saying to the stomach, "Do such and such a thing," when do it the stomach must, if at all within its competence. For our part we are not sure that Van Helmont and Paracelsus erred. The demonstration has yet to be made that the stomach is not endowed with a separate intelligence;—a reasoning power we do not mean, but an instinct; for at times the stomach is altogether unreasonable—the presiding Archæus rebelling against conditions which he would, if reasonable, have left as they were. The stomach must not be reasoned with, but commanded—petted—and sometimes having its own tranquillity of mind (view) even deceived. The presiding intelligence of the stomach is truly feminine in its ways; and must be dealt with as you would with a lady.

Nothing in the form of untempered skin can resist the potent alchemy of the modern confectioner's jelly-pot. We have heard of a certain French cook, who served up a delicate ragout made out of the leg and upper leather

of one of his master's boots. It *may* have been so; but the tan one would have imagined troublesome to deal with. White kid-gloves can and *do* make excellent jellies, as our pastry-cooks can testify. There is nothing objectionable in kid-skin *per se*; and, should the glove have invested at some earlier date the soft palm and coralline fingers of a lady, the jelly would come all the more redolent of love and poetry. How dashed with bitterness are all sublunary things! Alas! the smaller kind of ladies' so-called kid-gloves are made chiefly out of rat-skins. The smaller the hand the more *ratty* the inference! Parchment trimmings contribute in no small degree to the stock of a London pastry-cook's jelly-pot. It is said that a hiatus exists in the parchment documents of the Patent Office; a boy on the establishment having surreptitiously taken documents away and sold them to the confectioners. Very good jelly (scientifically speaking) can be manufactured out of parchment; but, any person amenable to sentiment in the slightest degree, would spare his stomach some qualms by not inspecting the manufacture of parchment. Absolutely and rationally there is nothing repulsive in the idea of manufacturing ivory dust into jelly; but how a fair creature—engaged in soft dalliance with a jelly—would pout and make wry faces, and thrust the jelly from her, if told (which is the fact), that most of the ivory dust in question is purchased of the small-tooth comb makers!

The physiology and culinary history of gelatine is well worthy the study of a philosopher. Existing in almost every part of every animal, and that in large proportion, it is ever found, though remarkably soluble, in the condition of a solid. It has never yet been discovered in any healthy animal fluid. More, perhaps, than any other article of food, it has been the fate of gelatine, to come in for an extreme of both praise and depreciation. There was a time—and that perhaps within the recollection of many of us—when gelatine under any form was held to be the quintessence of animal nutriment. Chemists lamented the stores of gelatine wasted in bones; and forthwith, Papin's digester for extracting it, began to find place in well-appointed kitchens.

Majendie was amongst the first to question the extreme nutritive properties of gelatine, finding that dogs could not be kept many weeks alive upon a pure gelatine diet. Subsequently to the French Gelatine Commission Inquiry, Liebig and Mulder investigated the proximate principle proteine, stirring up a very pretty quarrel between them; in the course of which the Hessian Baron consigned his brother of Utrecht to *τοπον τινα υπο την γην μεγαν* in a fit of anger. The proteine doctrine since has been torn to shreds and fragments. Whether the so-called proteine ought to be regarded as a distinct proximate principle is doubtful. Physiologists are, for the most part, inclined to the belief that there is something in the proteine doctrine, but, at the same time, that Liebig and his school pushed their generalizations too far. By virtue of these generalizations, it was ruled that proteine was the starting point of flesh and blood formation; and that no pabulum could contribute to blood and flesh formation in the least degree which had not proteine in it. Now, there is no proteine in gelatine, wherefore Liebig and his school supplied a reason for the deduction arrived at by Majendie and the French commission. Liebig, indeed, even denies that gelatine can minister to the respiratory function; briefly, he considers gelatine, when swallowed, to do more harm than good. This, assuredly, is going too far. Say that the physiology of gelatine is not understood, and you will be nearer the mark.

The experimentum crucis, as it was considered, of Majendie and the other commissioners, really only goes to the extent of proving that the stomach of an animal likes change, and will not be tied rigorously down to one unvarying provend; in illustration of which accept the following:—Some years ago a certain starch manufacturer would have laid a wager ten thousand to one that he had made his fortune by a new way of fattening pigs. Wheaten flour we all know to be the foundation of the staff of life; and wheaten flour (chemical refinements unheeded) is made up of starch and gluten in variable proportions. Starch not being a proteine compound, holding no nitrogen in point of fact, is assumed to minister alone to the respiratory

function. Gluten has been regarded as the strong part of the staff of life. Theoretically there seems no reason wherefore an animal capable of living indefinitely on bread, should not live indefinitely on extracted gluten. So thought the starch-maker. As starch is ordinarily manufactured the gluten is utterly lost, fermented away, and the starch particles liberated. The starch manufacturer, on whom a new light had dawned, concluded to extract the gluten bodily and fatten pigs with it. He reckoned without his colleagues. The pigs had to be consulted. He considered their acquiescence a thing to be taken for granted. He erred. Voraciously the pigs attacked their gluten at first, and fattened well. After a few weeks they grunted dissatisfaction, and curled up their snouts. After a few weeks more they declined the gluten altogether; and rather than partake of it they died with piggish obstinacy. Mark now what followed. The gluten which pigs would not eat is converted into a fancy material dignified with a fine name, and sold to invalids as a strong dietetic restorative! Science has not yet proved itself equal to the task of determining the circumstances under which alimentary bodies should be associated, in order to constitute a perfect aliment; and this counsels the propriety of frequent change. At all periods of the world's history, gelatine has formed a prominent part of human aliment; and, considering that about half the entire weight of an animal is gelatine, the theory which dogmatically asserts its absolute inutility, is surely devoid of foundation.

There is no single good gift of Providence which may not be wrought into the likeness of evil by human perversity. The qualities of agreeable savour and smell may be made to cover the presence of materials injurious, or even poisonous: nevertheless, in a general way it may be stated that whatever is agreeable to smell and taste, is also good for nutrition.

This concession is very wide in significance. Many articles of food which come recommended to one race, with all the charms of flavour and odour, are to another utterly repulsive; and here we enter upon some curious considerations. What are the circumstances which contribute to the for-

mation of culinary tastes? What connexion is there between the dietetic type of a people and their qualifications, moral, mental, and physical? What influence, immediate or remote, is exercised by particular dietetic systems on posterity? To what extent do the culinary tastes of modern races differ from those of antiquity?

Looking at general systems of cookery, with a view to their comparison, it would seem that great similarity is recognizable between Roman cookery, towards the latter days of the Empire, and that of the modern Chinese. Both systems are eminently elaborate and artificial. The same partiality for gelatinous matters characterizes both. The Chinaman's hankering after unclean brasts may be thought at first to be a distinguishing characteristic. Well, it does not seem that the Romans had much reason to plume themselves on any superiority over the Celestials on that account. If the Romans did not eat dogs, and rats, and the arch-enemy of rats, they ate hedgehogs, conies, and dormice were a *bonne bouche* reserved for fête days. The *læchæmer*, or sea-slug, is a disgusting creature of the ocean, contributing to the nourishment of John Chinaman; but the Romans ate cuttle-fish, which is somewhat nastier. The Romans took their "garum" and "liquamen," two liquid products of the decomposition of the entrails of fish; whereas the Chinese manufacture something like it out of decomposed earth-worms. In some respects the Chinese cuisine is superior to the Roman.

In the vulgarity of money squandering without taste, in the fostering bizarre conceits, bordering on the verge of insanity, the system of cookery prevalent at Rome during the latter period of the Empire has never been equalled. Heliogabalus pinned himself on the invention of *menaganzas* filled with crabs, lobsters, and mice; and a certain *Æsop*—not the fable maker, but a comedian—had the strange conceit of spending thousands of pounds over a dish made of the tongues of all manner of expensive talking birds.

Concerning the diet of the Romans—during the latter period of the Empire at least—abundant evidence has been handed down to posterity through the published works of Ap-

cious. There were three Apicii, who lived at different times, all of them gourmands. The middle Apicius is considered to have been the author, but the probability is that the work which bears his name stands in the same relation to him that "Euclid's Elements" do to Euclid: that the foundation of the book was merely due to his pen, additions having been made by subsequent writers. The Apician treatises, at any rate, have always been considered authentic, to the extent of representing the system of cookery as it was during the latter days of the Empire.

There are some conclusions in which one is inclined to place implicit faith, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. For our part, we believe, and always intend to believe, despite any amount of evidence, that some connexion subsists between refined eating and drinking and refined sentiment and manners. Had there lived a Grecian Apicius to hand down to posterity a full statement of what the classic Greeks ate, drank, and avoided, perhaps our own unreasoned conclusions would have been substantiated, and many reflections now cast on the repulsiveness of Hellenic cookery might cease to be applicable. The Spartan war diet of black broth is not a case in point. That, doubtless, was a political institution, established by Lycurgus. It had nothing to do with gastronomy, properly so called, and we unhesitatingly adopt the hypothesis of a certain native of Sybaris, who, having tasted Spartan black broth, exclaimed, "Now do I perceive why it is that Spartan soldiers encounter death so joyfully: dead men require no longer to eat; black broth is no longer a necessity." But wherefore cast such aspersions on the *μελας ζωμος*? According to Julius Pollux,* it was only blood thickened in a particular way, after all; and what, pray, is modern black-pudding? More difficulty is experienced in dealing with Attic fare. It is stated to have been so rough and coarse, that to live *Ἀττικῶς*, that is to say, in Athenian fashion, was said in the way of reproach by the Ionians. One dish has been handed down to posterity

as Hellenic in the broadest sense of nationality: it was called *Μυττωτον*, and composed of cheese, garlic, and eggs beaten up together. The Greeks had another dish, called *Θριον*, because it was served up in fig-leaves, eggs, honey, cheese, and rice were its component parts. Athenæus has handed down a full account of an Attic feast. Silphium, supposed to be asafoetida, is frequently mentioned as a leading component of both food and sauces. The guests must have had strong stomachs.

To fancy a refined and poetic race partaking of these things is almost impossible. Picture to yourself a beautiful Hetæra thus nourished. It makes one's very hair stand on end! By a sweet euphemism honied words are said to pass between lovers when they meet. Picture to yourself bright Phryne redolent of asafoetida, or white browed Lais breathing alliaceous words into the ear of Alexander!

As for the Greeks of Homeric times, their fare was substantial and simple, as the Blind Man of Scio testifies. To the critical discrimination of Madame Dacier we owe the discovery that Homer only alludes to boiled meat once.†

Time and space admonish us to linger no more amidst the cloudy records of gastronomic antiquity. A whole mountain of books, hunted out from their dark recesses, with what patient industry, alas! the reader will never know, admonishes to take a passing glance at the capabilities of our ancestors in the matter of dining. It would be hardly worth while to carry our investigations back to the Danish, much less the Britannic period. The Anglo-Saxons were crude feeders at first, but for some time anterior to the Norman Conquest they imbibed culinary ideas from over the water; so that when the Normans came to settle permanently amongst us, the new gastronomic regime which they formally inaugurated was not quite a novelty. The Norman cuisine, viewed on the whole, was a sort of foreshadowing of French cookery at the present time—highly elaborate and artificial. In one respect, however, the Norman gustatory taste dif-

* Onomast, Lib. vi.

† Il. 21, v. 362.

ferred from the modern French, in admitting a multiplicity of what we should call incongruous condiments. A leading characteristic of what may be called the cookery of chivalry was pungency. The flavouring of it would have been too hot for modern palates, save those, perhaps, accustomed to East Indian discipline. That taste seems to have been congenial to the Norman palate from very early times. Intercourse with Asiatic nations during the Crusades lent aid to the indulgence of that taste, by familiarizing the chivalry of Europe with many spices. Sugar, too, was sufficiently familiarized in Europe to find its way into the kitchen, and thence into the composition of many dishes, wherein honey had been previously employed. The Greeks, we might have stated, appear to have been totally unacquainted with sugar. Occasionally, specimens of sugar-candy found their way to Rome, in the time of Pliny, being described by him under the name of Indian salt. For an acquaintance with sugar to any familiar extent Christian Europe is indebted to the Crusaders. The Spanish Saracens had grown the sugar-cane in the "*Tierra Caliente*" of Spain, as it is now called, the narrow belt of alluvium between the Alpuxarras and the Mediterranean, soon after their European conquests, and therefore anterior to the date of the first Crusades; but at that time, Saracenic Spain was a land hermetically closed against the rest of Europe. Andalusian sugar was, therefore, a luxury confined pretty exclusively to the Spanish Saracens.

Returning to the theme of Norman cookery, the Conqueror himself was a gastronome, otherwise perhaps he would not have grown so fat. Rufus enjoyed in no less degree the pleasures of the table. Under the fostering care and personal example of Henry III. and Edward I. the gastronomy of Norman chivalry was still further advanced; but in the reign of Richard I. it was that the system attained its climax of glory. That reign constitutes a remarkable epoch in the annals of culinary art, being the period at which the first British book of cookery was composed—the first British cookery book, at least, which has been handed down to posterity. The "*Book of Cury*" is its designation. We may,

hereafter, have need to consult its pages. The prodigality of Richard was enormous. Two thousand cooks and three hundred servitors were employed in his kitchen. Ten thousand visitors daily attended his court, and went satisfied from his table. To furnish food for this numerous company, twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, an incredible number of fowls and all kinds of game were slaughtered every morning.

The quaint spirit of chivalry stamped upon the Norman culinary art the impress of the age. The dining ceremonial was remarkable. With even more formality than the Roman system, Norman dining etiquette was tinged with none of its disgusting effeminacy. The cook's office was honourable, not being, as amongst the Romans, delegated to slaves. No rose-strewn triclinia, with lolling gluttons thereon, degraded the halls of a Norman king. The ingenuity of made dishes was tempered by the plain honesty of huge Homeric joints. No perfumed minions, chaplet-wreathed, ministered to the brave. Suggestive of the battlefield, not the gynæceum, was the converse there. Belted and spurred the warrior sate, exchanging soft courtesies with the fair; esquires, decked in panoply of state, performed the carving offices. The chief dish was often, as a mark of especial compliment, brought into the dining-hall on horseback by a man-at-arms. Heraldry lent the blandishments of her quaint devices to decorate the board. Armorial bearings of entertainer and guests were represented in devices of pastry-work and sugar; and, if these plastic materials were sometimes tortured into forms, at the sight of which modern ladies would blush and gentlemen stand aghast, custom and precedent may be appealed to by the modern critic as palliating much that seems coarse to us; and, as illustrating the knightly Garter motto—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. A stronger exculpation may be found in ecclesiastical precedent of that time; for it is a fact that the sacramental bread was, about this period, moulded into such objectionable forms that a special edict had to be passed, calling attention to the abuse, and enjoining the discontinuance of it.

A great feature in the middle age chivalric feasts was the regal peacock,

roasted in his feathers, and his head sometimes gilt; a taste quaint and grotesque indeed, but not like many culinary Roman tastes, foul and vicious. The crane, too, was a favoured delicacy. Chivalric culinary art always showed a leaning towards large birds—pity Columbus had not yet discovered America and brought to light the turkey.

It must not be imagined that chivalry had all the *gourmandise* to itself. By no means. Holy men, ecclesiastical as well as secular, patronized warmly the culinary art. The feather-clad peacock was no stranger to the monastic dining halls. Pope Julius III. was partial to the regal bird, which incited him once to blasphemy. Be it understood, by way of premonition, that Pope Julius was one who may be said to have clothed himself with curses as with a garment: he had a habit of swearing. It happened on a certain occasion that the holy father had been partaking of a peacock at dinner. He liked it much, and having taken his fill, commanded that the remains might be set aside and presented again at supper. Supper-time came, and with it another peacock, hot and smoking. "Where is my cold peacock?" demanded the Pope Julius. Alas! it was eaten—which his holiness being told, he began to curse and swear, as was his custom when angered to do, until a cardinal standing by blushed for very shame, and, according to Hollinshed, remonstrated. "Let not your Holiness," said he, "I pray you, be so moved with a matter of so small weight." Then thus Pope Julius answering againe, replied, "What! if God was so angrie for one apple that he caste our first parents out of Paradise for ye same, whie may I not, being his vicar, be angrie then for a peacocke, sithen a peacocke is a greater matter than an apple."*

It is curious to note the correspondence between the decline of chivalry and the decline of gastronomy. We have seen to how high a degree of splendour the *ars culinaria* was raised by Richard II. That epoch corresponded with the golden age of chivalry. By the time of Elizabeth's accession to the throne chivalry had well-nigh died out. Carving, no longer performed by

attendant squires, was delegated to menials. Jesters occupied the place which bards whilom had filled. Of former table joys big joints remained, but heraldic "sotilties" had departed. Rude plenty characterized the board, but it was mingled with coarseness. Oriental splendour at meals was a tradition; the feathered peacock, if seen at times, was seen only to be giped at. The "Book of Cury" began to be irreverently superseded. Old luxuries of the table, departed or departing, had not yet found a substitute in the refinements due to the resources of a manufacturing age.

We have mentioned that the Book of Cury was fast being superseded. True English cookery books may be regarded as an institution of the Elizabethan age; those dear old books, so quaint, and confused, and solemn, half dietetic, quarter medical, quarter necromantic, wherein food, physic, necromancy, and ways of exorcising the devil mingle so amusingly. Many of these Elizabethan cookery books are bulky, but they prove by matter extraneous to the subject in hand, how meagre was the cookery lore of that period. All of them contain medical and surgical receipts, of course, as well as mere precepts of cookery. We do not quarrel with it; believing that dietetics have been too much neglected. The aim is good enough, but the achievement is abominable. Talk of Spartan black broth, why it must have been as nectar and ambrosia, by comparison with many triumphs of dietetic cookery held in repute about this period. The philosophic gastronome, who, casually glancing over the farrago of incongruous things which enter into these formularies of medical dietetics, thinks he has had enough of them, and feels inclined to shut the book, may profitably take counsel with himself, and think again. He will discover the remnant of a half-smothered superstition pervading the whole, mingled with something of the repulsive, but with still more of the quaint and ridiculous.

British cookery books, written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, afford a passing commentary on the marketless condition of England in those days. What would be

* Hob. Chron. p. 1128, a. 40.

thought of a writer on cookery, who at this time should consider it part of his duty to give directions for the breeding of oxen, sheep, and swine? Such directions form an integral part of several old cookery books now lying before us. One author (a lady), not content with rearing up animals from their babyhood, retrogrades to an antecedent point, expatiating on *all* the circumstances necessary to be borne in mind, to insure a happy progeny. As to the breeding of sheep, we doubt whether agriculturists have not grown more ignorant since the sixteenth century. It would, indeed, appear so, judging from certain passages which have come under our notice. Our lady author—she was a widow—coolly asks whether we would prefer our stock ewes to have male or female lambs? The choice made, directions are given for carrying out our intentions. The information is conveyed in no boasting manner—not as though our lady author knew more than any other author in this recondite matter—but with just the amount of authority that an author is wont to assume when addressing the public. By attending to the wind's direction when the lover sheep are finally introduced to each other's society, the fullness of the moon, the conjunction of certain planets, and a few such like points, meteorological and astronomical, it would seem that gender in the lambs to come hereinafter is no longer a matter of speculation, but capable of being influenced by the sovereign will of human intelligence.

It is a remarkable fact, that the repulsive cruelty which characterized much of the therapeutic cookery up to the middle of the past century, at least, coexisted with a tenderness for life, and a repugnance to animal suffering, which in many respects are an example worthy of being followed by modern cooks. Whoever thinks of killing eels now—a-days before skinning them? Nobody. It has been said, that eels don't mind being skinned alive, because they are used to it. That was said jokingly, of course (no joke for the eels); but like many another joke, it seems to have grown into acceptance, as a matter of sober earnest. Our great, great grandmothers, or rather, *their* great, great grandmo-

thers, were more compassionate; in testimony whereof is a receipt in the pastry cooks vade mecum, 1705, for marinating eels. "The eels being killed," says our author, "*and quite dead*" (mark the emphasis), "let them be well scoured, cleansed, and scraped, &c. &c." This precept speaks powerfully in favour of the humanity of our ancestors. It is clearly perceived that when they tortured an animal before killing it, the torturing must be looked upon as a mystic rite, no more. Grieve over the superstition of the act if you like, but take heed how you inveigh against its cruelty.

It is only an act of common justice to signalize points of refinement and humanity on the part of our ancestors, from the Elizabethan period downwards to the middle of the last century, whenever one meets with them, inasmuch as an exaggerated idea to the contrary is apt to prevail. To judge of the refinement of a people from a perusal of their cookery receipts alone, is not safe practice, as we have endeavoured to show, else to what strange conclusions would the investigator not arrive in respect to the refinement of the Greeks? Sufficient account is not taken of the mutations of gustatory taste from time to time. It does not follow that because we modern people would think it coarse for ladies to eat cheese and onions, Cleon should have turned from his Aspasia in disgust, when she came to her bower after a repast of rice and garlic. Many formularies of Elizabethan cookery, one must needs own, do not come well commended to modern likings. What, for example, will our lady readers say to a trifle, the leading ingredients of which were cream, butter, ginger, and rose water? To capon stewed in syrup, pepper, ginger, currants, white wine, spinach, cinnamon, sugar, and butter? To hare parboiled, larded, roasted, sauced with red wine, salt, vinegar, cloves, and mace, to which are finally added, apples and onions, fried together in a pan? Cheese, however, was coloured with saffron, not turmeric (an obvious improvement), and as for salads, they must have been elegant trifles compared with salads of to-day. Slices of lemon helped to compose them, and fair flowers mingled with the pro-

per herba. Nor was the following "*caudle to comfort y^e stomacke, good for an olde man,*" amiss for the year 1595: "Take a pinte of good Muscadine, and as much of good stale ale; mingle them together; then take the yolkes of twelve or thirteene egges, newe layde; beat well the egges, firste by themselves, with y^e wine, and ale, and so boyle it together, and put thereto a quarterne of suger, and a fewe whole mace; and so stirre it well til it seethe a good while; and

when it is well sod, put therein a few slices of bread if you will, and so let it soke awhile, and it will be right good, and wholesome." Familiarly speaking, this is egg-flip of superior quality. We modern people have hardly improved upon it; and here generally it may be averred, that whilst the precepts of Elizabethan cookery often jar against modern predilections, little exception can be taken to the cordials of that age.

J. S.

THE IRISH POOR LAWS.

AMONG the numerous institutions founded by the State within the last thirty years, designed to ameliorate the social condition of the Irish people, none has had a more important or difficult field of operation than the Poor Law system. It has been put to the test of several extraordinary crises, and although more than once unequal to the strain of famine, on the most trying of such occasions it did a great deal more than was anticipated to mitigate the horrors of the visitation. By gradual improvements and extensions it has been made to include ample provision for the relief and proper treatment of the sick poor, the infirm, and children. Exceptional circumstances have been admitted, in contradiction of the fundamental principle of the scheme, wherein succour may be given to persons outside the workhouses. Arrangements have been liberally entered into for the education of the young, and sufficient guarantees given for the religious safety of the inmates of rival creeds. Spiritual teachers have been adequately salaried for each, and every reasonable facility afforded them for prosecuting their duties. Commodious buildings have risen in every part of the country, within easy reach of the districts where destitution is most to be feared; and the regulations as to food, clothing, and lodging have gone to the utmost limit of that rude comfort, the overstepping of which, in obedience to any spurious sentiment of benevolence, would be to offer a temptation to idleness and unthrift, and to demoralize the agricultural community, by

making the workhouse a desirable residence, rather than an asylum for the day of stark distress. In the administration of this great department, moreover, the fullest latitude has been given by the legislature to local government. The taxed community of ratepayers have the system almost wholly in their own hands, the central board of Commissioners only exerting that amount of supervision and control which experience has found to be necessary in order to keep the general machinery in working order. The holders of property, too, though they resisted the law as first proposed, have for many years heartily acquiesced in its burdens, and lent their influence to carry it out honestly. At this moment they would not abolish the Poor Law if they had the power to do so by a word. Notwithstanding certain abuses of a local and departmental nature, they regard it complacently, and have no wish to return to the former days of sturdy mendicancy, when Arthur Young could hold us up to the scoffs of Europe as a nation of beggars. The very removal of the gangs of able-bodied paupers from public view has exerted a good effect upon our people. Extravagant and often misplaced sympathy with the race of professional mendicants had a paralysing influence, encouraging reliance upon others where an ordinary degree of self-effort would have averted poverty. The problem which the statesman had to solve, therefore, when introducing a poor law, was how to feed, clothe, and educate

the destitute, so as to diminish their number by stimulating even the poorest to vigorous personal exertion for their own maintenance. This aspect of legislation for the relief of poverty is not less important in a moral than fiscal point of view. The smallest possible extent of destitution, and the fewest number chargeable on the rates—no actual beggars remaining outside, dependent upon precarious charity—is the perfection of a poor law, regarded in the simple light of the taxation involved; but its more important success is when the arrangements are such, though humane and effective, that nothing short of actual destitution will induce a man to sacrifice his liberty and self-respect by entering the workhouse.

That the Irish Poor Law system has, in the main, well answered the purposes of such an enactment, is proved by the single fact, that there exists less poverty in Ireland at present, in proportion to the population, than in either England or Scotland. This is owing chiefly to the increased demand for labour of late years, though also partly, no doubt, to the great dislike of the people for the workhouses, a feeling which acts in a salutary direction by urging them to shift for themselves. It is an unfounded assertion that this dislike ever goes the length of preventing those actually starving from presenting themselves at the rendezvous of the destitute. Last year, fortunately, submitted the Irish Poor Law department to a severer trial than it has encountered since the year 1847, and proved how little reason there is in any demand for an organic change in the system. Minor improvements may be necessary, but these are very different from a proposition, for example, to do away with or depreciate the workhouse test—which is, as it were, the keystone of the arch—and to introduce in its room extended and necessarily indiscriminate out-door relief, similar to the practice repudiated twenty years ago in England, after bitter experience of its oppressively expensive and demoralizing consequences.

We have before us a report from the Poor Law Commissioners, brought down to February of the present year, a most interesting document, from which it appears that the workhouses

were fully equal to the demands made upon them in the previous severe season, although the then prevailing destitution had no parallel for a long interval. One fact is sufficient to establish this statement. The increased number of those who received out-door relief in 1860, over 1859, was only 3,540; although the Commissioners were prepared to put their powers to the stretch in this direction, that no destitute persons might be neglected; and had issued a circular on the subject, in anticipation of last winter's privations, arising from the extensive blight in the early potato crop, and the deficiency in the supply of turf saved for fuel, in consequence of the long-continued rains. The Guardians were counselled to prepare themselves for a pressure, and did so; but the workhouses were adequate to bear it, though the sufferings of the people were extraordinarily severe, the price of bread, oatmeal, and potatoes having been higher than at any period since the sad year, 1845, which heralded the catastrophe of the great famine.

The Commissioners are warranted, we think, in regarding this proved competency of the system to bear a severe strain, as a testimony to its matured condition. "Remembering," they say, "the apprehensions which justly prevailed in the latter part of 1845, one cannot but wonder at the present comparative state of confidence in Ireland. The change is attributable, no doubt, to a combination of favourable circumstances, of which the following appear to be the most prominent: the established operation of free trade in food, less reliance on the potato, increased means of employment, and at better wages, for the labouring classes; and lastly, a confident assurance of the sufficiency of the Poor Law to meet any emergency that is likely to arise." As further evidence that this is a reasonable view, they place on record the opinions of no less than forty-one Boards of Guardians, who, in reply to the circular already mentioned, expressed their conviction that the existing means at their disposal were quite sufficient for the increased demand upon them then anticipated. The extent of the pressure in 1860 will be seen from the following figures:—Expenditure in maintenance and

clothing, salaries of officers, and all other expenses, for the year 1859, £413,719. Number relieved—in-door, 153,706; out-door, 5,425. For 1860, maintenance and general expenditure, £272,652, which, together with salaries and rations of officers, and sundries, amounted to a total of £454,531. Number relieved—in-door, 173,549; out-door, 8,965. The greater cost of food in the latter year must not be forgotten in contrasting the outlay. It is also of importance to state that, while there was an increase in 1860, under the head of in-maintenance and clothing, of £38,480, under the heading of out-door relief, the increase amounted only to £2,275, from which the conclusion arises, that, even in periods of very extensive and severe destitution, a lax and unlimited resort to out-door relief is unnecessary.

Before showing more fully the bearing which these facts have upon recent inquiries before the Parliamentary Committee, it will be well to adduce the experience of those best acquainted with the operations of the Poor Law in the sister country on the serious question whether out-door relief should be more largely introduced. The Irish reader cannot need to be informed that the Roman Catholic bishops, at their late meeting in Dublin, drew up a petition, embodying their views at length upon several radical changes in the Poor Law system, and among the rest claimed a larger scope for Boards of Guardians in the administration of out-door relief. Before noticing their representations, let us consult our neighbours on the point, and see whether Englishmen, after practically testing both plans, of in-door and out-door, agree with the dignitaries referred to, or with the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, with the forty-one Boards of Guardians, who replied to their circular as has been stated, with the members of the North and South Dublin Union Boards, who have passed resolutions strongly condemnatory of out-door relief, and with Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the intelligent clerk of the Cork Union, who, on his examination before the Select Committee, seems to have disappointed his party, and disconcerted Mr. John Francis Maguire, by declaring, in positive terms, that out-door relief

ought to be strictly confined to the exceptional cases in which it is at present permitted.

In Sir George Nicholls' valuable "History of the Irish Poor Law, in connexion with the condition of the people," a work which every guardian and gentleman of property should now make himself acquainted with, the end to be attained by a poor law is defined as the relieving of the community from the demoralization, as well as danger, consequent on the prevalence of extensive and unmitigated destitution, and "to do this in such a way as shall have the least possible tendency to create the evil which it is sought to guard against." This may seem a truism; and yet it is the very thing that a number of influential persons, whose station lends their perverted judgment mischievous influence, are at present disregarding. They desire what they call amendments in the administration of the Poor Law, which would have a tendency to produce the evils which a poor law should be framed with an especial view to curing. Instead of discouraging pauperism, these new arrangements would rapidly increase it, would render it an institution of the country, a thing fostered, pampered, and perpetuated. It is at this moment our pride that, besides the infirm and very young, our number of poor dependent upon the rates for support is greatly fewer, in proportion to the population, than the poor of England and Scotland to theirs; but, under the system proposed by an influential party, this honourable distinction would be lost. Whole villages would be put in receipt of out-door relief ere six months passed, where at present the people are struggling through life—very laboriously, indeed, and suffering extreme privations occasionally, notwithstanding which, however, it is better, both for society and the individuals themselves, that they should continue to prefer their hard battle with adverse circumstances to the loss of every manly and proper feeling, which would follow their acceptance of public charity. Place the temptation of out-door relief before these people, and they will eagerly catch at it, ceasing from that moment to put forth their former exertions, or to husband what they earn. To acknowledge that others

than the destitute have a title to support from the rates is, in short, to establish an order of mendicancy, and to revive that habit of dependence which was formerly such a reproach to the Irish people.

If we go back to the oldest Irish Acts, we find provision made only for the destitute classes. Clauses and phrases are carefully inserted to exclude all others. In the enactment, 2nd of Anne, 1703, which was the first Irish Poor Law, under which a workhouse was built in Dublin, those to be relieved are defined as, "all idle or poor people begging or seeking relief, or who receive parish alms within the city or liberties." In 1715 this measure was extended by the 1st of George II., but with much caution, and made to include the apprenticing of "helpless children, *who are forced to beg their bread*, and who will, in all likelihood, if some proper care be not taken of their education, become hereafter, not only unprofitable, but dangerous to their country." Provision was subsequently made, in the reign of George the Third for foundling children, by the establishment of the Dublin Foundling Hospital. By the 11th and 12th George the Third, the law underwent an alteration, to embrace all exposed and deserted children, who were to be supported in every parish by a compulsory assessment of the inhabitants. Those who were poor, but not paupers—not utterly destitute—never seemed to these earlier law-makers to have a claim upon the parish. The able-bodied were especially excepted from the benefits secured to the weak and helpless. None of these measures, it is true, could be properly termed a poor law, as the establishments created by them were not general. One foundling hospital and workhouse was opened in Dublin, another in Cork, a third elsewhere; but the system, even in so far as it aimed at providing for helpless children, was local and imperfect. Nor did it rest upon a national rate, the expenditure in each case being partly met by a parish assessment and partly by voluntary subscription. Nevertheless, we see in these acts of the Irish parliament the germ of a poor law. They enfold its principle—namely, that the destitute only shall be provided for.

In 1804, a Committee on the State

of the Poor in Ireland reported to the House of Commons "that the adoption of a general system of provision for the poor of Ireland, by way of parish-rate, as in England, or in any similar manner, would be highly injurious to the country, and would not produce any real or permanent advantage, even to the lower class of people, who must be the objects of such support." Let it be remarked, however, that this dictum did not proceed from insensibility to the sufferings of the poor, for further on the same Committee complain that former acts authorizing the establishment of houses of industry had not been fully acted upon; and the result of their report was the passing soon after of two measures, under which dispensaries, infirmaries, and hospitals were erected, to be maintained by grand jury presentment. What this Committee feared was the encouragement that would be given to idleness and habits of dependence by a relief-system of which they had then no other idea than that it must be analogous to what we call out-door. Again, in 1819, a Committee on the state of disease and condition of the labouring poor in Ireland, after much deliberation, reported on the second head of inquiry—and the period was one of "calamitous visitation"—that they "found themselves in a great measure controlled by the unquestionable principle that legislative interference with the operations of human industry is as much as possible to be avoided." The Committee found, even at that time, a redundant, growing, and unemployed population." Did they propose a monster poor law system for the support of this surplus of idleness? That would have only rooted and perpetuated the evils which they deplored. They do not suggest a measure that would make the poor poorer, and by an excessive rate impoverish the monied class and check outlay on labour. That were to drag all down to the same level of beggary, and to preclude every chance of the country's resuscitation. They turn their attention rather to the industries that may be fostered in Ireland, to emigration also as a depletory agency, and say, "that such a population, redundant in proportion to the market for labour, exists and is growing in Ireland, is a fact which demands

the most serious attention of the legislature, and makes it not merely a matter of humanity, but of state policy, to give every reasonable encouragement to industry in that quarter of the empire."

Once more, in 1823, a period of great distress, when the districts suffering privation comprised more than one-half of the country, and a moiety of the population depended upon charity for their daily subsistence, when a London committee alone distributed £300,000, and the Government acted with creditable liberality, a committee sat "to inquire (their instructions are remarkable) into the condition of the labouring poor in Ireland, with a view to facilitate the application of the funds of private individuals and associations for their employment in useful and productive labour." The distributors of relief were ordered to give assistance, as far as possible, in return for labour; and, adverting to this principle, the committee report, "Relief purely gratuitous can seldom in any case be given, without considerable risk and inconvenience; but in Ireland, where it is more peculiarly important to discourage habits of pauperism and indolence, and where it is the obvious policy to excite an independent spirit of industry, and to induce the peasantry to rely upon themselves and their own exertions for support, gratuitous relief can never be given without leading to the most mischievous consequences." Any system of relief, they add, which induces the peasantry to depend on any source of maintenance other than their own labour, however benevolent in intention, "cannot fail to repress the spirit of independent exertion, which is essentially necessary to the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes." And they write thus after finding a large portion of the peasantry in the utmost misery! There were cabins which did not contain a single article of furniture, where a little fern was used for a bed, where the inmates slept in their clothes, where they chanced on a bit of food one day, and starved the next—just the class of people, some might say, whom an extensive system of out-door relief should reach. Yet the Select Committee do not recommend any scheme of the kind. Wishing to reconstruct, not further to de-

grade society, they call upon the State to afford employment, and such accordingly was done.

The Committee of 1830 went still more deeply into the causes of Irish poverty, pointing out the manifold evils springing from minute subdivision of land and bad tillage. Important evidence was given by the celebrated Dr. Doyle, whose poor law controversies at the time were conducted with great ability. Among other things it was stated by him, that the support of the poor fell mainly upon the middle classes, and that industrious farmers suffered most by it, a state of things which manifestly would not be altered if the one million sterling, or more, of State money, parish assessments, and voluntary contributions, then expended for the purpose, had been all raised by a direct rate. To relieve the industrious farming-class the only method was to remove the surplus of poor by emigration, and to supply labour. The Committee suggested both of these remedial measures, and steps were immediately taken in those directions.

It remained for the Committee of 1833 to bring the Poor Law question to a crisis. Their recommendations originated the enactments which have so long worked efficiently, and which should certainly not now be tampered with, in a manner opposed to the views of every committee of inquiry, and of every competent person and body, by whom the matter has been studied. This last tribunal was so composed as to give confidence to all parties. The original Commissioners were, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop, Rev. Charles Vignoles, the Right Hon. A. R. Blake, Richard More O'Ferrall, Esq., Rev. James Carlile, Fenton Hort, Esq., John Corrie, Esq., James Naper, Esq., and William Battie Wrightson, Esq. They went fully into the question, under the headings, deserted and orphan children; illegitimate children and their mothers; widows having families and young children; the impotent, through age or other permanent infirmity; the sick poor, who in health are capable of earning their subsistence; the able-bodied out of work; and, vagrancy as a mode of relief. After a long interval, during which they had prosecuted

their investigation with zeal, they came to a final report, declaring "upon the best consideration they could give to the whole subject," that a legal provision should be made for the relief of the following classes, and they are careful to specify them:—Incurable as well as curable lunatics, idiots, epileptic persons, cripples, deaf and dumb and blind poor, and all who labour under permanent bodily infirmities, "*such relief to be afforded within the walls of public institutions*;" also, for the relief of the sick poor in hospitals, infirmaries, and convalescent establishments, "or by external attendance and a supply of food as well as medicine, where the persons to be relieved are not in a state to be removed from home; also for the purpose of emigration, for the support of penitentiaries to which vagrants may be sent, and for the maintenance of deserted children; also towards the relief of aged and infirm persons, of orphans, of helpless widows with young children, of the families of sick persons, and of casual destitution."

This report became the basis of subsequent legislation. It had not been long in existence, however, until questions arose as to whether the old English law of out-door relief, or the amended one, should be copied for Ireland. The former had proved a failure; and it should be mentioned here, that the person who, of all others, wrote most earnestly against the repetition of the experiment in Ireland was Mr., now Sir G. O. Lewis, a member of the present Cabinet, who are pressed to retrograde into an extended system of out-door relief, and thus run counter to all experience and the opinions of the wisest men. In an able paper, published in July, 1836, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis said:—"As the danger of introducing a poor law into Ireland is confessedly great, I

far less dangerous to dispense with it in England than in Ireland." At every subsequent step towards the legislation ultimately arrived at, the same principle is regarded by every intelligent speaker and writer on the subject as the only safe basis for a poor law.

In issuing the letter of instructions, in 1836, upon which Mr. Nicholls came to Ireland to prepare for the introduction of the scheme, Lord John Russell directed that gentleman to inquire whether any kind of workhouse could be established which should "not give its inmates a superior degree of comfort to the common lot of the independent labourer, whether the restraint of a workhouse *would be an effectual check to applicants for admission*." Indiscriminate relief, therefore, was never contemplated. Nor was it ever intended to forget the marked distinction that exists between poverty and destitution. To relieve the latter, whether caused by scarcity of food, by want of employment, or sickness, or infirmity, was acknowledged to be the duty of society; *but there its duty stops*. It cannot be called upon to ameliorate by a poor law the condition of the great numbers of people who are only poor, *and not paupers*. If it should take these also under its care, there would soon be only two grades in the community—those that were supported by the rates, and consequently disinclined to personal exertion; and those who were being gradually beggared by the demoralizing attempt to sustain an ever growing population of idlers. And, if this principle of the workhouse-test was regarded as so essential then, when the really destitute in Ireland numbered over half a million, a tenth of whom could not be provided for in workhouses that were only in course of being built, what necessity is there for modifying it now, when

able exhibition of public generosity, which it undoubtedly was, over £2,000 having been distributed in the barony of Erris through the efforts of a committee, upon which the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen worked with harmonious zeal. The poor law, in fact, was never meant to dry up the sources of private benevolence, and prostitute every sentiment of charity to the frigid philosophy of a legal rate. There will always be room for the efforts of individuals, and if the projects of certain modern law-makers could be carried out, to the extent of clothing, educating, apprenticing, and establishing in life, all the children of the poor, and of removing the pinch of privation from every humble man's door, the results, far from being a blessing, would prove a positive curse to society, not only by damming up those human sympathies which keep the public heart from becoming obdurate, but by depriving the poor themselves of their greatest stimulus to exertion and the practice of frugality.

The importance of these considerations, as respects the phase at present assumed by the question, will lend interest to the following reply of Sir George Nicholls to one of the queries put by the Committee, with which we shall take leave for a little of this branch of the subject:—

“ They (the Irish people) have never been enervated by a misapplied system of parish relief. Rather than bear the restrictions of a workhouse, the Irishman, if in possession of health and strength, would wander the world over to obtain a living. Confinement of any kind is even more irksome to an Irishman than an Englishman. Hence, although he might be lodged, fed, and clothed in a workhouse better than he could lodge, feed, and clothe himself, he will yet, like the Englishman, never enter the workhouse, unless driven thither by actual necessity, and he will not then remain there longer than that necessity exists. The test of the workhouse is then, I think, likely to be as efficient in Ireland as it is proved to be in England: and if relief be there (in Ireland) restricted to the workhouse, it will be at once a test of destitution and a measure of relief, and will serve to protect the administration of a legal provision for the destitute poor from those evils and abuses which

followed the establishment, and led to the perversion of the old poor laws in England.

“ I have found in the state of Ireland no sufficient reason for departing from the principle of the English poor law, which recognises destitution alone as the ground of relief; nor for establishing a distinction in the one country which does not exist in the other.”

’Twere idle to heap up further testimony upon this point. On several occasions afterwards slight advances were made in the direction of out-door relief, but these were always treated as strictly exceptional, and even described by the Legislature as questionably politic. During the distress of 1839 the Board made a Minute against it, and only yielded, to any extent, under the Extension Act, 10 and 11 Vic., cap. 31, passed in a still sorer strait, in 1847. This enactment authorized a most important departure from the original statute, but was owing exclusively to the then extraordinary circumstances of the country. So dangerous was the ground felt to be upon which Parliament was thus treading, that restrictions and limitations were put to the application even of the exceptional power of giving out-door relief. It was provided, in order to prevent even the Commissioners themselves from carrying the practice to excess, that their Report presented to Parliament should “ contain a distinct statement of every order and direction issued by them in respect to out-door relief.” The Board, under the surveillance of the Government and the public, followed their instructions in the right spirit, as the subjoined figures showing the numbers receiving out-relief in the following years prove; and immediately on the cessation of each season of distress, they returned as far as possible to what may be called the basis principle of every politic, just, and safe poor law.

Year ending Sept. 29.	No. in Workhouses on 29th Sept.	No. Receiving Out-door Relief on 29th Sept.
1848	124,003	207,683*
1849	141,030	135,019
1850	155,173	2,938
1851	140,031	3,160
1852	111,515	2,528
1853	79,600	2,245†

* There were only 131 workhouses erected at this time.

† In 1859 and 1860, respectively, the number receiving out-door relief on this

After all this long and varied experience, the closest observers are only more strongly opposed to an extensive out-door system. It was only the other day, that evidence of the fact was furnished in the resolutions adopted by both of the Dublin Boards of Guardians, called forth, doubtless, by certain paragraphs in the Petition of the Roman Catholic bishops, the publication of which just now has enabled the public to understand a good deal of what has taken place before the Parliamentary Committee on the Government measure. These paragraphs are as follow :—

“That in the management and arrangements of union workhouses many circumstances exist, by which an insurmountable repugnance to them has been created in the minds of the poorer classes of the population of this country, so that the poor generally and especially industrious persons of good character, will not, in periods of sickness or other temporary difficulty, accept workhouse relief, by which they would be degraded to a condition of almost helpless pauperism; that the inevitable companionship of the idle and the dissolute of both sexes serves to make the workhouse a place of shame alike to the virtuous woman and the well-intentioned man; that the destruction of their humble homes, the disruption of all family ties, the separation from their children, and the feeling on their minds that all these miseries must be perpetual if once workhouse relief is accepted, prevent the poor from resorting in their distress to such an institution, and make that kind of relief unsuitable to meet the cases of frequent occurrence, of persons temporarily disabled (by causes over which they have no control) from earning subsistence for themselves and their families.

“That although legislative sanction has been given to relief being afforded otherwise than in the workhouse, the exercise by Boards of Guardians of their powers in that behalf has been, as your petitioners believe, discouraged by the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, and that consequently such powers have, for some time past, been made use of in Ireland only in a very few unions, and to a very limited extent.

“That your petitioners believe it is essential to the due relief of the poor of

this country that these powers should be exercised to a far greater extent than at present; and further, that additional powers should be given to Boards of Guardians, so that their discretionary powers may be adequate to meet all cases of casual poverty which periods of distress may occasion.”

This statement has given several members of the Parliamentary Committee, as it were, the brief from which they have interrogated the principal witnesses, who have also been drawn, it is necessary to remark, too exclusively from particular parts of the country. The drift of the examination for many days in succession has been to establish a necessity for compulsory out-door relief: that is, for the removal of the discretion now possessed by Boards of Guardians. Other collateral objects, organically affecting the poor law system have been pursued with assiduity, as, for example, a proposal for the nursing of children out of the workhouse, and for a similar treatment of the blind; but the leading design of those by whom the present law is assailed, is to extend the out-door relief principle, and to *make it the leading feature of the Irish Poor Law.*

It seems sufficient to observe, that their own witnesses have failed to sustain their case. There is no intention here to anticipate the report of the Committee, or unfairly to influence their decision, if that indeed were possible, but the gravity of the subject warrants this reference, even while the matter is pending. We shall not, however, travel over the body of evidence reported in the daily journals, but seize upon the salient points in that of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, to which allusion has already been made. This gentleman's testimony carries greater weight than that of other witnesses—even than that of Dr. Phelan, who is known to have made the theory of out-door relief a sort of hobby, and who has written upon it in a more earnest spirit than became a disinterested inquirer. Mr. O'Shaughnessy has been for fourteen years in connexion with the Cork

date was 5,425 and 8,965; but, as everybody is aware, these were periods of a distress so grievous that the Commissioners themselves felt somewhat alarmed lest another famine should be coming upon our people. Providentially things did not turn out as badly as was feared.

Poor Law board. He is a well-informed person, and gave his evidence with such clearness, decision, and fulness of knowledge, that Mr. Cardwell complimented him at its close, stating that he had never heard more distinct or more lucid evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. What, then, was Mr. O'Shaughnessy's opinion upon the main point of his examination? He is free to admit, as who will attempt to deny, that there are a great number of tradesmen not now relieved by the Unions, because they prefer to endure "incredible miseries," rather than confess themselves paupers by entering the workhouses. The able and vigilant member for Dungarvan worked this confession from the witness in the most artistic detail:—

"Do you not state (inquires Mr. Maguire) that there are a great many more outside the workhouse than in it who require relief as much as those who are in the workhouse?—What I say is, that there is a vast amount of distress which is not relieved by any society whatever (voluntary society), nor by the workhouse.

"Do you consider that the number of persons in the workhouse is a fair test of the amount of distress existing outside of it?—It will represent the state of the union comparatively, and the distress which exists in the various districts, but it will not, of course, form any test whatever of the number of indigent poor not in the workhouse.

"Then, the number of persons in the workhouse is no positive test of the real amount of distress which exists in the city?—It does not, of course, demonstrate the exact number of destitute persons in the union. I know that there is the very greatest repugnance on the part of the people to go into the workhouse. There is the strongest possible reluctance to do so on the part of the industrious poor, and in case of tradesmen, their repugnance is so strong as almost to be invincible. They look upon it as a degradation, and prefer to suffer incredible miseries before they resort to the workhouse.

"The number of the inmates of that class then would be no test of the distress existing in it out of doors?—Certainly not.

"Do you think, that when once a tradesman has gone into the workhouse he feels a repugnance to entering it a second time?—I think it is always the case when a man has lost his self-respect; he feels humbled, and having gone once

into the workhouse, he does not care whether he goes into it again or not. He feels that his going in a second or third time does not lower him more than he is already, having once been in, but his repugnance to entering it at first is very strong.

"Is that the case always with respect to the country people, or is it, as far as it has come to your knowledge, applicable only to the inhabitants of the city?—My observation and experience relate to the city of Cork, and I only know the population of the country as a person resident in the city would know them."

These queries were all intended as an effective preface to the subsequent examination, in which, however, the witness declined to deduce the corollary his interrogator had been steadily driving towards.

"Do you not think," asks Mr. Maguire, "it would be a great mercy to carry the law of out-door relief into force to its full extent?—I can only say, on that point, that there is among all classes the strongest feeling against any thing like an indiscriminate administration of out-door relief.

"And that is not the feeling of one particular class of the community, but pervades all classes and all persuasions, whatever may be their political or social views; they all entertain the same objection to any thing like out-door relief being indiscriminately administered?—To sum it up in one word, I would say all classes have as strong an objection to the indiscriminate administration of out-door relief as it is possible for any person whatever to entertain.

"I am not now upon the question of indiscriminate out-door relief; but do not you think that the carrying out of the law, to as great an extent as it will go, would be of very great service to the poor?—It ought to be very desirable in some instances; of course the more assistance they give the more distress they could relieve.

"But is it not absolutely necessary that some modified system of out-door relief should be provided?—Well, I think in some cases it would be very desirable, if it could be equally administered and not indiscriminately administered. Of course that is only an individual opinion.

"You would not recommend out-door relief in general cases of distress?—No, I would not recommend out-door relief to be given to any class except to the sick, and to those who are dependent upon them. Persons labouring under sickness are disabled temporarily from earning their bread by their labour, and in such cases the administration of out-

door relief might be advisable; but in administering a general scheme of out-door relief the difficulties of discriminating and inquiry would be so great that no Board of Guardians could give the necessary time and attention in order to detect imposition and introduce regular checks to the system. In cases of sickness those checks are not necessary; to a great extent sickness would check itself. I mean that there could be no cases of feigned sickness, inasmuch as a medical certificate, if necessary, and the certificates of the medical gentlemen would be in themselves a check and guarantee; and having such a check, I think that where the earning member of the family is disabled by sickness, it might be desirable that out-door relief should be given by the relieving officer. There might also be some change in the law made as to the granting of relief while the earning member of a family was in the hospital. Hospital accommodation in Cork is not very great, and a large number of persons are obliged to resort to the workhouse hospital, and I think when the head of a family is in the workhouse hospital, relief should be given to the family out of doors; but if that is not permissible by the present law, it ought to be made so. I have some doubts at present whether, by the present law, when the head of the family is admitted into the workhouse hospital, out-door relief can be administered, but I think it might be without doing any harm in such cases.

"You think that in such cases the law ought to be carried out to its full extent in respect to administering out-door relief?—Yes.

"Now, in the case of widows and children, does not the law allow out-door relief to be administered to them?—Yes.

"And would not that class be greatly injured by their being brought into the workhouse?—Certainly; that would be very objectionable. If you could limit relief strictly to industrious women, who contribute to their own support, that would be a very reasonable thing, but it necessarily leads to a great deal of imposition, which it is almost impossible to detect by the present system of inspection.

"Would it not be very desirable, in all those cases, to prevent the widows and children from entering the workhouse?—It might be, but it could only be done by a vast expenditure of time and trouble, and, in the end, would be very hard to accomplish."

The importance of this passage will excuse its length. The report of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's evidence, in this particular, is fuller and more correct

than in most of the newspapers; and, with every disposition to attach due importance to the views of the prelates, it is impossible for the candid inquirer to overlook the fact, that greater authority attaches to the representations of a practical man, for many years acquainted with the Poor Law system under conditions the most favourable for observing its defects. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, wisely enough, would not transfer the duties of the active and purely voluntary Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in relieving poor artisans in their occasional distresses, to the poor rate, but considers that it has its own sphere among the class of persons who may be described as accidentally and temporarily indigent—a class the Poor Law was not established to relieve (except in very peculiar cases), as we have abundantly shown—a class who are not destitute, in the sense of being paupers, and whom out-door relief, which, in the nature of things, cannot be otherwise than indiscriminate, would only demoralize. Unless in seasons of dire and general distress, it is better for society and the artisans themselves that they should be left to voluntary benevolence, as its special sphere.

For all these reasons, it is to be hoped the Committee and the Legislature will decline to accede to the requests now made to them, doubtless from pure and charitable, though mistaken motives. To institute a compulsory system of out-door relief will be to run counter to all previous enactments and principles, and to the experience of both earlier and later administrations. Dr. Phelan baits his trap for the Committee, by alleging that the establishment-charges would be reduced by the freer practice of out-door relief! We hold that they would be considerably increased. The cost of inspection would be enormous; and, after all, the result would prove unsatisfactory. Thousands—tens of thousands—would be in receipt of out-relief who had not the smallest claim to it. Even as it is, with the restrictions that exist—and they are effective—persons have become recipients of relief who were known afterwards to have had sums of money concealed in their houses at the time. Anybody acquainted with the peasantry is aware that they will

often put on the outward seeming of destitution, that they will appear in rags even, and make bitter complaint of their extreme poverty, when they have a snug amount hoarded in the thatch, or buried in the floor, more securely and secretly than even Silas Marner had his wonderful crock of gold.

In short, the dangers of the out-door system are so numerous, so subtle, so elusive of the best system of inspection, so demoralizing, and the administration of it would be so enormously expensive, that there is nothing for it but confining such a means of relief to exceptional seasons and cases, under the most rigorous supervision and the strictest limitations. This is the verdict of common sense and of experience. It is embodied in repeated enactments. It rests upon the testimony of the most sagacious and disinterested persons, who have spent their lives in practical acquaintance with Poor Law management. It is fairly presumable that the Committee now sitting will add their authority to the same conclusion; and whatever minor modifications they may deem necessary in the existing system, will protect it against empirical attempts to annihilate poverty in all its degrees, as well as against still more absurd projects for bringing the nursing of the children of the lower (non-pauper) classes, their subsequent education, their religious training, industrial instruction, apprenticeship, and *final settlement in life*, under the surveillance of the Government, and for paying all consequent charges out of the rates! It is high time that a pause were made in this excessive and morbid philanthropism, which, in simple fact, has none other than a socialistic basis, and originates in sentiments more akin to Chartism than religious consideration for the poor.

So much attention has been devoted to the out-door relief subject, which is of prime importance, that little space remains to notice the other changes proposed at present by the persons most active in this matter. Their next aim is to destroy or reduce the number of the *ex-officio* guardians, substituting for magistrates, who are such in virtue of holding the commission of the peace, the parish clergymen, Protestant and Roman

Catholic. We can answer, we think, for the former, that they have no ambition to sit on poor law boards, and wrangle with the sort of individuals who form a large proportion of elected guardians. It is not their function. The Protestant poor, besides, are few in rural districts, and the rector, consequently, would have but little power as a guardian. His rival, the parish priest, however, would be able to turn the position to decided advantage. He would claim to speak on the board as the peculiar representative of all the Roman Catholic poor in and out of the workhouse. His authority would be deferred to by his co-religionists, and he would become, in fine, the dictator and sole manager in every department. The ratepayers would be entirely in his hands. The patronage of the out-door relief scheme would be exclusively his. A large number of Roman Catholic clergymen would shrink from occupying such a position. Many would rejoice, however, in the influence which it would give them, and use it to the utmost. Instead, therefore, of a more popular administration being secured by the abolition of the *ex-officio* guardians, this change would efface all that is popular in the local management, and that the ratepayers would soon discover to their cost. Originally, magistrates were put upon boards of guardians in the interest of the payers of rates, the elected guardians having been found, in many instances, inefficient in the discharge of business—a charge to which they are open at the present hour.

The whole subject is discussed so ably in one of Sir George Nicholls' reports, that we shall quote a short passage:—

“There are many reasons why magistrates should form a portion of every board of guardians. The elected guardians will, for the most part, consist of occupiers, or renters, not the owners of property, and their interest will be temporary, while the interest of the owner is permanent. Some union of these two interests seems necessary towards the complete organization of a board of guardians; and as the magistrates collectively may be regarded as the chief landed proprietors of the country, the bill proposes to effect this union by creating them *ex-officio* members of the board. The elected guardians are, more—

over, subject to be changed every year, and their proceedings might be changeable, and, perhaps, contradictory; and confusion might arise through the opposite views of successive boards. The *ex-officio* guardians will serve as a corrective in this respect. Their position as magistrates, their information and general character, and their large stake as owners of property, will necessarily give them much weight; whilst the proposed limitation of their number to one-third of the elected guardians, will prevent them having an undue preponderance. The elected and the *ex-officio* members may be expected each to improve the other, and important social benefits may arise from their frequent mingling, and from the necessity for mutual concession and forbearance, which, well mingling cannot fail to teach. Each individual member will feel that his influence depends upon the opinion which his colleagues entertain of him, or upon the respect or regard which they feel towards him; and hence will arise an interchange of good offices, and a cultivation of mutual good-will, beginning with the board of guardians, and extending throughout the union; and eventually, it may be hoped, throughout the country, and thus the union system may become the means of healing dissensions and reconciling jarring interests in Ireland. On these grounds, I consider that the establishment of *ex-officio* guardians, *voting by proxy, and accumulative voting*, as provided in the Bill, should be adhered to."

This was written in 1837, and the logic is quite as sound to-day. If the amiable hopes of the writer as to the cessation of strifes have not proved well founded, the continued existence of those conflicts itself proves the importance of securing for property its due representation on boards of guardians. Upon this, as other points which have been specified, let the legislature make no rash and ill-considered changes. The conservative principle ought surely to be respected in connexion with a measure framed so carefully, on repeated reports of select committees, and by comparison with the previous experience of an old and an amended English poor law—a measure, too, which is admitted to have worked well for many years—which, moreover, let interested persons say what they may, does at this moment fully provide for all the destitute, whether from want of work, infancy, old age, or sickness. The public will have no objection to such

reforms of a minor kind as may have been found expedient, but they protest against a compulsory system of out-door relief in the first place; secondly, against the attempt to remove magistrates from the position of *ex-officio* guardians; thirdly, against the proposed drawing off of the pauper children from the workhouse to Industrial schools, the property of individuals or of religious bodies, who would get a yearly or weekly sum for the support of each child, on the principle of the reformatory system—a principle that confessedly has not worked as well as was predicted; and fourthly, against what is called a reconstitution of the Board, the meaning of which is, the removal of competent officers, against whom no fault can be alleged (the able and courteous Chief Commissioner seems to be the victim prominently marked out for sacrifice), in order to supply their place with persons who shall represent a party, and bend the administration of the department to its service.

These protests are not tinged by partisanship. They are proffered in the interest of open, just, and effective government. There is no desire to narrow the operation of the Poor Laws. Whatever alteration is necessary, in order to make them equal to the utmost limit of destitution, will be freely consented to. The ratepayers do not regard with callous insensibility the possibility of even one pauper perishing for want of relief. But they have no wish, on the other hand, to waste their substance upon the idle and the profligate. They have no intention of undertaking the impossible task of annihilating poverty by a national rate. They do not acknowledge it as a duty to relieve artisan-parents of their responsibility to their offspring. They desire that a poor law should be such, and no more. They are prepared, in a liberal public spirit, to admit exceptions to the general principle of the workhouse test, but they will not allow these to be elevated into such an importance as to overshadow the original scheme, or to degrade its character.

The motives of the party who are assailing the Poor Law administration have not been touched upon in the course of these observations. Their suggestions are capable of being

brought to the touchstone of experience, and, tested by it, are found to be spurious and valueless.

Among the few improvements upon the existing system which may be looked forward to with satisfaction, the principal is the superannuation of officers. Carefully projected, this plan would fulfil the demands of justice. Not a few honest and faithful Poor Law officials have terminated their lives in the very workhouses where

they were employed. As respects this superannuation, however, the Poor Law officers should occupy the same footing as the Civil servants of the Crown, and the privilege should be strictly confined to the actual in-door functionaries. This reform the public will heartily sanction; but organic changes, the only effect of which would be to create poverty, are out of the question, and will not obtain the sanction of the legislature.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

AFTER a twelve years' slumber, France was suddenly awakened by the conflicting voices of parliamentary orators; for more than a month the great political questions of the day were publicly discussed, and the amazed multitude looked on and cheered at the long-forgotten spectacle. But as all mortal things, the debates on the address came to an end, silence again resumed its sway, the people went back to their accustomed labours and amusements, and by this time would fain have lost sight of the whole affair, were it not that a shot has just been fired in the midst of the startled crowd, which has caused every one to turn round and look back.

Prince Napoleon's speech at the opening of the debates has suddenly acquired fresh interest; those words which, like lightning, were spread wide and afar over the wires of the electric telegraph, and for days after were left placarded on the walls of every village in France, stopped not within the limits of the country, but reached, in their exile, the princes of the royal House of Orleans, and have now called forth an answer from one of its members, the Duc d'Aumale. It is even rumoured that such were not the weapons wherewith the insulted prince meant to meet his imperial adversary; a challenge was sent from across the Channel, but was not accepted. Then did he take up the pen, and appealing to the testimony of past and present history, in his pamphlet, entitled "Letter on the History of France," he drew a bold

parallel between the princes of this and another age. He asked what right had a Napoleon to accuse Louis XIV. of having ruined France by his folly and ambition? Had not the great monarch given his country *Alsace and Franche-comté*, whilst the great Emperor had not been able to keep the conquests of 1789, and had left France a prey to foreign invasion and domestic misery? Was it just to be forever bringing up the name of the Bourbons in connexion with the dismal tale of 1815? Not to them should the fault be attributed, but rather to him whose unbounded pride and ambition had roused all Europe against his country.

It has long been the fashion, continues the Duc d'Aumale, to depreciate, in a military point of view, the reigns of the Bourbon kings since the Restoration; yet the elder branch has conquered a colony which certainly deserves more attention than Prince Napoleon has chosen to bestow upon it, and which greatly contributed in forming the valiant army of whose courage the imperial prince might have been more able to judge, had not his health during the Crimean war obliged him so soon to return to France, and had he not been, during the Italian campaign, too much occupied in looking after the *matériel de guerre* of the Duchess of Parma. The Duke also observes that it was Louis Philippe who surrounded Paris with fortifications which, had they existed at the time of the invasion, might have staid the progress of the allies. In speaking of the divisions of the Bour-

bon family, he remarks that those of the Bonapartes were just as flagrant. Louis was deprived of the kingdom of Holland, Joseph was removed from the command of the army in Spain, whilst Murat's ambiguous dealings were not altogether foreign to the downfall of the empire.

Now, says the Duke, if we turn from the government of Louis Philippe to the one that now exists, we need not fear the comparison. No doubt during the former, the principles of 1789 were less spoken of, but they were better applied, and, as to justice, fair dealing, and liberty, the *July régime* may bear a parallel with the present one; for during that period no one would have considered the decree of the 24th November as a progress. Nay, had such principles as those of the present day been advocated and applied under Louis Philippe's government, the Napoleons would not occupy the rank they now do. Never was an exiled dynasty treated with more generosity, and certainly the Orleans family do not expect for themselves any reciprocity at the hands of the actual rulers of France. Indeed, were he (the Duc d'Aumale) to engage in any such plot as the Boulogne or the Strasbourg affair, he doubts not that death would be his punishment, and had such a promise been made him, he says he should put more reliance on that than on any other. Was not the empire announced as an era of peace? yet France has been engaged in the Crimean and Italian wars; then, again, was not Italy to be liberated? yet Venice is still under Austrian rule. In fact, double dealing has become a regular system. To the Ultramontanists Louis Napoleon says:—"Are we not the promoters of the Roman expedition? Do we not alone protect the Holy See and advocate the maintenance of its temporal power?" To the Italians: "Our army remains in Rome, but only to prevent the return of the Austrians. We signed the Villafranca peace, but it has now become a dead letter. To the French people he is constantly speaking of his extraordinary moderation in keeping an exact balance between all parties."

Such are the most prominent features of the "Lettre sur l'Histoire de

France," and no doubt our readers will, ere this, have fully appreciated it, from a perusal of the able translation which appeared in the *Times*. Its publication was not accomplished without some difficulty in France; it was got up at St. Germain, under the seemingly innocuous title it bears. Some days were then allowed to elapse, that the printer might get clear of the French police; finally, on Sunday the 14th April, it being known that the sous-prefet was absent, the Imperial stamp was applied for, and successfully obtained, from an under official, who, most probably, did not feel much inclined to dive into a new treatise on French history, although he must since have learnt, at his own expense, that a little curiosity is not always amiss.

No sooner had the copies escaped the stamping office, than they were dispatched to Paris, and soon distributed in the town; but it was not till the next day that this was generally known, and reaching the *Bourse* there was a general rush to the booksellers', the police arriving only in time to seize the last copies. Ever since, of course, the obnoxious pamphlet has been like forbidden fruit to the lips, and far more sought after than it would probably have been had it been publicly exposed for sale at every bookseller's shop. Prince Napoleon himself has disapproved of the measure, as precluding all answer on his part, but his remonstrances have proved of no avail. Yet so anxious was the government to acknowledge, in some way or other, the existence of the pamphlet, that a note was inserted in the *Moniteur*, addressed to the editor of the *Times*, contradicting the narrative of the conduct of the present Emperor, during a visit paid by his mother, Queen Hortense, to Louis Philippe; it was signed by M. Mocquart, the well-known author of the letter to the three Liverpool merchants.

Several pamphlets have also been published under such titles as "The Duc d'Aumale's Pamphlet," "Letter of a Frenchman to Henry of Orleans," "Answer to Henry of Orleans, second Letter of a Frenchman," all of which purport to be written by private individuals, the last one only being signed, and appearing to be the

production of a legitimist. It is less violent than the others, although it contains pretty much the same arguments, the basis of which is, after all, but the old story of the unpopularity of the elder branch restored by foreign arms, and the mediocrity of the younger one, ever accused of having been wavering, timid, and submissive in its international policy. Prince Napoleon had said as much, and for years the public papers of the ultra-liberal and democratic party were filled with those and similar grievances against the House of Orleans.

The fact is, princes have enough to do to defend themselves against their subjects, and would do well not to attack each other. Such is their position that, do what they will, or say what they may, it is always examined, sifted, and misconstrued by each party, according to its own interest, &c.; so that nothing is so easy as to bring up against them an accusation, which, however improbable it may seem, will always gain some kind of credit amongst a certain portion of the public. In the present instance it does not seem that either Prince Napoleon or the Duc d'Aumale has gained or lost much in consideration, by the arguments adduced on both sides. The Prince was certainly to blame in attacking a fallen dynasty, and that is the real cause of the popularity with which the "Letter on French History" has been received; yet it has not added any thing to the esteem in which the Duke has ever been held; it has not shown him under a new light, in fact every one must have taken the production for what it really is—an ably written and spirited reply to an uncalled-for attack. As to looking at it in the light of an Orleanist manifesto—as some papers have endeavoured to represent it—the idea seems perfectly absurd, and we should much doubt if it ever entered the head of the writer, or that of any one of his family.

Another pamphlet of no common merit has also been published, but has attracted but little notice, amongst the prevailing excitement of the last fortnight. It is the "Second Letter," addressed to M. de Cavour, the Sardinian Prime Minister, by M. de Montalembert, who is indignant at the Count having once more used his own

words, and appropriated them to his own arguments. The French nobleman will not have it supposed that there can be any thing common between himself and Victor Emmanuel's counsellor. "*A free Church in a free State*," such was the solution to the Roman question put forth by M. de Cavour, in a remarkable speech on Italian affairs. Now although M. de Montalembert thinks, and ever has said, that such is the very ideal of what ought to be the relationship between Church and State, yet he will not grant that so great a boon can be obtained by any combination the Sardinian minister can imagine.

The avowed aim of the Piedmontese government, says he, is the possession of Rome, and if Rome is to become the capital of the new kingdom of Italy; and the residence of its king, it will be impossible for the Pope to enjoy any liberty. Indeed the conclusion arrived at by the author appears to be in some respects logic, for it is difficult to fancy that the Pope would feel perfectly at ease in the Vatican, if King Victor Emmanuel occupied the Quirinal. But then the great question remains to be solved: Is the liberty of the Pope so very necessary? and does not the noble Count greatly exaggerate the influence of the holy see over the mass of the people professing its creed?

A pretended revelation respecting the Mirès affair was produced about the same time, which obtained but little success, primarily, because it had to contend against the same difficulty as the Montalembert pamphlet; secondarily, because the sale of it being publicly allowed, little faith was accorded to the truth it purported to give on transactions which have hitherto been surrounded with so much mystery. Since the arrest of the Jewish banker, the announcement of which was not made until several days after, the public was informed that M. de Germiny had been appointed director of the *Caisse des Chemins de fer*, then that he had resigned. Later it was rumoured that some influential persons were implicated in the affair, and that a trial would be impossible, an assertion which gained so much credit that the *Ministre de la Justice* (Attorney-General) thought fit to declare that

justice should take its course, regardless of names and persons.

That was the last heard of the great Mirès frauds, and perhaps it may be the last altogether, if it be true that so carefully had he guarded himself on all sides, and so many had he mixed up in his mysterious dealings, that it would be difficult to bring the case before the public. Silence and time are great remedies, and will, no doubt, be allowed to work on public opinion. The *Caisse des Chemins de fer* will be supported as much as possible, and the business wound up at comparatively moderate loss, while those who might have been compromised will thus escape scandalous exposure.

Such good fortune, does not, however, befall all culprits. For the last two or three months the courts of justice have been pretty well occupied in trying and condemning a certain number of the regular and secular clergy. Impudent and obstinate denials, mental restrictions, and deficient memories, have generally been the weapons wherewith those gentlemen have endeavoured to repel the accusations brought against them; but one of these last weeks' papers has revealed an entirely new mode of defence, or rather justification, on the part of one of those worthies. Father Archange, a most holy man, who was surrounded with the esteem and admiration of all who knew him, was charged, jointly with a lady, before the police court at Aix, with having committed, in a railway carriage, a gross outrage on public morality. The reverend father had announced his intention of appearing, and chosen a counsel; in consequence, the court was overcrowded long before the audience commenced, but alas, neither the lady nor the father thought fit to come forth, so that judgment was given in default against both parties—the lady being fined 100 francs, and the father sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Under these circumstances, the natural conclusion was, that both feeling the weight of their guilt, had not dared to face the exposure before a public court of justice. Not so, however, at least with regard to the father, who must now stand justified in the eyes of all who may have read the let-

ter in which a member of the Order of Capuchins at Aix, one of his brethren, informs his counsel, that if he does not appear as he intended to do, it is owing to a higher authority than his own will, having compelled him to forego this resolution. "From a strict and careful investigation of the case," says the friar, "I feel convinced of his innocence, but it must be confessed that a strange concomitance of circumstances stands out against him, which would have rendered it necessary, in order to arrive at his own vindication, to enter into explanations that could not have failed to shock public feeling. Thus it is, that however painful it may be for us to see for ever dishonoured in the eyes of the world, a man held in such universal estimation, we have preferred it should be so, rather than bring down scandal on a lady 'the mother of a family.'" The unfortunate father has therefore submitted to the will of his superiors, and has now returned to England, his land of exile, to preach the holy word, under a new denomination, and denounce to the execration of his flock, works such as M. Thiers' "History of the French Revolution."

What a land of refuge is England, and what strange bedfellows must meet on its shores! Thither might Richard Wagner now turn his steps in search of a more equitable and less prejudiced areopage before which to carry his celebrated and rather ill-fated opera, "The Tannhäuser." No doubt, the work is far from being faultless, but it deserved better treatment than it has met with here, and at all events, the public were not allowed to judge it fairly. Yet Mr. Wagner was, perhaps, wrong in discontenting his fellow artists, by the publication of his "Letter on Music;" the managers of the theatre by his stubborn opposition to the introduction of a ballet during the representation of the opera; the orchestra and its leader by insisting upon conducting himself the performance of his partition. Naturally enough, these accumulated grievances found an echo in the periodical Press, and became as it were endorsed by the generality of the public. Even the *claqueurs*, whose strong palms might, on the evil day, have drowned the hissing and various other accompaniments resorted to by the au-

dience—even they had become Richard Wagner's most bitter enemies—for it had been one of his conditions that they should be excluded. Indeed, such was the formidable opposition that had gradually risen against the German *maestro*, that the noise and uproar went a perfect crescendo from the beginning of the first, to the end of the third and last performance, when the tenor, Niemann, had to give up singing altogether, and confine himself to a mere mimic representation of his part. Vainly did Mr. Wagner's countrymen and friends strive to stay the tide of public animosity; their united efforts came to no other result than that of turning a mere artistic opposition into a national one—every burst of applause on their side calling forth a corresponding one of discontent from the French portion of the audience.

Since the obnoxious production has been withdrawn, some organs of the Press have blamed the uncourteous behaviour of their countrymen towards a foreigner, and have reminded them that such compositions ought not to be judged with so much levity, lest they should be obliged some day to revert their verdict, and add one more to the long list of works which have now become popular, although they met with a similar reception, when first presented to the public.

With regard to Auber's new opera, "*La Circassienne*," were it not for the age of the favourite composer, both the Press and the public might be accused of having fallen into the opposite fault. The music is certainly of a flowing and easy style, and, from a young author, might be hailed as promising well for the future; but the ear is too often reminded of the former productions of the master, and is hardly ever struck with any thing truly original, a fact which is all the more to be regretted, as the libretto, which was the last production of the late M. Scribe, is spirited, interesting, and carefully written, and bears an irrefutable testimony to the inexhaustible imagination of the most fertile of dramatic authors.

The hero of the piece is a young Russian officer, who, having attired himself as a Circassian girl, for the purpose of acting a part in an amateur theatrical representation, got up to amuse his men and brother officers,

who are, like himself, shut up in a Russian outpost in Circassia, happens to be visited by an old termagant general, whose heart he has so much inflamed, some years before, when staying under female disguise with a lady, a sister-in-law to the general, that in order to avoid scandal and detection he had no help but to take to flight. The acquaintance being thus renewed, the young man finds himself once more in a rather delicate position, and is obliged to resort to a variety of stories and expedients to escape the pursuit of his deluded lover, until he manages to reappear in his real character, and obtains the hand of the general's niece by passing himself off as the brother of the fair object of the old man's admiration, and promising to let him marry his sister if he can but find her—an enterprise into which the general might fain have sunk his life and fortune, had he not thought fit to put an end to his hopes, by announcing the supposed death of the unfortunate damsel. Although, in a dramatic point of view, one may approve of the part of the supposed Circassian girl being intrusted to a male performer, yet its musical effect would be much better were it sung by a contralto instead of a tenor, who is constantly obliged to resort to falsetto notes, and cuts, after all, as most men would do, a most ungracious and uninteresting figure in female attire.

The "*Statue*," which is the third production of a composer as yet but little known in the musical world, M. Reyer, is certainly the most remarkable opera of the season, although it has been got up on the fourth lyric stage in Paris. The story is taken from the "*Arabian Nights*," and the music is quite suited to the Oriental character of the hero, whether it lulls him to sleep amidst the intoxicating vapours of opium, or rousing him from his somniferous reveries, urges him to rush headlong into the gorgeous realms of Eastern magnificence—whether, like the sudden burst of the terrific simoom, it compels Selim to bow down to the deity, and fulfil his solemn oaths, or, sweet and ethereal, it whispers soft words to the innocent ear of Margiane, who, Rebecca-like, quenches his burning thirst by the side of the desert cistern.

For the last three months, three

and even four nights a week have been regularly occupied at the *Theatre Français* by the performance of "Les Effrontés," a most clever and witty satire, written on the financial world of France, by M. Emile Angier. The hero is a bankrupt, or rather a broken-down schemer, who has set his mind upon rising again, in spite of the world, by mere audacity and insolence. First of all he has to resort to a practice, instances of which have not been wanting in our days. He buys a newspaper, the title of which is *Public Conscience*; he then strives, but without success, to gain the good-will of the fair sex, by restoring to a young marchioness, one of his late clients, what she had lost in his last financial speculation. Then the chief aim of his life being to marry a person of good fortune and high standing in the world, he sets his eyes on the daughter of a man who, though now enjoying both esteem and consideration, is in fact but a whitewashed bankrupt, which circumstance being known to him alone, he hopes to succeed, from the fear of exposure. Not so, however; for, on the one hand, the young lady is loved and sued for by another, a young man, a late contributor to the *Public Conscience*, who has resigned his situation since the paper has been sold to the brazen-faced schemer; and, on the other hand, her brother, a friend of her lover, is strongly opposed to his sister's being sacrificed to our hero, who, nothing daunted, has resolved to push the enemy in his last entrenchments, so that, towards the end of the fifth act, he reproaches the brother with being an obstacle to his designs, and finishes by flinging in his face that he is, after all, but the son of a fraudulent bankrupt, a fact of which he may acquire the proof by perusing the number of the *Gazette* published at the time of his father's trial: thus saying, he throws the paper on the table, and leaves the room. The young man, after reading the fatal paragraph, has just fallen into a deep reverie, when his father enters and sees the journal. A confession ensues; and the repentant old man promises to give up his fortune to his creditors, allows his son to follow his long-cherished wish by becoming a soldier, and consents to the marriage of his daughter with the young writer. The youthful couple

remain in ignorance of the father's guilt, while the unrepentant and hardened hero, who has returned, as he hopes, to enjoy the sight of the mischief he has been doing, bids farewell to the public, declaring "that, if ever he becomes a father, he may be obliged to pay his son's debts, but that his son shall never force him to pay his own."

The great merit of this play (leaving aside the popularity it owes to the Mirès affair) lies in its being a true and lively criticism of the actual state of French society. On the foreground stands, as it were, the representative of the leading passion of our age—money. Around him are grouped the successful, polite, respectable, whitewashed bankrupt, the coquettish and half-corrupted marchioness, the old nobleman, her husband, and uncle, who, from the pinnacle of his high-born pride, sneers at new-born ideas and principles, and takes some pleasure in aiding and abetting modern corruption, which, according to his own judgment, is the only, and indeed natural, result of what we choose to call our glorious revolution. Next comes the young writer, an honest and straightforward man, who nevertheless is the *cavaliere servante* of the marchioness. In close proximity to the hero may be seen the type of a somewhat numerous class, a man of forty years of age, the son of a porter, brought up gratuitously by an ambitious schoolmaster, who speculated upon his talents as a boy to give éclat to his establishment, and afterwards, at the conclusion of his studies, offered him board and lodging, with £25 per annum, to fulfil the duties of an usher, a position which he soon got tired of, and gave up to become an attorney's clerk—next a literary man's secretary, then a deputy's amanuensis. Since that, he has been the editor of several most influential papers—has dived into the depths of social science, out of which he has emerged fully convinced of the utter worthlessness of the principles on which society is at present conducted; and now, pending the outburst of the great revolution, which is to set all things to rights, he has engaged to fill up, at his master's bidding, the columns of the *Public Conscience*: and in that capacity does he appear before the public, the most uncouth.

slovenly, bearish-looking individual, the very image of some of those twenty years' students, who may be seen loitering about the University, attending half-a-dozen different lectures a day, or squatting in the smoky back parlour of some of the low *cafés* in the *Quartier-Latin*.

From these *cafés* to the *Odéon* there is but a step; and since from the *Théâtre Français* and the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, we have been carried by the subject itself to the left bank of the river, we are led naturally to speak of the appearance of Madame Ristori on the second dramatic stage in Paris. The event had been long anxiously expected, the more so as it was known that M. Legouvé, the celebrated academician, and the successful author of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*" and "*Medea*," had undertaken to compose a French play for the great Italian artist—"*Beatrix ou la Madone de l'Art*." Such is the title of the work which has evidently been cut out on the pattern of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," a process which does not at the first glance seem likely to lead to any very good result, and certainly has not done so in the present instance.

The principal character, "*Beatrix*," which is, no doubt, intended to represent Madame Ristori herself, is weakly drawn, and the others are, if possible, more so. We are first of all introduced to a kind of model German duchess, who has no other wish than to implant virtue, honesty, and happiness in her petty dominions. She having heard of *Beatrix*, a model artist, who neither has nor will have any lovers, thinks she can give her subjects no better example of art combined with virtue, than by engaging the Madonna; but alas! *Beatrix*, after explaining how she has kept herself free from the contaminating influence of vice, owns that of late the tran-

quillity of her heart has been somewhat troubled; and what is still worse, it soon turns out that the very object of her thoughts is the duchess's son, a most promising youth, for whom his mother has long been concocting a very comfortable marriage with a neighbouring princess. On his arrival from Vienna the young man soon recognises *Beatrix*, who at first endeavours to hide her feelings; but love, like murder, will out, so that both are rather in a delicate predicament; and were it not for the highly commendable character of the Madonna, matters might have taken a serious turn. Happily, however, the tragedian will not mar the brilliant career of the young duke. He very politely accepts the sacrifice, and the whole affair ends, after the fall of the curtain, by the most respectable wedding that ever German Court witnessed, between two well brought-up young people of princely blood. Such is the colourless, chilly, insignificant part which Madame Ristori, in addition to the difficulties of a foreign language, has to contend with during more than three hours; and certainly it is wonderful to see what she can make of it; but at the same time one cannot help reflecting on what would be her success in such parts as "*Marion Delorme*," or "*Lucretia Borgia*," were Victor Hugo's plays allowed to be produced on the French stage.

The theatrical season is now drawing to a close, and, taking it altogether, it has been a pretty fair one. In a financial point of view, some of the minor theatres have been most fortunate. The *Porte St. Martin*, for instance, made £40,000 by a kind of pantomime, "*Le Pied de Mouton*," which had appeared some thirty or forty years ago; and this season, revived and renovated, reached upwards of 200 performances.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

"THE more haste the less speed," is one of those very old sayings which modern wisdom has not yet managed to prove unsound in itself, or unsuited to the present age. It is one which the British volunteers—alas, that Ireland may not add to their number her rightful share!—should just now take specially to heart, if they really wish to assert for themselves a high place—or, indeed, any place at all—among the permanent defences of Great Britain. Hitherto they have been spurred on to a certain stage of excellence by a burst of unwonted zeal, which fired by turns, and caught fresh fuel from the encouraging cheers and smiles of nearly a whole nation. Unscared by the groans of a few frantic peace-mongers, they have hitherto contrived to falsify the bad dreams of many others who jeered at their pretensions or misdoubted their strength of purpose. Their best friends have been astonished, and their ill-wishers all but silenced by a success as brilliant as it has been swift. Two years ago he would have been accounted a fond dreamer who had openly foretold the great results which the new-born fervour of that moment has since come to show. Between then and now there has been added to the defensive strength of these islands, an army of well-nigh a hundred thousand volunteers, well organized, fairly disciplined, and capable at need of smelling powder by the side of regular troops;—an army composed of men superior in most ways to an equal number of raw soldiers, and needing only a certain amount of drill and soldierly discipline, to render them a likely match for an equal number of such regular troops as they might ever be called upon to confront. Besides these are many thousands more, of whom a large proportion may reach in due time the mark their comrades have already passed, while the rest would not be found wholly useless for those lighter services which even age and weak health would not shrink from rendering in the hour of danger.

Such is allowed by most of us to be the present stage of this movement which the threatening aspect of affairs

in a neighbouring empire first called into renewed life. Thus far, at least, the popular feeling has done its work not too hastily, but with a bold unflagging forwardness by no means welcome to that small band of philosophic patriots that professes to believe in the lamblike character of certain armaments south of the British Channel. Once more it has been ascertained that the spirit of our forefathers has not forsaken their children of the present day, and that Englishmen of the least warlike classes are not so ready as Mr. Bright would have them be to yield up their freedom to foreign tyrants in exchange for the right of peacefully spinning cotton, forging cutlery, and selling tea. The challenge unwittingly offered by the hero of Solferino and the virtual builder of *La Gloire*, was answered by a prompt demand for Enfield rifles and a general mustering in town and village, to learn the mysteries of marching-drill. At the first clear sign of approaching mischief, the quietest nation in the world set itself to prepare its cartridges, and clean its gun-barrels with a fiery sternness that boded nothing but ill to those who might think to come upon it slumbering or self-disarmed. So strongly defiant is the attitude it has taken up for its own defence, that England's voice can once more make itself heard in the councils of Europe, and foreign statesmen have ceased to taunt her with blindly following the lead of one whose commands she dared not disobey. It is something to remember that, but for our volunteer army, France might already have gained a sure foothold in Syria, and Italian unity might still be no better than a dream.

Let us beware, however, of being too greatly puffed up by past success. There are not a few, both within and without these islands, to whom the ultimate failure of this movement would bring either the poor delight of verified prescience or the deeper thrill of triumphant jealousy. Our volunteers should not rest on their oars because they have no longer need for a special spurt; nor, on the other

hand, should they rashly change their course in an effort to reach the goal before their time. They have still some way to go, and the strength of the current forbids their choosing other course than that which all past experience should warn them to take. There is no short cut to military knowledge, any more than to skill in playing billiards or writing comedies. If you would climb a long steep hill, it were idle to attempt it by a series of jumps. Indeed, unless you had the nerves and sinews of a mountaineer, your only hope would lie in keeping to the road that winds wearily but surely up the hill-side. The volunteers have reached a certain stage of efficiency; let them neither grow weary of well-doing, nor attempt to do too much. They should remember alike the fall of Phaëthon and the fable of the tortoise and the hare. The wave of their enthusiasm has borne them safe to a high landing-place, but they have still to guard against the backflow of sanguine self-contentment or overwrought emotion. Elated by what they have already done, or tired of watching for an enemy who declines just now to show his face, too many of them, we fear, are beginning either to fancy that they have little more to learn, or to doubt the usefulness of taking much pains to learn that which there seems no present chance of turning to practical account. "The French are not coming yet awhile," murmurs one; "so what is the good of turning out regularly for parade? We can make up our lost ground by and by, but this company-drill is dull work without some excitement to reward us at the end." "Of what use," asks another, "to be always practising the platoon exercise and the formation of subdivisions? Accurate dressing and steady marching may do for the regulars, but we, with our higher intelligence and loftier aims, may dispense with trifles of that sort. A quick eye and a steady hand for the rifle, is to us of far more consequence than the power of marching in line or keeping our distances at open column." "We aim," says a third, "at both kinds of excellence, but we know enough now of the simpler manœuvres, and need not always be hammering at the same tune. Take us out for a series of field days that we may show the world

how easily volunteers can move in large bodies without any previous training."

That notions like these are rather too prevalent among our gallant countrymen, few, we think, will deny. They have been exemplified in common talk, in the leading articles of the *Times*, in the history of the sham-fight at Brighton on Easter Monday. Laziness and over-haste are the Scylla and Charybdis between which the volunteer movement will have hard work to steer. We cannot but think, that gatherings like those at Chiselhurst in the past, and at Brighton in the present year, were mistakes arising from the latter cause. No doubt, the manœuvres of Easter Monday amply justified the astonishment avowed by General Scarlett at the progress which our volunteers have already made. No doubt, they showed how quickly a body of intelligent amateurs could reach a point of military efficiency, unattainable by regular troops under like conditions in the same time. But after all, the display was somewhat akin to the acting of one of those infant Rosciuses, who can go through the part of Hamlet wonderfully well for their small age. Seeing what slender opportunities they had turned to such good account, the Adjutant-General might well have been surprised at the soldierly way in which the volunteers at Brighton went through manœuvres easy of performance by an average regiment of the line. Had the Rifle Brigade done those manœuvres in exactly the same style, his surprise would have been just as great for very opposite reasons. As a professed artist might applaud the brilliant essays of some hopeful novice with the brush or the chisel, so it was natural, that an old soldier, versed in the mechanical secrets of his art, and aware of the slow degrees by which excellence therein is usually attained, should have owned good cause for admiration in what he saw that day on the Brighton Downs. We are even ready to believe, that the display of amateur talent surpassed for evidence of innate power the finished performances of practised veterans. Very handsome was the testimony afterwards borne by the Commander-in-Chief to the results reported by his Adjutant-General. Nothing, indeed,

THE MONTH'S CHRONICLE.

WAR has broken out at last, but Europe is not the offender this time. The military monarchies of the Old World have shown more forbearance than the Great Republic of the New, which, without a standing army, or a national debt, an aggressive neighbour, or a disaffected population to keep under, has displayed more pugnacity than even bankrupt and beggared Austria, or than France, with a half million of conscripts at her back, impatient to flush her fame with new victories. There have been king's wars and there have been people's wars in English history. Some wars we drifted into under popular impulse, and other wars our statesmen have waged for us, in which the nation had little concern. But never in English history did a war break out like this between North and South America, in which statesmen, proclaiming that war was impossible, were swept down the current of popular pugnacity, as straws down a flushed sewer. Never before did democracy so disgrace itself in the eyes of civilized nations; never before did it furnish such complete proof of its utter incompetency for all the purposes of a government. Statesmen there are, no doubt, in America—we are willing to believe that Mr. Seward is one; but the States have taken their affairs into their own hands, and the central government is nothing else than the mouthpiece of the last alarmist—a machine for centralizing panics, and causing the last shock of fear or hate felt in Boston or New York to vibrate throughout the Union. Volunteers are poured in on the White House as fast as the telegraph can carry the message of these patriotic offers; but whether the men will be equipped, and take the field, whether, if after taking the field—they can hold Washington, much more reconquer the South—no one seems to know, or even to care. *Sit pro ratione voluntas*, is the brief account of what all this volunteering has led to. The North is in a towering passion with the South for rejecting their Republican President, and audaciously setting up a President of their own. But passion is a bad counsellor. The North is too heated by arguments, or it might take a

lesson from an Irish story, which is very broad, but, nevertheless, in point, and, therefore, we quote it—Father O'Toole wishes to instruct his flock in the sin of stealing, so he supposes Pat and Tady at the bar of judgment; for Pat has stolen Tady's pig, and will not restore it. "There you will stand, Pat, blushing to the roots of your hair, and there will be Tady asking for his pig, and there will be the pig himself between ye both, and what will you say then, Pat, youascal?" "Faix, and begga your reverence's pardon, I'll say, Tady, there's your pig."

Now, if the North would only be calm, and see things as we see them, it would say to the South: "Take your pig and begone. Joy be with you and your slaves, we are glad to cut the connexion." Never did the South take such trouble to play into the Abolitionists' hands, and never did the Abolitionist North throw away an opportunity of getting rid of the slavery question at a cheap rate. Think you, if we could have thrown the alternative of emancipation, or a servile war, on the Jamaica planters, by declaring Jamaica a free and independent republic, we should have paid our twenty millions as redemption money. We could not so shake off our sovereignty, and, therefore, had to pay for it as an Imperial question. The South will one day have to compound for its slaves. A Spartacus or a Toussaint Overture will one day arise among the blacks and then the whites will have to sell their lives or their property. If the Union were then in existence, the North would have to come down with its dollars or its arms. In either case it could not come out of it as cheap as it now may, if it only has common sense to say to the South: "Take your pig. You wish to be out of the Union, we will second you in your wish, and declare the Union dissolved forthwith. What forbids this simple solution, so painful a dispute? One little war, which has figured for much in the wars of men, and, if Milton be right, of angels also—pride. The North has not owned itself beaten—bullied it cannot be by the insolent South. Americans have boasted so long of

ages, has chiefly sung the victories gained by disciplined soldiers over almost any number of less disciplined foes. People who laugh at the stiff forms and clock-like precision of a company on parade, have probably enjoyed no opportunity of comparing the difference, both in manner and intellect, between a country bumpkin, who has just taken his shilling, and the smart, dandy-looking sergeant into which he has been transformed by a few years of regular drill. The spirit of the regiment—and there is such a thing—has gone into the man, and helped to make him in all things stronger than he would otherwise have been. Time has taught him, not only the duties of obedience, but also the privileges of command; not only the need of mutual reliance, but the advantage also of entire self-trust. His hard training has given him a free step, an upright bearing, a correct eye, a ready judgment, and a certain amount of manly pride, not only in his regiment, but in himself as well. Of course, he is rather more than an average sample of his kind, but the same schooling will be found reflected among his comrades in different degrees of efficacy. Each of them in his own degree will have been raised to a higher level of thought, will have become a worthier member of society, than before.

To whatever uses our volunteers may be turned, the only way of rendering them useful at all is to instil into them the paramount need of mastering the simple arithmetic of their art. If, as many of us dare hope, they are capable of higher things than mere sharp-shooting, they must submit to climb their ladder in the usual way. It is very easy to affect a scorn for such trifles as keeping step, distance, and evenness of line, to talk knowingly of marching loose, and to cry down all manœuvres that seem to have no practical bearing on the movements of light infantry in skirmishing order. But every soldier must be aware how much of excellence in manœuvres that seem the simplest depends on the amount and character of the previous drill. As the real worth of a cook is to be measured by her way of boiling a potato or dressing a mutton-chop, so is that of a regiment shown by its manner of wheeling at quarter distance or advancing

in line. The open formations of light infantry form the crown—not the base—of their yearly exercises. Smart companies make smart regiments, but no regiment ever won a name for efficiency by slurring over its company drill. That passing round in review, which looks so very simple, betrays by the manner of its accomplishment the difference between one regiment and another in point of training. That steady march of skirmishers along the front, the regular file-firing from every face of that square, the speed and precision with which yonder regiments have changed their line of march, never came of slovenly parading or disregard for technical processes. If great generals are sometimes born, a good soldier is almost always made; and no volunteer can hope to become a fair soldier unless, in the matter of training, he puts himself as nearly as may be in the soldier's place. He must stoop to rise, and crawl before he can run. With all his boasted cleverness, he will have only himself to blame if, after due encouragement offered, he fail to show himself sooner or later a fair match for the common soldier on his own ground.

To our minds the Brighton gathering was a mistake in principle heightened by several mistakes in practice. It was certainly a mistake to begin the season with a field-day that would scarcely be found desirable at the end. Wonderful it may have been that those there present did so well, but they would have done better by keeping away altogether. It seemed like making a farce of a serious business, to call together for a series of intricate manœuvres on a large scale a number of regiments unused to work together, and more or less unfitted by their imperfect training for the task they had now to undertake. We cannot wonder at the difference of opinion which kept so many corps from swelling the muster ordained to feast the hopes and hulk the eyes of the Brighton townsfolk. The men who marched to Wimbledon had at least the satisfaction of trying their legs and of parading for the benefit, not of others, but of themselves. But the Brighton firework had about it an air of great pretension—a blaze of conscious triumph, which contrasted rather too strikingly with the actual results. It reminded one a little too closely of an

ambitious young lady sitting down after a few lessons in music to play some very difficult selection from Beethoven. Surely there was mocking among the sons of Belial at the nakedness of the land they were asked to see. Nor was the matter mended by a seeming absence of all desire to render that nakedness a little less glaring. The performance would have been less imperfect, had the actors been carefully weeded. If it was needful to have a field-day at such a time, only picked men should have been allowed to show off. As happens in the regular army, mere recruits and incapables should have stayed at home, instead of going to spread confusion among their comrades, and cause for raillery among the lookers-on. On this occasion not a few of the volunteers seem to have proved themselves unfit to leave the drill-sergeant's hands, or to be trusted with the work of firing off blank cartridge. Those people who went to laugh must have been greatly amused at some of the mistakes they saw, but others were almost beyond a joke. Blunders in manœuvring may hurt some one's pride, but the bursting of an overloaded rifle-barrel or the firing of a mislaid ramrod is not unlikely to engender bodily pains in one or more of your fellow-creatures. Such things happened more than once on Easter Monday, and it was through no cleverness in those concerned that so little bodily harm was reported to have been done.

Let every volunteer, then, keep in mind that only by careful walking in the good old beaten ways can he ever hope to reach that excellence which those who judge him by what he has already done, believe to be potentially within his grasp. Let him strive as if he really meant to win the race against his professional rival. He has a higher motive for trying his best than the eastern king who proved the excellence of his training by shooting the arrow which nailed a hart's hoof to his ear. The Gaul is not yet thundering at our gate; but the better we are prepared against his coming, the less likely is he to come. Volunteering is no child's play to those who feel how much is staked on the inviolability of our island home. That there are many such among the volunteers themselves, we are most thankful to believe;

and our great hope is that their efforts in the right direction may keep the bulk of their body true to those higher principles which the Brighton show was little adapted to enforce. This very year may perhaps determine what part the movement shall hereafter play in the defence of a powerful empire; and sad, indeed, would it be to find our high hopes cheated of their rightful harvest by the untimely failure of those strengthening influences which have greatly forwarded the growth of that movement up to the present hour. It rests in great measure with the people of England to say whether the movement shall be condensed into a living lasting purpose, or shall be allowed to resolve itself into a passing whim.

A little also of its future fate will depend on the Government and the Horse Guards. For the latter—indeed, for both—the Commander-in-Chief seemed willing enough to answer, in the speech to which we have already referred. The assurances he gave therein of a hearty interest in the volunteer cause, and a generous desire to help it as far as it could possibly go, should clear up whatever doubts may have lurked in sceptical minds as to the spirit in which the heads of our War Departments were inclined to handle a question bearing closely on the claims and prejudices of military men. However uncertain their acts may have sometimes seemed, their wish, we are told, has always been to open out for the volunteers as wide a field of usefulness as these could fairly demand, and to encourage them with just so much of external aid as the Government could fairly offer. And perhaps on the whole they have hitherto done well in not trying to do more. They have given to each man his rifle and a certain supply of powder; they have helped to find an adjutant for each battalion and a drill-sergeant for every company; and the rank of every volunteer officer has been virtually recognised by an order entitling him to receive a salute from the privates of her Majesty's army. In these and such like ways they have rendered services not always thankfully acknowledged by the recipients thereof. And more of the same kind they are willing, it seems, to render in due time; such at least being the promise held out by his Royal High-

ness, when he avowed his belief that every encouragement would be offered to those volunteers who should think of studying the art of war at Aldershot or Chatham. In that avowal we hail with pleasure a marked agreement with the plan suggested in a former number of this Magazine.

Greatly, indeed, should we rejoice to see the principle implied in that avowal carried out to its largest conclusions. It was not the least of the drawbacks to the Brighton meeting, that it consisted of volunteers alone, whose proficiency could not therefore be tested by comparison with the results achieved by regular troops. They would have learned much more and gained more food for after reflection by being brought into working contact with their comrades of the line. In a camp like that of Aldershot the volunteers would have the advantage, not only of training together in large bodies, but still more of measuring themselves with regiments more or less conspicuous for a discipline beyond their own. The good thus gained would tell on both sides—the volunteer doing his best to approach, and the skilled soldier to keep ahead, of his rival. Nor would the former, if he had any shrewdness, be slow to realize the close connexion between excellence in matters of regular drill and that high state of internal discipline of which all such excellence is but the outward and visible sign. Without thorough discipline as shown in the readiness of each soldier to render according to his degree the service demanded of him by his lawful superiors, you cannot look for any great proficiency in drill, and a high state of discipline is always the harder to reach when the outward checks upon the obverse tendency are, as in the case of our volunteers, comparatively few.

For this reason especially should we hail with thankfulness any feasible plan for making Aldershot, and such like places, the common meeting grounds of either service. The bulk of our volunteers will never appreciate the full advantages of careful training until they have learned to steep themselves in the spirit of that discipline which becomes with soldiers a second nature. They will never prove themselves trustworthy defenders of their country until they have fallen into a habit of obeying their

officers and doing their best to further the common cause. They should stoop to do willingly of their own good sense what the regular soldier has to do of necessity, with the fear of signal punishment before his eyes. Their obedience to those above them should rest on as firm a footing of enlightened principle as the obedience of a captain to his colonel. When once this habit has been attained, excellence of drill would soon follow, as the sweetness of certain faces springs from the sweetness that fills the heart within. But then comes the question, how are the volunteers to be coaxed down in any number to such places as Aldershot? Few of them, we fancy, could afford to stay there for a week at their own cost; and what hope could there be of the many who cannot now find time to attend parades a mile or two away from their own doors? It would be absurd to expect their patriotism to override all thoughts of self-interest; the wonders should rather be that selfish feelings have given so much way to the calls of a higher sentiment. It is no mean effort for a shopman or an artizan to trudge off for a long parade after a long day's work; and all credit be due to the village tradesman who shuts up his shop an hour earlier for the sake of his evening drill. But men who work to live can hardly be expected to sacrifice every thing to a zeal for unpaid soldiering; and without some special bribe to go to Aldershot, to Aldershot they will never find their way. Except in the case of officers actual or prospective, there would be little use in drawing volunteers thither in such small dribblets as are likely to go at their own or their patrons' cost. If they cannot be enabled to go in large bodies, they had almost better not go at all.

To us, however, it seems that Government, backed by Parliamentary approval, might solve the question at no great expense to the country. We need not calculate how many thousand pounds a year would be absorbed in paying a certain number of volunteer corps at the rate of a shilling or more a day for each private during a month's sojourn in Aldershot camp. The sum would not in itself be large, and would dwindle into a mere nothing, by comparison with the good secured in the event of candidates enough being ready to take up the bargain. To

the help thus offered might be tacked conditions likely to ensure it the largest amount of practical fruit. It might, for instance, be laid down, that all who took the Queen's pay should for the time being hold themselves bound by the rules and requirements of the royal army. At such periods, no room should be left open for stories of privates disputing with their officers on parade, or flatly refusing to obey some disagreeable command. Some care might also be taken that only those who had fairly mastered their company-drill should be allowed to enter on the severer course of study chalked out in the camp of exercise. In naming Aldershot, we have but pointed to one place out of many that might serve almost as well for the trial of such a scheme. Every garrison town might in its own degree be made a centre of instruction for the volunteer corps of its own neighbourhood; and perhaps, after all, it would be found easier to begin with the smaller before establishing the greater schools. In any case, however, we would commend this scheme to the notice of all who welcome, and would make the most of the volunteer movement. Nor can it be fairly objected, that schemes like this are fatal in any way to the principle of that movement. There is no fear of endangering the independence of the volunteers on Government by offering them a share of that national help which other large bodies of self-organized workers continually receive by Act of Parliament. Their pay would be settled by command of the nation itself, not at the pleasure of the Horse Guards or the War Office. The prevailing jealousy of Horse Guards' influence would ensure them as much freedom from undue control as they could well desire, or their leaders take care to enforce; and the mischief, indeed, if any such there were, would already have begun to work, when the volunteers were first supplied with guns and powder at the public expense. But the apparent blessing has hitherto proved so little of a curse, that the ablest among them are already crying out for more.

Even as we write, no less a champion than Lord Elcho is holding out the plate in behalf of his volunteer brethren. In asking the Commons to help them with a yearly largess of twenty shillings a head, he has pro-

claimed the need, not of an absolute control by Government over the machinery of an independent service, but of a timely effort on the nation's part to keep the fire of its own kindling from dying out for want of sufficient air. Whatever may be said of this particular appeal, there can be no doubt that it rested on quite sufficient grounds, and that his lordship at least had no idea of betraying the cause for which he has fought so well. That the movement itself, cheerfully as it has hitherto gone forward, would need some little help from without to ensure its permanence, our own remarks were certainly meant to show. The only question is, in what way, and on what conditions, that help should be granted. From all we can learn, it seems undeniable, that if volunteers in the towns can take pretty good care of themselves, those in the country begin to show signs of a falling away from their first promise. In many districts where the work has hitherto prospered, the cost and trouble of carrying it on threaten sooner or later to bring it to an untimely end. When the usual muster for drill consists of two or three officers and as many privates, and when arrears of subscription begin to accumulate, while the need for fresh outlay grows more pressing, the fate of that company where such things happen seems well-nigh settled. Instances like this may as yet be rare, but the fear of their growing more numerous must have been strong enough to justify the spirit of Lord Elcho's appeal to outside sympathies. If our volunteer army is to be kept up permanently to any thing like its present numbers, it is clear that something should be done to save from gradual decay that large portion of it which has been got together from the rural districts. The purses of country gentlemen cannot always be making up for the shortcomings of their poorer neighbours, and the expenses of a rural corps are, we believe, greater in proportion to their members' means than the expenses of a regiment raised in some large town. For the latter, too, there are fewer hindrances to the regular attendance of most of its members at drill. If a given number of trained volunteers would enable us to dispense with an addition of even half that number to the regular army, there

could surely be no choice between a well-timed outlay of two or three hundred thousand pounds' worth on the former, and a forced increase sooner or later of perhaps as many millions to the yearly estimates on account of the latter; even if we could always reckon on the supply of regular soldiers keeping pace with a largely increased demand. It may be, that the offer of a month's training at Aldershot, or elsewhere, would fall some way short of the ends we should keep most in view, without some collateral help in hard cash or its equivalents, for such corps as find themselves less able than willing to carry out the work they have begun. It would be easy to guard against abuses of the national kindness, by distributing the help according to the peculiar needs and proven capacity of those who claimed it. Nor, after all, would it really matter how far the new arrangement might seem to trench on the first principles of volunteer soldiering, so long as it succeeded in strengthening the weak points of the volunteer system, without offering any serious hurt to the feelings of those by whom the volunteer army has hitherto been kept alive. What we want in these days of warlike movements and evergrowing taxation, is a large well-organized body of irregular soldiers that shall cost the nation a comparative nothing, while it may be counted on to do in time of need the work that it would otherwise cost the nation some millions sterling a year to get no better done after all. Call them volunteers, militia, what you will: only let us be sure of having such an army, and we need not quarrel about the name.

There is one way, at least, in which help could safely be given to all who most needed it. The same powers which railway companies have hitherto enjoyed, should be entrusted to volunteer regiments, and even companies, for the purpose of encouraging the same skill in the use of the rifle that Englishmen once displayed in the use of the bow. They should be allowed to purchase, at a fair valuation, the land they needed for target-practice; and in special cases Government might help the purchasers, on condition of retaining a certain share in the future disposal of the land purchased. However much

we may dissent from each other as to the uses of a volunteer armament, there can hardly be two opinions about the special importance of good shooting with the rifle. Whether we regard it as a means of wholesome exercise, or a cheap instrument of national defence, the rifle has special claims on the goodwill of a nation that toils hard to make money, and prides itself on an amount of political freedom such as no other people in the world have ever enjoyed. Whatever else our volunteers may not do, their power of rivalling the marksmen of Switzerland and America depends only on their opportunities of learning in the same school; nor would it be safe to limit the amount of damage that might be inflicted on an invading army by bodies of determined men, knowing not much of the regular marching drill, but confident in the charm of a quick eye, and a long familiarity with the secrets of an Enfield rifle. And as the target-practice would often be followed as an amusement, where the marching-drill would by itself be deemed a bore, so the one might be held out as a bait to encourage excellence in the other. A liberal supply of balled ammunition should also be served out, cost-free, to every company, care being taken that the whole was shot away in the course of regular practice. For want of the needful aids and incentives, not a few of our rifle-corps are still in the earliest stage of intimacy with the weapon which they would claim as specially their own. For city regiments, which in other respects stand commonly the first for drill and discipline, the difficulty of getting ground for target-practice is heightened by the distance they have to march; and even in the country it is not every parish that owns its common, nor every district that profits by the numbers or munificence of its country gentlemen.

In rifle-shooting, no less than in other fields of drill, it is well to remember that excellence chiefly depends on a careful grounding in the earlier processes. It has been said that a thorough knowledge of the position-drill will turn you into a ready-made marksman at the first trial with powder and shot. Whether this be literally true or no, sure we are that everything should be done to

develop good practice at the shorter ranges, in preference to the longer. For most practical purposes, a man who is sure of bringing down his enemy at two hundred yards, would be worth more than one whose forte lay in doing the same feat, now and then, at eight or nine hundred yards.

a field battery would, ere long, be silenced by the retreat or loss of all its men. The Swiss, themselves, with all their experience, have been content to try after good hitting at two hundred yards, or thereabouts. Correctness of aim being dependent on a correct eye for judging distances, it is

Now, Lord Macaulay's mannerism consisted in an exaggerated use of the concrete for the abstract. The Johnson school turned personalities into abstractions—the simplicity of nature was covered over by the pomp of words—the cardinal virtues stalked across the stage with buskin and mask; letters were *les belles lettres*, literature was polite—the only arts it did not shudder to mention were the humanities. But the French Revolution came and swept all this before it. The days of Classicism were numbered, and Romanticism reigned in its stead. This too has fallen into mannerism, and now we outnature Nature itself. In Wordsworth, the poetry of feeling was carried quite to the borders of affectation, like the cynic who paraded his tub and his tatters in order to pour contempt on the pride and luxury of other teachers. So Wordsworth preached up Nature, and preached down Art, until he deserved the same retort that Plato gave Diogenes, that he stamped on Plato's pride with greater. So in Lord Macaulay, the illustrative style, which abhors abstractions and deals only in the concrete, carried him into exaggerations which were often little short of absurdities. If he has to mention two men of fashion, he must give names to them, as Lord Chesterfield and Lord Albemarle. He is illustrating Miss Austen's skill in painting character, and quotes as an example four portraits of four clergymen drawn by her—all young, all in love, all liberal and educated, and yet not insipid likenesses of each other. And he adds, "Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's divines to all his reverend brethren." Now, a less ambitious writer would have compared these portraits of clergymen so like each other, yet so unlike to the Graces, who are all beautiful, but different, or to the stars, "for one star differeth from another star in glory." But such vigorous contrasts as those between Joseph Surface and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, certainly suggested something new, however just the comparison was or not. If we take the illustration to pieces it will not bear examination. Mr. Ferrars and Mr. Tilney, in Miss Aus-

ten's novels, are nicely discriminated characters, and there is no likelihood of their being confounded together; but Harpagon is distinguished from Jourdain as black is from white. The one is the difference between a fantail and a pouter pigeon, the other between an owl and a hawk. Take another exaggerated comparison. He says of Madame D'Arblay's later style, that "it was a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of Rasselas which the gibberish of the negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords." Now, a comparison, before all things, must be *apt*; it must fit the case it is applied to. We do not object to it because it is ingenious, or out of the way—by all means let it be new if you can; but in no case forget that it must be true. Now, bad as Miss Burney's later style is, under the double fault of its pomp and its Gallicanism, it never falls as far below English as the gibberish of the Jamaica negroes. Lord Macaulay tries to dazzle us with the same display of wealth which kings did in the middle ages, when they rode into a town on a horse shod with golden shoes, which were ill fitted, and soon fell off, when others were loosely nailed on to be dropped in their turn, so that he seemed to scatter gold from his horse's hoofs.

In Lord Macaulay's case, we believe that these were the faults of his youth. With an imagination active in the highest degree, and with a prodigious memory, pouring out its store at the slightest pressure, it is hardly to be wondered that comparisons crowded in on him neither fit nor few; so that, like King Solomon's navy, his imperial fancy poured at his feet, not only ivory and gold, but also apes and peacocks, as tribute. As Watts lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, so Macaulay's pen dropped illustrations; they fell from him as the brilliants from Prince Esterhazy's coat when sewed with diamonds for a court fête. If the dust of Bishop Pearson's writings were said to be gold, so the droppings of such a mind as Macaulay's would make the fortune of an ordinary writer. It is, therefore, only what we might expect, that a generation of essayists should arise, calling themselves by his name, and

all wearing the purple patches which mark the livery of the great Edinburgh Reviewer.

Mr. Arthur Lloyd Windsor has published a volume of essays, under the somewhat affected name of "Ethica, or Characteristics of Men, Manners, and Books." There is undoubted merit in these essays. The style is always full, vigorous, and interesting, and the criticism, if not profound, is, to a certain extent, original, and satisfies us that, if the writer has not thought every thing out for himself, he has always thought over it in good company, and that when he errs, he "errs with Plato."

Competition has been carried to such a point between our five or six principal Quarterlies and five or six principal Monthlies, that it would be presumption to reprint any thing that was not of marked and decided merit. Where all are good, the essayist who reprints his contributions must consider them very good. And judged even by so high a standard as this, we think Mr. Windsor's criticisms were well worth reprinting.

But it is as a disciple of Macaulay that he deserves notice. We remark the same *dulcia vitia* in the disciple as in his master, the same want of repose, the same eternal antithesis and knack of capping off arguments by examples, sometimes appropriate, sometimes not. Those who know the style of the master can easily detect the original in the following copy:—

"Powerful as the English stage was, it was proportionally immoral. Its profanity is positively inconceivable to those who have been accustomed to sit in almost domestic privacy and listen, enchanted by the eloquence of a Siddons, to sentiments that could not raise a blush on the most virgin modesty, to what befel the chastened love of Juliet, the deep filial affection of Cordelia, and the fatal passion of Ophelia. Various as are the merits and the styles of such writers as Congreve and Wycherley, Vanburgh and Farquhar, they all agree in their licentiousness. The Elizabethan drama had not been without its blemishes; but it was purity itself compared with the drama that it preceded. The interest of the drama was, in truth, to be unclean. Loathsomeness was the gas-

tanee of success. A modest dramatist would have been synonymous with a suicide, with a man reading in a garret at the Mint, sharing his mouldy crust with mice, with a washerwoman for a den, and a bailiff for an attendant."

The last paragraph is in the true Macaulay manner. The victim of virtue must live in a garret at the Mint—for it must be as far from the West-End as possible—and the Mint, moreover, jingles in the ear, suggesting ideas of his extreme impecuniosity. Beggary is nowhere so appalling as within a stone's throw of the temple of Plutus. But the picture would be incomplete without the mouldy crust shared with the mice—cheese being out of the question, the washerwoman who duns the unhappy poet instead of pawning his dirty linen, and the bailiff who, notwithstanding the mice and the lam dress, still thinks it worth his while to blockade the garret, in hopes of starving out the garrison.

Fancy pictures like these are lively, no doubt, and remind one of Fag's account of the lie circumstantial. "Whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge a few endorsements to the bill." But young Absolute's reply to his valet deserves to be also considered, "Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security." Writers who crowd too many figures on their canvas forget that the eye cannot take in many objects at once, and that beyond a certain point you lessen the effect by trying to heighten it. Take another example of the same fault of a too prodigal use of examples:

"The man who required to be told that Lord Chesterfield was one of the best viceroys Ireland ever had, that Sir Robert Walpole governed the kingdom in Latin, that Pitt used a crutch, and Fox loved ombre and champagne, would tell you in turn how Swift rose from planting asparagus in Moor Park to lord it over the October Club, how Addison could not talk without a battle, how Pope had a hunch on his back, and died worth eight hundred a-year, how Steele entertained the beggars of Edinburgh on wine-whey and whiskey-punch, with bailiffs for livery servants, how

Sterne joked in his sermons, and died in the hands of menials, and how Goldsmith was an inspired idiot who wrote like an angel, loved sassafras, and was buried £2,000 in debt."

Now, writing like this, excellent as it is, becomes fatiguing at last from its want of repose. Nothing is left for the reader to do; there are no lacunas in the thought to be filled up; no general principles to which we are to find illustrations for ourselves—we long for a commonplace truism, a sentiment, an abstraction, as men sometimes long for a crust and a glass of water at a champagne supper. This is the indescribable charm in the style of Æschylus, and Tacitus, and Dante, and to some extent, in the poetry of Tennyson, and the prose of Carlyle. There is the *chiaro-scuro* in all these writers—shade as well as light—as much is suggested by what is unsaid as by what is said. Paley and Archbishop Whately are lucid writers—there is no mistaking their meaning, it is conveyed in the fewest words and in the plainest English. Macaulay and his school aspire to be more than lucid—they are luminous. They not only convey their meaning, but embellish it with the play of fancy. Like the firework exhibitor, whose streams off his rockets and wheels in such showers that he is seen in the light of his own display, these luminous authors carry their style too far, and in the blaze of illustration betray the clever pyrotechnist, who should keep himself in the shade. "Ars est celare artem," but the Macaulay style is so highly polished that it is impossible to mistake it for nature. Good writing should never be much above the level of good speaking; for as the *litera scripta* is only a substitute after all for the *viva vox*, the writer should never depart very far from the manner of the speaker. This is the charm of Herodotus. His "says he's" and "says I's" are far more life-like than the polished speeches of Thucydides, whose "*τοιαυτα εφη*" imposes upon no one. Every schoolboy knows that the speeches are show speeches, and that the Corcyræans never declaimed about colonial independence, as Thucydides represents them to have done. Fox wrote debates and Mackintosh spoke essays—between these extremes a good style should oscillate. If it is very

much above the level of good conversation; if the antitheses are too pointed, the illustrations too far-fetched, we begin to suspect effort, and wish that the poet would kill this Mercutio of wit, that will otherwise kill him. Again, to quote Buffon's remark, "Le style c'est l'homme," the style should be the natural outflow of the man's mind—like a river, rapid or slow according as the country it drains is hilly or plain. But in our highly artificial age it is possible for a writer never once to suspect that the ear is the natural inlet of thought, not the eye.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures," is true in one sense, and not in another. We cannot call up pictures as well to the ear as to the eye; but on the other hand, we can more accurately convey thoughts. The proof of this is the rage for popular lecturing that is felt everywhere. The majority of half-educated people like to have their minds arrested by the sound of the human voice. With eyes fixed and erected ears (*arrectis auribus* did not imply a whisper that Midas had ass's ears, to the simplicity of ancient times) the multitude will listen to popular expositions of science or history; so that the Press has not superseded the pulpit or the platform, as many imagined it would. Human nature remaining the same, there is the same thirst for oral teaching as when divine philosophy came in through the hearing of the ear in Galilee, and human philosophy through the same porches of the ear in Athens. If this be so, essayists should sometimes judge their compositions as dramatists and preachers must do—by testing how it would read *ore rotundo*—let them set their piece to the key of a recitative, as philosophers and historians had to do in ancient Greece; and if they could not bear such a test as this, it is because there is some fault of style, some little artifice which the ear detects, though it slips by the censure of the less vigilant eye. Mr. Dickens has tried his stories by this standard, and by their success, as pieces of recitation, proved that he is a dramatist in all but the name; that he is more than a word-painter; that, besides the scenery and decorations, he can put living men and women on the stage, who talk and think as men

THE MONTH'S CHRONICLE.

WAR has broken out at last, but Europe is not the offender this time. The military monarchies of the Old World have shown more forbearance than the Great Republic of the New, which, without a standing army, or a national debt, an aggressive neighbour, or a disaffected population to keep under, has displayed more pugnacity than even bankrupt and beggared Austria, or than France, with a half million of conscripts at her back, impatient to flush her fame with new victories. There have been king's wars and there have been people's wars in English history. Some wars we drifted into under popular impulse, and other wars our statesmen have waged for us, in which the nation had little concern. But never in English history did a war break out like this between North and South America, in which statesmen, proclaiming that war was impossible, were swept down the current of popular pugnacity, as straws down a flushed sewer. Never before did democracy so disgrace itself in the eyes of civilized nations; never before did it furnish such complete proof of its utter incompetency for all the purposes of a government. Statesmen there are, no doubt, in America—we are willing to believe that Mr. Seward is one; but the States have taken their affairs into their own hands, and the central government is nothing else than the mouthpiece of the last alarmist—a machine for centralizing panics, and causing the last shock of fear or hate felt in Boston or New York to vibrate through-

lesson from an Irish story, which is very broad, but, nevertheless, in point, and, therefore, we quote it:—Father O'Toole wishes to instruct his flock in the sin of stealing, so he supposes Pat and Tady at the bar of judgment; for Pat has stolen Tady's pig, and will not restore it. "There you will stand, Pat, blushing to the roots of your hair, and there will be Tady asking for his pig, and there will be the pig himself between ye both; and what will you say then, Pat, you rascal?" "Faix, and beggin your reverence's pardon, I'll say, Tady, there's your pig."

Now, if the North would only be calm, and see things as we see them, it would say to the South: "Take your pig and begone. Joy be with you and your slaves, we are glad to cut the connexion." Never did the South take such trouble to play into the Abolitionists' hands, and never did the Abolitionist North throw away an opportunity of getting rid of the slavery question at a cheap rate. Think you, if we could have thrown the alternative of emancipation, or a servile war, on the Jamaica planters, by declaring Jamaica a free and independent republic, we should have paid our twenty millions as redemption money. We could not so shake off our sovereignty, and, therefore, had to pay for it as an Imperial question. The South will one day have to compound for its slaves. A Spartacus or a Toussaint Ouverture will one day arise among the blacks, and then the whites will have to sell

NATURE-PICTURES.

IX.

O'er Nature free, 'mid her green hills and plains,
 Or link'd to art in gardens neatly trim'd,
 The wild bee, golden-strak'd and hairy limb'd,
 With ceaseless joy and ceaseless toil and pains,
 A pleasing task, embraces close and drains
 The deep contents of flow'r-cups honey-brim'd,
 Nor quits his hold of each bright chalice rim'd
 With glowing hues till not a drop remains.

His is a jocund, yet a busy life,
 That workman blythe, the devious-roaming bee,
 Nor with one health glad pledg'd, though largely rife
 With heav'n's nectareous sweets, content is he.

But like a bard he all the smiling day
 In endless feast of Nature's charms doth stray.

X.

Mantling on sunset's lovely heav'n-kiss'd cheek,
 Are blushes rosy-tinctur'd not a few,
 For ever varying and for ever new
 Yet still the same, that silent seem to speak
 With eloquent gleams; rich clouds that sharply streak
 The boundless and illimitable blue
 Of ether and the setting skies imbue
 With fast declining beams, nor cold nor weak

Nor faint nor feeble in their waning ray,
 But dies, as dying saints, their lustre bright
 With hope of a new heav'n and earth, a day
 Of better dawn, nor seems the parting light,
 As conscious of decadence or dismay,
 Or the approaching shadows of the night.

XI.

To heav'n's ethereal all-involving frame,
 The throne of space, what dignity is giv'n,
 For, oh! is not the great and glorious heav'n
 Stamp'd with its mighty Maker's awful name,
 As God and heav'n, his work, were both the same,
 Oh! sweet it is at morn, or noon, or ev'n,
 Or starry night, to the breast nature-shriv'n
 From earthly thoughts, to dart the soaring aim

Of an enraptur'd solemn-lifted eye
 Into that heav'n and heav'n of heav'ns above,
 And meditate how the freed soul might fly,
 Yet fly in vain, and countless ages rove,
 And rove and rove through blue immensity,
 Boundless as God, nor end nor limit prove.

XII.

Let others, boastful and vainglorious, laud
 And praise their furrow'd fields, and proud display
 Their painted and fair-smiling meadows gay,
 And flocks and herds that countless roam abroad,
 And inwardly their selfish hearts applaud,
 And thrifty heads for riches, which each day
 And passing hour, take wing and flee away;
 Whereby with grief and fear their breasts are gnaw'd

And ceaseless torn, envied meantime, I ween,
 By poor, or each whose purse rings faintlier chimes;
 Give me lot more ennobling, more serene,
 Nor tied to lands, nor circumscribed by climes.
 All Nature is my farm, from whence I glean
 My pictur'd thoughts and many-colour'd rhymes.

M. G.

ULTRAMONTANE AMENITIES FOR ITALY.

FOUR editions—perhaps, as we write, a fifth—attest that as the French Count wearies not in letter-writing to his Piedmontese brother, so Paris and the provinces have not yet wearied of reading his invectives against the Premier of the new-born constitutional kingdom. Invectives and little more; for argument, or even exhortation, is scarcely to be found from one end of this purposeless pamphlet to another.

M. de Cavour, so says his wrathful correspondent, borrows from his own—M. de Montalembert's—first letter a formula, which also he calls a great principle. "Once at Rome," says Victor Emmanuel's Minister, "we will proclaim Free Church in Free State." "This is what you promise," cries the Frenchman, "to the Catholic world and to the Papacy, in exchange for their capital profaned and their patrimony plundered."

Civis Romanus may take note at once of the conjunction—"the Catholic world and the Papacy." Rome is not *his* capital, nor has *he* patrimony within its walls, such as to give him a voice in the disposal of the Eternal City or of its temporal citizens. That is an axiom with our pamphleteer throughout, needing no argument and

getting none. Poor Civis! Patrician or plebeian, the Romish Count at Paris has harsh words for him. "Revolt of ingratitude" is the patrician's failing; "jealous fury" that of the plebeian mezzocetto, or middle-class. Both may look out for squalls if only the fanatic breath of Ultramontanes can lash into storm that "prodigious supineness" wherewith M. de Montalembert reproaches "Catholic sovereigns and nations." There is a fine crusading spirit in this paragraph launched at Cavour, but ominous for Civis:—

"You kindle daily more and more the attention, the affliction, the indignation, of Catholic Christians—that is, of the most numerous, most deeply rooted, and most opinionated community the sun shines on. It is with it, as already a confused instinct tells you, that you must reckon; with it, not with the Pope alone, that you must treat. The Pope owes us account of his independence, his dignity, his honour—owes it us, mind you, his submissive and faithful sons."

There is just a flavour of Hibernian raciness, and we mistake not, about this faithful and submissive son, to whom his venerable father owes account. A spark of the volcanic Neapolitan

devotion seems to smoulder here. The Pope should remember the fate of St. Januarius. There be rods in pickle for his sanctity, when entreaties fail. What if the Pope were to compromise with Piedmont, as M. de Montalembert persists in calling Italy? He must reckon with the Catholic world, we see—with the most peppery portion of it, too—for our author distinguishes elsewhere; and, in answer to M. de Cavour's appeal to the "Catholic majority," talks of the "true Catholics," those only that count for any thing, those only whose adhesion is a power in religious affairs, priests or laymen.

Indeed we ourselves, no less than they of Naples, infuse an element into the temper of this talk. These faithful and submissive sons, to whom their venerable father owes account, have a racy smack of the dear Emerald soil, which England reddens with our Milesian blood, saith our author, "for acts and ideas which she foment and encourages against the Pope and the Catholic princes." Acts and ideas which compact Italian, are one with those which would rend British imperial unity. Such argument and allusion bear unmistakable traces of consanguinity to the "bull" breed of the Irish, not Roman, variety.

But Civis Romanus is far from escaping with one crusading paragraph. Here is another, good for his private reading, though still under envelope to Cavour:—

"It suits you, then, to take Rome because you want it. Well! We Catholics of both hemispheres, we want it also, and it suits us to keep it, as it exists these fifteen centuries, in the state of a city, independent, first *de facto*, next *de jure*, of any sovereignty but the Pope's."

Here is another yet:—

"You affirm, nevertheless, that the temporal power does not render the Pope independent; you say that this is capable of mathematical demonstration; you go so far as even to say that it is an obstacle to the development of Catholicism. We say the contrary. The centuries say the contrary; and Catholics FOREIGN TO ITALY, in the whole world, without one single serious exception, speak as do the centuries."

Mark, O Civis Romanus, what in your honour we mark with Roman capitals. Catholics must be foreigners to Italy to decree impartially your doom. You, Civis, at home in Rome itself, are, may be, sincerely Catholic even in the Romish sense; but a trifle Cis-montane. Anxious for a Bishop of Rome, indeed. Chew, then, the cud of the next extract:—

"Consider that we demand a Pope who shall be the common father of all Catholic nations, not a Pope *Italian to the back bone*," occupied in serving Piedmontese ambition, in heightening the moral ascendancy of the new kingdom of Italy, in substituting Italian action for that of France or Austria, in the Levant or elsewhere."

Cives, of other civilities than Roman, may do well to ponder this latter sentence. Other than Ultramontane ten-sous pieces, in Paris and the provinces, have, we take it, been invested in copies of this pamphlet, for reasons of which these words may furnish indication. The hard hits at Napoleonism, which it spares not, may be tolerated for the sake of this and similar Gallicisms. N.B.—not Gallicanisms. When its accomplished author, by an infamous compliance, as we Britishers reckoned it, of the judicial authorities, with administrative despotism, was condemned to fine and imprisonment for his papers on a debate in the British Parliament, many of our good folk were simple enough to marvel at the scant indignation which his ill-usage aroused among his own compatriots. Our friends and allies, excellent as they may be in either capacity, have not, it should have been remembered, our abstract admiration for personal independence; and their patriotism is not of that cosmopolitan quality which strains a point in defence of martyrs to the faith in the superior excellence of British institutions. We fear that the vulgar "dicton," "*Il ne l'a pas volé*," corresponding to our verdict of "Sarve him right," was the too common greeting which met news of a penalty inflicted on an Anglo maniac for incautious exhibition of his idiosyncrasy. But the present pamphlet makes honourable amends. It has plenty of French patriotism—out of

* "*Non pas un pape italianissime.*" Italics in original.

France—which Frenchmen conceive, apparently, to be specially patriotic. It is the protecting intervention of France which preserves to the Pope his last shred of temporal power, and therewith the “providential basis” of his spiritual independence. The French flag, erected side by side with the cross, alone scares back the Piedmontese from “annihilating the glory and the fruit” of that Roman expedition, which Piedmont itself would fain have made instead of France. France is “the Ally to whom Piedmont owes all;” “without France Piedmont is powerless.” As to the vote of the population in the *Emilian* provinces, one thing it is argued, and the argument is paraded as unanswerable—one only thing could have secured its worth as an expression of true popular opinion. We would gladly give our readers half-a-dozen guesses to hit upon that one sole, available, trustworthy warranty. Can the writer be in earnest? Here it is:—

“In order that the popular wish should have been sincerely consulted and seriously invoked, it had been necessary that on the morrow of Villafranca, a French battalion should have occupied Bologna, watched over the genuineness of the ballot, and guaranteed the liberty of voters in town as in country.”

And this from de Montalembert, with his experiences of ballot-urns in France, under shadow of the Gallic eagle's outspread wings! This is the very cynicism of French patriotism.

But the patriotic ragout, besides this “sauce,” has spices. There is recantation, in screaming notes, as is the wont of palinodies, touching admiration of Albion, once more perfidious. Who be Cavour's auxiliaries? Herr von Vincke, in the Prussian Parliament, and all his party, implacable enemies of Catholic liberty. By the way, there is the queerest assertion, elsewhere in these pages, that “Protestant states, like Prussia,” consider the matter of the Pope's spiritual independence, guaranteed by his temporal sovereignty, as an “important matter, ruled to universal satisfaction for centuries.” And there is a neatly shot threat against the sovereignties that have made concordata to purchase peace with Rome

chased Romish forbearance with them—when the “Pope-king” who ratified them shall have become a “subject-pope. But to return, Cavour's next great auxiliary is England:—

“No more, alas! that glorious England, liberal and conservative, which we have vaunted, loved, admired, imitated; but a degenerate England, for a time, at least, no longer to be recognised, unfaithful to her true interests, to her purest glories; . . . an England which at Suva sacrifices to her mercantile egotism the interests of the human race; which, in Syria, sacrifices to its jealousy of France, humanity, pity, justice, and ‘prefers to see thirty thousand Christians massacred to letting them be saved by us.’”

“Voilà qui s'appelle parler!” will many a quidnunc of the *cafés* exclaim over his dominions. Sound sense in this; the author of the “*Débat sur l'itude au Parlement Anglais*,” returns to the bosom of true French politics again.” The master of the legions which camp in Lebanon, as under the shadow of the Coliseum, can forgive the pen which thus writes of his foreign policy its many skits against that policy at home. But the Count, unwittingly, may have done good service to some other eastern policy than his. That is by no means a worthless hint which diplomats may gather from comparison of this invective with the apprehension expressed of the possible action of an Italianised papacy in the Levant. What if the Lebanon cannot be pacified, or rather kept in peace, without some intervention of European arms? Let the green stripe be substituted for the blue in the tricolour which waves at Beyrout—the Italian, instead of the French flag, protect the Maronites. Those Garibaldian red-shirts, which are the better sowers of Cialdini, might usefully be drilled into light troops for service on the great White Mountain. On its slopes, they would not unlearn the lessons useful for Chasseurs of the Alps. Italy would not have lost them when her need shall come against the Quadrilateral. Heart-burning, envenomed civil strife in the Two Sicilies might be allayed by such employment of their ardent spirits. Who knows but the tinge of religious romance associated with such military mission.

the ranks of an Italian Oriental army, and a common origin and common tongue drive estranged Italians into brotherhood, among the conflicting dialects and savage feuds of Syria! The funds of the new kingdom of Italy, indeed, can stand no single item of unnecessary outlay; but if the Porte cannot keep its wild tribes from cutting each other's throats, and lighting conflagrations which may blaze elsewhere than between Damascus and Beyrout, it would not be too much for Europe to exact, that the Piedmontese policeman—we concede a name to our pamphleteer—should be paid in Turkish piastres.

There is an honourable and amusing testimony to the disinterested nature of our European policy extorted from our author in one of his denunciations. Cavour has said, in the name of new-born Italy, "Rome shall be ours." Montalembert taunts him with an avowal of intended robbery. "You know right well," he assures him,

"That what you have just said in the Turin Parliament could only be tolerated there. Enter a parish school, and prove to children that what you do is moral. Mount the professor's rostrum in a faculty of law, and prove to the students that what you promise is just. Assemble a congress, and maintain that what you have said is lawful. No! That was only to be tolerated in a parliament of accomplices.

"Yet it is possible, I may be mistaken, I may be too scrupulous, may forget to allow for that secret passion of man's heart, which 'covets its neighbour's goods;' it may be, that in a congress of diplomats they should applaud and apply your principle. I will have Constantinople, will Russia say. I, the left bank of the Rhine, will France. I, the lesser German states, will Prussia. I, Lisbon, will Spain. What will England?"

What, indeed? Our quondam admirer, who classes us, elsewhere, contemptuously, with Chinese and with Mussulmans in contrast to Catholics and Frenchmen, bites his goose-quill, and cannot find a single name of any single spot, on which the envious eye of Britain falls with covetous blight. Wherefore, he falls back into the vague slander, which is so safe.

"What will England say? She will know where to find her share, I make no doubt."

A break down at a climax certainly. We will help it out. Britain's share

is the security, not selfish, for free trade and free transit in the Mediterranean, as in every sea that belts this earth. Let Italy's capital be Rome, Naples, Florence, or, as yet, Turin, our policy, for certain, is, that Italy be strong, adventurous, and interested, as we are, in the safe and free navigation of the great "European lake," which must not, and shall not, be "French," any more than Spanish, Turkish, Greek, or Russian. The interests of Italy in the Eastern question are identical with ours; and the formation of a strong Italian power intervening in it if needs be, though making a new complication in what is tangled enough already, can scarcely be but favourable to the universal, not exclusive interests of which Great Britain is the chiefest and most honest trustee.

We do not wish to retaliate on M. de Montalembert the San Jeunais treatment applied to England, applicable, as we hinted, for aught we know, to Pio Nono in person. He never was our idol, wherefore we have no wish to flog him for not precisely taking our view of things in general. His enthusiasm for England was always too epigrammatic against the French empire to make us fancy that we had in him an admirer indeed. He flings "your friends, the English," at Cavour's head as a lazzarone of the Santa Lucia fish-stalls might fling an unsavoury tail of tunny at an antagonist, or as an Imperial Procureur-Général, before a tribunal of Correctional Police, might have flung them at the Count's own head during his Anglo-mania. But we can forgive so zealous a Romanist his rage at those whom he finds "busy flooding with *mutilated Bibles!* the provinces conquered by" Sardinia. When our somewhat too jocular Premier is described as "walking chief mourner in mockery at the double burial of European right and antique British honour," we are amused rather than angry; and if our Chancellor of the Exchequer will indulge in candid avowals of opinion as to the Pope's "sanguinary mendicancy," it is a mild enough retort to be told that he "shocks the filial modesty of all Catholics" and "grievously puts out the reckoning" of the papal apologist himself. What moves one's indignation rather is the reckless unfairness of certain charges

hurled against men of the writer's own religious and, in some respects, of his own political, creed. Massimo d'Azeglio, whom he has the grace to name as one of the greatest cotemporary names of Italy, had written in his "Pensieri," published this year at Florence, the following passage:—

"It is hard to understand for what motive the Court of Rome does not repeat once more its often-used expedient: does not yield to gain time: does not promise, reserving a later breach thereof. Strange! It never stuck at deceit when sincerity might have saved it. To-day, when deceit might save, for a space at least, it no longer knows how to practise it."

D'Azeglio's estimate of Papal honesty is far from flattering, as here exhibited. Irritation at such estimate would be perfectly natural and fair in a devoted Papal partizan. But M. de Montalembert cites these sarcastic words in all seriousness, to prove that the Sardinian statesman's bitterest reproach to Rome is her ignorance of opportune lying, to prove that modern Italy, forsooth, has lost her "moral sense" so sedulously cultivated in her, we suppose, by Popish moralists—that, thanks to the teaching of modern liberalism, she can no longer distinguish between good and evil!—that for her the end justifies the means!—we had always thought that the doctrine of an older—not anti-Papal—school in Italy: that, lastly, the hideous sovereignty of the ultimate aim is the only one she can recognise!

What would the writer say were some Italian pamphleteer to adopt this method of using his own words against himself? He has a passage, pungent enough, in which he thus reproaches the detested Cavour:—

"The Pope is not yet martyr enough to be popular. You are too crafty to make martyrs. Blood stains the hand and cries for vengeance."

We should be glad to hear his opinion of the good faith of a Turin journalist who should, on the faith of it, assert in earnest that M. de Montalembert was hounding on Cavour to dye the Bersaglieris' bayonets in the blood of the martyred Pius.

But Cipriani, in the Legations, gets his words garbled as shamelessly as does Azeglio at Florence. The Count deliberately cites that statesman's avowal of the fact that "*upright and honest folk*" were by him provided to *restrain the voting* (on the annexation question) to considerable localities alone: "*pour limiter le vote, comme l'avone M. Cipriani, dictateur des Légations, aux seules localités considérables.*" Such is the French text, translated by de Montalembert from the following Italian:—

"Per tutte le unite provincie, si diramarono le liste, raccomandate alla fede di probi ed onesti amici, ingiugendo loro di *circonscrivere principalmente l'azione ai soli centri popolosi.*"*

It is hard to think that the Count could misunderstand the restricted action of what we should call election committees to mean the limitation of the act of voting. We have not at hand a file of the *Times*, but well remember what descriptions its eye-witnesses sent us of the rustic populations flocking to those balloting urns, which it is here broadly insinuated that the townsfolk, at Cipriani's dictation, closed against them.

Our writer assures the chief object of his abuse that were he himself a Chinese or a Mussulman, instead of a Frenchman and a Catholic, he should feel indignant at the audacious violation by that Italian statesman of "the principles of eternal justice." One trick of revilement he has at least adopted from Mussulman invective. He determines to defile, in words, the graves of the forefathers of him whom he reviles.

"Who, then, are you?" he cries, "and who be your ancestors? I call them such whose name and authority you invoke, whose heir you constitute yourself, whose work you pretend to carry on. You wish, say you, for Church reform, as did Arnold of Brescia, Dante, Savonarola, Sarpi Giannone."

But Savonarola loved, so says the French Count, what the Piedmontese Count destroys, and abhorred what he is serving; indeed, he trusts that M. de Cavour cannot have read him. But Luther read him, M. de Monta-

* Literally, "Through all the united provinces the lists were distributed (ramified), recommending them to the faith of upright and honest friends, enjoining on them to *circumscribe action principally within populous centres alone.*"

lembert, and, in 1523, published his exposition of the fifty-first and thirty-first Psalms, with a preface expressing his recognition and reverence of the author, as one of like mind with himself. All friends of the Reformation counted him among its forerunners and witnesses, affectionately esteeming it of singular importance, as a coincidence, that Savonarola commenced his preaching in 1483, the year of Luther's birth. Flaccius, Beza, Wolf, Hottinger, Heidegger, Arnold, Fabricius, and Gercles, are among the catena of his admirers among Protestants. Perhaps, after all, it is the French Count, not the Piedmontese, whose reading in the fiery Dominican's remains is so defective. Dante, Cavour, perhaps, has read; but has certainly, so he is told, misunderstood. "Often and justly severe on certain popes, he nevertheless has branded, in the person of Philip the Fair, crimes absolutely similar to those committed, or about to be." He was the first to "recognise between Christ's Passion, and His vicar's, Boniface VIII.'s, the parallel which appears profane to the puritans of imperial democracy."

Perhaps to more than they. Certainly Monseigneur of Poitiers would seem to have cribbed from Dante his historical parallel against the Third Napoleon—

"Veggio 'l novo Pilate sì crudela."

But perhaps the original allusion to the betterminded wife of the cruel and unjust Procurator may redeem the plagiarism. It strikes us, however, in our poor Protestant way, that Philip the Fair's name is one which our ultramontane had better have left alone. He may have had his difficulties with the eighth Boniface, an Italian pope, perhaps even "*Italianissime*." But when "*a Catholic and a Frenchman*" sat in the chair of Peter, under title Clement V., the fair Philip got Papal modification of the bulls he had so boldly burnt, and licence—in compensation of what damage the "*Clericis laicos*" and "*Ausculata fili*" of Boniface deceased, had done him—to wreak upon the Templars a rage far worse than that of them who call on Mahomet. Arnold of Brescia comes next. There

are more reasons than one given for fouling his funeral mound; but one line of his writings is enough for his vituperative epitaph—

"*Omnia principibus terrenis subdita sunt*!"

The point of exclamation is the Count's; ours we reserve for his own ignorance or forgetfulness. He quotes Scripture with some apparatus in his pamphlet; yet it slips him that poor Arnold gave but a paraphrase of St. Paul's Greek sentence—

Πάσα ψυχὴ ἐξουσίαις ὑπερεχούσαις ὑποτασσέσθω.

Our "mutilated" English Bibles have it: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers."

Chrysostum comments upon it: * we give the Latin as more fit for a reader of the Vulgate:—

"*Omnibus ista imperantur et sacerdotibus et monachis . . . etiam apostolus sis, si evangelista, si propheta, sive quisquis tandem fueris.*"

Ultramontanes make much of kneeling *ad limina apostolorum*. They shouldn't spit about when kneeling there; a bad habit observable in church at Rome.

As for Paolo Sarpi, he has it hot and strong; he is—

"Heretical and servile, the courtier of Philip the Second, the paid panegyrist of the oligarchical despotism of Venice, the blasphemer of the Council of Trent, that great reforming assembly, the last great assize of Christendom."

No, we dare not pick that glove up. There are limits to a paper on a pamphlet. Contributors own the rule of an editor. Poor Father Paul! how came the notion of his honesty, which has been pretty prevalent, to get abroad?

Bones of "ancestors" thus burnt, their pilloried descendant, legitimate or otherwise, comes in for his pelting.

M. de Cavour wishes the good of the Church, in the sense in which Southern slaveholders cherish the interests of humanity—the sense in which they cherish order who sabre the unarmed at Warsaw. Indeed, the profane hypocrisy of those who partitioned Poland, in the name of liberal philanthropy, can alone match that of him who proclaims a Providential dispensation in the consummated

iniquity of the fall of Ancona. For ten years, he is "author or agent of persecution, spoliation, incarceration, usurpation, and violence; dripping oppression and iniquity, with blood on hands, and lies on forehead," he dares to offer himself to the Catholic world as willing "to reconcile the Papacy with civil authority, religion with liberty!"

"Amenities" is no misnomer for an article which analyses the document whence these gems of political polemics are extracted. "Mazzini follows his trade as conspirator and regicide;" "Garibaldi is an outlawed pirate;" but for that "*one* man, whom Piedmont has," "history will assign a place apart in the reprobation of Christians." British Bible-distributors do not count in the last-named company, being classed, as we have had occasion to remark, with persons of the Confucian and Mahomedan persuasion. As for those of the Hebrew, they are in danger of losing their mediæval value, unhappily impaired of late, as cockshies for Catholic "*gamins*," "*gossoons*," "*spitz-buben*," and "*muchachos*" the world over. Italians of every province, from the Alps to Etna, run risk of proving substitutes at Shrove-tide.

"Take heed lest your Italians prove the Jews of future Christendom! From the ends of Ireland to those of Australia, take heed lest our children learn from the cradle to curse them, and lest the outraged tiara become like the crucifix,—a symbol of grief and love for the faithful, but also a memorial unworn out of Italian ingratitude and cruelty!"

We were not aware that cursing Jews in the cradle came into the course even of Ultramontane infant-school education. We trust the National system, so much decried, does not include it even in "the ends of Ireland." Should these dark provisions be realized, Mr. Babbage's known hatred of Italian organ-grinders may make a "*pervert*" of him; and Moorfields won't be safe for white-mice mendicants, to say nothing of the diocese of Tuam; unless, indeed, they be Savoyards, with the passport of their new French nationality.

"Ungrateful Italy," where "statues are set up to Machiavel"—where "the martyrs of Castelfidardo," as

they are saluted in a note, are greeted spite of "their unhappy devotion, wounds, captivity," with "howls and savage imprecations"—"this country of Arnolfo di Brescia, Sarpi, Giannone, is certainly," says our writer again, "of all the nations of the world that to which one may worst trust oneself in matter of religious liberty?"

If this be spoken upon any good ground of information, any true appreciation of the temper of men's minds in that peninsula, then, intending a reproach, he has uttered an admirable eulogium, and given as good a pledge as any need ask of the bright hopefulness of the new day that has dawned upon it.

Because, on every page of this fanatical squib it may be read; it may be proved, from every third paragraph, by undesigned, and therefore more significant, coincidences, that "religious liberty" means, in his vocabulary, the unrestrained and arbitrary dominion of popish power.

He speaks, for instance, of his own country upon this wise:—

"Of all these liberties, the most threatened, the most easy to chaffer, to contest, to suppress, . . . as we see to-day in France, is religious liberty."

Is that, possibly, a plea for Protestants in an empire where their rights of meeting for public worship, of erecting places for it, and the like, are at the mercy of the pettiest *sous-préfet* or even village *maire*? We should be glad to think it might be, but too many things forbid. As, for instance, his scornful taunts to those writers of the Parisian press who declare that they "will never accept a spiritual sovereignty which should not be mitigated by civil laws and concordats;" and who declare—small blame to them—that "there is a *certain liberty of the Church* absolutely incompatible with civilization."

The Church even in Spain is sadly hampered, not to say handcuffed, in his estimation, that realm being enumerated among those wherein "her liberty is so far from being complete." What she might do there with hands untied, seeing what grip her chained hands have now-a-days, it seems hard to conjecture, as the following paragraph, cut out of the *Times* to-day, may show:—

"PROTESTANT WORSHIP IN SPAIN.— The Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey has received the following letter in reply to a communication addressed to the Foreign Secretary :—

"Foreign Office, May 3.

"SIR,—I am directed by Lord John Russell to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, requesting to be informed whether you may rely on the support of Her Majesty's Government if you confine your ministrations in Spain to British Protestant subjects, and officiate only in British consulates to congregations of British subjects; and I am to state to you in reply, that Her Majesty's Government cannot protect you against the law of Spain, to which, when in that country, you, as well as all other British subjects, must necessarily conform; but Her Majesty's Government will at all times use their influence with the Spanish Government with a view of obtaining liberty of worship for British subjects.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"WODEHOUSE."

"The Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey."

Cursing Jews might be a joke to it: and Jenkins' ears might once more prove a *casus belli* between Britain and the Catholic sovereign.

It would be ludicrous, were it not, indeed, so sad, to see how deeply the notion that liberty means the power of oppressing others has engrained itself, no doubt unconsciously, into the texture of M. de Montalembert's mind. Demanding of the liberal Italian Minister what guarantees he may be prepared to give for the Pope's independence should papal Rome ever be royal, he impales him on these horns:

"If you oppress the Bishop of Rome to the pitch of bringing about an intervention of the Catholic powers, within whose dominion will they intervene? Within yours, no longer his. Should you oppress and none defend him, it is he that will be free no longer; should

one defend, then it is you that will not be so! Escape from this dilemma: I defy you."

There is a charming ingenuousness about the mind to which it seems self-evident that a government is no longer free the moment it is restricted from oppressing, and to which the expedient of escape from the dilemma by simple abstaining from oppression cannot, apparently, suggest itself at all. In all this there is something profoundly melancholy.

Here is a writer whom, spite of his present ravings, events have proved to be, what much in his other writings have declared him, a man of generous impulse, liberal aspirations, resolute heart, no less than accomplished mind. Yet such a man can look on the marvellous grand spectacle of this unprecedented birth of a great new nation, and write thus, we do not question, in all sincerity:—

"What revolts me is the spectacle which Italy displays to-day to human kind; it is the sacrifice of every proud, honest, delicate thing our nature holds, to all that is coarse and base; it is the dastardly oppression of weakness by strength; the dastardly stifling of truth by falsehood; right quenched by number; the free will of populations confiscated by conspirators; the liberty of souls swamped in the tumult of the streets; honour drowned in treason."

The moral of this perverse exhibition may seem, at first, to point against the faith at which, apparently, this outburst of fanaticism has been kindled. Yet they whom it is meant to scorch profess the same. We who do not, save in its common Christian elements, are not afraid to say that its true moral points against that fiery fanaticism itself, whence every form of faith runs ever risk of having all its truth and all its righteousness set on a blaze.

THE MONTH'S CHRONICLE.

WAR has broken out at last, but Europe is not the offender this time. The military monarchies of the Old World have shown more forbearance than the Great Republic of the New, which, without a standing army, or a national debt, an aggressive neighbour, or a disaffected population to keep under, has displayed more pugnacity than even bankrupt and beggared Austria, or than France, with a half million of conscripts at her back, impatient to flush her fame with new victories. There have been king's wars and there have been people's wars in English history. Some wars we drifted into under popular impulse, and other wars our statesmen have waged for us, in which the nation had little concern. But never in English history did a war break out like this between North and South America, in which statesmen, proclaiming that war was impossible, were swept down the current of popular pugnacity, as straws down a flushed sewer. Never before did democracy so disgrace itself in the eyes of civilized nations; never before did it furnish such complete proof of its utter incompetency for all the purposes of a government. Statesmen there are, no doubt, in America—we are willing to believe that Mr. Seward is one; but the States have taken their affairs into their own hands, and the central government is nothing else than the mouthpiece of the last alarmist—a machine for centralizing panics, and causing the last shock of fear or hate felt in Boston or New York to vibrate throughout the Union. Volunteers are poured in on the White House as fast as the telegraph can carry the message of these patriotic offers; but whether the men will be equipped, and take the field; whether, if after taking the field—they can hold Washington, much more reconquer the South—no one seems to know, or even to care. *Sit pro ratione voluntas*, is the brief account of what all this volunteering has led to. The North is in a towering passion with the South for rejecting their Republican President, and audaciously setting up a President of their own. But passion is a bad counsellor. The North is too heated to hear arguments, or it might take a

lesson from an Irish story, which is very broad, but, nevertheless, in point, and, therefore, we quote it:—Father O'Toole wishes to instruct his flock in the sin of stealing, so he supposes Pat and Tady at the bar of judgment; for Pat has stolen Tady's pig, and will not restore it. "There you will stand, Pat, blushing to the roots of your hair, and there will be Tady asking for his pig, and there will be the pig himself between ye both; and what will you say then, Pat, you rascal?" "Faix, and beggin your reverence's pardon, I'll say, Tady, there's your pig."

Now, if the North would only be calm, and see things as we see them, it would say to the South: "Take your pig and begone. Joy be with you and your slaves, we are glad to cut the connexion." Never did the South take such trouble to play into the Abolitionists' hands, and never did the Abolitionist North throw away an opportunity of getting rid of the slavery question at a cheap rate. Think you, if we could have thrown the alternative of emancipation, or a servile war, on the Jamaica planters, by declaring Jamaica a free and independent republic, we should have paid our twenty millions as redemption money. We could not so shake off our sovereignty, and, therefore, had to pay for it as an Imperial question. The South will one day have to compound for its slaves. A Spartacus or a Toussaint Ouverture will one day arise among the blacks, and then the whites will have to sell their lives or their property. If the Union were then in existence, the North would have to come down with its dollars or its arms. In either case it could not come out of it as cheaply as it now may, if it only has common sense to say to the South: "Take your pig. You wish to be out of the Union, we will second you in your wish, and declare the Union dissolved forthwith. What forbids this simple solution of so painful a dispute? One little word which has figured for much in the wars of men, and, if Milton be right, of angels also—pride. The North will not own itself beaten—bullied it cannot be by the insolent South. Americans have boasted so long of the

United States, and the manifest destiny, that the American eagle should touch the Atlantic and Pacific oceans with her outstretched wing, and brood over the Continent, with her beak in Cuba and her claws in Canada, that it is humiliating now to admit, that this claim is extravagant. The Munro doctrine, which would expunge the name of Spaniard in the South and Anglo-Saxon in the North, is intensely popular all through the Union. It is a dream of sober republicans, as well as hot democrats. It is like the claim which all Frenchmen make to demand the Rhine for their frontier towards Germany, because a Frankish chief once ruled from the Spanish Marches to the banks of the Elbe. The ideal Union includes Mexico and Canada, as the ideal France includes Belgium and Rhenish Prussia. But this *beau idéal* is being rudely interfered with in both cases. Facts are against it, and, for the present, America must put up with the facts, and leave ideas to a future generation. Facts all now portend a disintegration of Anglo-Saxon America analogous to that of Spanish America. The Pope may have handsomely presented the successors of Isabella the Catholic with all the lands which lay to the west; but the second Isabella's dominions have now shrunk to a single island, and the rest of these vast possessions have been parcelled among a dozen little states, struggling for existence, and barely keeping up consulates in the principal capitals of Europe. Anglo-Saxon America may split, and subdivide in the same way, losing diplomatic rank at every subdivision, and sinking out of consideration in the great capitals of Europe as much as Chili or Bolivia. But what of that. If the race be energetic and progressive, it can build itself up in small communities as well as in large. All Greece, Macedonia included, was not as large as New Jersey or Maryland;—all Athens was not larger than some of the corn-fields in Illinois. Bulk is not the measure of greatness. Geneva is a small state, but it is one of the religious capitals of Europe; it vies with Oxford, and almost rivals Rome, in giving laws and institutes to the Christian community. Let, then, Americans take heart from this disruption. It is a separation only of uncongenial elements, and a basis for new communities to build

up a nationality without the accursed taint of slavery in it. The hereafter of America will probably be the same as of Europe. Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V., Louis XIV., Napoleon, have all attempted to hold Europe together under one sceptre. It has always escaped the grasp of one hand. East and west fell asunder under the sons of Constantine; so the sons of Charlemagne partitioned his immense possessions from the Elbe to the Ebro, from Brittany to Brindisi; Charles V. resigned the empire to his brother, contenting his son, Philip, with Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy; Louis XIV. tried to aggrandize himself by annexation and conquest. Europe would not allow the union of the French and Spanish crowns, and after all his campaigns in the Netherlands, he left the borders of France little more extended than when he began his wars. So with Napoleon—his conquests passed away with himself, and France, in 1814, returned to the boundaries of France in 1789. The lesson from all this is, that the subdivisions of Europe are bounds marked out by nature. Civilization centralizes, but it also raises up barriers to universal empire. Provincialisms disappear under advancing civilization, but national character also becomes more marked, dialects fade into languages; but languages become more distinctive, their grammar more fixed, their idiom more peculiar; and so while one tendency seems to lead us on to the time when all nations shall be of one lip and language again, another tendency seems to hold us back. The habit among historians has too commonly been to notice the former only, and not the latter, of these tendencies. This has led to an extravagant laudation of centralization, as if it were for the welfare of mankind to merge petty states in large ones, and build up in Europe and America one great community on the Chinese pattern. This beehive theory would do very well, if men were born like bees to build cells, fill them with honey, and then die; but in view of the higher claims of his being, the centralized despotism of the beehive is found to be unsuitable; and therefore this Confucian theory of government which Comte introduced into Europe may be rejected at once, as not meeting the wants of man's nature. The disintegration of America

(for such we foresee the secession of the Southern States will lead to), is a real movement in history like the break up of Charlemagne's empire, out of which grew our modern European system. The three or four republics that will arise out of the fragments of the Union will have the common bond of language to unite them together; and so there is an apparent difference between the division of Europe under the sons of Charlemagne, and the disruption of the Union in our times. But the difference is more apparent than real. A rude Latin was then the *Lingua Franca* spoken by all but serfs throughout central Europe. It was the language of letters, of religion, of government. Norman-French had not then become a language. It has been called crushed Latin, and was at first in about as high esteem among the courtiers of Ingelheim, as the lingo of darkies down in New Orleans is among the upper ten thousand in New York. What is the use of history except to teach us this—to judge the present by the past; and so we may look forward with more composure than Americans do to the disruption of the boasted Union, and the formation out of it of several smaller communities.

The break up of the Union, viewed in this light, is a pledge of the future greatness of America—not a prognostic of its coming decay. The States are passing through a period of trial, but the community will shake off slavery, as a growing boy shakes off measles or the chicken-pock. The violence of the paroxysm proves not that the disease is mortal, but that the constitution is a healthy one; and as fever is rather the effort of nature to expel the poison, so this civil war is the passionate protest of right against wrong, of Christian against unchristian institutions in America. In the old Roman Empire there was not enough of this *vis medicatrix*: it sickened under slavery, and died under the hands of the doctors. Christianity was called in in consultation, but too late; the disease was past the fever stage, the patient had collapsed into that state of low vitality, out of which it never rallied. And the wiseacres of that day gave out that it was Christianity which had killed the patient, to which good Bishop Augustine and others wrote

apologies, in which they half admitted the truth of the charge. We in our day ought to know better. Nothing could have saved the Roman Empire, for the case was desperate from the very beginning. Not so in America. The rising up in wrath of the North against the South is the fever which is to expel the disease; and for the reason that wine is the medicine in certain stages of typhus, we cannot deplore, as the timid partizans of peace at all price do, the crisis which has ended in an appeal to arms in America. Wicked as war is, there is a kind of peace which is more wicked still. The saying peace, peace, when there is no peace, patching up of Missouri compromises, making Dred-Scot decisions, passing Runaway Fugitive Bills, and conniving at Kansas rowdyism and the murder or insult of every stranger who dared to whisper a free sentiment in any Southern State.

All this is now at an end, the line is drawn between North and South, and terrible as it is that hostilities should break out along that borderline, it is better that men should fight along that border, than that there should be no border at all. A sanitary cordon is now drawn against the spread of slavery by a line drawn through Washington. As this is the key to the position, the Mamelon of this servile war, it will probably be taken and retaken more than once; but there is little doubt that the North will prevail in the end. The Sebastopol of slavery must fall; and though the South may draw off its forces in good order, and hold its own for awhile against the North, there is little doubt that Abolitionism will work its way south in the end.

It will be better for the real interests of Abolitionism that the South should succeed for the present, and build up a republic of their own on the sandy foundations of slavery. Were the North to coerce the South at present, a settlement of this great question might be put off to another generation, entailing ten-fold worse consequences on those that come after us. But as soon as the South has organized an independent state avowedly on slave principles, then slavery will be put on its trial, and it will soon work itself out in the ruin of the confederacy which has built upon it.

In any case civil war must be averted. It is a point of mistaken

pride with the Northerners not to allow what is called nullification. If President Jackson threatened to hang Colquhoun, the leader of the nullification party, high as Haman, President Lincoln is bound to threaten no less to Davis; and so for the name of the Union blood is being shed, trade is at a stand-still, and the whole cotton crop, incalculably the greatest industry in the world, in danger of going to waste and ruin. This would be civil war indeed! A war on the bread of twelve millions in America, and probably as many in Europe. When Louis XIV. laid waste the Palatinate, or Tilly sacked Magdeburg, all Europe cried out against the horrors of war. But the Palatinate did not probably contain as many inhabitants as the single port of Liverpool or the single mart of Manchester. And both these places depend for their bread on the shipments from New Orleans. We do not apprehend a slave-rising to add to the atrocities of this contested election for the Presidency of America, but it may occur; no one could pronounce it impossible. There are John Browns in the north, ready to repeat the folly of Harper's Ferry. Were the slaves once up in the South, society then would perish in one wild carouse of blood, like Babylon taken in a night. If these things are not to be thought of, the North must somewhat moderate its fury at the South for declaring itself out of the Union. When both cool down a little, they will see that separation is the wisest course. The North in particular will have gained a riddance. If states could thus get rid of their incumbrances, it would be well for them. Generally they are tied to them by a load of debt, so that they cannot, if they would, get rid of refractory provinces which it costs more to coerce than they are worth. So Austria is tied to Venetia, its pride and its poverty both compel it to hold on to a possession which is a losing one year by year. But America is under no such obligations to solder up the Union. Dismemberment of the Union means no more than the breaking up of a boarding-house, where a number of guests of quarrelsome and uncongenial temper met for a time, till they found it more conducive to the interests of peace to separate and keep house for themselves.

The dismemberment of Poland meant a very different thing. This was the case of a nation torn limb from limb. Posen, Gallicia, Warsaw, are now three provinces of Prussia, Austria, and Russia; but the nation lives notwithstanding. It is evident that Absolutism does not know how to kill disaffected nationalities. We in the west are only learning slowly the art of killing by kindness, which is the only allowable instance of killing no murder. Would that the Czar knew the secret of putting Poland to sleep. If good intentions could have done it, Alexander I. would have succeeded forty-five years ago. Grateful for the return of peace, and an enthusiast to his own good wishes for the future, Alexander behaved most generously to Poland at the treaty of Vienna. He extorted concessions from both Prussia and Austria, and obtained a half-recognition of Polish nationality. The partition of Poland was of course accomplished, and could not be recalled; but Alexander stipulated that the three provinces should belong to a common nationality, the crown of which was for the present in abeyance. The Polish language was permitted in public documents, and none but Poles employed in the public service. Poles might freely pass from one province to the other; it was not as Russians, or Austrians, or Prussians that they passed from Warsaw to Posen or Lemberg, but as Poles whose allegiance was to Poland, not to the three states which held it partitioned. There was also a Zollverein for free trade between the three provinces; and to keep alive the memory of the past, as well as to nourish hopes for the future, Cracow was declared a free city—the nucleus, in fact, around which Polish nationality might some day rally. As for the Czar himself, he was not to be known as Czar in Warsaw, but simply king of Poland, the legitimate successor of John Sobieski, as our Norman William claimed inheritance of England from Edward the Confessor. In 1818 Alexander told the Diet at Warsaw that he had induced the powers of Europe to acknowledge Poland; and he even contemplated restoring to her Lithuania, Volhynia, and the Ukraine, as our Norman Conqueror would have presented England with the whole island, and Brittany to boot, as the

ancient dominions of King Arthur of the Round Table. While Alexander lived these fair promises were never very flagrantly violated. The Czar was a pious mystic, and could not see that with such a patchwork dominion as his must be held together by the sword, he was either Cæsar or nobody. But Nicholas, his brother, was made of sterner stuff. There was no soft corner for sentiment in his composition; and with his reign began the work of the thorough denationalization of Poland. Warsaw was stripped of its university, its superior schools, its museum, its mint, its library. These institutions were all transferred to St. Petersburg, and Poland Russianized to a degree that we cannot easily realize. The police descended to prescribe the cut of a coat, and the cloth it was made of. Every wearer of a brown coat, which was a national colour of Russia, was rewarded with a ruble; and the stick applied to the back of those who wore any combination of white and blue, the Polish national colours. It was the same in Posen: there Germanism was let loose on Poland, as Russianism was at Warsaw. But all in vain. The nursery was too strong for the spy and the policeman. The Czar could not put a nation out to wet-nurse; and wherever there was mother's milk, there was heard the mother tongue. Mothers, moreover, are the religious teachers of a nation; and the first prayer taught every infant Pole was a prayer for his country. The cross was exalted into a mystic symbol of a suffering nation. There is a Polish lullaby, quoted by M. Charles de Mazade, in a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which a Jewish matron might have sung in the days of the Maccabees, but is quite unlike modern nursery-rhymes:—"Our Lord, when a child in Nazareth, played with his cross, his future punishment—so, Polish mother, teach your child to make toys that shall accustom him to what he must bear in manhood; bind his hands with chains; yoke him to the cart, that he may not pale when led out on it, to die under the headsman's axe, or by the hangman's rope. For his fate will not be that of a crusader dying in sight of Jerusalem, or of a soldier on the field of battle; but his enemy will be a spy, his conqueror a perjured judge, his field of battle a dun-

geon, his monument a gibbet, and his only glory the stifled sobs of women, and the groans of men, heard only at night."

This strain of mystic patriotism has taken hold of the Polish mind. These are the songs of Zion, which the children of the captivity chant by the banks of the Vistula. A religious spirit pervades these Polish patriots, which it is impossible not to respect and even sympathize with. Krasinski, their most popular poet, is deeply imbued with this spirit. His reply to Mickiewicz, a poet of the *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la patrie* school, is memorable:—"We build not with mud—the greatest wisdom consists in virtue." All Krasinski's works breathe the same spirit. He is the champion of moral force as against physical; he is a crusader who would rather carry the cross than draw the sword in its defence. In his "Comedy of Hell," Pancrace is his type of brute force, that ever fails in the very moment of success; so in his Greek poem, Iridion, the Christian martyr overturns Rome, while the true patriot and phil-Hellenist, Iridion, fails shamefully. "In the world's history," he says, "sacrifice is as the lion coming out of the lamb, invincible by meekness; but violence like the chaff which the wind scatters away." Krasinski is the Béranger or Robert Burns of Poland. The national mind has fallen into the mould he has provided for it. The exiles returning from Siberia since the amnesty, on the accession of the present emperor, have all drunk into the same spirit. The few wild spirits, who, coming from London and Paris, would try another appeal to arms, have been set aside as national leaders. As in Italy, Mazzini and the Carbonari school have been quite superseded by Cavour, D'Azeglio, and the school of deliverance by moral progress; so it has been in Poland. But the Poles have carried their doctrine of passive resistance to a length unimagined in Italy. The Czar has had to fight a nation on its knees. Processions of Poles march through Warsaw, carrying wax candles instead of swords, and chanting hymns as their patriotic songs. Russia vainly tried to dragonade this movement, and on the 8th of April deliberately ordered out the troops to shoot down these processionists. The Poles knelt down in

the square, and were shot in the act of singing hymns. Even Russia cannot safely repeat Pilate's cruelty, of mingling blood with their sacrifices. When Alexander was told of the slaughter at Warsaw, on the 8th of April, the first question he asked was, "How many Russian soldiers were shot?" "None, Sire!" was the reply. "How many fire-arms were taken from the Poles?" "None, Sire!" was again the reply. He bit his lip and remained silent; for resistance like this is not easily overcome. A dangerous alliance is thus springing up between Poland and France—all the more dangerous because it is diplomatically disavowed by the *Moniteur*. France is traditionally Catholic, and traditionally the friend of oppressed nationalities; so that Ultramontanes and Liberals are agreed for once. Masses have been sung in Paris for the repose of the slain in Warsaw, by priests who think Garibaldi a pirate, and Francis II. a sweet saint of legitimacy. The Liberal party, of course, are consistent, and even the Emperor, much as his Eastern policy may incline him to keep on good terms with Russia, cannot forget that the restoration of Poland was one of the Napoleon ideas, and that, as his uncle's heir, he is bound to watch his opportunity for bringing that idea to light, out of the Napoleon Book of Fate, in which the nephew consults his uncle's oracular sayings.

For English interests this Polish rising has happened not inopportunely. Russia and France were drawing dangerously close to each other on the Eastern question. The treaty of Paris was almost set aside as a dead letter, and the partition of Turkey was the next move on the board. Poland has started up to sow division between the conspirators; Russia has become isolated as ever: and so, without any effort on our part, the balance of power has adjusted itself. Would that our statesmen would learn a lesson from this, to stand and wait sometimes on the turn of events, in which appears so often the motions of Providence. There is always a balance of power, if not *the* balance of power, a check against aggression, though not *the* one we should reckon on. The balance of power, indeed, is the key to understand our foreign policy, and, therefore, some explanation on that head may help

to clear up some popular misconceptions.

Our foreign policy is naturally conservative, for we have nothing to gain, and much to lose, by the wars and revolutions which may break out on the Continent. Our path of empire does not lie in Europe—if we can maintain our own inviolate isle, the asylum of the free—if we can uphold weak states against strong, and induce all our neighbours to respect treaties and to keep within bounds, we have done all which English influence can be expected to do. Thus, as we have no object to gain by armed aggression, there has grown up a tradition of conservatism at our Foreign Office which reveres the Treaty of Vienna as the finality of public law, and which is handed on from cabinet to cabinet, like the strong box which contained a record of the secret diplomacy with the Czar Nicholas. Our foreign policy, with one or two brilliant exceptions, has thus been instinctive rather than rational—a bygone tradition more than a living principle. Canning's policy was almost the only exception to this perseverance for forty-five years in the traditions of the Treaty of Vienna. Canning had the courage to judge of questions by their own merits, and to side with a weak state against a strong, if the weak state were struggling for constitutional principles. It was among these little constitutional states that he sought his allies, not among the great powers, every one of whom were opposed as much to the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna as to the true interests of Great Britain. Canning held the seals of the Foreign Office too short a time, and died while his glory was ripening; he left, moreover, no successor.

Lord Palmerston grew up, it is true, in Canning's school, and inherited his traditions of office, but the "spirited foreign policy" of the noble lord during the Melbourne administration was only an ambitious imitation of Canning's, as unsuccessful as an exploit of the crow who would follow the eagle's example. Lord John Russell is, in some respects, a more true Canningite than his professed pupil, Lord Palmerston; but the spell of the Treaty of Vienna is too strong even for him, and the bare mention of the treaty rights of Austria in Italy, recalls him from his waver-

ing allegiance to constitutional principles to side with absolute states, shielded by the sacred defence of treaties. The wildest Ultramontane, with a seat for Tipperary and a commission from Rome, can pull up either of these noble lords at a word. At the mention of the Treaty of Vienna, the boldest speaker turns pale, falters, compromises, and ends by giving up the cause of Italy at the banks of the Mincio. Whence arises this inconsistency? What is the spell which this famous treaty throws on the generous aspirations of the friends of freedom in Greece, Italy, Portugal, and wherever else absolutism and constitutionalism have done battle together? It is another memorable instance of the power of words over thoughts; it is Bacon's shrewd remark, that instead of men having a command of language, it is language which has a command of them, like the Parthians, who shoot their arrows in retreating, so words return upon those who use them. The balance of power is the theory to which Austria owes all the countenance she still receives from liberal statesmen. It is a maxim of our foreign policy that Russia and France are the two most aggressive powers in Europe, and that Austria forms a dead weight and a barrier between the two. It is thought that Austrian and English policy coincide in this, that neither is aggressive; that, as all we desire is to hold our own in peace, so Austria must desire this as heartily as we do. And thus, with identical interests, she becomes the natural ally of England, now the only great Conservative power in Europe. Austrian statesmen have found out this weak side of English diplomacy, and ply us with arguments like these whenever they want to strengthen their position by the moral support of England. So completely was Lord Malmesbury mystified in this way, in 1859, that England was led on to the brink of an anti-Italian alliance with Austria, when the country discovered the mistake in time, and dismissed the ministry, who had nearly committed us to a war with France in a cause most hateful to our Protestant and free institutions. Lord John Russell succeeded to office; and to do him justice,

dence of the country in his foreign policy by drawing down on it the unmeasured abuse of the Ultramontane press, for it is a tolerably safe index of the fidelity of an English minister to the true interests of England, that he should be vituperated by the one thoroughly un-English section of politicians.

But the balance of power, tradition, has been too strong even for Lord John Russell. The Pope expressed a hope to Miss Bremer, that heretics might be saved; but added the saving clause, that he held these opinions under reservation of the dogmas of the Church. So Lord John Russell is liberal, as the Pope is latitudinarian, reserving, however, the treaty of Vienna and the rights of Austria. He will sacrifice any thing for Italy but the balance of power. If Italy can strengthen herself without weakening Austria, she is at liberty to do so; but Austria must be upheld in any case. To our Foreign Office, Austria is the mountain which imprisons the winds; and if the mountain were removed, or pierced through, Europe would be an *Æolia* turned inside out. So long as Austria was compact and powerful, this Viennese tradition was respectable enough to pass undisputed except by the suffering inmates of the Spielberg and the Piombi of Venice; but twelve years of smouldering revolution and bankruptcy, have proved that Austria is a disturber, not the conservatrix of the peace of Europe. She ought to set France and Russia such an example, that they should collapse into slumber under her soporific paces. To some extent, this was the Metternich policy from 1815 to 1848, he so mesmerised Europe, that except a twitching in her toes about the French in Tahiti, or the far-off rumble of Russia, heard from the frosty Caucasus, Europe slept the sleep which Austria loves, the double sleep of superstition and slavery. But, in 1848, Italy and Hungary awoke from this lethargy, and Austria has not since been able to compose her own provinces, much less to bind Russia and France over to keep the peace. As she exists at present she invites attack, and yet our statesmen go on repeating the old story about the balance of power and the weight

it has succeeded in keeping Turkey alive. Turkey was necessary to us, as a dead wall between Russia and the East; but over that crumbling wall the Russians would have passed long since, but for other causes, as the Tartars climbed the Great Wall of China. If Turkey can live let her do so, but diplomacy cannot keep alive what is internally defunct. To understand fully the folly of such attempts, take a walk down the Corso at Rome, and see hung out over the dingy doorways of certain ill-kept palaces the shields of Naples, of Tuscany, of Modena, of Parma. The Pope will not acknowledge Italy, nevertheless, Italy lives. He acknowledges the Bourbons, yet they are exiles enjoying his hospitality. Such is our diplomacy at Vienna and Constantinople. We are bolstering up two empires which want vitality of their own; and we are acting in this professedly from policy, not from principle. All the while we are calling out for entire non-intervention. Yet we are responsible for these *petits soins* to poor sick Austria and Turkey. These attentions do no harm in themselves, but they invite intervention on the other side, which is seldom so disinterested as ours; and it makes foreigners think us English heartless politicians, which we certainly are not. Even De Tocqueville, married to an English lady, and understanding England as few Frenchmen do, reprehended us for never looking at a question of foreign policy except as to how it affected English interests. He judged of us by the single and exceptional instances of our Eastern policy; but he did not see that this was the policy, not of our people, of our great writers, or even of the majority of the press, but of our statesmen, who in office always repeat, as if bound in honour to do so, the old stale traditions about the balance of power and the necessity of two strong powers in the east of Europe, such as Austria and Turkey.

From Italy we have happily nothing more serious to report than a quarrel between Cavour and Garibaldi, followed by a reconciliation. There is much in Garibaldi which resembles the character of Brutus:

"O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Which much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again."

Sudden and quick in resentment, it

soon burns out. He is too sincere a patriot to bear long malice to any who are engaged in the same sacred cause with himself. Count Cavour's ideas are not his. The statesman appears not to understand the general—it is certain that the general does not appreciate the statesman. There are many on the watch, to see that they shall not understand each other; for Garibaldi is under the tutelage of men who make use of his name for their own purposes, and who cannot trust him out of their sight, lest he should give them the slip, and become a convert to political moderatism. Garibaldi's descent from Caprera to Turin was a mistake which Garibaldi only could commit, and which no one could repair so amply as he has since done. The General there completely lost himself, and rapidly sunk in public estimation; but, unlike a common man, he had the magnanimity to see his mistake, and to accept the proffered hand of reconciliation held out by Cavour. Like the late Sir Charles Napier, who was no match for Sir James Graham in the House, and yet was always standing up to plead his wrongs in person, so Garibaldi will attack Cavour in his stronghold, and is as successful in ensuring his defeat as any Neapolitan general who was sent against him last year. Othello disarms all censure when he confesses himself a plain blunt soldier, little blessed with the soft phrase of speech; but if Othello took up the time of the senators with lengthy orations, full of details of his unrequited services, we should begin to vote him a bore, and cough him down. Manlius in sight of the Capitol must not put himself there too often, or he will try the patience of a generous people, and trifle away his great reputation. Garibaldi has had the good sense to see the matter in this light at last, and has retired into private life, but little the worse of his last rub with Cavour, and deservedly as much the nation's hero as ever. When the call to arms again is heard, Garibaldi will be ready as before, but for the present arms must give way to the toga.

A pacific solution of the Roman question is impending after all. A petition to the French Emperor, to withdraw his forces from Rome, has lain for signature at the French embassy in Rome, and under the eyes of the Roman police has been signed by

thousands of Romans. This is the unkindest cut the Papal Government has ever received from its French protectors, and is a most significant indication of their real animus. If it is treason, heightened by sacrilege, to wish to dethrone the Pope, then all Rome is a camp of traitors, and the French garrison, the Prætorian guard who are ready to sell their master. All things indicate that this state of things cannot last long. The Pope is old and feeble. His mind has long since become debilitated. He is the King Lear of his age. Rather in pity than in anger the world listens to his senile ravings, knowing that the system is doomed, and will not survive the man. The sudden precipitation of the Pope from power is not to be desired. Before he is taken off his throne it should be felt how incapable he is to fill it. It was so during the century of interval between Constantine and Theodosius in old Rome. Paganism was then effete, but lived on for a generation or two on its past credit, a pensioner on the charity of the emperors, and the forbearance of the Christian party. Thus the Papacy drags out the last miserable years of its temporal rule, and its present existence is more instructive than its sudden extinction. If Rome were secularized at once, and the Pope shut up in the Vatican, or shipped off to Jerusalem, men would moralize on it for a month, and then turn off to fresh thoughts. The anomaly is daily, hourly, felt; it is talked over by French conscripts, and carried back with them into the cottages of Brittany and Savoy, enlightening even the highlands and bylands of France with new views of Church and State. This is the true cause of the ferment which is going on in continental society, and of which we know and feel only a little in these islands. The Papacy is exposed to die as the Romans exposed old men in the temple of Æsculapius, on an island in the Tiber. Europe is shocked at its lingering death; but none puts out a hand either to rescue it, or to put it out of pain. The powers of Europe long aided and abetted Rome; but now none dare or desires to help her. France has the power, but lacks the will; Spain has the will, but lacks the power; Austria, liberalized very much in spite of herself, has neither the power nor the will. And so things

drift on to their certain consummation. The Pope shrinks out of his sovereignty as a sick lobster out of his shell. A corner of Rome is large enough to contain him now, and even that he will soon hold only on sufferance of the king whom he has excommunicated. Light is meanwhile breaking in on the minds even of ecclesiastics. Dr. Dollinger, of Munich, has delivered a course of lectures which have been aptly compared to Balaam called to curse the children of Israel, but ending in blessing them altogether. The Ultramontane party set him forward as a champion of the Papacy, but the Professor was too learned and too conscientious to torture the facts of history into the conclusions they wished to arrive at, and thus ended, to their dismay, by proving that the temporal sovereignty was of later origin than the spiritual, and, moreover, quite unnecessary to its due discharge. He quoted the case of the Prince-bishops of Germany, who were also Electors of the Empire. Their sovereignty disappeared with the convulsions of the French Revolution; and the treaty of Vienna, which restored every thing else, did not restore these mitred Kurfürsten. Prince Metternich did not hesitate to mediatize these Prince-bishops, nor would he have scrupled to mediatize part of the Pope-king's territories. It was heretic England which rescued Bologna from the grasp of Austria, in 1815. More than once the Church has thus found that the kings who protect her are equally ready to rob her, while her supporters have been some of her sworn adversaries. Dr. Dollinger has only put together what is familiar enough to readers of history in these islands. But it is a new feature to find these views put forward in high quarters, and among the ablest apologists of the Church of Rome. It is a mark of the irresistible spread of public opinion. What is a truism in London is a truth in Munich, and a monstrous paradox in Rome. It is the vulgar saying about the cast-offs of an English beggar finding their way to a German baron, and worn to tatters at last in an Italian palace. Old clothes go to rags, and all thought comes from rags, and so the circle goes round. The pulp of our old opinions is now being worked up in Munich. When passing through the mill a third time it will

be pressed and rolled out for the use of ecclesiastics in Rome. The most obstreperous will then submit; and even the old argument for a Pope-king reigning by double right, as successor of Peter and Cæsar, for ever have worn itself out. It is threadbare already, and the more respectable champions of Romish doctrine, like Dr. Dollinger, are getting ashamed of it.

The debate on the Budget has yielded nothing very remarkable, or worth recording. The Opposition raised the issue of cheap tea *versus* cheap paper; but the country was not in a mood to allow its attention to be called off from foreign affairs by a dissolution of Parliament, so by a majority, though only a narrow one, the House has decided to leave the Ministry where they are; and so the Budget is safe. The paper duty is doomed at last—threatened taxes live long, and that tax in particular has been threatened so long that we almost began to doubt whether it would ever die. But its day has come. In October next the exciseman will take a long farewell of all our paper-mills, and another great manufacture rejoice in entire liberty. It was the glory of the eighteenth century to invent excise duties, and of the nineteenth to remit them. Could the great lexicographer rise from the grave to see the superb edition of his English Dictionary, which is forthcoming from the press of Longman, with Mr. Latham for editor, on untaxed paper, he would allow his memorable definition of excise to drop out of that dictionary. Of all taxes, that on paper was most certainly doomed; for, like Briareus, it had a hundred tongues to proclaim its wrongs; a hundred hands to work deliverance from the exciseman. There are some great dumb producers who must cough, like Issachar, between two burdens. Malt and hops have their wrongs, but who hears or heeds them? Farmers grumble, but it is a husky, inarticulate complaint, and Chancellors of the Exchequer turn a deaf ear to them. But paper is open-mouthed in the redress of its wrongs—it is all tongue. With such opportunities of making itself heard, a much smaller impost would have fallen; so we are not surprised that the paper duties have gone at last. To take off the tax may do good: it

is certainly one that ought to be abolished on the first opportunity, and is quite unjustifiable, except as a means of raising the revenue. But it was ridiculous to agitate against it as a tax on knowledge. It was a tax on small groceries and hucksters' wares. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might have added the following to his anthology of quotations in his Budget speech:—

"Deferar in vicum vendentem tus et odores,
Et piper et quid quid chartis amicatur ineptis."

The use of waste paper is to wrap up tea, tobacco, and snuff, in small parcels. Bad poetry, which is neither prose nor verse, but worse, according to Charles Lamb's definition, was turned to a useful purpose in this way. For the benefit, then, of the hucksters, and to lessen the demand for original poetry at the butter merchant, it is perhaps as well that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has left himself a name, as he said of Lady Godiva, by taking off the tax. The result will be a vast deal more waste paper than ever. Even with the tax the waste of paper is excessive. Penny papers and lucifer matches are the two inventions of the age for lighting our fires. The penny dailies might be called the housemaid's friend: ready to hand every morning, the news of yesterday goes up the chimney the first puff of smoke from within the house, to taint the breath of incense-breathing morn.

"There goes the parson, O illustrious spark,
And there, no less illustrious, goes the clerk."

Up go Reuter's telegrams in showers of sparks; the Pope is burned in effigy, and Lord Shaftesbury follows him in characters of flame; Garibaldi ascends like a martyr in his chariot of fire. The waste of paper is excessive already, when every sheet is like an old bank-note called in and consumed in the courtyard of the bank. But how much greater it will be when these offerings to Vulcan go up to heaven untaxed. The Chinese burn only gold and silver paper in honour of their gods, and evaporate some thousands of pounds sterling annually. If the Chinese were to burn lead paper instead, there would be ten times as much metal used, and to as little purpose—the use of a baser metal would only lead to still greater waste. It is the same with us in taking off the tax on paper. The slight restraint caused

by the enhanced price is some check to the waste of paper which goes on daily. As we cannot increase the production until the discovery of new fibrous plants as cheap and plentiful as cotton rags, any thing which tends to check waste is so far not a tax on knowledge, but the reverse. It is an excise duty laid on the hucksters and housemaids, and so far a bonus on printers and newsvenders. But the paper duty is dead, and we have no right to talk of bringing it to life again. We have only thrown out these remarks to show that there was nothing to be said on the other side, and that the Opposition were not unreasonable, as the Liberal Party represented them. But the fear of the penny papers appears to have been over the House and the Press. The *Times* proprietors, if they dared to say their mind, would have wished things to remain as they are; but they held their peace, or let the duty depart without attempting a rescue. It was a study in itself to read the *Times* on this question for the last month. Its pen went with the Ministry, but its heart with the Opposition. Never did the Thunderer hurl such unwilling bolts, and with such a trembling hand, as at the Conservatives who were for keeping up the duty. As in public duty bound, the *Times* went with the majority, but its private feelings were in the other direction; there was no mistaking the half-hearted way in which it bandied the question about on all sides. As we are not connected with Printing House Square, we are free to speak out our mind, and say, on behalf of the high-priced papers that the repeal of the duty is a blow at journalism which it will not recover in our generation at least. That cheap papers will live there is no reason to doubt; but they will live as the American press lives, by composers and compositors changing places—the writer will be a journeyman, and the printer a gentleman. The man who minds the machine and who sets up type on a stick will be better off than ever, for there will be more business to do, and so better wages to be earned; but the man who handles the pen will have to be a ready writer, indeed, to keep up with the penny press. Hasty thoughts jerked off at the rate of one a minute, and paid at the rate of a penny a line, will be the inevitable consequence of this run-and-read sys-

tem. We wish the thing could right itself, as Bishop Butler somewhere proposed that authors should only state the facts of the case, and leave readers to draw their own inferences. But this the public is too indolent to do. It must have facts, arguments, and illustrations, all for a penny. Never did we more heartily join in the sentiments of our esteemed collaborateur of *Fraser*, A.H.K.B., than in his proposal that there should be no more books written. But we would add in particular no more penny papers with leading articles, full reports of the Divorce Court, and latest intelligence of the prize-ring. If of making books there is no end, what shall we say of the minting of news. It is like one of these blast furnaces in the iron country, which when once alight is not put out for years. Day and night it blazes away; it is tapped continually, but there is more metal ready to run, and so the furnace is kept up at white heat. The cheap press undoubtedly contributes to the spread of knowledge, but knowledge is not power unless attended by her diviner sister wisdom. We shall watch with interest the effects of the reduction in price in paper; but we shall be much surprised if it at all extends the moral and intellectual uses of paper as it will its mechanical. There will be more material to light fires with, to wrap up groceries with, to cover broadsheets with, there will be more trivial twaddling journalism; but will there be more Bibles printed, more books of useful knowledge than now? Will there be less gilt gingerbread sold, and will good little girls give up their lettered mugs and alphabet pocket handkerchiefs, because school-books are a fraction of a penny cheaper than now?

Mr. Gladstone's bill for post-office savings' banks has passed the Commons, and we may, therefore, reckon upon its coming into operation before long. We cannot tell at present what it may grow to; but it is likely to enlarge the number of small capitalists to an extent which we cannot at present even calculate. Such a measure as this was urgently needed; and if a penny saved is a penny gained, we may congratulate the country on a new mine of wealth now opened by the divining rod of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No more hoardings under the thatch; no more depositing of greasy notes in old stock-

ings, or in family bibles—a bank of deposit on which there was never a run, because the book was never read, as Mr. Rogers wittily said, in his “Dream of the Blank Bible.” There is still a vast amount of hoarding arising from ignorance, which this measure will tend to do away with. Only the other day, we read of a poor woman who had saved six pounds, which she hid away in bank notes behind the chimneypiece. Her husband heard of the store, and induced her to part with one of the pound notes, which soon melted away in drink. Returning home in his cups, he lighted his pipe with the remaining five-pound note, and so the thrift of years was gulped down in a fiery draught, or went up the chimney in smoke. The case is too common; and if these little hoards could be kept out of harm’s way, there would be much less pauperism, less desertion of children, less wife-beating, and other crimes attendant on drink. Thrifty wives want that protection from their husband which we give to pheasants and peacocks. While the hen is hatching, we shut off the male bird by himself. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may open a hen-coop at every village post-office, where the little nest-eggs of industry may lie out of harm’s way. The bird and the man are both such irrational creatures, that neither count their chickens before they are hatched, or reason, as the good hen and the housewife do, that every egg is a chicken, or that a penny saved is a penny gained. The respect of savings’ banks is great among the poor, and their faith in them almost unlimited. It is a real act of kindness to provide them a refuge for their savings, a place where they may lay their earnings in safety. Once in the bank, they are out of harm’s way. Money burns in a poor man’s pocket—not even the metal tea-pot on the top shelf can contain it long. It is too hot there, as the children say at hide-and-seek; and those who are in the habit of visiting the poor, and have watched their habits and ways of thinking, know well that they have the greatest reluctance to draw money out once it is deposited. “Ma’am,” we have often heard them say to the lady superintendent of a penny bank, “we hope you won’t mind our drawing a few shillings to day. My husband wants a new flannel jacket, or a new set of

bibs and tuckers for Bill, Tom, and Harry.” They have lost the idea that it is their money—theirs, that is to make ducks and drakes of: or to use more scientific phrase, it is withdrawn from the class of capital spent in articles of immediate consumption, into the class of reproductive capital. The capital of a country, all economists know, is in direct proportion to the amount withdrawn from the former class into the latter. A rich country would soon become poor if its indulgence kept pace with its industry; if what was made with one hand was spent with the other. It is the self-denial which puts off expenditure, which lays by for a rainy day, and which does not eat at even all that it has earned during the day which enriches a country. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia* is as true as ever, and so the legislature which encourages economy and facilitates saving, is creating a sinking fund better than any devised by Pitt. The government lottery and post office savings’ banks thus represent the two extremes of bad and good government. A bad government encourages unthriftiness and the habit of living from hand to mouth, which is the mark of the savage or half-reclaimed man. By raising a revenue out of the lottery, a state adopts the principle of improvidence, and is responsible for the Mandeville doctrine, that private vices are public virtues. They are accomplices in the demoralization of their people, and the contradiction between profession and practice becomes most offensive when, as in the case of the Papal Government, the Pope proclaims himself the great spiritual papa of his people, carrying the censorship into the recesses of private life, and treating, in all other cases, private vices as public crimes. One vice only in this theocracy is permitted, because it is a state monopoly; and that the vice which is put down in every other state, or only indulged in secret, and that in flash houses called by a very diabolical name. Our post-office savings’ banks will distinguish ours in the other extreme as a government parental not so much in name as in reality. It will, moreover, help, if anything can, to allay the long feud between capital and wages. When, by laying up some of his wages, the working man enters, in however small a scale, into the class of capitalists, his views of that class will insen-

ably alter. He will begin to view the class with less suspicion; according as he becomes one of themselves: he will see that they are not the greedy grasping monopolists that he supposed, and will find that there are laws which bind down capital to a certain line of conduct as much as wages. The great want of our modern society is a class intermediate between capital and labour, mixing with both and understanding the difficulties of both. As it now is, our highly paid artisans—men earning their two and three pounds weekly—seldom are possessed of more property than they began life with. The reason is, that the habit of laying by has not been formed in them. Mr. Smiles has proved that savings' banks have more depositors among the underpaid ill-fed Dorsetshire labourers, than among the well-paid, well-fed workers in the manufacturing districts. The man who can earn five shillings a-day will often lie a-bed on Sunday, and drink all Monday and Tuesday, only bringing home four days wages at the end of the week to support his family with. High wages here do not represent increased comfort at home, or a better position in life; but only a better credit at the public-house, and a two days' carouse on the work of four. This demoralisation, which lies at the root of all strikes, will never be got rid of until the working man becomes a capitalist on his own account. Let the beginning be ever so small, still the habit will be formed, and once the sweets of independence are tasted, no man will submit again to the slavery of living from hand to mouth. No one can foresee at present to what dimensions these post-office banks may grow. It may surpass the post-office itself in importance, and become a department of state, as the post-office itself grew from small beginnings in the reign of Charles II. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is, therefore, right to try it on a small scale at first, and to feel his way step by step. It need not supplant any existing savings' banks, but extend the principle by bringing to every man's door a place of safe deposit, with government security and a small return of interest.

Thus concludes our Month's Chro-

thing more important on hand, than to open penny banks for the people, while almost every other nation of Europe is opening a fresh national loan, and laying on more charges on the already over encumbered estate of public credit. The contrast is that between Hogarth's industrious and the idle apprentice—the one is getting richer and the other getting poorer every day. But we must not congratulate ourselves too fast, for it is impossible to say when we may be drawn into the vortex of our neighbours' troubles. For the moment the horizon is a little more bright and reassuring than it has been for some months past. The transports are on their way to Beyrout, to carry back the French expedition; so the Eastern difficulty is got over for the present. Austria has too much on her hands in Hungary to dream of breaking the peace on the Mincio, and Prussia has given over all thought of bullying Denmark on the Eyder. Russia has enough on her hands in Poland to insure her not marching on the Pruth. So we can draw a long breath, and, turning our back on Europe, fix our attention on America, where we have even greater interests at stake than on the Continent. We can only hope that the same good Providence which has preserved Europe from the horrors of actual war, may yet spare America, and that the winter of discontent may pass into glorious summer there as here. May, as every farmer knows, is a critical month; the poets sing of it as the "Merry Month of May." Spring, like a laughing child, making mirth of the frosty beard of its grand-mère Winter. But the poet's May is not the May of plain prose. In life, May is a month of frosts and sunshine alternating upon each other day, as if day and night, summer and winter, were contending which was to have the mastery. So it is in politics just now; peace and war have come to dispute on the borders of May, which is to rule for the rest of the year. Let us take Edwin Arnold's exquisite thought on spring, as an omen for good at this critical season.

"Lo! comes she with her plumed vent,
When April shows winter old,
Couching against his frozen front
Her live masses of green and gold."

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